

VOL. XVI.

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MULES AND HORSES always in stable for sale.

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Don't Go Around Groaning

It is Your Own Fault if You Continue to Suffer.

Why do you go around the house complaining, making yourself and everybody else miserable? It is your own fault if you suffer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, or other painful troubles that come from bad blood.

The reason RHEUMATISM cures when it comes, is that it affects the joints of the body. It is not a disease of the blood, but a disease of the joints.

Keep the little ones healthy and happy. Their tender, sensitive bodies require gentle, healing remedies. Holden's Rocky Mountain Tea will keep them strong and well.

Don't frown—look pleasant if you are suffering from indigestion. If you don't, take Kodol Peppermint Cure.

A Lively Tussle with that old enemy of the race, Catarrh, often ends in a fatal result. To avoid all serious trouble with the stomach, liver and bowels, take Dr. King's New Life Pills.

If you are troubled with Piles and can't find a cure, try Witch Hazel Salve. It is the Original. If you have used Witch Hazel Salve without being relieved, it is probable that you got hold of one of the many worthless counterfeits that are sold on the reputation of the genuine DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve.

Torture By Savages. Speaking of the torture to which some of the savage tribes in the Philippines subject their captives, reminds me of the intense suffering I endured for three months from inflammation of the kidneys.

The best safeguard against headache, constipation and liver troubles is Dr. Williams' Little Early Risers. Keep a box of these famous little pills in the house and take a dose at bed time when you feel that the stomach and bowels need cleaning.

One would think the laxative idea in a cough syrup should have been advanced long before it was. It is the only rational remedy for Croup and Colds.

Doctors Are Puzzled. The remarkable recovery of Kenneth Melver, of Vancouver, Me., is the subject of much interest to the medical fraternity and a wide circle of friends.

Indigestion is much of a habit. Don't get the habit. Take a Little Kodol Peppermint Cure after eating and you will quit belching, burping, eructing and vomiting. Kodol Digests what you eat and makes the stomach sweet.

HAS STOOD THE TEST FOR 25 YEARS. The old, original GROVES' Tasteless Chili Tonic. You know what you are taking. It is iron and quinine in a tasteless form.

Dixie Nerve and Bone Liniment best on earth for rheumatism, strains, sprains and all pains. Unsuspected for many years. Large bottles 25 cents. At White & Co. and Winslow Drug Co.

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GOING INTO ARABIA

Rev. Dr. Talmage Preaches on Paul in the Desert.

Lessons to Be Learned From the Season He Spent in Solitude and in Prayerful Meditation.

Copyright, 1906, by Louis Kloppeck. LOS ANGELES, Cal., Feb. 4.—In this sermon the preacher shows that there is a time for spiritual as well as physical rest and recuperation and that we are made all the stronger and abler for the battle of life through the strength the soul derives from such seasons of retirement and contemplation.

"What to you is the most wonderful country in the world?" I once asked an old traveler. "Without any doubt," he said, "it is Egypt." "What, Egypt?" I exclaimed. "Why Egypt was not to me very absorbing." "Then," said my friend, "you have never sailed up the river Nile. You may have stopped a few days at Cairo and perfunctorily visited the pyramids, but you have never sailed up the river Nile and explored the ruins of Memphis and Assiout and Abydos and Thebes. I went to Egypt expecting to stay there only a few days. I stayed three weeks. I wish I might have stayed three years.

And one of my life's dreams is to go back to Egypt before I die and do as did Georg Ebers when he wrote his famous book, "Picturesque Egypt." He not only traveled through the country, but he lived there for months and months. He fitted up one of the tombs of the kings for his study. He ate and slept and breathed there the atmosphere of Egypt's historic past by dwelling there as Thales studied the life of Christ by going and dwelling for years among the natives of Palestine.

Then after my friend had vividly described for me the journey up the Nile he gave me a description of a trip he took into the Sahara desert. Mile after mile he went until on either side of him or behind him but a great sea of sand. Along the valley of the river Nile there were the most luxuriant harvest fields of the world, but as soon as he turned his back upon that river he found nothing but an apparently endless area of sand. Not one speck of grass was growing there. Not one tree was reaching out its strong branch and beckoning, "Come, traveler, and lie under my shadow." Not one bird was cooling his parched throat by some running brook to sing another song. Not one farmhouse or one village greeted his vision. There were mountains of sand, valleys of sand, plateaus of sand, rolling prairies of sand, great heaving tidal waves of sand; nothing was there but sand. So completely devoid of all life was this region of sand that not even a lizard or a jackal came in sight. Not a fly or a mosquito buzzed about his eyes. Not a bizzard's wing was seen about in the heavens of blue. There was not the rustle of one leaf or the snapping of one twig. The only sound heard was the pattering of his own feet as they sank into the awful, the appalling, the endless sand.

What the Sahara desert is to northern Africa the Arabian desert is to southern Asia. Like the Sahara, with its luxuriant valley of the river Nile, Arabia has its oases, its places where vegetable life can grow. But for the most part Arabia is a weary waste of sand. If you would like a full description of it read about Arabia in Low Wallace's "Prince of India." There is found as wonderful a piece of word painting in reference to the sands and its endless silence as the Indiana author gave in his famous character of Ben-Hur. But not alone to Low Wallace do we have to go to find a description of its loneliness. The Greeks and Romans used to say, "All Arabia is divided into three parts—Arabia Petraea, or the stony part; Arabia Deserta, or the desert part; and Arabia Felix, or the happy part." But where the stony part ends and the desert part begins is very hard to distinguish, while the happy part is of very small area, so small that for the most part Arabia is inhabited only by wandering nomad Bedouin tribes. This when Paul wrote the words of my text: "Neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me, but I went into Arabia," he practically meant this: "Instead of going at once into a great city as soon as I was converted I departed into a desert place. I went off to be alone with Christ. I tarried for three long years in Arabia in order to sit myself spiritually for the work God was to give me to do."

Neither went I up to Jerusalem to see Peter and abode with him fifteen days. We all ought to have our sacred Arabias. We should ever and anon turn our backs upon the world and have our quiet communion with Christ. What is a desert of sand to many a human eye may be a spiritual Arabian harvest field to the children of God.

The Arabian desert, in the first place, meant for Paul a theological education. It meant thirty-six long months, when he did little but study the science of God's relation to the world. It meant weeks and weeks of reading Scripture and of saturating himself with the history of Jesus Christ's life. It meant Paul living over again his past scholastic life and interpreting his studies from a new spiritual standpoint, and this for a man of Paul's mental caliber was no short or light task.

The stronger a man is mentally the wider is the range of his spiritual horizon; the more a man matures the more he is desirous of probing into the causation of things in every way. Let me illustrate this thought in a simple way. The great railroad train is starting across the continent. Its dozen of coaches are filled with all classes of people. Here is a young boy thinking only of the dinner he will eat at the next stop and indifferent to the mechanism of the locomotive that is drawing the train. Here is an ignorant man concerned only with the sordid details of his journey and taking no notice of the country through which he is passing. But here is an alert, intelligent man who is eager to learn all he can. When the train stops he gets out and examines the brake couplings. He asks

questions about the tracks; he inquires about the industry of the surrounding country which has made this railroad possible; he asks the time and the other things. If he cannot get satisfactory replies from one man he goes to another man and keeps on going until he gets rational answers. Such was this man Paul in his mental and spiritual makeup. He was not willing to follow Christ blindly; he was not willing to follow Him as an ignorant man to whom the name of Jesus means but little more than a fetish, but he wanted to know to the fullest extent what Christ was and what Christ wanted him to do.

Methods I am wending my way over the Arabian desert. It is about the year 28 A. D., or two years after Paul's conversion. Off in the distance I see an oasis. Light on the edge of that oasis I see there a man sitting with a scroll of parchment on his knee. He has an eagle like a hawk. There is something about the curve of his forehead which proves that he has been a leader of men. There is something about his mouth which tells me those lips are the lips of eloquence. He is not a handsome man. His back is bent like that of a student. His stature is under size. As I approach his humble hut this small figured Hebrew halts me: "Stranger, wilt thou not come in and rest awhile? I have not much to give thee, but what I have is mine." After we have had a pleasant conversation for a little while I intuitively feel that I am in the presence of a great man. I turn deferentially and say, "May I ask you in my heart and for what thou dost show me this courtesy today?" My new found friend answers simply: "I am Paul of Tarsus. I greet thee thus for the love of my Master, Jesus Christ." "What?" I exclaim in great amazement. "You are not Paul, otherwise known as Saul of Tarsus? You are not the man who was famed as the great and the most bitter and the most unrelenting persecutor of the Christians? You are not the man who was supposed to be converted on the Damascus road and then fled from Damascus and have been in hiding for the last two years?" "The same," says my host.

Then I say: "But, Paul, why art thou here, out in this desert? You seem to be living here alone without a friend? Why do you not go back to Jerusalem and take your position by the side of the other disciples of Christ in your native land?" "I am fiting myself for future work by studying God's word to find out what he wants me to do." "Not fitted yet? Why, Paul, thou art one of the most learned men of all the east! Thou hast sat at the feet of the greatest teachers. Thou hast been the favorite pupil of Gamaliel, the most famous teacher of the east." "True," says Paul, "I am not learned in many things. People say I am a leader. But I have been studying the art in the past for his sake and eloquence for eloquence's sake. All the greatest books of the past are mine. But to be worldly wise is not to be spiritually wise. And so I have turned my back upon the world now for two years simply to read God's word. I want the teachings of Christ in every sense to become part of my life." Then the mighty Paul bends upon me his great soulful eyes, full of earnest beseechment, as he says, "Wilt thou have a conversation with the messages of my Lord and Master Jesus Christ is and what he wants me to do?"

Is Paul speaking to you today, O men and women? Years ago your master wanted you to become a good musician. She was urging you week in and week out to practice. "Daughter," she used to say, "you must practice at least two hours a day or else you can never master the keys." Year after year you have been concentrating two hours a day studying the works of the great musicians. How many minutes per day do you go off alone into your Arabia to study God's word? One hundred and twenty minutes? Sixty minutes? One-half hour? Ten minutes? Do you take five minutes alone with God every day for reading a chapter out of his holy book? You have your library shelves filled with books. Scientific books, essays, books of travel, books of all sorts are there. I go into your library and turn over the leaves haphazard. I find that you have read most of these books. Have you systematically read God's book as much as my text: "Neither went I up to Jerusalem to them which were apostles before me, but I went into Arabia," he practically meant this: "Instead of going at once into a great city as soon as I was converted I departed into a desert place. I went off to be alone with Christ. I tarried for three long years in Arabia in order to sit myself spiritually for the work God was to give me to do."

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"in the eighteen years of Torquemada's administration," he wrote, "10,220 individuals were burned alive and 97,321 punished with infamy, confiscation of property or perpetual imprisonment, so that the total number of families destroyed in this persecution amounted to 114,401." Did the knowledge of the word of God make Torquemada a true evangelist of Jesus Christ? Has the knowledge of the Bible made some of your friends Christians and true disciples of your Divine Master? Why, some of the meanest men you ever knew were members of the Christian church. They were not only church members, but also teachers in the Sunday school, yet when you met them in a business way you intuitively knew their hearts had never been touched by the living coals of fire from off the altar of the Holy Spirit. You knew they were not converted men. They may have known the Bible from lid to lid. Their creed or their theology of the head was all right, but the Christology of the heart was all wrong. As they studied the word of God they did not pray like Paul: "Lord, wilt thou have me to do? Lord, make me thy servant. Lord, forgive my sins. Lord, help me to save my fellow men." Ah, it is important to study the word of God, but it is just as important to pray that God will send down his Spirit upon you and make you like unto his dear Son. Have you your sacred Arabian deserts or your regular hours for pleading with and talking to God as well as your sacred hours of having God talk to you? Can you think of Paul out in that desert unless he is praying? I cannot. I can no more think of a prayerless Paul than I can of a prayerless Christ. While thinking of this matter I had a strange dream in my study. I thought it was again the year 28 A. D. I was again wending my way toward that little hut in the Arabian desert which I have already described. I was again sitting by the side of the dear Apostle Paul. He was expounding the word of God to me. Then suddenly he stops and says: "I cannot go any further; wait awhile; I must talk to my friend." "Talk to your friend?" I say. "What do you mean? I do not see any one around. Talk to what friend?" "Why, talk to my friend Jesus Christ," says Paul. Then, without any affectation, Paul drops on his knees and begins to talk to Christ just as I would talk to my dear mother if she were alive by my side.

And now comes the practical question, Where are the modern Arabian deserts? In order to find one do we have to travel to Damascus, as Paul did, and journey to the east? Nay. We have our own Arabian deserts in the western hemisphere as well as in Asia, in our lives as Paul had in his life. I think that one of our Arabias may be our sick beds. Hour after hour we may have to lie in the invalid's room. Oh, how near to God we can then get! Then another Arabia is when death comes to some of our dear ones. "Alone, alone," we say. "All alone!" We are not alone. We are in the desert. Then another Arabia is when persecution or slander comes. Our blood is being poured out for the sake of the name of Christ. We are then in the Arabian desert of Paul I am not showing to you a false vision as I ask: "Do you see your old home? Do you see your father and mother taking you to the church? Do you see your loved ones there to greet you? Do you see your Heavenly Father beckoning you to come? Do you see Christ standing by your side to save you from sin? Do you see the cross and the crown? Ah, this is no mirage, no false vision! This is the Arabian desert wherein Paul is communing with Christ and consecrating his life to the Divine Master's service.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR FILLS. Treating, Blind, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles, Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 15 days.

Hot-Breads Light and Sweet are made with ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure Anti-dyspeptic; may be eaten without inconvenience even by persons with delicate digestion.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

A Temperance Lesson—International Sunday School Lesson for March 25.

TEMPERANCE LESSON. BY REV. WILLIAM EVANS, B. D. (Director, Biblical Department of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago; Official Lecturer of the Cook County (Chicago) Sunday School Association on the International S. S. Lessons.)

"Who cries 'woe' who 'alas' who has stripes? who complains? Who has wounds without cause? Who has redness of eyes? They who linger long over wine, who often taste mixed wine. Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it sparkles in the cup. At the end it bites like a snake. It pierces like an adder. Thou wilt see strange things. Querer things thou wilt say. Thou wilt be like one who is sleeping at sea, like one at sea in a violent storm. I have been struck, but I feel no pain. I have been beaten, but I am not conscious of it." When (shall) I awake from my wine I will seek it yet again.—Translation from International Critical Commentary.

This translation of the Hebrew text should be compared with, and is substituted for, the rendering in the English version. It is both interesting and instructive. "The Drunkard's Portrait Gallery." This lesson depicts as possibly no other Scripture lesson does in strikingly accurate terms the portrait of a drunkard. The picture is not only descriptive; it is prophetic. It describes not only the drunkard as he is, but also the tippler as he will be if he continues to remain long at the wine. The portrait is true to life. His counterpart may be seen any day reeling along the streets of any of our large cities.

The Evils Following Intemperance. How graphically they are here described! Let us note them one by one. First, a life filled with "oh" and "alas." These words are interjections, not nouns. No translation can do justice to them. No attempt is here made to describe the innumerable "oh" words, "alas" and "pangs which come to the intemperate man. Oh, the regret of ruined fortune, lost friends, ruined health! How like an unnumbered host they press down upon him! Then there comes "contention and babbling." "Contention"—the brawling and strife which are the result of drunkenness. "Babbling"—which may mean meditation, sorrowful thought, or complaining. This gives us a picture of the morning after, when the drunkard is thinking over the foolishness of his conduct, and is complaining of what he has lost by his sin. He may have lost home, friends, loved ones, reputation, position. And now he is in a spirit of complaining because things seem to have gone against him when in reality his own profligacy is responsible for his sad condition. Then he has "wounds without cause."—burts which he would not have had had he been sober. I have oftentimes visited men in some of our city hospitals who were not able to account for the wounds which may have caused even the amputation of a limb. Lying there in their beds bruised and crippled they have confessed that they did not know how they received such wounds. Had they been sober men they would not have had these "wounds without cause."

Then "dimness of sight," or "redness of eyes" is another affliction of the inebriate. The vision is changed, blurred, darkened as the wine touches the brain. We are all familiar with the red, blurred eyes of the drunkard. It lacks brightness, clearness, sparkle. Such is the awful portrait of those who "tarry long at the wine." Tipplers Soon Become Tarriers. If we tarry at the wine it will not be long before we tarry at it. Then the awful portrait here described will be true to our lives. The only safe attitude for us to take is the position advocated by the Bible. "Look not on the wine when it is red in the cup." Do not put yourself in the way of strong drink. Avoid the saloon. Pass it by. Shun those parties and those gatherings where the wine glass plays any part. "Touch not, taste not, handle not," is the only safe position to take.

The Last Touch to the Picture. We have here described not merely the present, but also the eternal ruin wrought by drink: "At last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." Its consequences are fatal not only in this life but in the life to come. No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of Heaven. But you say, "I never expect to be a drunkard." No, neither did the man who has just filled a drunkard's grave. No drunkard ever did. Watch out for the wine when it is in its attractive stages—"when it is red, when it giveth its color; when it moveth itself aright," or, as it may be translated, "when it goeth down smoothly." Beware of it in its attractive stages, when to sip it seems not only perfectly harmless, but, on the contrary, thrilling and inspiring. Remember that the serpent has a venomous sting as well as a beautiful skin. When it fascinates, it kills.

In Every Wine Cup. Look right down to the very bottom of every wine cup and see there a coiled serpent ready to spring at your throat and take your very life. Remember that the same light which attracts the moth kills it. We can walk the streets on a summer evening and see hundreds of those insects lying dead around the light. Remember that while wine tickles and pleases, it ruins and kills. Wine not only stupifies, sabbates, brings sorrow, misfortune and regret; but, worse than all this, it damns the soul eternally and forever.

The best way to rid the system of a cold is to evacuate the bowels. Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar acts as a pleasant, yet effective cathartic on the bowels. It clears the head, cuts the phlegm out of the throat, strengthens the bronchial tubes, relieves coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, etc. Sold by all druggists.

Three little rules we all should keep. To make life happy and bright, Smile in the morning, smile at noon, Take Rocky Mountain Tea at night, The Winston Drug Co.

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Blind Headache

"About a year ago," writes Mrs. Mattie Allen, of 1123 Broadway, Augusta, Ga., "I suffered with blind, sick headaches and backaches, and could get no relief until I tried

WINE OF CARDUI

Woman's Relief I immediately commenced to improve, and now I feel like a new woman, and wish to recommend it to all sick women, for I know it will cure them, as it did me."

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WRITE US FREELY and frankly, describing your symptoms. We will consider your case and give you free advice (in plain sealed envelope). Don't hesitate, but write today. Address: Ladies' Advisory Dept., The Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn.

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This mattress is made in layers of Elastic Cotton Felt. Smooth surface, no tufts visible. Ticking is not punched full of holes. No outside tufts to collect dirt and vermin. Evenly elastic over entire surface. Constructed on scientific principles by improved method.

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