SUNDAY'S DISCOURSE BY THE NOTED DIVINE.

Subject: When the Sun of Life Sets—The Christian Finds Fulfillment in the Time of Old Age—The Light of Even-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."

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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 beneath—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 forecastle, and the trapper on vast prairie, and the soldier from the tent, earthly 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."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragnan 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 night! The moon and the stars which rule 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 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!"

shall be light in the evening of old age, of the world's history, of the 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 arms, and the pickax struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its twenty per cent., and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the book came to its twentieth edition, 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 dance 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 woe 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 caiumnies! The new book would not sell! A patent could not be secured for the invention! Stocks sank like lead! The insurance company exploded! "How much," says the Sheriff, "will you bid for this piano? How much for this library? How much for this family picture? How much for the spean and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping, wailing and gnashing their teeth? Did they when they were afflicted like Job curse God and want to die? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup

curse God and want to die? When the rod of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter 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 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 shinging 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 heaven.

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sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven.

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!

Again, the text shall find fuifillment in

cross: Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting light!

Again, the text shall find fuifillment 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 brow; that snow was not always on your bead; that brawny muscledid not always bunch your arm; you have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hillside or threw off your 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 cannot cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles, lif 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, old 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.

How men and women will lie! They say they are forty, but they are eighty. Glorious old age if found in 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

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," People thought that he was crazy. I do not think that he was.

you will be an old woman." People thought 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 marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart; it will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother the ravens 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 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 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, joy and peace. At eventime it is light—light!

Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know

glory of heaven fills all the scene with love, joy and peace. At eventime it is light—light!

Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and the death angel fly only a little way apart, Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle and with the other she touches a grave. I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving Day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas Day came and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us 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 batine? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us, and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces there dashes upon us "Hosanna! Hosanna!" "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in." Said dying Scoville McCullum, one of my Sabbath-school boys. "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in." You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight! I have finished my course! I have kept the faith!"

Hugh McKall went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried: "Farewell sun, moon and stars! Farewell all earthly delights!" then went on the other side of the scaffold and cried: "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome, death! Welcome, glory!" A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments, "I move into the light!" They did not go down 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 a deem theauth.

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 plaised Christian begin to use his arm again, when the blind Christian begins to see again, when the 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 die, Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour upon

pressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour upon them this stupendous theme of the soul's disenthrallment!

disenthralment!

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 harmonics uncounted and indescribable—caught them from harp's trill and bird's carol and waterfall's dash and ocean's doxology—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, seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it—

nity is not long enough to tell it, seraphim have not capacity enough to realize it—the marvels of redeeming love!

Let the palms 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 hosts of the glorified, and if with your seepters you cannot reach it and with your sengs you cannot express it then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation: "Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of

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." password. We were great on earth, and 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. 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 gate-keeper 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 gate-keeper, "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!

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 glory 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.

Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring

figured.

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!
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#### THE GREAT DESTROYER

STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Tippling Women in All Classes—Bishop Coleman Says Conditions in England Are Even Worse Than Here—There is a Better Showing Among the Men.

Are Even Worse Than Here—There is a Better Showing Among the Men.

The Right Rev. Leighton Coleman, Episcopal Bishop of Delaware, who startled his hearers in a mission address at New Brunswick by the statement that there is an alarming increase of intemperance among wenn and decrease of intemperance among men, repeated the statement to a reporter of the New York World. He said that his opinion had been formed only after exhaustive investigation and observation of conditions in this country and abroad.

Bishop Coleman said that a newspaper hostile to his views set on foot an inquiry in New York with a view of disproving his charge. Committees of impartial citzens went to the various fashionable hotels and women's restaurants, taking notes of the orders of women patrons. They found that to take wines, cordials, even whisky with one's meals was an almost invariable rule among the wealthy and fashionable set. Not only this, but in so-called tea rooms intoxicants were served to women who ordered them without even the pretense of ordering a meal.

"Intemperance among women, however," said the Bishop, "is not confined to the women of the wealthy and fashionable class. The use of stimulants, medicines, bracers, tonics and all similar devices serving as a mask for the liquor habit is becoming more general among the middle classes. In England conditions are worse even than here, for the 'grocers' license' advanced by Mr. Gladstone as a temperance measure has had a vastly different result.

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even than here, for the 'grocers' license' advanced by Mr. Gladstone as a temperance measure has had a vastly different result.

"Mr. Gladstone hoped that intemperance would be decreased by making it possible for the middle class to secure the liquor in small quantities from their grocers instead of compelling them to go to public-houses, where the temptation to drink in excess would be much greater. Instead of this, however, the grocer's license enables women to indulge the Irink habit secretly. Whisky and gin are bought at the groceries and are charged to the husbands' accounts as tea or cheese. The evil is as prevalent among the aristocratic as among the middle classes." As to the decrease in drunkenness among men Bishop Coleman said: "Not so many years ago there was a tendency on the part of many people to laugh at a drunken man; to see something funny, or absurd, or ludicrous in drunkenness, but nothing sinful or wicked. Now, however, that men are coming to consider drunkenness as something to be ashamed of, there is increasing vigor to the resistance against all sorts of temptations to excess."

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ing vigor to the resistance against an sorts of temptations to excess."

Bishop Coleman said that much of this retorm is due to the positive attitude taken by all denominations of the Christian church, especially the Episcopalians.

#### Advice of Mr. Carnegie.

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Andrew Carnegie was the chief speaker at the celebration of the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Railroad Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, New York City. The hall on the second floor of the building was filled to overflowing with railroad men. Seats had been reserved for them until just before the meeting opened, when many visiting ladies entered the hall and took them. The place was literally packed. Mr. Carnegie said: "Gogtlemen, I congratulate you of the railroad world on ox-upying the proud position, as I believe, of the most temperate body of employes in the world. You are an example to the workingman in other branches of the outspreading tree of labor, and your influence cannot fail to prove of incalculable benefit. No rule that a man an adopt will bring greater reward than this, to abstain from the use of alcohol as a beverage. A drinking man has no place in the railway system. Indeed, he should have no place anywhere.

"There is no room for antagonism upon 1 railroad between employer and employer or your President and Superintendent do not own the property any more than you do; therefore you are, as just said, members of the same corps—you are all equally the servants of the company. There is nother feature of cheering import in your positions. The road to promotion is clear and direct. You can all certify to that, for I doubt not many of those now in authority over you began as you did, in subordinate positions, and have won their way by merit, not by favor.

"Fellow railroaders, there rests upon you grave responsibilities; you have in your keeping the lives of the public. I need not say the traveling public, for with a litravel. Strict sobriety, unceasing rigilance, stanch courage, faithfulness to luty, are demanded from you, and that these are characteristic of the force is testified at recurring intervals and by the position you have reached and occupy in the estimation of your grateful fellow-citzens."

## Georgia to Teach Temperance.

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Nearly twenty years ago, largely through the instrumentality of one devoted woman sided by noble workers, especially the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, the first Temperance Education law in the world was enacted in Vermont. As State after State in rapid succession placed similar laws upon its statute books they were represented in white on the map of the United States as an object lesson, while the rest of the Union was drawn in black.

The Governor of Georgia has just sent was Mrs. Mary H. Hunt Superingdent for

the rest of the Union was drawn in black.

The Governor of Georgia has just sent Mrs. Mary H. Hunt. Superintendent for World's and National Woman's Temperance Union, of Boston, the pen with whic's esigned the last of these laws now passed by the Legislatures of every one of the forty-five States of the United States and by the National Congress, all of which require temperance physiology to be taught all pupils in all schools under State and Federal control.

A company of distinguished people gathered informally in Mrs. Hunt's parlors January 25 to witness the removal of this last "black cap" from the national map, and to welcome Georgia to the white sisterhood thus made complete.

This study that gives with other laws of health the scientific reasons for total abstinence is now legally engrafted upon the educational system of this entire country, and is fast spreading to other lands. Its beneficent results, already manifest in the greater sobriety of the American workingman, and in the increased length of human life, are destined to become more and more apparent. Their thorough enforcement will mean a new generation of citizens too wise to stultify themselves with intoxicants, and thus the peaceful solution, through education, of the temperance problem.—New York Sun.

## John Burns on Saloonkeepers.

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John Burns, the famous English labor leader and the champion of labor in the British Parliament, is upon record as having recently made a starting statement concerning the relation of saloens to the progress of municipal improvements designed to better the condition of workingmen at Battersea, England, Battersea being the borough from which Mr. Burns is a representative in Parliament. The following is the statement:

"Bear this in mind; in everything that we have undertaken we have had the persistent and malignant opposition of the saloenkeepers."

MISERY IN LATIN QUARTER.

E. A. Abbey Tells of the Dismal Life o Many Art Students in Paris.
Edwin A. Abbey, the painter, presents a dismal side to life in the Paris Latin quarter. In an interview he

"That Paris is still popular with is shown by the fact that there are now over 2000 American students in the Latin quarter. The Latin quarter has an enormous fascination, but its atmosphere is not altogether dents there, many are girls from the west. A large proportion of the stu-dents of both sexes have very limited means and have to be helped home.

Some of the stories told are pitiable.
"Much of the suffering which exist there would have no existence if there was some splendidly equipped art school in this country, and, in this age of endowments, such a school ought to be possible. It would not cost much to have casts of fine paintings, sculpture and bits of architecture, which would teach the real meaning of art. If those who think they want to study art, but who are not equipped for the work know what lay before them, many of the terrible tragedies in the Latin quarter would be averted.

"London is a saner place; there is less insanity mixed up in the art work, but London is a very expensive place for students, unless they have bicycles and live in the suburbs, and the entrance examinations are very severe quarter is the language question. Very few of the students are able to speak French, and this keeps them together and is an enormous bar to making acquaintance with people who might be helpful to them.

The Laun quarter is sordid in the extreme and is a very dismal place. It may be merry enough on the occasion of some ball, but this is only once in a while. The quarter is full of wrecks who had meant to be artists. And the worst part of it is that so many of the sufferers are girls. A student hears that she can live in Paris for \$10 a week, and she goes over there to be swindled right and left, to endure all sorts of hardship, and to end by failing to get into the schools.
"There is not one girl in 5000 who

has the physical strength for the bat-tle for success in art. They don't realize what it means. No one must be less of a student than an artist. I used to think when I was working hard that by and by things would come easier, but it is not so. One must study always."

#### Houses in New York County.

There are about 160,000 dwelling houses in Manhattan and the Bronx, and in respect to their classification New York is exceptional among all the cities of the world, being the only one in which there is a larger number of tenement houses (occupied by more than three families who maintain separate household arrangements) than of any other group of

structures.

There were, by the last tabulation, 45,000 tenement houses in New York, of which 11,000 were in the district between Twenty-third and Fifty-ninth streets, and less than 500 in the district south of Chambers street.

The total population of Manhattan and the Bronx by the federal census of last June was 2,050,000, and the tenement population, so-called, of New York at the same period was 1,550,000. Less than 25 percent of the city population at that time resided otherwise than in tenements. Desnite laws against their constru

tion, there are still 6000 frame buildings on Manhattan Island, a considerable number of them rear houses. In the Bronx, where the restriction does prevail, there are 20,000 frame

dwellings.
The dwelling houses of New York are subdivided into 35,000 parts of which are sublet, and 15,000 occupied exclusively by one family. For many years such private houses were most numerous in New York.—New York Sun.

## Apologies a Test of Good Breeding

One of the shibboleths of life is the ability to receive an apology grace-It is far easier to make an apology than it is to take one. The "I-told-you-so" reception is an old but it is by no means the only form of discourtesy, not to say cruelty, that springs hydra-headed from the lips of the receiver of an apology. It seems never to occur to these persons what the battle has been that the giver of an apology has gone through be-fore he has arrived at the point of humbling himself sufficiently to say he has made a mistake, or, worse, committed an affront. T of "Wen, have you at last come to see what a fool you are?" that characterizes nine persons out of ten to whom an apology is offered, is, if no one but themselves were concerned. sufficient reason for never acknowldone. But the apologizer has also himself to consider, and must, in order to keep his self-respect unsullied, go on acknowledging his fault, even at the risk of being thrown back upon himself through the lack of fine perception in the arrogant and self-righteous. He who can receive an apology in such a way as not to hurt the giver is well bred indeed for his breeding rests upon that firm rock, a full understanding. "Do not unto others that thing which you would not wish done unto you."—Boston Jour-

The Kite.
"What's that fellow doing out there in mid-ocean with a kite?

"He's trying to tap the wireless ne."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sun Nook For the Babies.

"One of the prettiest sights in town, emarked a Fourteenth street car con ductor, as he threw a bad nickel out of his day's collection, "is the walk runhome. The house sits up on a high terrace, and is banked in by a stone wall that shuts out the wind and makes a delightfully sunny place on a winter's day. Well, about noon every day the place is so full of babies that nothing short of a funeral stands any show. There are rich and poor babies, fat and thin babies, and babies of all kinds and conditions ranged along the wall, sunning themselves while their colored 'mammies' gossip about their respective 'white folks.'"-

portunity to do so, had a game of "blind man's buff" with his children. fill a splendid place in life.

Beware of Cintments For Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

some 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 fold 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 surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genulne. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

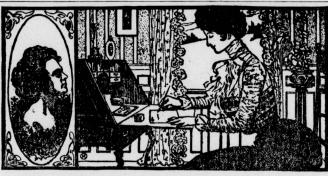
Froid by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle, Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Amateur photography is a fad with the

Amateur photography is a fad with the Shah of Persia.

Many School Children Are Sickly. their colored 'mammies' gossip about their respective 'white folks.'"—
Washington Post.

Oliver Cromwell, that stern old Puritan, whenever he found an opportunity to do so, had a game of



Miss Marion Cunningham, the Popular Young Treasurer of the Young Woman's Club of Emporia, Kans., has This to Say of Lvdia 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, leucorrhea, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bleating (or flatulence), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, faintness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone," and "want-to-be-left-alono" 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.



# Capsicum Vaseline @

Put up in Collapsible Tubes.

A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain allaying and curative qualities of this art le are wonderful. It will stop the tothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica. We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chost and safest.

for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints.

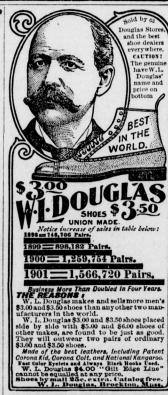
A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations." Price, 15 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage sizings we will send you a tube by mail.

No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not compine.



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