

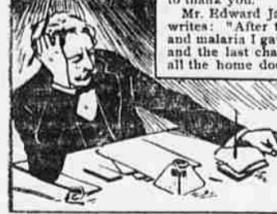
COLLAPSE.

That one word sums up the catastrophe which closes the active career of many a business man. Energetic and ambitious, he puts his life into his business. He can barely take time to eat. He cannot rest or take a vacation. And so he falls on, letting business cares encroach upon his hours of rest and refreshment. Extra strain needs extra strength. When a man begins to add to his hours of labor, and subtract from his hours of rest, he is putting an extra strain on brain and body. In such cases many men make the serious mistake of using stimulating liquors, or alcoholic medicines. These can only injure. The spur forces on the horse, but does not strengthen him. Stimulants are only spurs. The need of the body is strength, and there's only one thing that will make strength and that is food. Food is the body's life. But food must be digested, before it can nourish the body. It is not what we eat but what we digest that feeds us. Don't neglect the first warnings of stomach trouble. The timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, which is a medicine for the cure of diseases of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition will in ninety-eight cases out of a hundred result in a permanent cure. "Golden Medical Discovery" is invaluable to overworked men and women. It strengthens the stomach, increases the blood supply, nourishes the nerves, and gives vital power to brain and body.



There is no alcohol in "Golden Medical Discovery." It contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic. It is strictly a temperance medicine.

"I wish to express my thanks to you for your wonderful medicine," writes Mr. George Logan Foggett, of Piedmont, Greenville Co., S. C., Box 167. "I was almost past work, suffering so much from chronic catarrh and indigestion. Your 'Golden Medical Discovery' was recommended by a friend. I used it for three months last fall, and was completely cured of indigestion and greatly relieved of catarrh; for all of which I wish to thank you."



Mr. Edward Jacobs, of Marengo, Crawford Co., Indiana, writes: "After three years of suffering with liver trouble and malaria I gave up all hopes of ever getting stout again, and the last chance was to try your medicine. I had tried all the home doctors and received but little relief. After taking three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and one vial of his 'Pleasant Pellets' I am stout and hearty. It is due entirely to your wonderful medicines."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. They do not make the user dependent on them, but can be dispensed with as soon as the cure is completed.

The Implectate.

TAYLOR & TAYLOR,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.
Saturday, Feb. 9, 1901.

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DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.
E. CHURCH, SOUTH—Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at 7:00 p. m.; Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.; Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7:00 p. m.
Mrs. J. T. Coutrier is here from Dallas, and is the guest of the Woman's Society first Monday in each month.
J. A. BRAGLE, Pastor.
CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN—Preaching Sunday 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.; Christian Endeavor Society Sunday at 4 p. m.
All Society Monday at 4 p. m.; Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Preaching in first Sabbath of each month at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m.; Sunday School 9:30 a. m.; Christian Endeavor Society at 6:30 p. m.
W. K. JOHNSTON, Pastor.

Railway Time Card

Texas & Pacific.	
WEST BOUND.	
No. 1, Mail and Express.....	8:56 a. m.
No. 3, Night Express.....	11:29 p. m.
No. 5, Cannon Ball.....	2:10 p. m.
EAST BOUND.	
No. 2, Mail and Express.....	5:02 p. m.
No. 4, Night Express.....	1:30 a. m.
No. 6, Cannon Ball.....	1:34 p. m.
R. T. HAZARD, Local Agent. Jefferson, Texas.	
S. S. & S.	
EAST BOUND.	
No. 2, Mail and Express.....	7:55 p. m.
No. 6, Flyer.....	1:35 p. m.
Local Freight.....	6:25 a. m.
WEST BOUND.	
No. 1, Mail and Express.....	7:32 a. m.
No. 5, Flyer.....	2:42 p. m.
Local Freight.....	6:00 a. m.
E. D. HOLLAND, Local Agent. Jefferson, Texas.	

A change of rulers doesn't seem to jar England any more than it does this country.

Why not send Mrs. Nation after those Kentucky moonshiners who have been shooting up revenue officers?

If the people were asked whether there would be an extra session of Congress, the answer would be "don't."

Washington had a hotel fire the other day, but no lives were lost and it will not result in increasing inauguration rates.

It will doubtless surprise many to be informed that the value of the corn exported by the U. S. in 1900 was greater than the value of wheat exported. This is the first time that corn has got ahead of wheat in exports.

Hon. Robert J. Gamble, South Dakota's new Senator, is not a sporting man, as some might suppose from his name. He is a successful lawyer, and was a member of the House in the Fifty-fourth Congress and is a member of the present House.

Some of the romancers who have been writing up the hunting exploits of Hon. Theodore Roosevelt have undertaken the task of picturing Hon. Grover Cleveland as a pink-coated fox-hunter. Some persons have queer ideas of humor.

It doesn't seem to have occurred to some of those who are engaged in a controversy about it that the illness of only a few days, in which a deceased was an old resident of this city, had been made plain by the report and crucible are laying bare to view the hidden secrets of nature's deepest arcana. Archeological studies prosecuted amid the ruins of the charnel house of ages, and by perusal of the rotting parchments of ancient lore, have made us acquainted with the entire civilization of antiquity. Science has given us a most truthful and pleasing classification of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms—developed the unifying principle of the universe, in which its infinite varieties find gravitating centre—harmonized into one grand diapason its seeming discords, and exhibited clearly that one all-comprehensive mind contrived and executed and governs the whole frame work of being, and carrying us upon its revealing wings to the Summits of Empire, has bid us behold the hand of an omnipotent God on the wheel-work of creation.

Maine is to hatch lobsters under a Congressional appropriation of \$10,000, but no original appropriation is needed to produce the biped lobster in any community. In fact, nearly every community has a surplus.

The large aggregate of appropriations made by the Fifty-sixth Congress is said to endanger the passage by the Senate of the \$60,000,000 River and Harbor bill which has already passed the House.

Congressmen are wondering whether Mr. McKinley intends to live up to his advance notice of making service in the Philippines the first requisite for a commission in the reorganized army.

When a Congressman wishes to impress a constituent interested in an appropriation he does not care to endorse he delivers a little lecture on the necessity for public economy.

Many influential newspapers are demanding the recall of Mr. Conger, U. S. Minister to China, on the ground that he hasn't sized up with the diplomatic end of his job.

Humph! So Frank James, ex-bandit and bad man, has for sworn politics because the Mo. legislature didn't elect him door keeper. Politics is hereby congratulated.

The folding bed has found another victim. It was in New York, and the deceased was an infant that was shut up in the bed without being noticed.

Mrs. Nation's crusade of ballots and hatchets is still being preached against the saloons, and the hatchets are being practically used.

THE APOCALYPTIC AGE.

The following New Year's sermon was preached by Rev. John A. Beagle, D. D. in the Methodist church in this city on the last Sunday of the old year and century. By request of the congregation, it is reproduced in the columns of this week's issue. Owing to circumstances over which we had no control, the discourse was crowded out. The theme is an interesting one; the subject is treated in a masterly manner; it is well worth the time and attention of everyone to read:

Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. Dan. 12:4.

How marvelous the progress of the last century—and this, as compared with the advance of the preceding ages! This is the age of revelation—the very apocalypse of history—a period of thunder and lightning powers. The tread of the Almighty is on the sea and shore, and the voice of God rolls in the thunder tones of the storm. More has been disclosed during this period, satisfying to the curiosity of man, and contributive to his convenience and comfort, than was evolved in all the foregone centuries.

This is emphatically the apocalyptic age of genius. Discoveries and inventions of the most wonderful character follow each other in such rapid succession, that by familiarity with frequent disclosures, we have almost ceased to be surprised at any announcement of progress, and to believe almost anything possible to the powers of man.

At the beginning of the last century, the mysteries of life and death were purely phenomenal; but now we understand the engine-powers of the heart and the utility of veins and arteries quite as well as we do the offices performed by the reservoirs of waterworks, and the conduits which convey the water to every part of a great city. By the improved powers of the microscope, a scrutiny of the ultimate particle has been rendered no incredible suggestion. Now we regard infinitesimals with as much interest as we do magnitudes. Atoms floating in the sunbeams are worlds of marvel as well as planets that walk their orbits with such majestic strides; a leaf of the forest with its teeming population, a world of life and wonder, as well as Saturn with its rings. The physical structure of the infusoriae has been found to be as complex and beautiful as the highest vertebrata. The work in the laboratory has been equally revealing. By chemical analysis, the gases, their elements, and the uses they serve in the institutions of nature, have been made plain.

The retort and crucible are laying bare to view the hidden secrets of nature's deepest arcana. Archeological studies prosecuted amid the ruins of the charnel house of ages, and by perusal of the rotting parchments of ancient lore, have made us acquainted with the entire civilization of antiquity. Science has given us a most truthful and pleasing classification of the mineral, vegetable, and animal kingdoms—developed the unifying principle of the universe, in which its infinite varieties find gravitating centre—harmonized into one grand diapason its seeming discords, and exhibited clearly that one all-comprehensive mind contrived and executed and governs the whole frame work of being, and carrying us upon its revealing wings to the Summits of Empire, has bid us behold the hand of an omnipotent God on the wheel-work of creation.

The telescope has yielded us much of the geography of God's Empire. The nebulae, under the resolving power of Lord Rosse's telescope, now shine with the points of distinguishable light in the spectrum of science—and with the piercing of the mists comes the withering rebuke to defiant atheism. Impenetrable gases have been utilized into the most powerful forces. The sunlight has become the great artist and painter. The very lightning has been wooed from the cloud, become international, made a polyglot messenger of thought, diplomacy, and commerce between distant nations, and flaming from ten thousand carbon tips, threatens seriously to dissipate night. Deep down in the sounding sea, it speaks with the tongue of fire. The question of Job asked in the infancy of the world has been answered by the Atlantic Cable: "Canst thou send lightnings that they may go and say unto thee, Here we are?" Here are speeding argosies across the mighty deep, and the sail-ship is largely a relic of the past. It is whirling myriads of spindles, dashing to and fro countless flying shuttles, thus retiring the hackles, the larger and smaller spinning wheels, the swifts, the reel and spinning jenny, of the former age. It is drawing long trains of trade and travel along its pathway of iron. It moulds and fashions the almost omnific Carlius engine that becomes at once the great head-quarters of power in all our great manufacturing centres. It made the printed impression upon the pages you read daily—a consummation of

which Faustus never dreamed. In fine, the steam engine, with all its wonderful adaptations to manufactures and commerce, is a product of the period to which we refer. It is the result, as at present constructed, of the patient researches into the laws of pyrominics, of a number of scientific men. Among those whose suggestions have contributed to its present approach to perfection may be mentioned the names of the Marquis of Sommerset, Savary, Newcomen, Fulton, and particularly Watt. To the inventive genius of Jas. Watt, the engine is indebted for the appendages for parallel motion, the application of the governor, the condenser, and for the double action. In the eloquent language of Mr. Jeffrey: "By the admirable contrivances of Mr. Watt and those of Mr. Fulton, it has become a thing alike stupendous for its force and flexibility—for the prodigious power it can exert, and the ease and precision and ductility with which it can be varied, distributed, and applied. The trunk of an elephant that can pick up a pin or read an oak is as nothing to it. It can engrave a seal and crush masses of obdurate metal before it; draw out without breaking, a thread as fine as gossamer, and lift up a ship of war like a bauble in the air. It can embroider muslin and forge anchors; cut steel into ribbons, and impel loaded vessels against the fury of the winds and the waves. Under its stimulus, the harbors are crowded with golden argosies of commerce returned from eventful voyages over pathless deeps, and pouring at our feet the products of antipodal climes. The mines are smelting in the forges of skillful industry, and their metals yielding a myriad useful forms under the stroke of the trip-hammer, and the chisel of the turning lathe; to say nothing about the continuous struggles of persevering aeronauts and their partial success; the pneumatic express, the proposed project to tunnel the Atlantic—things which, judging from the achievements of the past, give us mean presages of final success. We have abundant ground for believing that the millennial era of mechanical progress is upon us. On the sea, the railway, the electric wire, in the air, deep down in the shafts of mines, we discern the evidences which make hope stir under the ribs of humanity and write the world and sky over with "eignas." "Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall be increased," is the fulfilled and fulfilling of prophecy of the eventful present. With our completed Pacific Railroad and when lines of telegraph shall undergird the globe, work and reasonable prices secure at

and traverse the South Seas, Oceania and the Orient will be neighbors to our continent, and the throbs of a cosmopolitan activity will make the very earth to quake beneath the coming footsteps of prophecy's grand and august heralds of the advent of the Son of Man.

Man has just found out the key to nature's mysteries and forces. The long-concealed arcana is revealing its secrets daily. The heavens and the earth are found to be full of that truth upon which God seeks to mould the whole of man's undying nature. The autograph of the Divine Author is everywhere discerned, and Stones and Stars are found to be the handwriting of God. The Baconian intelligence, to which the word and works of the Most High are alike a revelation, to which both alike are faithful witnesses, sits supreme on the throne of reason. Under its inspiration, the wheels of progress, with each successive revolution, move with accelerated speed. The old adage that "Time and Tide wait for no man," seems almost ready to give way to "Man waits for neither time nor tide." Telegraphy has distanced the first and steam has triumphed over the latter. The genius of the age is no longer wedded to the aphorism, "Strike while the iron is hot," but the trumpet of progress rings out, "Make the iron hot by striking." God only knows on what activities the sun of 2000 shall rise.

The period, too, has been distinguished by philosophical, educational, religious, and political progress, not less startling, though less objective, than the mechanical and material advances. The American Republic, the North German Confederation, the Evangelic Alliance, the Pan Anglican Synod, the birth of Methodism, the common School System, the Congress of Universal Industry, the organization of Missionary, Tract, and Colonization Societies, the founding and establishing of Eleemosynary Institutions for every form of human want and woe—All these powerful agencies are the product of the age of which we speak.

The wall of China is down and commerce and the Gospel are going over it. The Celestial Empire sends its American Ambassadors to negotiate its commercial treaties with Christendom. Japan throws wide her gates and invites the trade and civilization of the

world. India blossoms under the culture of English skill and plows. Africa is displaying her geography and capacities under the engineering of Livingston and Stanley, and their footprints shall one day become mighty thoroughfares for trade and traffic and travel. In fact the whole world is waking up from the sleep and idle dreams of ages, startled by the apocalyptic trumpets, rolling their thunder summons on the quickening ear of mankind. The steam-car ploughs its fiery way through the deserts of the Orient, and the caravan is a thing of the past. Every spark from the smoke-stack of steam-ship and locomotive, throws a flambeau of light into the mind of the dusky Egyptian and Ishmaelite. The shackles of religious slavery drop from the souls of men; the cross is supplanting the crescent, and beginning to appear on the front of progress in the East. More has been done for the spread of christianity within the last century, than in the 1800 years preceding. The church with true aggressive spirit, is planting her batteries and stationing her garrisons in every land, preparatory to the grand campaign, which shall subjugate the world to the benign reign of the Prince of Peace. The sun never sets on the banner of the Cross. The tread of the mighty God is on the continents. The heart of Paganism begins to beat with muffled quickstep its own night marches to the tomb. "They that sit in darkness have seen a great light." The solitude of wildernesses is being broken by the ax of the sturdy pioneer, and the desert places grow glad and blossom as the rose. Heaven and earth are holding commerce with mankind, and angels are gliding up and down a thousand Jacob's ladders. God Almighty is getting ready to take the world, and when He completes His arrangements, He will take it in a hurry. "Behold I will send my messenger before my face and he shall prepare the way before; and the Lord whom ye seek shall suddenly come to His temple."

The church is strengthening at home, millions are now clinking into her treasury, where a single dollar was given 100 years ago. The Bible circulates in 250 dialects and there are enough of them in existence (crystallized into stone) to build the Egyptian pyramids; whereas there were only 4,000,000 copies at the beginning of the century. In the name of God, let the leaves fly! Unbind the angel that has the everlasting Gospel to preach! let it mount the heavens and fly over the earth, and with every vibration of its pinions, let it drop the leaves for the healing of the nations! The steampress, throwing off a copy of the New Testament every minute, will do very well for the allegorical angel.

The world is fast growing rich, there is no poverty left among the masses. Tuesday and report a good time, physical and moral conquests. Celestial long waiting or idle, productive—rich harvests of fruits and minerals. Vast populations, hitherto confined to the precarious subsistence of the chase, the spontaneous productions of the soil, or the use of the simplest or most cumbersome implements of husbandry, now with the improved machinery of agriculture, are breaking the fertile fallow grounds, and rejoicing in rich yields of the substantial comforts of life.

The principles of Political Economy will soon be universally known; the church and the school will afford their stimulants to enervated energies; ships will throng the sea and may be the air like birds of passage; plants and minerals of every clime will yield their healing virtues; the laws of health and the causes of its impair will be fully known; division of labor, societies, and nations, as well as the strifes between capital and labor, will be reduced to its utmost practicableness; eleemosynary institutions for the aged, the infirm, and the unfortunate, will be multiplied; every hue of mind and energy will blend in the prism of science and industry; a common interest will be made manifest; the broadenings of thought and the increase of the interdependencies of society, will soften the asperities of our race; international tribunals will be established for the settlement of conflicting claims; nations shall learn war no more; swords shall be turned to plow shares, spears, into pruning hooks, and cannon recast into chimneys of church-going bells; soldiers will return to the useful arts and the walks of a world-wide philanthropy. "And righteousness shall be the grille of his loins, and faithfulness, the grille of his reins." "The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them. And the cow and the bear shall feed; their young ones shall lie down together; and the lion shall eat straw like the ox; and the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the cocatrice's den. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea." Thus productive toil will be reinforced, taxes diminished, ravaged fields blown back to beauty and pillaged cities rise from their ashes; mutual feelings of cordiality, and the ease with which friendships will be obtained, will diminish crime, and thus afford additional security for the rights of person and property—all these things, coming in one grand unity of welfare, will bring in by perfectly natural means—by the operation of forces now employed—the millennial era. When— "Starting fresh as from a second birth, Man in the sunshine of the world's new spring, Shall walk transparent like some holy thing."