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

Send no money, simply try Botanie Blood Baim at our expense. B. B. B. cures Pim-ples, scabby, scaly, itching Eczema, Ulcors, 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 fall 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. 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.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with Pursan Fadelless Dres. Sold by all druggists.

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

South Africa.

Reware of Cintments Fer 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 genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

F. Sold by Druggists; price, 7&c, per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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

Best For the Bowels.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. Cascaners help nature, eure 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 Fowders 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. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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

FITSpermanently cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great NerveRestorer. \$2trial bottle and treatise free Dr. B. H. KLINE, Ltd., 981Arch St. Phila., Pa.

There are about 900,000 more women than men in the German empire. I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Tromas Ron-Bins, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Tea consumed in England is subject to a 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 pointer

Bad Coughs

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

L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

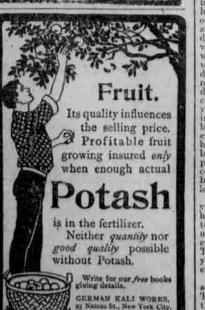
Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption.

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.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.







LA CROSSE, WIS.

WHEN SUN OF LIFE SETS

Dr. Talmage Says the Christian Finds Fulfillment in the Time of

The Light of the Evening Tide-Last Hours Illumined.

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

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 slivered 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 age 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 belated traveler by the rondiade, and the soldier from the tent, cartbly hostigazing upon heavenly and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the sliver 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! 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 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."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long the content of the service of the world's history, of the content of the service of Christian sorrow.

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 feet and work with a thousand arms, and the pickar 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 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 mance and glowed in the wine and ate at the hanquet, and all the g ds 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 wee 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 this 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? Will you set it go at less than half price? Going—going—gone."

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What has become of

you set it go at less than hair price; Going—going—gone!"

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What has become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail and crushed under the wheel 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 Joh curse God and want to die? When the rol of fatherly chastisement struck them, did of fatherly chastisement struck them, did they strike back? Because they found one bitter cup on the table of God's supply, did they upuet 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 resurrec-tion?"

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 crest and plumes of gold and jasper and ame thyst 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.

The soul at every step scemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys, warb.

The soul at every step scemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys, warb hing 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 re joicing," says St. Paul. "And God shal wipe away all tears from their eyes!" exclaims Jobn in apocalyptic vision. At eventime it was light. Light from the cross! Light from the promises! Light from the promises! Light from the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young, to have the sight clear and the hearing scute and the step clastic and alour pulses marching on to the dramming 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 snew was not always with say on now are, fou once went consting down the hillside or threw of your hat for ite race or sent the ball flying sky high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give userubcrant spirits and broad shoulders for burden carrying and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life; path, if you follow it long enough, will come under frowning crag and cross frem bling causeway. Bleased old age, if you let it come naturally! You cannot hide it.

You had not be sal

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 crary. I do not think that he was.

thought that he was crary. 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 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 cat it."

Tou save watened the camness 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 abut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For 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 giory of heaven fills all the scene with love, joy and peace. At eventime it is light—light!

Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at

giory of heaven fills all the scene with love, joy and peace. At eventime it is hight—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 glid, 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 askes, 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 bathe? 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, slory!"

A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments, "I move into the light!" They did not go down the read of the scaffold of martyr

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 begins to use his arm again, when the blind Christian begins to see again, when the deaf Christian begins to hear again, when the deaf Christian begins to hear again, when the goor 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 all 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 harmonies 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—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 scepters you cannot reach it and water to cannot tell the half of it. I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged

Sing on, praise on, ye hosts 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

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." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper 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 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!

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.

My. Toolady in his évins lowe said.

Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said,
"Light." Coming neaver 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, 1903, L. Klopsch.)

How Birds Dress Wounds. Many birds, particularly those that are prey for sportamen, possess the faculty of skilfully dressing wounds. Some will even set bones, taking their own feathers to form the proper bandages. A French naturalist writes that on a number of occasions he has killed woodcocks that were, when shot, convalescing from wounds previously received. In every instance he found the old injury neatly dressed with down plucked from the stem feathers and skilfully arranged over the wound evidently by the long beak of the bird. In some instances a solid plaster was thus formed, and in others bandages had been applied to wounds or broken limbs. One day he killed a bird that evidently had been severely wounded at some recent period. The wound was covered and protected by a sort of net-work of feathers, which had been plucked by the bird from its own body and so arranged as to form a plaster, and so arranged as to form a pinster, completely covering and protecting the wounded surface. The feathers were fairly netted together, passing alter-nately under and above each other and forming a textile fabric of great pro-

te tive power .- Youth's Companion,

THE GREAT DESTROYER

STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTEMPERANCE.

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 women along with a 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 citizens 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 note 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.

"Mr. Gladstone hoped that intemper-

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 drink 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 sometning 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."

Bishop Coleman said that much of this reform is due to the positive attitude taken by all denominations of the Chris

reform is due to the positive attitude taken by all denominations of the Christian church, especially the Episcopalians.

Advice of Mr. Carnegie

Advice of Mr. Carnegie.

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 floot of the building was filled to overflowing with railroad men. Seats had been reserved for them until just before the meeting ocened, when many visiting ladies entered the hall and took them. The place was literally packed. Mr. Carnegie said: "Gentlemen, I congratulate you of the railroad world on occupying 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 can adopt will bring greater reward than this taket in four the prove of labor, and the taket in the prove of labor.

can 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 upor a railroad between employer and employe for your President and Superintendent do not own the property any more than you

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 conpany. There is another feature of cheering import in your another 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 upor you grave responsibilities; you have in your keeping the lives of the public. I need not say the traveling public, for with us all travel. Strict sobriety, unceasing vigilance, stanch courage, faithfulness to

us al travel. Strict sobriety, unceasing vigilance, stanch courage, faithfulness to duty, 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-cit izens."

Georgia to Teach Temperance.

Nearly twenty years ago, largely through the instrumentality of one devoted woman aided 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 muon 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 Mrs. Mary H. Hunt. Superintendent for World's and National Woman's Temperance Union, of Boston, the pen with which he signed the last of these laws now passed by the Legislatures of every one of the fortw-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 pariors 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 apoarent. Their thorough enforcement will mean a new generation of citizens too wise to studity themselves with intoxicants, and thus the peaceful solution, through education, of the temperance problem.—New York Sun.

John Burns on Saloonkeepers.

John Burns on Saloonkeepers.

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 saloons to the progress of municipal improvements designed to better the condition of workingmen at Battersea, England, Battersea being the horough from which Mr. Burns is a representative in Parliament. The following is the statement:

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

"Immoderate Mederate Drinking."
Sir Dyce Duckworth, an eminent British physician, warns insurance companies against accepting as risks "immoderate moderate drinkers"—men who pride themselve; upon never being intexicated, but who often or usually drink in the course of the day "more than is good for them." This practice, he says, counts more victims than consumption or any other discase.

Reaction in Germany.

In Germany there is a marked reaction against beer drinking in business hours. The sharp competition of manufacture and commerce demand that men shall have all their wits about them in order to keep the pace set by modern business methods.

GOD'S MESSAGE TO MAN

PRECNANT, THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S CREATEST PROPHETS.

Poem: Dawn-Soon the Truth Will Illumine All Our Hearts-Pray to Be Spared From Living Without Work-A Source

The heraids of the summer dawn
Are oyous in the dewy fields;
The morning wind brings up the hill
The fragrance that the meadow yields—
A mingled scent, clusive, sweet,
Of new-mown grass and clover white,
And locust blossoms by the brook
That glimmers in the early light.

Now all the cast in splendor shines.

The world awakes to greet the day.
The quail is whistling "no more wet,"
The river mists are rolled away;
For now the sun is on the hills.
The shadows stretch across the mead—The joy of morning freshly fills
Each spreading tree, each wayside weed.

Not so has dawned the light of truth Upon the darkened world of thought; But slowly to our waiting eyes Has grown the gleam our souls have

sought.
So, slowly growing through the years,
The blessed truth that "makes men
free!"
The clouds of superstition still
Obscure the light that all should see.

Yet surely as the dawn unbars
The gateway of the eastern sky
To flood the fields with radiance,
And all the land to glorify.
So surely shall the light of truth
Uoon its heaven-appointed way
Illumine all our hearts at last,
And shine "unto the perfect day."
—Harriet Waters Forbush.

Living by Daily Work.

Living by Daily Work.

That which we earn, or which we work for, is worth more to us than that which is given to us without any effort on our part. This is in accordance with God's best cealings with His children, and all of man's experience tends to confirm this truth. Even in Eden, before man's fall, man was set to dress the garden and keep it. He had to work for his living while yet at his best, and while God was caring for him as His favorite child. When later, in the wilderness, the children of Israel were being led by God, and fed by bread from heaven day by day; they had, each and all, to earn enough for a living by picking up their needful food. When the rich Boaz was won to an interest in attractive Ruth, the Moabitish young widow, he did not say to the laborers in his lordly fields: "Give her all the grain she needs or wants," but he caid: "Let her glean, even among the sheaves." That was the better way for Ruth. Having what she gleaned was better than would have been having what was given her in charity. It was the same in the new dispensation as in the old. The word of the apostle was, as to the early Christians: "If any man will not work, neither let him eat." Our highest privilege is of working for our living, not of living without work. Let us he grateful that we have a living support in connection with work, that is something more to be grateful for. May we be spared from living without work!—Sunday-School Times.

Why Few Are Called.

Why Few Are Called.

"Of the various reason—often contradictory—assigned for the disinclination of young men to enter the ministry, none, it seems to us," says the New York Examiner (Bapt.), "touches the real source of the difficulty, which may be summed up in a single entence—they do not want to enter it. All the various objections to the ministerial career that have been enumerated would count for nothing if a young man were possessed by a consuming real for that form of Christian service. The fact that the ranks of medicine and the law are overcrowded does not deter young men from entering them; nor does the other fact that the majority of the fledging doctors and lawyers find the struggle for existence—to say nothing of success and a competency—a long and bitter ones act as a barrier to aspiring youth. A genuinely consecrated heart would not shrink from whatever hardships the pursuit of so high and sacred a vocation as the Gospel ministry might entail, if the possessor of it were persuaded in his inmost being that it was his vocation, a veritable call from God to his soul. Magnify these hardships as you will—and we are not disposed to minimize them, or some of them, at least—they would still be, yea, they are to many a noble soul, but as a thread of gossamer in barring the way to the fulfilmen; of the heart's desire." in barring the way to the fulfilment of the

Spiritual Progress.

"We believe, without undue optimism," says the New York Observer (Pres.) "that the spiritual progress of the church during the past year has been very encouraging—the more so because there is an impression among men that skepticism is on the increase, and that the world at large has settled down to a quiet, easy-going condition in respect to credal and doctrinal belief. But the general outlook in Christendom does not bear out this impression. The 'Onward, Christian Soliders' of the churchly song breathes the true militant and progressive spirit—the ark of God is safe in the land of the true Israel. If nothing else were counted as verifying this comforting outlook we might say: Behold the missions! See the sacrifices made even by delicate women in helping to spread the gospel of Christ in the far corners of the earth. In the teeth of persecution, amid every discouragement, in spite of the indifference or hostility of the age itself, the B. ogress of foreign missions is co-extensive with the drum-beat of civilization."

Your Best Work.

Your Best Work.

A timid man, a discouraged worker, a sad-hearted struggler, can never do the best work of which he is capable. The timid man is afraid to let out his forces. The discouraged man thinks there is no use in exercising his forces. The sad-hearted man has weakened his forces so that he cannot respond to a call. It is not merely cheerfulness in our work that we need; it is downright faith, honest, whole souled daring. Try to do your best with a question whether it pays or whether there is any hope of success, or whether there is any hope of success, or whether there is not a great, cloudy experience and you will fail. The best in us comes up through confidence, and it is led on by shouts of victory, and crowned by beautiful patience. "The best" is born of contest, and is colored by blood. And it is measured in God's glorious presence, not by banners, or human plaudits, or sounding trumpets, but by the amount of virtue which has entered into it.

Difficulties Are Opportunities. Difficulties are absolutely nothing to the man who knows that he is on the mission on which God has sent him. They are only opportunities for him to show his power; problems to manifest his skill in their solution; thunder clouds on which to paint the freecoes of his unrealized tenderness.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

A Pure and Noble Life. There is not a man on earth so humble but what he can rise and live a pure and noble life and command respect from his fellow men and from God.—Rev. T. E. Monroe.

Much Kissing in Russia.

As many kisses as shots are ex-Russian army. The emperor kisses his officers, the officers, the officers kiss each other, men embrace lovingly; old generals kiss; in fact, everybody is kissing and being kissed when the carr

kissing and being kissed when the caar reviews his troops.

On a public holiday the mistress of the house salutas all her servents, both male and female, with a morning kiss, while her lord and master scarcely enters or leaves the room that day without first bestowing a kiss on the forehead, cheek or hand of his



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, Emporta, Kans."

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"Why, pa, this is roast beef!" ex-claimed little Willie at diamer on the evening when Mr. Chumpleigh was 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," In the Blue Grass Region,

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