Clothing!

It never too good for you

SACK SUITS
$10 TO $22.

You'll like our Sack Suits this season. They are the newest and most desirable suitings—the patterns that customers you've sought in vain in ready-to-put-on, and the limited quantity in each makes the variety seemingly endless.

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But after all, the fit is the real magnet in these suits,—in all our clothes.

BOYS' CLOTHING.

A wide range of styles to select from. They are made so different and fit so different. No skimping of cloth or slighting in finish. We have a vast selection, from

$2.00 UP.

Your money back for the asking if not satisfied.

KNOX HATS.

Fall styles now ready, they are the pink of perfection and cost no more than the inferior kind.

SCHAUL & ROOSA,
130 Main St. Hornellsville

AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

GREENWOOD.

The rain was quite a stranger.

E. A. Shelley has returned to Greenwood after an extended absence.

Wm. Burton and family are sojourning in town, called here by the illness of Mr. Burton's brother.

Bert Smith of Richford is visiting his brothers, Geo. and C. F. Smith.

Rev. C. E. Sutton has returned from Conference. His many friends are gratified to learn that he has been returned to this charge for the ensuing year.

Byron Ruger and daughter Jennie went to Hornellsville Saturday, and returned by way of Andover Sunday.

Walter Chichester is visiting his parents at Great Bend.

The Republican meeting Thursday evening was largely attended, and the addresses of Messrs. Hekers and Flaherty were able expositions of the Republican policy and platform.

Mrs. F. Van Vleet of Rexville was a caller in town Thursday.

M. F. Smith, Republican candidate for Sheriff, was in this city Thursday. Mr. Smith has hosts of friends here among both political parties.

Porter Stephens, who had a run of typhoid fever, is reported convalescent.

Miss Hester Phillips left Friday for her school at Richmond Mills.

O. D. Stephens, formerly of this place, is visiting his family.

Gertrude and Lee Davis wheeled up to Greenwood from Canisteo Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Howard of Hornellsville visited their daughter Mabelle of Union School, Sunday.

Mrs. G. M. Webster was the guest of Mrs. Krusen at Stanards Saturday.

Ross Dennis starts this week for college at Toronto, Canada.

Elmer Allen and family moved in the rooms over the meat market last week. He comes from Troupsburg.

There are a number of cases of typhoid in this locality. Miss May Failing of Rexville died last week and Frank Failing is very sick with the same.

It is reported that Jason Weeks and wife are going to move in the house with Merritt Stephens on account of the poor health of Mrs. Weeks.

Mrs. Theodore Cobb of Spring Mills spent Friday with Mrs. G. M. Webster.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Watkins went to Canisteo Friday to consult Dr. Jack, who is treating Mr. Watkins for an enlargement of the neck. We are able to say Mr. Watkins is improving.

The Greenwood Glee Club paraded the streets Saturday night with a band wagon. Their chariot had neither springs nor cushions. The fattest persons had the softest seats.

Mrs. Walter Chichester is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Spearbeck at Andover.

Miss Lera Cobb of Spring Mills visited in Greenwood Friday and Saturday of last week.

A. H. Howard and wife of Hornellsville called on their niece, Miss M. Howard, last week, accompanied by the latter's sister, Beulah.

Norman Shaut and wife are visiting his brother, Ephraim Shaut, at Addison.

Ray Brundage was at home from Genesee Sunday, on a brief visit with his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Mallory celebrated their golden wedding Sept. 26, 1900. They were married at Addison fifty years ago by Rev. C. M. Gardiner, who is still living. The two witnesses to this ceremony are also living.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Atkins were entertained at Gene Brundage's Sunday.

We noticed Horace Barnard of Canisteo on our streets Monday.

C. C. Bartlett and lady and B. W. Snow and lady of Whitesville were in Greenwood Saturday.

John Dixon and Michael Fisher of Andover made this city a visit Saturday.

Rev. J. O. Potter of Troupsburg preached at the Putman school house Sunday.

Ray, son of Fred Bassett, was on the sick roll Sunday.

W. H. Jackson and C. F. Cooper of Hornellsville were in this city Tuesday.

Rev. Wm. Stocum is conducting a revival at Young Hickory church in Troupsburg.

O. Little and F. L. Waight of Jasper were callers in Greenwood Saturday.

J. H. Backus of the Andover News and M. C. Houghting of Andover made Greenwood a visit Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. N. E. Mallory visited relatives in Addison Tuesday and Wednesday.

Philip Conway, Esq. of Rexville was in town Monday.

Wm. Loper and wife have gone to Col. Bill's Creek in Canisteo to attend his mother's funeral.

N. E. Coston made a business trip to Canisteo Saturday.

L. G. Burton and wife visited Hornellsville Saturday.

Hartlett York has returned from his lumber job in Pennsylvania.

George Williamson has made a purchase of four head of Holstein registered cattle of Ezra Stephens.

N. E. Coston is laying a cement walk in front of his residence on North Main street.

Charles York and wife visited their son George at Tyler's Saturday, remaining until Monday.

Nate Johnson of Oswayo was in Greenwood on business Thursday.

A black bear was seen near the village of Canisteo last week.

Merritt Knight is going to Buffalo to have a tumor removed from his neck.

The question of a new gas company is still being agitated. The recent cold makes the wheels in the gasometer hum. Many consumers think they can hardly afford to heat with it the coming winter at present rates.

J. B. Woodbury, Esq. of Hornellsville, was in Greenwood Monday.

This is the season when mothers are alarmed on account of croup. It is quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, which children like to take. Benedict & Van Noy, Andover; E. Breeze, Elm Valley.

County Court.

County Court was in session last week and transacted the following business, which we copy from one of our exchanges:

S. E. Barrett of Centerville, indicted on two counts for violating liquor law. Barrett plead guilty to first one and was fined $100. A plea was made to annul the second one, but Judge Robinson reserved decision.

John O'Connor of Addison and Alice Meddick of North Cohocton plead guilty to violating the liquor law and each paid a fine of $75.

Four Addison young men, Meyers, Rozzell, Reynolds and Burns, indicted for assaulting officer Helmer of that place, plead not guilty.

George Howard and Joseph Frazel plead guilty to breaking into a car at Lawrenceville, and were sent to Auburn for two years.

John Brown plead guilty to burglarizing a store at Addison and was sent to the Elmira Reformatory.

M. J. Contos plead guilty to robbing L. L. Laskaris, of Corning, of $125. He was fined $100.

Frank Brown of Wayland plead guilty to assault and was fined $25.

David Shaver plead guilty to assaulting M. V. Barton, on the 3d of July night, and was sentenced to jail for six months.

Harry Howard and John Clark plead guilty to an assault committed at Hornellsville, and were sent to the M. C. P. for one year each.

Arthur Rowley of Coopers, who stole a bicycle of C. A. Ellas, plead guilty to petit larceny, and was fined $15.

Levi Green, the colored boy who set fire to a couple of Corning residences, pleaded guilty and was sentenced to jail for six months. The maximum penalty for his offense was forty years.

Richard Finn, charged with committing a burglary at Addison, the jury disagreed and the Court discharged the prisoner.

The liquor case against W. G. Ryan of Corning was dismissed on his paying $100 costs.

It is well to know that DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve will heal a burn and stop the pain at once. It will cure eczema and skin diseases and ugly wounds and sores. It is a certain cure for piles. Counterfeits may be offered you. See that you get the original DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Benedict & Van Noy, Andover; E. Breeze, Elm Valley.

Some young children of Will Smith, who lives on his father, O. H. Smith's farm, three miles below this village, in playing with matches set fire to the barns. None of the men folks were at home and all the barns and contents were destroyed, including five horses, two hogs, fourteen pigs, a calf, farming implements, crops, etc. Insurance will cover part of the loss.—Bath Plaindealer.

Dr. W. H. Lewis, Lawrenceville, Va., writes, "I am using Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in my practice among severe cases of indigestion and find it an admirable remedy." Many hundreds of physicians depend upon the use of Kodol Dyspepsia Cure in stomach troubles. It digests what you eat, and allows you to eat all the good food you need, providing you do not overload your stomach. Gives instant relief and a permanent cure. Benedict & Van Noy, Andover; E. Breeze, Elm Valley.

Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH.

Preaching at 11 a. m.
Class meeting at 12 m.
Sunday School at 12 m.
Junior League at 3 p. m.
Epworth League at 6 p. m.
Preaching at 7 p. m.
Rev. C. E. Sutton, pastor.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Young People's Christian Union at 3 p. m.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Sunday School at 12 m.
Y. P. S. C. E. at 3 p. m.
Preaching at 7 p. m.

A new remedy for biliousness is now on sale at Benedict & Van Noy's, Andover, and at N. E. Coston's, Greenwood. It is called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. It gives quick relief and will prevent the attack if given as soon as the first indication of the disease appears. Price, 25 cents per box. Samples free.

Steuben's Equalization.

The State Equalization Board met in annual session in Albany the other day. The total assessment of real estate in Steuben county as returned by the local assessors was $32,033,040. In order to equalize the burden of taxation throuout the state the amount ordered deducted from Steuben's assessment is $3,684,151.

Steuben's proportionate share of the state's taxes this year will be larger than one year ago as at the annual equalization in September, 1899, the amount returned by the local assessors was $29,599,834, from which the State Board ordered a reduction of $5,233,399, leaving the value of real estate upon which the state tax is levied in Steuben county $24,376,435 as against $28,348,889 this year.

The state tax rate this year is almost ten mills on a dollar. Had Steuben county's total assessment remained the same as last year the state tax would have been $8,000 less than the present year.

Banker Routs a Robber.

J. R. Garrison, Cashier of the bank of Thornville, Ohio, had been robbed of health by a serious lung trouble until he tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Then he wrote: "It is the best medicine I ever used for a severe cold or a bad case of lung trouble. I always keep a bottle on hand." Don't suffer with coughs, colds, or any throat, chest or lung trouble when you can be cured so easily. Only 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Benedict & Van Noy's drug store, Andover, and all druggists.

YOUNG HICKORY.

Amos Johnson of Bingham, Pa., was in town on business the first of the week.

Rev. Mr. Stocum of Bennett's began a series of revival meetings in the church Tuesday evening.

Elery Hall, son of Mrs. C. Hall, who has been in Wisconsin for four years, returned home on Wednesday, and with him came Mrs. Eliza Bishop, who has been west nearly three years.

Mrs. Northup and Mrs. Butler of Westfield, Pa., were visiting friends Wednesday and Thursday.

Chas. Bates has taken possession of the Powers' block. Mr. Powers has moved to Troupsburg, where he has gone to work in the store of B. Jones.

Bert and Will Hardy took a trip on wheels to Potter county Thursday and Friday.

Rev. J. O. Potter went to Bennett's on Sunday, to fill the desk Sunday evening for Rev. Mr. Stocum.

"For three days and nights I suffered agony untold from an attack of cholera morbus brought on by eating cucumbers," says M. E. Lawther, clerk of the district court, Centerville, Iowa. "I thought I should surely die, and tried a dozen different medicines but all to no purpose. I sent for a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and three doses relieved me entirely." This remedy is for sale by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover; and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

REXVILLE.

Frank Lee of Buffalo is visiting his mother, Mrs. Peter Lee.

Mr. Freeman and family have moved into the McKendry house on Main street.

School has closed for a vacation of two weeks.

The infant child of Frank McCormick of Rough and Ready died Saturday of cholera infantum.

Mrs. A. L. Lewis and children have moved to Greenwood for the school year.

Frank Failing is considered slightly better at this writing.

May, eldest daughter of Frank and Della Failing, died Saturday morning of typhoid fever, aged about 18 years. She was a member of the Epworth League, and an every-day Christian. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the entire community. The funeral services were held at the M. E. church Monday. Burial at Young Hickory.

Among those from out of town who were called here by the death and burial of May Failing were Mr. and Mrs. P. W. Failing, Misses Agnes and Clara Failing and Emmet Failing of Canisteo, Frank Failing of Hornellsville, Mrs. Albert Wyckoff and Mrs. Lafit of Jasper, Mr. and Mrs. John Marlatt, Mr. and Mrs. George Marlatt and Mr. and Mrs. Oren Marlatt of Troupsburg, Mr. and Mrs. Oren Kittle of Jasper, and Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Miller of Greenwood.

Mrs. Simpson returned from the city Friday evening with a nice stock of millinery goods.

The four-year-old child of Sylvester Dean of Spring Mills was brought here for burial Monday.

Daniel McKinley still continues very low, with slight hopes of recovery.

The young son of Dr. Vaughn is entertaining chicken-pox.

Mrs. D. Rogers and daughter Delia of Troupsburg were callers in town Saturday.

Come to the fountain of life! Come, come, weak and cast down, and gloomy men and women, with health and strength ebbing away, come to the fountain of life, and drink of its vivifying waters! There's hope for you, however sick and despondent you may be; there's health and strength and energy as surely as the sun shines and the wind blows. For years, two noted German scientists have been experimenting under the guidance of their scientific skill and practical knowledge, with the determination to find a remedy for the restoration of the health. Their investigations have been deep and broad and far beyond the lines of the ordinary scientist. If you wish to live long and prosper, our "Longavita" ad. in another column will tell you how to do so.

The Genesee Conference Veteran Association.

The following are the officers of the Genesee Conference Veteran Association elected at its late meeting at North Tonawanda, for the ensuing year:

Commander—Bishop C. C. McCabe, D. D.
Senior Vice Commander—E. G. W. Hall.
Junior Vice Commander—John L. King.
Adjutant—W. B. Wagoner.
Quartermaster and Treasurer—T. F. Parker.
Chaplain—C. A. Woodworth.

Stepped into Live Coals.

"When a child I burned my foot frightfully," writes W. H. Eads, of Jonesville, Va., "which caused horrible leg sores 30 years. Bucklen's Arnica Salve wholly cured me after everything else failed." Infallible for burns, sores, wounds, bruises and piles. Sold by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and by other druggists.

No other pills can equal DeWitt's Little Early Risers for promptness, certainty and efficiency. Benedict & Van Noy, Andover; E. Breeze, Elm Valley.

LONGAVITA
THE TABLET OF LIFE
(Pilula At Longan Vitam.)

The Scientific Discovery of the Age!
The Magic Key to the Mystery of Life!

From times immemorial it has been man's predominating ambition to prolong Life. But only the many brilliant minds, which have devoted their lives to the fascinating subject, it was left for the immortal Darwin to give to the world, in his great theory of Life, the fundamental principle upon which to build all their researches in this direction. Following closely in his footsteps came Prof. Dr. Ludwig Buechner, a German scientist of no less brilliant mind, with his remarkable work entitled "Das Buch des Langen Lebens" (the book on Longevity). But alas, like Darwin he too died, ere he could reap the fruit of his wonderful discoveries, however, equally great took up the interrupted thread with the result that two famous German scientists, after years of experiments and research, have at last discovered the secret of Longevity, in the shape of a remarkable Vegetable Compound, which, if properly used, will positively prolong Life. This new remedy, appropriately named "Longavita" (meaning Long Life) has been subjected to the most rigid tests at all the leading clinics and hospitals throughout Europe with marvelous results. Appreciating the importance of this discovery, we have acquired, at enormous cost, the exclusive proprietary right to this truly wonderful preparation, which has proved a blessing to mankind. "Longavita" is the true Tablet of Life, a rejuvenator par excellence, embodying the veritable secret of longevity in a practical, tangible form. It is the fountain of perpetual youth, which it prolongs far beyond its present limits, while retaining health in a perfectly normal state. "Longavita" brightens the eye, stimulates the intellect, gives elasticity to the step, makes the face full, absorbs wrinkles, cleanses the system, purifies the skin, and is the only true Elixir of Life. Long-lived people, young of both sexes. Endorsed by Europe's leading physicians.

$1.00 A BOX, BY MAIL.

HUGO VON TILLENBURG MEDICAL CO.,
(Sole U. S. Agents.)
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EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH

Better than a Piano, Organ, or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays, and don't get out of tune. "Listen, my children, and you shall hear" of any instrument—band or orchestra—the latest music, stories and sing-song—the old familiar hymns as well as the popular songs—it is always ready.

See that Mr. Edison's signature is on every machine. Catalogues of all dealers, or NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

Old Age Postponed. TRADE MARK Palmo Tablets CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY

The seat of Nervous Diseases is at base of brain. When the nerve cells at this point waste, a terrible decline of the system occurs. Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Varicocele, Paling Memory, Pain in Back, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Etc., are symptoms of this condition. Neglected, it results in Paresis, Insanity, or Consumption. Palmo Tablets cure these ills by renewing the exhausted nerve cells, checking all drains and replacing with strength and ambition, you a new lease of life! Tablets with iron-clad guarantee, $1.00 per box, 6 for $5.00. Sold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price. PALMO TABLET CO., CLEVELAND, O.

50c. For Sale by Benedict and Van Noy, Andover, N. Y.

ALLENS.

A QUESTION?

Of clothing is easily settled by a call at our store. Our selection of fine imported and domestic Worsteds, Serges and Cassimers are very handsome. Every suit, high or low priced, is handsomely tailored and guaranteed to fit perfectly. The fit of lapels, collar and front of coats this season is the equal of the very best creations of the custom tailor's and at less than one-half the custom tailor's price.

Our $15.00 suit is the custom tailor's $30.00 suit.

Handsome Cassimers, $10.00, $12.00 and $13.50.

Swell worsteds $10.00 to $20.00.

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CLOTHIER,
Corner Main and Broad Sts.,
Hornellsville, N. Y.

Woodward & Young's
Greenwood, N. Y.

CLOTHING! CLOTHING!

Come and let us fix you up from Head to Foot. We can do it now, with our new styles in

MEN'S,
BOY'S AND
YOUTH'S SUITS
AND OVERCOATS,

just received. Also a large lot of Men's Work Pants, Duck Coats, Overcoats, Overalls and Underwear, Hats and Caps.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson for the International Series for October 14, 1900. Parable of the Great Supper.

[Prepared by H. C. Leuington.]

THIS LESSON TEXT.

(Luke 14:15-24.)

15. And when one of them that sat at meat with him heard these things, he said unto him, Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.

16. Then said He unto him, A certain man made a great supper, and bade many:

17. And sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bidden, Come; for all things are now ready.

18. And they all with one consent began to make excuse. The first said unto him, I have bought a piece of ground, and I must needs go and see it: I pray thee have me excused.

19. And another said, I have bought five yoke of oxen, and I go to prove them: I pray thee have me excused.

20. And another said, I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.

21. So that servant came, and showed his lord these things. Then the master of the house being angry said to his servant, Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind.

22. And the servant said, Lord, it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room.

23. And the lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled.

24. For I say unto you, That none of those men which were bidden shall taste of my supper.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Come for all things are now ready.—Luke 14:17.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Jesus has been invited to dine at the home of a chief pharisee. Three of the teachings of Jesus brought out on that occasion we have already studied. It was at this same dinner that Jesus gave utterance to the parable of the great supper contained in this lesson. The verses to be studied suggest the following outline:

Piety and Cant.—Jesus' parable of the great supper was brought out by the remarks of one of those who sat at the table with Him. The man who made this remark was probably a pharisee. The pharisees as we know them made a great ostentation of their prayers on the street corners and their beards. They were known by their prayers on the street corners and their pious phrases. Their religion was one of cant, not of piety. We have an example before us. A pharisee to whom the practical teachings of Jesus were becoming distasteful sought to change the subject, and we have the remark while absolutely true, yet, under the circumstances and coming from the source it did, seemed with pious cant. He said: "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God." To "eat bread in the kingdom of God" meant being a member of that kingdom. To the pharisees keeping the ceremonials of the law and traditions meant entrance into the kingdom. It is to this thought that Jesus replies.

Invitations to the Great Supper.—A certain man made a great supper and sent invitations to those in the close circle of his friends. The application is plain when we remember that the Jews were the chosen people of God. Oriental suppers were not served with the regularity to which we are used in this day in the western world. When the supper was ready a servant would be sent around with a second summons. When the second summons came the invited guests began to make excuses.

Excuses of Those Invited.—The various excuses made are expressed in oriental terms, which, translated to fit in with our modern life and thought cover all the field of excuses we can make for not accepting the invitation of Jesus. The first was care of property; the second, interference with business; the third, pleasures and home ties. Some are satisfied with this world and have no desire for the invitation to the better life comes to us. We can live it here and now, but in a fuller sense hereafter. The day and hour of the second summons (which we call death), we cannot know. In the meantime we let property, business and pleasure occupy our time to the exclusion of all else. When the second summons comes we could not go if we would; these other things stand in the way.

The Wider Invitation.—The banquet awaited the guests, and few if any had come. A wider invitation was this time issued. "Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city and bring in hither the poor, and the maimed, and the halt, and the blind." But still there was room. "Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled." Of course we know all parables are not to be stretched and strained to put a meaning into every phrase and word. So here we may say that this parable does not teach that any will gain admission to the Heavenly mansion without due preparation. Jesus has taught otherwise in that parable of a supper where there came in one without a proper garment and who was forthwith ejected. Jesus was talking to the pharisees, elite among the chosen of God, so they themselves thought. Jesus here teaches plainly that the chosen ones may be rejected, and those they looked upon as dogs, Samaritans and Gentiles might after all become the accepted.

Nerve Food

If you have neuralgia, Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will feed the nerve that is crying for food—it is hungry—and set your whole body going again, in a way to satisfy nerve and brain from your usual food. That is cure.

If you are nervous and irritable, you may only need more fat to cushion your nerves—you are probably thin—and Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil will give you the fat, to begin with.

Cure, so far as it goes. Full cure is getting the fat you need from usual food, and Scott's Emulsion will help you to that.

1. If you have not tried it, send for free sample. Its agreeable taste will surprise you.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Manufacturing Chemists, 409-415 Pearl-street, New York.
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DEMAND THE GOLD RELIABLE
RAZER
SOLD EVERYWHERE WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS OTHER TRY IT
GEM CUTLERY CO. NEW YORK

GRAY'S BALSAM
DOES NOT DRY UP A COUGH but dissolves it, loosens the phlegm and heals the lungs. Guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Croup, Asthma, Pain in Chest, Lungs and Throat. Sold by druggists. 25c. & 50c.

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Cures all diseases and ailments arising from

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Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c. and $1. Large size contains 2½ times small size. Book all about Dyspepsia mailed free.
Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago.

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EVENING'S SHADOWS.

Dr. Talmage's Comforting Words to Those in Declining Years.

Helpful Thoughts Suggested by the Invitation to Christ to Abide Overnight in an Oriental Village.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

Washington, Oct. 7.

In this sermon Dr. Talmage discourses upon the invitation given to Christ to stay over night in the oriental village and makes some consolatory suggestions. The text is Luke 24, 29: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

Two villagers, having concluded their errand in Jerusalem have started out at the city gate and are on their way to Emmaus, the place of their residence. They go with a sad heart. Jesus, who had been their admiration and their joy, had been heavily maltreated and crucified. As with sad face and broken heart they pass on their way a stranger accosts them. They tell Him their anxieties and bitterness of soul. He in turn talks to them, mightily expounding the Scriptures, He throws over them the fascination of intelligent conversation. They forgot the time and notice not the objects they pass, and before they are aware they come up in front of their house. They pause before the entrance and attempt to persuade the stranger to tarry with them. They press upon Him their hospitalities. Night is coming on and he may meet a prowling wild beast or be obliged to lie unsheltered from the dew. He cannot go much farther now. Why not stop there and continue their pleasant conversation? They take Him by the arm, and they insist upon His coming in, addressing Him in the words: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." The lamps are lighted, the table is spread, pleasant sociabilities are enkindled. They rejoice in the presence of the stranger guest. He asks a blessing upon the bread they eat, and He hands a piece to each. Suddenly, and with overwhelming power, the thought flashes upon the astonished people it is the Lord! And as they sit in breathless wonder, looking upon the resurrected body of Jesus, He vanished. The interview ended. He was gone.

With many of us it is a bright, sunshiny day of prosperity. There is not a cloud in the sky, not a leaf rustling in the forest. No chill in the air. But we cannot expect all this to last. He is not an intelligent man who expects perpetual daylight of joy. The sun will after awhile near the horizon. The shadows will lengthen. While I speak many of us stand in the very hour described in the text: "For it is toward evening." The request of the text is appropriate for some in every community. For with them it is toward the evening of old age. They have passed the meridian of life. They are sometimes startled to think how old they are. They do not, however, like others to remark upon it. If others suggest their approximation toward venerable appearance, they say: "Why, I'm not so old after all." They do indeed notice that they cannot lift quite as much as once. They cannot walk quite so fast. They cannot read quite so well without spectacles. They cannot so easily recover from a cough or any occasional ailment. They have lost their taste for merriment. They are surprised at the quick passage of the year. They say that it only seems but a little while ago that they were boys. They are going a little down hill. There is something in their health, something in their vision, something in their walk, something in their changing associations, something above, something beneath, something within to remind them that it is toward evening.

The great want of all such is to have Jesus abide with them. It is a dismal thing to be getting old without the rejuvenating influence of religion. When we stop on the down grade of life and see that it dips to the verge of the cold river, we want to behold some one near who will help us across it. When the eight-horse team of life runs out of wind and gives up, we need the power of divine mercy to sing in our branches. When the shadows begin to fall and we feel that the day is far spent, we need most of all the sympathetic presence of Jesus in the prayer of the villagers: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening."

The request of the text is an appropriate one for those who feel that they are approaching the gloomy hour of temptation. There is nothing easier than to be good natured when everything pleases or to be humble when there is nothing to puff us up or forgiving when we have not been assailed, or honest when we have no inducement to fraud. But you have felt the grapple of some temptation. Your nature at some time quaked and groaned under the infernal force. You felt that the devil was after you. You saw your Christian grace retreating. You feared that you would fail in the awful wrestle with sin and be thrown into the dust. The gloom thickened. The first indications of the night were seen. In all the trembling of your soul, in all the infernal suggestions of Satan, in all the surging up of tumultuous passions and excitements, you felt with awful emphasis that it was toward evening. In the tempted hour you need to ask Jesus to abide with you. You can beat back the monster that would devour. You can unhorse the pain that would ride you down. You can sharpen the battlax with which you split the head of helmeted abomination. Who helped Paul when the brave apostle heart of Felix? Who acted like a true sailor when all the crew howled in the Mediterranean shipwreck? Who helped the martyrs to be firm when one word of recantation would have unfastened the withes of the stake and put out the kindling fire?

When the night of the soul came on and all the denizens of darkness came riding upon the winds of perdition, who gave strength to the soul? Who gave coldness to the heart? Who broke the spell of infernal enchantment? He abided the request of the villagers: "Abide with us, for it is toward evening." One of the forts of France was attacked and the outworks were taken before night. The besieging army lay down, thinking that there was but little to do in the morning, and that the soldiery in the fort could be easily made to surrender. But during the night, through the darkness, they escaped into the country. In the morning the besieging army sprang upon the battlements, but found that their prey was gone. So when we are assaulted by temptation, there is always some secret stair by which we might get off. God will not allow us to be tempted above what we are able, but with every temptation will bring a way of escape that we may be able to bear it.

The prayer of the text is appropriate for all who are anticipating sorrow. The greatest folly that ever grew on this planet is the tendency to borrow trouble. But there are times when approaching sorrow is so evident that we need to be making especial preparations for its coming. One of your children has lately become a favorite. The cry of that child strikes deeper into the heart than the cry of all the others. You think more about it. You give it more attention, not because it is any more of a treasure than the others, but because it is becoming frail. There is something in the cheek, in the eye and in the walk that makes you quite sure that the leaves of the flower are going to be scattered. The utmost nursing and medical attendance are ineffectual. The pulse becomes feeble, the complexion lighter, the step weaker, the laugh fainter. No more romping for that one through the halls and parlor. The nursery is adorned by an approaching calamity. The heart feels with mournful anticipation that the sun is going down. Night speeds on. It is toward evening.

You have long rejoiced in the care of a mother. You have done everything to make her last days happy. You have run with quick feet to wait upon her every want. Her presence has been a perpetual blessing in the household. But the fruit gatherers are looking wistfully at that tree. Her soul is ripe for Heaven. The gates are ready to flash open for her entrance. But your soul sinks at the thought of separation. You cannot bear to think that soon you will be called to take the last look at that face which from the first hour has looked upon you with affection unchangeable. But you see that life is ebbing at the gate which has hitherto hidden her from your sight. You sit quiet. You feel heavy-hearted. The light is fading from the sky, the air is chill. It is toward evening.

You had a considerable estate and felt independent. In five minutes on one fair balance sheet you could see that you stood with a net worth of $10,000. But there came complications; something that you imagined impossible happened. The best friend you had proved traitor to your interests. A sudden crash of national misfortune prostrated your credit. You may feel anxious about where you are standing and fear that the next turn of the commercial wheel will bring you prostrate. You foresee what you consider certain defalcation. You think of the anguish of telling your friends that you are not worth a dollar. You know not how you will ever bring your children home from school. You wonder how you will stand the selling of your library or the moving into a plainer house. The misfortunes of life have accumulated. You wonder what makes the sky so dark. It is toward evening.

There is an apothecary that mixes a great many drafts, bitter and sour and nauseous, and you must drink some one of them. Trouble puts up a great many potions for us to take, and carry some one of them. There is no sandal so thick and well adjusted but some thorn will strike through it. There is no sound so sweet but the undertaker's screwdriver grates through it. In this swift shuttle of the heart some of the threads must break. The journey from Jerusalem to Emmaus will soon be ended. Our Bible, our common sense, our observation, reiterate in tones that we cannot mistake and ought not to disregard, it is toward evening.

Oh, then, for Jesus to abide with us! He sweetens the cup. He extracts the thorn. He wipes the tear. He hushes the tempest. He soothes the soul that flies to Him for shelter. Let the night swoop and the Euroclydon toss the sea. Let the thunders roll. Soon all will be well. Christ in the ship to soothe His friends.

The words of the text are pertinent to us all from the fact that we are nearing the evening of death. I have heard it said that we ought to live as though each moment were to be our last. I do not believe that theory. As far as preparation is concerned, we might perhaps be ready. But we cannot always be thinking of death, for we have duties in life that demand our attention. When a man is selling goods, it is his business to think of the bargain he is making. When a man is pleading in the courts, it is his duty to think of the interests of his clients. When a clerk is adding up accounts, it is his duty to keep his mind upon the column of figures. He who fills up his life with thoughts of death is far from being the highest type of Christian. The man who used often to say at night: "I wish I might die before morning!" He is now an infidel. But there are times when we can and ought to give ourselves to the contemplation of that solemn moment when the sand ends and the eternity begins. We must go through that one pass. There is no roundabout way, no bypath, no circumlocution. We must die, and it will be to us a shameful occurrence or a time of admirable behavior. Our friends may stretch out their hands to keep us back, but no human power in the part can hinder us. They might offer large retainers, but death would not take the fee. The breath will fail, and the eyes will close, and the heart will stop. You may hang the couch with gorgeous tapestry, but what does death care for bed curtains? You may hang the room with the finest works of art, but what does death care for pictures? You may fill the house with the wailings of a widowhood and orphanage—does death mind weeping?

This ought not to be a depressing theme. Who wants to live here forever? The world has always treated me well, and every day I feel less and less like scolding and complaining, but yet I would not want to make this my eternal residence. I love to watch the clouds and to bathe my soul in the blue sea of heaven, but I expect when the firmament is rolled away as a scroll to see a new Heaven, grander, higher and more glorious. You ought to be willing to exchange your body that has headaches and side aches and weaknesses innumerable, that limps with the stone bruises or festers with the thorn or flames on the funeral pyre of fevers, for an incorruptible body at a cost that blinks not before the jasper gates and the great white throne. But between that and this there is an hour about which no man should be reckless or foolhardy. I doubt not your courage, but I tell you that you will want something better than a strong arm, a good aim and a trusty sword when you come to your last battle. You will need a better robe than any you have in your wardrobe to keep you warm in that place.

Circumstances do not make so much difference. It may be bright day when you push off from the planet, or it may be dark night and while the owl is hooting from the forest. It may be spring, and your soul may go out among the blossoms, apple orchards swinging their censers in the way. It may be winter and the earth in a snow shroud. It may be autumn and the forests set on fire by the retreating year; dead nature laid out in state. It may be with your wife's hand in your hand or you may be in a strange hotel with a servant faithful to the last. It may be in the rail train, and all the wheels and tinkling in long reverberation down the embankment—crash! crash! I know not the time; I know not the mode, but the days of our life are being subtracted away, and we shall come down to the time when we have but ten days left, then nine days, then eight days, five days, four days, three days, two days, one day. Then hours, three hours, two hours, one hour. Then only minutes left, five minutes, four minutes, three minutes, two minutes, one minute. Then only seconds left, four seconds, three seconds, two seconds, one second. Gone! The chapter of life ended! The book closed! The pulses at rest! The feet through with the journey! The hands closed from all work. No word on the lips. No breath in the nostrils. Hair combed back to lie undisheveled by any human hands. The muscles still. The nerves still. The lungs still. The tongue still. All still. You might put the stethoscope to breast and hear no sound. You might put a speaking trumpet to your mouth and you could wake the deafness. No motion. No throb. No life. Still! Still!

On earth with many of you the evening is the happiest part of the 24 hours. You gather about the stand. You talk and laugh and sing. You recount the day. You plan for the morrow. You have games and repartee. Amid all the toil of the day that is the goal for which you run, and as you take out your watch or look at the descending sun you thrill with the thought that it is toward evening. So death comes to the disciple! When the sun of life is about to set? Jesus is the dayspring from on high; the perpetual morning of every ran-

somed soul. Jesus is the noonday splendor. Jesus is the midnight star. Jesus is the morning star. Jesus is the sun of Heaven. Jesus is the earthly house does not contain the glory. Jesus is the foundation stone. Jesus is the anchor in the storm. Jesus is the hiding place. Jesus is the light never eclipsed. Jesus is the fountain never exhausted. Jesus is the morning star, hung up amid the gloom of the gathering night.

You are almost through with your abuse and backbiting of your friends. They will call you no more by ugly names. Your good deeds will no longer be misinterpreted or your motives blighted. The troubles of earth will end in the felicities of Heaven. Toward evening! The bereavements of earth will soon be lifted! You will not much longer stand pouring your grief in the tomb like Rachel weeping for her children or David mourning for Absalom. Broken hear