

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: **A Pious Ben-Zion of the House of David in Jehoshaphat's Arms.**
A Lesson from the Slaughter of the Princess-Princess Children to Christ.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse on a religious incident of the Bible Dr. Talmage draws out a lesson from the slaughter of the Princess-Princess Children to Christ.

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THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR OCTOBER 28.

Subject: **The Prodigal Son, Luke xv, 11-24.—Golden Text: Luke xv, 18.—Memory Verse, 20-24.—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.**

"A certain man." The simple, unpretentious beginning of the most beautiful of all the parables. The man is here the image of God the Father. "Two sons." Both are Jews. The idea that the elder represents the Jews, and the younger the Gentiles is foreign to the parable, but in character the two sons may be said to be representative of mankind, for we have in them examples of two great phases of alienation from the Father, the elder by his self-righteousness, the younger by his unrighteousness.

"The younger." He represents openly wicked persons, such as the publican and sinner. He also represents the thoughtless, careless youth, "Give me the portion of goods." This will appear plain when it is considered that it has been a custom in the East for sons to demand and receive their portion of the inheritance during the father's lifetime. "He divided his living." The yielding to the request strikingly sets forth the permission of freedom to many, and how the elder, God's best gift, may be squandered by the unthankful and disobedient.

"Not many days." He had decided upon his course and hastened to be gone. "Gathered all together." Sinners were astray from God venture their all. "Took his journey." He was weary of his father's government and desired greater liberty. As soon as the bridge of restraint is taken off we are soon gone. The journey the prodigal took represents the sinner in his departure from God. He went into a "far country," far from truth and virtue. "Wasted his substance." So sinners waste the gifts God has given them. Time, talents, energies, life, all are spent in low life. "In verse 10, mind and soul were deluged and ruined."

"Spent all." He did not stop until his last dollar was gone. His passions reigned. This represents the sinner who has thrown away the mercy, favor and love of God, and has willfully rejected the salvation of Christ. "A mighty famine." The soul living at a distance from God, and as soon as the bridge of restraint is taken off we are soon gone. The journey the prodigal took represents the sinner in his departure from God. He went into a "far country," far from truth and virtue. "Wasted his substance." So sinners waste the gifts God has given them. Time, talents, energies, life, all are spent in low life. "In verse 10, mind and soul were deluged and ruined."

"He joined himself to a citizen." The same wicked life that before was represented by the rotting and decaying grapes, is now represented by the sinner who has joined himself to a citizen of the world. "He was made to till the vineyard." The sinner is now made to till the vineyard of the world. "The vineyard was planted by the owner." The vineyard was planted by the owner of the world. "The vineyard was planted by the owner." The vineyard was planted by the owner of the world.

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YARNS FROM LOUISIANA.

Somewhere in the Crescent City There Lives the Equal of Manchester.

"The theory that a moving train carries along an envelope of air is very interesting," continued the engineer, "and I believe there is a good deal of truth in it. I first had my attention attracted to the subject by a curious incident that happened several years ago at a crossing near Birmingham, Ala., where trains pass twice a day at a speed of about forty miles an hour. The tracks are seven feet apart, and there would seem to be ample room to stand between them in perfect safety. One afternoon a small fox terrier dog belonging to a section boss was asleep in the middle space, and woke up just as the trains closed in from each side. There was a barrel on the ground nearby, and the dog, in his fright, jumped on top of it. That possibly brought him into one of the rushing envelopes of air; at any rate, he was whirled off his feet and thrown clear to the roof of the opposite car, where he was subsequently found, jammed against a ventilator chimney, with no injury except a broken leg. How in the world he ever made such a journey and escaped alive is a mystery, unless his fall was deduced by a cushion of air."

"Apropos of atmospheric pressure, it is a well-known fact that there is a 'vortex space' or 'zone of suction' directly behind any rapidly moving train, and its presence accounts for a grotesque happening that took place some time ago on the Southern Pacific. While the California-bound express was going through Western Arizona at a clipping gait a passenger who was on the verge of the Jim-Jams rushed out to the rear platform, climbed on the rail, and jumped off. He was wearing a very long linen duster, and a muscular tourist who happened to be on the platform at the time, grabbed it by the tails as it sailed by and yelled for help. When some of the others ran to his assistance they found the lunatic stretched straight out in the air behind the station, howling like a Comanche, but safely anchored by his duster, which had turned inside out and caught him at the shoulders. The muscular gentleman was hanging on for dear life, but had it not been for the fact that the would-be suicide was virtually sustained and carried along by the suction of the vortex space something would certainly have given way. They reeled the man in like a kite, and he promised to be good. We have very little exact knowledge at present of the atmospheric conditions that surround a moving train. A fuller knowledge of them may lead to the solution of some baffling problems in traction."

"One Way of Settling It." The other evening as a muscular person was passing a house, a lady who stood at the gate called out to him: "Sir, I appeal to you for protection!" "What's the matter?" he asked, as he stopped short. "There's a man in the house and he won't go out of doors, though I have ordered him to."

"The man fought, and it was not till a chair had been broken and the table upset that he was hauled out of doors by the legs and given a fling through the gates."

"Now, then, you brass-faced old tramp, you move on, or I'll bust you!" "Tramp! Tramp!" shouted the victim, as he got up. "I'm no tramp! I own this property and live in this house."

"Yes, that's my wife holding your coat."

"Thunder!" whispered the muscular man as he gazed from one to the other and realized that it was the wife's method of finishing a row she had been having with her husband. And then he made a grab for his coat and disappeared into the darkness.—Tit-Bits.

The Gold Buller. A weird story is told of a man by the name of Van Bosboom, who is distinguished in the Transvaal as the best shot in the republic. He is now fifty-five years old and never, it is claimed, has he missed an object at which he fired. A few months ago he had a productive gold mine and a flourishing family, but he lost his mine recently, and soon after his two sons were slain as they were fighting against the English. The loss of his mine troubled him little, but when he learned that his stalwart sons were no more a great change came over him. He took his old flint-lock rifle, which he calls Lobengula, and with a bag of golden bullets he went to the front to fight the foes of his country. And it is said that during the recent battles when the ambulances were moved each day those who had fallen in battle, the physicians could readily pick out the officers who had been killed by Van Bosboom. For instead of two ounces of lead or steel they had two ounces of gold either in the heart or in the forehead. Whether this is truth or fiction I know not, but I do know that there are multitudes of men and women who are shot to death in these days, not only in South Africa, but in Europe and America as well, by the bullets of gold.—The Homiletic Review.

Clock of Tree Grasses. Count Isaac de Camondo is the owner of a white marble clock, which is said to be worth \$250,000. It is called the "Clock of the Tree Grasses." The grasses are connected by festoons of flowers, surrounding a broken fluted pillar, which serves as the base of a two-handled vase decorated with festoons of oak leaves. This vase contains the works of the clock, to the dial of which one of the nymphs is pointing with her finger.—Kansas City Journal.

Soldiers Who Don't Drink. In three British regiments—the Black Watch, the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders and the Queen's Royal West Surrey Regiment—over half the men are total abstainers.

THE TURN OF LIFE.

The Most Important Period in a Woman's Existence. Mrs. Johnson Tells How She Was Helped Over the Trying Time.



CHARLOTTE JOHNSON.

Owing to modern methods of living, not one woman in a thousand approaches this perfectly natural change without experiencing a train of very annoying, and sometimes painful symptoms. Those dreadful hot flashes, sending the blood surging to the heart until it seems ready to burst, and the faint feeling that follows, sometimes with chills, as if the heart were going to stop for good, are only a few of the symptoms of a dangerous nervous trouble. The nerves are crying out for assistance. The cry should be heeded in time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound was prepared to meet the needs of woman's system at this trying period of her life. The three following letters are guaranteed to be genuine and true, and still further prove what a great medicine Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is for women.

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have been sick for a long time. I was a great deal with flooding. All my trouble seemed to be in the womb. I ache all the time at the lower part of the womb. The doctor says my womb is covered with ulcers. I suffer with a pain on the left side of my back over the kidney. I am fifty years old and passing through the change of life. Please advise me what to do to get relief. Would like to hear from you as soon as possible. —Mrs. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monclova, Ohio.

I have been taking your remedies, and think they have helped me a great deal. I had been in bed for ten weeks when I began taking your Vegetable Compound, but after using it for a short time I was able to be up around the house. The aching in the lower part of womb has left me. The most that troubles me now is the flooding. That is not so bad, but still there is a little every day. I am not discouraged yet, and shall continue with your medicine, for I believe it will cure me. —Mrs. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monclova, Ohio.

I send you this letter to publish for the benefit of others. I was sick for about nine years so that I could not do my work. For three months I could not sit up long enough to have my bed made. I had five different doctors, and all said there was no help for me. My trouble was change of life. I suffered with ulceration of the womb, pain in sides, kidney and stomach trouble, backache, headache, and dizziness. I am well and strong, and feel like a new person. My recovery is a perfect surprise to everybody that knew me. I love all to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I would not do without your medicine for anything. There is no need of women suffering so much if they would take your remedies, for they are a sure cure. —Mrs. CHARLOTTE JOHNSON, Monclova, Ohio.

When one stops to think about the good Mrs. Johnson derived from Mrs. Pinkham's advice and medicine, it seems almost beyond belief; yet it is all true as stated in her three letters published above at her own request. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Johnson has on her thousands of letters from women who have been safely carried through that danger period "Change of Life." Mrs. Johnson's cure is not an unusual one for Mrs. Pinkham's medicine to accomplish.

\$5000 REWARD.—We have deposited with the National City Bank of Lynn, \$5000, which will be paid to any person who can tell us the name of the man who has stolen the letters. Not genuine, or were published before obtaining the writer's special permission. LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

A married couple living near Throop, Pa., who were childless, have adopted 14 children.

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Salesman Wanted. Two honest, reliable men, experienced not absolutely necessary; salary and expenses paid. Fearless Tobacco Works Co., Bedford City, Va.

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Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Best, sweet cure for coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, and all other lung troubles. Purest, most reliable. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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WILLS PILLS—BIGGEST OFFER EVER MADE. For only 10 cents we will mail you a box of Wills Pills, which will cure you of all your troubles. Write for it today. Wills Pills are the best medicine ever made. Wills Pills are the best medicine ever made. Wills Pills are the best medicine ever made. Wills Pills are the best medicine ever made.

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