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Dizzy? Then your liver isn't acting well. You suffer from biliousness, constipation. Ayer's Pills act directly on the liver. For 60 years the Standard Family Pill. Small doses cure. 25c. All druggists.

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50 CENTS. OF DRUGGISTS, OR B. P. HALL & CO., BOSTON, N. H.

BOUND TO FAIL.

The Loss of Football Players Sealed the College's Doom.

This promising young Detroit, six feet in the clear and trim as a racing snail, went into his father's office the other day and gave him a shock. "What is there for me about the establishment to do?" he began, without preamble.

"We'll find a place for you, my boy, when the time comes."

"But now? What is there now?"

"See here, my son, if you're not getting into trouble, and need money, say so. Don't approach me in this roundabout way. I'm no spring chicken, and I've been over the course. Out with it."

"I don't owe a dollar and there's nothing to conceal from you. I can see that there will be no more college for me, and I'm not going to stay around home as a deadhead."

"No more college? Some one must have misled you. The business was never more prosperous, and I have plenty. Of course you'll go back and complete your course. I'll swell the allowance if you think best."

"No, I've concluded to cut it all and go to work. I'm not so feeble as to take up with another alma mater. Besides, the other fellows would all be new. I would have no class memories, and I'd simply be a cat in a strange garret."

"Certainly you'd not change. No one thought of such a thing. Go back and finish with the boys you started in with."

"Father, you don't understand. That institution won't last three months. Four of the best football players have sent word that they must drop out. It is all up, and I want a job."—Detroit Free Press.

His Revenge.

As they bent solicitously over him, the man who had been kicked by a horse opened his eyes. "Have you any last wish?" they asked him.

"Yes," he murmured. "Have an automobile hearse at the funeral."

Revenge, it seemed, was strong even in death.—N. Y. Press.

SYRUP OF FIGS



ACTS GENTLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS

CLEANSSES THE SYSTEM

DISPELS EFFECTUALLY COLDS, HEADACHES, OVERCOMES & FEVERS

HABITUAL CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS.

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Two famous pictures

Printed in ten colors, ready for framing, will be given free to any person who will send a quarter for Three Months' subscription to Demorest's Family Magazine, the great paper for home life. Thousands subscribe for Demorest's as a gift to their daughters. Demorest's is the great authority on fashions. For forty years it has been read in the best families of America, and has done more to educate women in true love, of good literature than any other magazine. The special offer of these two great pictures and Three Months' subscription to Demorest's for 25c. is made for 60 days only.

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Cures Croup and Whooping-Cough. Unexcelled for Consumptives. Gives quick, sure relief. Refine substitutes. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Biliousness. Trial, 50c for 50c.

A STRONG SWIMMER.

From Him Dr. Talmage Draws a Noble Lesson.

The Always Ready Helpfulness of Religion for Those Who Struggle Against Adverse Circumstances.

(Copyright, Louis Klopsch, 1899.) Washington, Oct. 22.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage employs a very bold figure of the Bible to bring out the helpfulness of religion for all those in any kind of struggle. The text is Isaiah 23:11: "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands."

In the summer season multitudes of people wade into the ponds and lakes and rivers and seas to dive or float or swim. In a world the most of which is water all men and women should learn to swim. Some of you have learned the side stroke introduced by George Peckers in 1850, each stroke of that kind carrying the swimmer a distance of six feet, and some of you may use the over-hand stroke invented by Gardner, the expert who by it won the 300 yard championship in Manchester in 1862, the swimmer by that stroke carrying his arm in the air for a more lengthened reach, and some of you may tread the water as though you had been made to walk the sea, but most of you usually take what is called the breast stroke, placing the hands with the backs upward, about five inches under the water, the inside of the wrists touching the breast, then pushing the arms forward coincident with the stroke of the feet struck out to the greatest width possible, and you thus unconsciously illustrate the meaning of my text: "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

The fisherman seeks out unfrequented nooks. You stand to-day on the bank of a river in the broiling sun and fling out your line and catch nothing, while an expert angler breaks through the jungle and goes by the shadow of the solitary rock and, in a place where no fisherman has been for ten years, throws out his line and comes home at night, his face shining and his basket full. I do not know why we ministers of the Gospel need always be fishing in the same stream and preaching from the same texts that other people preach from. I cannot understand the policy of the minister who, in Blackfriars, London, England, every week for 30 years preached from the Epistle to the Hebrews. It is an exhilaration to me when I come across a theme which I feel no one else has treated, and my text is one of that kind. There are paths in God's Word that are well beaten by Christian feet. When men want to quote Scripture, they quote the old passages that everyone has heard. When they want a chapter read, they read a chapter that all the other people have been reading, so that the church to-day is ignorant of three-fourths of the Bible.

You go into the Louvre, at Paris. You confine yourself to one corridor of that opulent gallery of paintings. As you come out your friend says to you: "Did you see that Rembrandt?" "No." "Did you see that Rubens?" "No." "Did you see that Titian?" "No." "Did you see that Raphael?" "No." "Well," says your friend, "then you did not see the Louvre." Now, my friends, I think we are too much apt to confine ourselves to one of the great corridors of Scripture truth, and so much so that there is not one person out of a million who has ever noticed the all suggestive and powerful picture in the words of my text.

The text represents God as a strong swimmer, striking out to push down iniquity and save the souls of men. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." The figure is bold and many sided. Most of you know how to swim. Some of you learned it in the city school, where this art is taught; some of you in boyhood, in the river near your father's house; some of you since you came to manhood or womanhood, while summering on the beach of the sea. It is a good thing to know how to swim, not only for yourself, but because you will after awhile perhaps have to help others.

I do not know anything more stirring or sublime than to see some man like Norman McKenzie leaping from the ship Madras into the sea to save Charles Turner, who had dropped from the royal yard while trying to loosen the sail, bringing him back to the deck amid the huzzas of the passengers and crew. If a man has not enthusiasm enough to cheer in such circumstances, he deserves himself to drop into the sea and have no one help him. The Royal Humane society of England was established in 1774, its object to applaud and reward those who should pluck up life from the deep. Anyone who has performed such a deed of daring has all the particulars of that bravery recorded in a public record, and on his breast a medal done in blue and gold and bronze, anchor and monogram and inscription, telling to future generations the bravery of the man or woman who saved some one from drowning. But if it is such a worthy thing to save a body from the deep I ask you if it is not a worthier thing to save an immortal soul. And you shall see this hour the Son of God step forth for this achievement. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

In order to understand the full force of this figure, you need to realize that our race is in a sinking condition. You sometimes hear people talking of what they consider the most beautiful words in our language. One man says it is "hope," another man says it is the word "mother," another says it is the word

"Jesus," but I tell you the bitterest word in all our language, the most angry and baleful, the word saturated with the most trouble, the word that accounts for all the loathsomeness and the pang and the outrage and the harrowing, and that word is "sin." You spell it with three letters, and yet those three letters describe the circumference and pierce the diameter of everything bad in the universe. Sin is a sibilant word. You cannot pronounce it without giving the hiss of the flame or the hiss of the serpent. Sin! And then if you add three letters to that word it describes everyone of us by nature—sinner. We have outraged the law of God, not occasionally, or now and then, but perpetually. The Bible declares it. Hark! It thunders two claps! "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." What the Bible says our own conscience affirms.

After Judge Morgan had sentenced Lady Jane Grey to death his conscience troubled him so much for the deed that he became insane, and all through his insanity he kept saying: "Take her away from me! Lady Jane Grey! Take her away! Lady Jane Grey!" It was the voice of conscience. And no man ever does anything wrong, however great or small, but his conscience brings that matter before him, and at every step of his misbehavior it says: "Wrong, wrong!" Sin is a leprosy; sin is a paralysis; sin is a consumption; sin is a pollution; sin is death. Give it a fair chance, and it will swamp you and me, body, mind and soul, forever. In this world it only gives a faint intimation of its virulence. You see a patient in the first stages of typhoid fever. The cheek is somewhat flushed, the hands somewhat hot, preceded by a slight chill. "Why," you say, "typhoid fever does not seem to be much of a disease." But wait until the patient has been six weeks under it, and all his energies have been wrung out, and he is too weak to lift his little finger, and his intellect gone, then you see the full havoc of the disease. Now, sin in this world is an ailment which is only in its first stages, but let it get under full way and it is an all-consuming typhoid. Oh, if we could see our unpardoned sins as God sees them, our teeth would chatter and our knees would knock together, and our respiration would be choked, and our heart would break. If your sins are unforgiven, they are bearing down on you and you are sinking—sinking away from happiness, sinking away from God, sinking away from everything that is good and blessed.

Then what do we want? A swimmer—a strong swimmer, a swift swimmer! And blessed be God, in my text we have him announced. "He shall spread forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes to rescue anyone he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us He shook off the sandals of Heaven, and His feet were free, and then He stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came over His wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in His side—aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high-water mark of His anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim." You have noticed that when a swimmer goes to rescue anyone he puts off his heavy apparel. He must not have any such impediment about him if he is going to do this great deed. And when Christ stepped forth to save us He shook off the sandals of Heaven, and His feet were free, and then He stepped down into the wave of our transgressions, and it came over His wounded feet, and it came above the spear stab in His side—aye, it dashed to the lacerated temple, the high-water mark of His anguish. Then, rising above the flood, "He stretched forth His hands in the midst of them, as he that swimmeth spreadeth forth his hands to swim."

If you have ever watched a swimmer, you notice that his whole body is brought into play. The arms are flexed, the hands drive the water back, the knees are active, the head is thrown back to escape strangulation, the whole body is in propulsion. And when Christ sprang into the deep to save us He threw His entire nature into it—all His Godhead, His omniscience, His goodness, His love, His omnipotence, head, heart, eyes, hands, feet. We were far out on the sea and so deep down in the waves and so far out from the shore that nothing short of an entire God could save us. Christ leaped out for our rescue, saying: "Lo, I come to do thy will!" and all the surges of human and satanic hate beat against Him, and those who watched Him from the gates of Heaven feared He would go down under the wave, and instead of saving others would Himself perish, but, putting His breast to the foam and shaking the surf from His locks, He came on and on until He is now within the reach of everyone here, eye omniscient, heart infinite, arm omnipotent, mighty to save, even unto the uttermost.

Oh, it was not half a God that trampled down bellowing Gennesaret; it was not a quarter of a God that mastered the demons of Gadara; it was not two-thirds of a God that lifted up Lazarus into the arms of his overjoyed sisters; it was not a fragment of God who offered pardon and peace to all the race. No, this mighty swimmer threw His grandeur, His glory, His might, His wisdom, His omnipotence and His eternity into this one act. It took both hands of God to save us—both feet. How do I prove it? On the cross were not both hands nailed? On the cross were not both feet spiked? His entire nature involved in our redemption!

If you have lived much by the water, you notice also that if anyone is going out to the rescue of the drowning he must be independent, self-reliant, able to go alone. There may be a time when he must spring out to save one, and he cannot get a lifeboat, and if he goes out, and has not strength enough to bear himself up and bear another up he will sink, and instead of dragging one corpse out of the billows you will have two to drag out. When Christ sprang out into the sea to deliver us, he had no life buoy. His Father did not Help Him. Alone in the wine press, alone in the pang, alone in the darkness, alone on the mountain, alone in the seal. Oh, if He saves us, He shall have all the credit, for "there was none to help." No oar, no wing, no ladder! When Nathaniel Lyon fell in the battle

charge in front of his troops, he had a whole army to cheer him. When Marshal Ney sprang into the contest and plunged in the spurs till the horse's flanks spurted blood, all France applauded him. But Jesus alone! "Of the people there was none to help." "All forsook Him and fled." Oh, it was not a flotilla that sailed down and saved us. It was not a cluster of gondolas that came over the wave. It was one person, independent and alone, "spreading out His hands among us as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim!"

I want to persuade you to lay hold of this strong swimmer. "No," you say; "it is always disastrous for a drowning man to lay hold of a swimmer." There is not a river or lake but has a calamity resultant from the fact that when a strong swimmer went out to save a sinking man the drowning man clutched him, threw his arms around him, pinioned his arms, and they both went down together. When you are saving a man in the water you do not want to come up by his back. You want to come up by his back. You do not want him to hold you while you take hold of him. But, blessed be God, Jesus Christ is so strong a swimmer He comes not to our back, but to our face, and He asks us to throw around Him the arms of our love and then promises to take us to the beach, and He will do it. Do not trust that plank of good works. Do not trust that shivered spar of your own righteousness. Christ only can give you safe transportation. Turn your face upon Him, as the dying martyr did in olden times when he cried out: "None but Christ! None but Christ!" Jesus has taken millions to the land, and He is willing to take you there. Oh, what hardness to thrust Him back when He has been swimming all the way from the throne of God, where you are now, and is ready to swim all the way back again, taking your redeemed spirit!

I have sometimes thought what a spectacle the ocean bed will present when in the last day the water is all drawn off. It will be a line of wrecks from beach to beach. There is where the harpooners went down. There is where the line of battleships went down. There is where the merchantmen went down. There is where the steamers went down, a long line of wrecks from beach to beach. What a spectacle in the last day, when the water is drawn off! But, oh, how much more solemn if we had an eye to see the spiritual wrecks and the places where they foundered! You would find thousands along our roads and streets. Christ came down in their awful catastrophe, putting out for their souls, "spreading out His hands as a swimmer spreadeth forth his hands to swim," but they thrust Him in the sore heart, and they smote His fair cheek, and the storm and darkness swallowed them up. I ask you to lay hold of this Christ and lay hold of Him now. You will sink without Him. From horizon to horizon not one sail in sight, only one strong swimmer, with head flung back and arms outspread.

I hear many saying: "Well, I would like to be a Christian. I am going to work to become a Christian." My brother, you begin wrong. When a man is drowning, and a strong swimmer comes out to help him, he says to him: "Now be quiet. Put your arm on my arm or on my shoulder, but don't struggle, don't try to help yourself, and I'll take you ashore. The more you struggle and the more you try to help yourself the more you impede me. Now, be quiet, and I'll take you ashore." When Christ, the strong swimmer, comes out to save a soul, the sinner says: "That's right, I am glad to see Christ, and I am going to help Him in the work of my redemption. I am going to pray more, and that will help Him, and I am going to weep extravagantly over my sins, and that will help Him." No, it will not. Stop your doing. Christ will do all or none. You cannot lift an ounce, you cannot move an inch, in this matter of your redemption.

This is the difficulty which keeps thousands of souls out of the Kingdom of Heaven. It is because they cannot consent to let Jesus Christ begin and complete the work of their redemption. "Why," you say, "then is there nothing for me to do?" Only one thing have you to do, and that is to lay hold of Christ and let Him achieve your salvation and achieve it all. I do not know whether I make the matter plain or not. I simply want to show you that a man cannot save himself, but that the Almighty Son of God can do it and will do it if you ask Him. Oh, fling your two arms, the arm of your trust and the arm of your love, around this omnipotent swimmer of the cross!

Have you ever stood by and seen some one under process of resuscitation after long submergence? The strong swimmer has put him on the beach after a struggle in the waters. To excite breathing in the almost lifeless body what manipulation, what friction of the cold limbs, what artificial movement of the lungs, what breath of the rescuer blown into the mouth of the rescued! And when breathing begins, and after awhile the slight respiration becomes the deep sigh, and the eyes open, and the blue lips take on a smile, what rejoicing, what clapping of hands all up and down the beach, what congratulation for the strong swimmer and for all who helped in the restoration, what shouting of "He lives, he lives!" Like this is the gladness when a soul that has been submerged in sin and sorrow is "coming to." What desire on the part of all to help, and when under the breath of God and under the manipulation by the wounded hands of Christ, the life eternal of the soul begins to show itself, all through the ranks of spectators, terrestrial and celestial, goes the cry: "He lives. Rejoice, for the dead is alive again!" May the living Christ this moment put out for your rescue, "spreading His hands in the midst of you, as a swimmer spreadeth his hands to swim!"

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Swanson's "5 Drops" is the most powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. Relieves usually felt the first night. It is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dysepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous Headaches, Earache, Toothache, Heart Weakness, Croup, Swollen Throat, Grippe, Malaria, Creeping Numbness, etc., etc.

THIRTY DAYS longer to enable sufferers to give "5 Drops" a trial, we will mail you a 30-day sample bottle, prepaid by mail, for 10 cents. A sample bottle will convince you. Also, large bottles (30 doses), \$1.00; 3 bottles for \$2.50. Sold by all druggists and agents. Agents wanted in new territory. Write us today.

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C. A. JACKSON, Physician and Surgeon, Kearney, Neb., Aug. 29, 1899.

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I have never before in my 35 years of practice of medicine given my testimonial or recommendation to any patent medicine, but there is a remedy, the result of which has come under my own observation, for there is no disease which has so baffled the medical skill of all ages as Rheumatism, and to find a Reliable remedy for the same. At last we have found it in "5 Drops," manufactured by the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, Chicago, Ill. The "5 DROPS," has proven itself wonderful for its curative power in Rheumatism, not as a Temporary Reliever only, but to give a Permanent Cure even in chronic cases. Sometime ago, I had among others several Rheumatic cases under my treatment and prescribed for these patients the very best Remedies which I skillfully selected, but without desirable results. I then heard of "5 DROPS," and of its Wonderful Cures, and prescribed it to a few patients who found relief from its use within a few days. After that I prescribed it to a great number and to my surprise, I will say that in the course of Two or Three Weeks after they had used "5 DROPS" and "5 Drop" Plasters, they were cured. Among these were a few who had, for a number of years, been suffering with Chronic Rheumatism, who had piloted themselves around on Crutches. They came to my office without Crutches and told me they were perfectly Well. They give all the credit to "5 DROPS" and to "5 Drop" Plasters and this is their testimony to the Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company for their kindness and for the conscientious way in which they are placing these Wonderful Remedies among suffering humanity, which they told me to write to the Company as an acknowledgement. As I have seen the Curative Power of "5 DROPS" and "5 Drop" Plasters, in a great many instances, I can Truly recommend them and also that the firm is perfectly honest and reliable to deal with.

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