June 17, 2056

"Yes," said the eminent merchant, as he swallowed a tabloid beefsteak, "our

ancestors were an improvident set. "They certainly were," assented the other, gulping down a pill containing two fried eggs and a cup of coffee. "Why," Ruggins' Customs of the Ancients' says that during the period of 1902-5 a busy merchant frequently spent ten min-utes in eating one meal."

B. B. SENT FREE!

Cures Blood and Skin Diseases, Cancers, Bone Pains, Itching Humors, Etc.

Send no money, simply try Botanic Blood Balm at our expense. B. B. B. cures Pimples, scabby, scaly, itching Eczema, Ulcers, Eating Sores, Scrofula, Blood Poison, Bone Pains, Swellings, Rheumatism, Cancer, and all Blood and Skin Troubles. Especially advised for chronic cases that the doctors, patent medicines and Hot Springs fail to cure or help. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle. To prove it cures, B. B. B. sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., 12 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter. Medicine sent at once, prepaid. All we ask is that you will speak a good word for B. B. B. when cured.

Some people who seem to think the world owes them a living are too lazy to collect the debt.

In the Blue Grass Region.

"I take off my hat to a 50c. box of Tetter-ine. It has cured me of skin disease which doctors in seven States failed to cure. W. Cantrell, Louisville, Ky. 50c. a box by mail from J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., if your drug gist don't keep it.

The child that cries for the moon may grow up and want the earth.

## Coughs

"I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me.

L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption.

Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

sult your doctor. If he says take it, do as he says. If he tells you not ke it, then don't take it. He knows. e it with him. We are willing. J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.







@ World. Are You Sick? Send your name and P. O. address to

The R. B. Wills Medicine Co., Hagerstown, Md.

McILHENNY'S TABASCO



## WHEN SUN OF LIFE SETS

Dr. Talmage Says the Christian Finds Fuffillment in the Time of Old Age.

The Light of the Evening Tide-Last Hours Illumined.

Washington, D. C.—In this subject Dr. Talmage puts a glow of gladness and triumph upon passages of life that are usually thought to be somewhat gloomy; text, Zachariah xiv, 7, "At evening time it shall be light."

While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or silvered wave tossing up light from be-neath—murky, hurtling, portentious, but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade, and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such ights the sailor blesses from the fore-castle, and the trapper on vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, carthly hosts gazing upon heavenly and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will toward men."

Christian life. At eventime it shall be light."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rides high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet and work with a thousand arms, and the pickax struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its twenty per cent., and the farm quadrupled in value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the wance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of mutal the same and side of the shutters and let the sun in." You can cension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good light! I have finished my course! I nave kept the faith!"

Hugh McKall went to one side of the in the sance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of power. But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woc came crashing down through the joyous symphonics. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harpstrings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calum. welcome, death! Welcome, glory!"

A deep howl of woc came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harpstrings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell! A patent could not be secured for the invention! Stocks sank like lead! The insurance company expleded! "How much," says the Sherifi, "will you bid for this pianor! How much for this library? How much for this library? How much for this family picture? How much? Will you let it go at less than half price? Going—going—gone!"

Welcome, death! Welcome, glory!"

A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments, "I move doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battle cry rang through all the caverns of the sepulcher and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come.

I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged and they became young; she touched the poor and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian begin to use his arm again, when the blind Christian begins to bear again, when the poor? Plid they lie dear in the light!"

nder the wheel and trampled under the oof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth? Did they when they were afflicted like Joh curse God and want to die? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one hitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upset the whole table? Did they kneel down at their empty money vault and say, "All my treasures are gone?" Did they stand by the grave of their dead, saying, "There never will be a resurrection?"

Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down; would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dank and howling, smothering and choking their life out? No, no! At eventide it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite lustre. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold and jasper and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with

The soul at every step seemed to start The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys, warbling heavenward. "It is good that I have been afflicted!" cried David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away!" exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!" exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light. Light from the cross! Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting light!

gushing, everlasting light!
Again, the text shall find fulfillment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young, to have the sight clear and the hearing acute and the step elastic and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Midlife and old age will be denied many of us, but youth—we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow; that snow was not always on your head; that brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm; you have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as your provided that the same of dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hillside or threw off your hat for the race or sent the ball flyyour hat for the race or sent the ball flying sky high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits and broad shoulders for burden carrying and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path, if you follow it long enough, will come under frowning crag and cross trembling causeway. Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally! You cannot hide it. You may try to cover the wrinkles but You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old—old mountains, old rivers, oll seas, old stars and an old eternity. Then do not be ashamed to be old unless you are older than the mountains and older than the stars.

you are older than the mountains and older than the stars.

How men and women will lie! They say say they are forty, but they are sixty. They say they are twenty, but they are thirty. They say they are sixty, but they are eighty. Glorious old age if found in the way of righteousness!

the way of righteousness!

How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James, to the last proclaiming the gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of Cod. At eventide it was light!

See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day, saying to the passersby: "You will be an old man; you will be an old man. You will be an old woman; you will be an old woman." People thought that he was crazy. I do not think that he was.

Smooth the way for that mother's feet; they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs, they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles; trouble and care have any more wrinkles; trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart; it will soon cesse to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother the ravena of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field; the heavens are glowing with an indescribable effuggence.

glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water; heaven above and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling or a bee humming and leaf rustling or a bee humming or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow, silence among the hills. Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cool; the glory of heaven fills all the scene with love,

Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know above them set the silver bells a-ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on carth peace; good will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman campagna! Awful night among the cordilleras! Glorious night mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the it are lighthouses on the coast toward which I hope we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming. burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbor.

My text may well suggest that, as the

cannot find our way into the harbor.

My text may well suggest that, as the natural evening is often luminous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows, of old age, of the world's history, of the Christian life. "At eventime it shall be light."

Erave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust.

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who give thus the victory, at eventime it shall be light." I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girdle, who does not love to bathe?

deaf Christian begins to hear again, when the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple.

Hungry men no more to hunger, thirsty men no more to thirst, weeping men no more to weep, dying men no more to die. Gather up ail sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour upon them this stupendous theme of the soul's disenthrallment!

Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting: "Free! Free!" Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven, but eye hath not seen it; your ear has caught har-monies uncounted and indescribable— caught them from harp's trill and bird's carol and wateriall's dash and ocean's dox-

ology—but ear hath not heard it.
How did those blessed ones get up into the light? What hammer knocked off their chains? What loom wove their robes of light? Who gave them wings? Ah, eternity is not long enough to tell it, scraphim have not capacity enough to realize itthe marvels of redceming love!

Let the pakes wave; let the crowns glitter; let the anthems ascend; let the trees of Lebanon clap their hands—they cannot tell the half of it. Archangel before the throne, thou failest!

Sing on, praise on, ye hoets of the glori-fied, and if with your scepters you cannot reach it and with your songs you cannot express it then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation: "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gate-keeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." The voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserve to says, The password. They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserve to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus—"
"Aye, aye," says the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant forever!

Ah, do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartrending. Yet light in the evening. As all the stars of the night sink their anchors of pearl in lake and river and sea so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down flashing of the glery to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Close the eyes of the departed one; earth would seem tame to its enchanted vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been transfigured. Ah, do you wonder that the last hours

Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment he exclaimed with illuminated countenance, "Light!" In the last instant of his breathing he lifted up his hands and cried: "Light! Light!"

Thank God for light in the evening!

(Copyright, 190% & Alopsch.)

An Urgent Desire.

"Papa, do you know this is my eighteenth birthday? Yes, my dear."

"Papa, I want you to do me a great favor on my birthday," and the beautiful girl buried her face in the paternal

"And what is the favor my little girl "Papa, you have influence with the

gas company, haven't you?" "Well, yes, my dear." "Then get them to remove that gas

lamp away from right in front of our Thus it was that the fond father discovered that a daughter isn't a little

Gotham Slang Up to Date.

girl always.

"New York has the most picturesque slang in the world," declares a returne Washingtonian. "An arab took posses sion of my grip at the Cortlandt street ferry the other day and carried it to the Sixth avenue elevated. I tendered him a dime. He looked at it contemptuously rolled it over in his hand and said: 'Say boss, break it into two fives, will yer If I flashes dat roll where I ain't knows

I'll be pinched fer a bank robber.'
"Later I heard two young men discussing Andrew Freedman, president of the New York baseball club. 'Andy came into the lobby,' said he, with a diamond in his shirt front big enough to play Delahanty for a collar button.'"

Dangerin the Figurative. "Why, pa, this is roast beef!" ex-claimed little Willie at dinner on the evening when Mr. Chumpleigh wa present as the guest of honor.

"Of course," said the father. "What of that?" "Why, you told ma this morning that you were going to bring a 'mutton-head' home for dinner this evening."

Fitting Resentment.

Colly-When he told you, deah boy you hadn't sense enough to pound sand in a rat hole, what did you do?
Fweddy—I told him, baw Jove, hoped I had too much sense to pound sand in a wat hole! Why should any body do so widiculous a thing as that, don't you know?

Phil Brick-What's the difference between an honest and a dishonest poli-

Phil Cassifer-One is in politics for the good he can do his fellow-citizens, while the other is in politics for any amount he can do his fellow-citizens.

Reston Browningites.

Mrs. Gush-How do you do. 'Manda' How did you like the reading of Browning at the club last night?

Mrs. Bluff—Oh, pretty well. But I

didn't like the way her dress hung. Mrs. Gush-Nor I, cither. And i seemed to me she might have held the book more gracefully.

Peace of Mind.

"At any rate," said the wealthy man, you have peace of mind. "How is that?" demanded the poor

"Because," was the reply, "a wealthy man is always puzzled to know how rich he is, but a poor man never has any difficulty in discovering how poor he is.

Self-abnegation. She-Will you make any sacrifices

during Lent? He-Oh, yes: I am going to Europe. She—But that's usually a pleasure. He—Well, I expect to give up a lot of things on the voyage.

Was Not "Scented."

The unsophisticated old woman asked druggist the other day if he had any soap. "Yes, ma'am," he replied. "Do you want it scented or unscented?"
"Well," she replied, "bein' it's so

small, I guess I'll take it along with me." Thirty minutes is all the time required to ye with PHINAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

Two hundred and fifty Trappist monks are now working at twenty-five stations in South Africa.

Beware of Ointments For Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fol to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surface of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to got the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimenials free.

627 Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

One hundred thousand letters are posted in the wrong pillar boxes in London every

Bost For the Bowels

No matter what alls you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your cancer, you will hever get well until your bowels are put right. Cascaners help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. Cascaners Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. c. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Some people only seem to put their best oot forward when they are looking for

Many School Children Are Sickly. Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms, At all druggists', 25c, Sample mailed Free, Address Allen's Olympical Laboratory Free, Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Venice has a German school, which, however, has more Italian than German

FITSpermanently cured. No fits or nervous-less after first day's use of Dr. Eline's Great fervoRestorer. \$2trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 981 Aren Ct. Thila., Pa. There are about 900,000 more women than men in the German empire.

f am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Tromas Ron-sins, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900. Tea consumed in England is subject to duty of twelve cents a pound.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, soften the gums, reduces inflamma-tion, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Does the detective have to get a pointed in order to dog a criminal's footsteps?



Miss Marion Cunningham, the Popular Young Treasurer of the Young Woman's Club of Emporia, Kans., has This to Say of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM: - Your Vegetable Compound cured me of womb trouble from which I had been a great sufferer for nearly three years. During that time I was very irregular and would often have intense pain in the small of my back, and blinding headaches and severe cramps. For three months I used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and aches and pains are as a past memory, while health and happiness is my daily experience now. You certainly have one grateful friend in Emporia, and I have praised your Vegetable Compound to a large number of my friends. You have my permission to publish my testimonial in connection with my picture. Yours sincerely, Miss Marion Cunningham, Emporia, Kans."

\$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE. When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melanchely, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, blues, and hopelessness, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



How He Got His Birthmark,

The other day a well known rounder. somewhat the worse for a discolored eye, walked into a down town restaurant, where he met a number of his friends. "Hello, Jim." exclaimed one of the

men, "what's the matter with your eye?" Been getting into trouble?" "Oh, no," replied the man, "that's a birthmark."

"A birthmark!" said the first speaker. in surprise. "You did not have it a few days ago. How do you account for a birthmark appearing at this time of

"Well," answered Jim, by way of explanation. "It's like this: You see, I went to Chicago the other night, and on the way back I got into the wrong

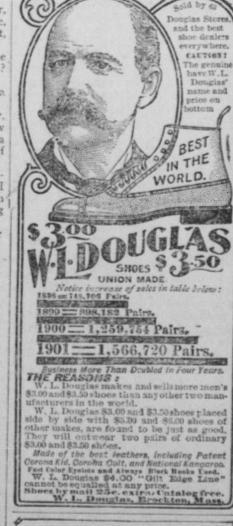


cures the most difficult cases of Rheumatism—after every other form of treatment has failed. St. Jacobs Oil never fails. CONQUERS PAIN

Price, 25c. and 50c.



DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; HIVE





ABSOLUTELY MODERATE FIREPROOF. RATES.

are for descriptive Booklets. W. JOHNSON QUINN, Proprietor. MORTIMER M. KELLY, Hanager

PAPER. IN THIS IT PAYS Estab. 2 32 SGALES of every description. Sat Write for prices. JESSE MARDEN 109 S. Charles St., BALTIMORE, MR.

Wenk eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water