Harrison Journal.

GEO. D. GAMUL, Editor and Prop.

HARRISON, - - - NEB.

It is noticeable that most of the discussions of Russia's actions take place afterward.

France is interested in Spain just as a man is anxious that the dollar he has in hoarding should not be pronounced counterfeit.

While it is all right to keep the fires of patriotism burning it isn't necessary to use any olive branches that may be offered for fuel.

There are people getting rich over the Klondike excitement, but the indications are that as a rule the miners for gold are seldom in this class.

A Chicago paper tries to give a war flavor to the fact that sixty boys were born there in one day last week. Naturally they were soon up in arms.

The Brooklyn Eagle, referring to China and Japan, remarks that numbers do not always count. That's why the mosquitoes do not govern New Jersey.

In indulging her hobby the late empress of Russia accumulated $35,000 worth of perfumery bottles. It must be admitted that it was a sweet-scented fad, anyway.

Edna Wallace Hopper wants a divorce because her big husband refuses to support her. But who ever heard of a comic opera star supporting a soubrette, anyway?

We were getting well acquainted with the bacillus and bacterium as the first causes of various diseases, but now a scientist introduces to us the amoeba as the germ of yellow fever.

The English language, a recent writer avers, contains forty-one distinct sounds. It is truly remarkable how many more sounds some people are able to dig out of those forty-one.

It is announced that a way has been discovered by which to freeze air to a temperature 330 degrees below zero. We don't know how it was done, but it is a safe bet that some Boston girl did it.

A railroad lawyer in New England claims that there is no difference between a wheelbarrow and a bicycle, when it comes to a question of personal baggage. He evidently never tried to ride a wheel-barrow.

The Boston Globe objects because the New York Tribune refers to Edward Atkinson as "the distinguished statistician and author of Boston." The point is well taken; it is manifestly unfair to make Mr. Atkinson father such a responsibility.

The unanimity with which Congress voted President Cleveland the money for the Venesuelan boundary commission was a great surprise to Europe. In fact, Europe was impressed to a degree that it didn't care to own. That instructive object-lesson has recently been repeated.

It is reported that in Iceland there have been but two cases of theft in a thousand years, and that all forms of crime are so nearly unknown that the island has no soldiers, no policemen, no tramps, no poorhouses, no prisons. Commenting on this blissful innocence, a Western editor calls out, "Just think of it, boys, and then go kick yourselves! In fact, nearly everybody in this country had better kick himself a little bit."

Coal oil was first introduced into China in 1872. Last year the Celestials used the enormous total of 67,000,000 gallons, mostly imported from the United States. Now that Shanghai has adopted the electric light and the natives are becoming expert in its production, it is surmised that this form of illumination will spread as rapidly as did the use of coal oil—affording a new basis for a poem on "The Light of Asia."

For hauling a ton of ordinary freight the great railroads charge from three-tenths of a cent to 1 cent for each mile. For hauling a ton of mail matter the same railroads charge the government 9 cents a mile. Is not this an outrageous extortion? Should not Congress stop it? Why should the government pay from $9 to $30 for the service which is rendered to private persons for $1? It is true that mail matter is a special kind of freight which ought to pay more than ordinary freight. But, in conscience name, how much more?

The American is not entranced with the idea of soldiering. He has been described as war-like, but not military. He will fight on occasion, but he never thinks of war as a condition or occupation or the army as a profession. He bounces a soldier when he deems it a necessity and quits when he is no longer needed. The "pomp and circumstance of war" is not attractive to Americans, and especially when it is kept up in time of peace. They are not unpatriotic nor cowardly nor hampered with conscientious scruples. They simply do not care about bearing arms till the time comes.

Freedom of trade with China seems to be prompted rather than abridged by the arrangements recently made. Germany and Russia have given assurances both to our own and to the British government that they will not interfere with the free trade at the ports which they have occupied. China, in connection with the loan negotiations, has promised to open a treaty port in the important and populous province of Hunan within two years; and has agreed that after next June all her inland waters may be navigated by foreign as well as by native steamers. She has also promised Great Britain not to mortgage, lease or cede any part of the valley of the Yangtze-kiang. This river is navigable for more than a thousand miles, and the valley through which it flows is of great commercial importance.

There is a good deal of talk lately about big guns, rapid-firing guns, rifles of various bores, mortars and the like, but few people know much about these war appliances or how much it costs to fire them or the size of the projectiles they throw or the range of the guns. Among the largest, if it is not the very largest of our coast-defense guns is the 16-inch monster, so named from the diameter of its bore. It throws a projectile weighing 2,350 pounds for a distance of sixteen miles with a velocity so great that at a distance of two miles it will pierce the best steel armor twenty-seven and a half inches thick. It requires 1,050 pounds of powder for a charge and the coast of each discharge is about $650. On the warships the high-powered guns are usually the 8-inch, 10-inch, 12-inch and 13-inch rifles. The first-named throws a shot weighing 300 pounds and the powder charge is 125 pounds. Each shot costs the government about $175. The other guns are proportionately more effective and expensive. The breech-loading mortars, used in coast-defense, are usually of the 12-inch variety and throw a shell with a time fuse into the air, so that it may fall upon the deck of a vessel and explode. The shells weigh from 800 to 1,000 pounds and are charged with from eighty to 105 pounds of powder. The charge of the gun complete costs about $475. The rapid-firing guns on the war vessels are breech-loading cannon and throw shots varying in weight from one pound to 125 pounds, and the powder charge is about one-third the weight of the projectile. These guns also throw shells made of brass, copper or steel and can be fired at the rate of from ten to twenty times a minute, according to their size. The smallest shots cost 50 cents and the largest $8. The larger guns with ten discharges a minute would therefore use up $80 in that time, or $4,800 an hour. For a vessel armed like the Massachusetts an hour's engagement would cost a good deal over half a million of dollars for her guns alone, to say nothing of any damage she might sustain. The 16-inch gun can be fired once each two minutes, and in an engagement, if it were fired twenty times, the cost would be $13,000. The life of this gun is supposed to end with its hundredth shot. Modern guns consume an enormous amount of money when in use.

A number of newspapers in different parts of the West are noting among the most important of the changes in conditions during the past few weeks the rise in the value of farm lands, and some of them are going so far as to estimate that in a very wide area the increase in the market value of farm property has been no less than 20 per cent. This added value has been especially noticeable in the Mississippi Valley, and one of the newspapers of Cleveland, Ohio, asserts that in the neighborhood of that city the change is very marked, and that men with money at command are looking upon such property, either for loans or investments, far more favorably than they did last spring. All of this is gratifying both from an economic and from a social point of view. The pushing of electric railroads through parts of the country that were not hitherto known, except to pedestrians bent on exercise, by artists or botanists, or by those who caught glimpses of forests and fields from a car window, as well as the knowledge which has come through the almost universal use of the bicycle, has made possible the return of the "Wayside Inn," as immortalized by Longfellow, and has aroused a love for country homes, such as is so deeply felt by the comfortably situated portions of the people of England. There are, it is true, dwellers in the city who establish their homes for a part of the year in the country, careless whether the investment be a paying one or not from the standpoint of dollars and cents; but there are hundreds of others who, while longing for the pleasures of rural life, are handicapped by the thought that they cannot afford to indulge in a luxury, and have, therefore, to content themselves with continuous life in the city, save during their short summer vacations. During the past few years, the country and the town have been drawing closer to each other. The part which chemistry and invention are playing in developing the resources of the soil has raised the vocation of the farmer to a higher standard. Agricultural colleges have also done much to suggest to young men, who might otherwise be compelled, after studying for one of the learned professions, to waste years in the struggle to secure recognition, that there are other fields in which they may gain success, and now that conditions are improving in every department of human activity, there is an opportunity both for them and the retired business man of the city to peep out at the world through the loopholes of retreat, and at the same time keep in touch with modern thought and advancement, and know that their investment is a paying one. The increase in country homes will benefit many industries by providing increased work for those who are engaged in them; new and improved agricultural methods will also come into use, and the results of this upward movement will be widespread.

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON

THIS sermon of Dr. Talmage will have a tendency to take the gloom out of many lives and stir up a spirit of healthful anticipation; text, Job xxxvii., 21. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds."

Wind east. Barometer falling. Storm signals out. Ship reefing maintopsail. Awnings taken in. Prophecies of foul weather everywhere. The clouds congregate around the sun, proposing to abolish him. But after awhile he assails the flanks of the clouds with flying artillery of light, and here and there is a sign of clearing weather. Many do not observe it. Many do not realize it. "And now men see not the bright light which is in the clouds." In other words, there are 100 men looking for storm where there is one man looking for sunshine. My object will be to get you and myself into the delightful habit of making the best of everything.

You may have wondered at the statistics that in India in the year 1875 there were over 19,000 people slain by wild beasts, and that in the year 1876 there were in India over 20,000 people destroyed by wild animals. But there is a monster in our own land which is year by year destroying more than that. It is the old bear of melancholy, and with gospel weapons I propose to chase it back to its midnight caverns. I mean to do two sums—a sum in subtraction and a sum in addition—a subtraction from your days of depression and an addition to your days of joy. If God will help me, I will compel you to see the bright light that there is in the clouds and compel you to make the best of everything.

In the first place, you ought to make the very best of all your financial misfortunes. During the panic a few years ago you all lost money. Some of you lost it in most unaccountable ways. For the question, "How many thousands of dollars shall I put aside this year?" you substituted the question, "How shall I pay my butcher and baker and clothier and landlord?" You had the sensation of rowing hard with two oars and yet all the time going down stream.

You did not say much about it because it was not politic to speak much of financial embarrassment, but your wife knew. Less variety of wardrobe, more economy at the table, self-denial in art and tapestry. Compression, retrenchment. Who did not feel the necessity of it? My friend, did you make the best of this? Are you aware of how narrow an escape you made? Suppose you had reached the fortune toward which you were rapidly going? What then? You would have been as proud as Lucifer.

What Is Success?

How few men have succeeded largely in a financial sense and yet maintained their simplicity and religious consecration! Not one man of 100. There are glorious exceptions, but the general rule is that in proportion as a man gets well off for this world he gets poorly off for the next. He loses his sense of dependence on God. He gets a distaste for prayer meetings. With plenty of bank stocks and plenty of Government securities, what does that man know of the prayer, "Give me this day my daily bread?" How few men largely successful in this world are bringing souls to Christ or showing self-denial for others or are eminent for piety? You can count them all upon your eight fingers and two thumbs.

One of the old covetous souls, when he was sick and sick unto death, used to have a basin brought in, a basin filled with gold, and his only amusement and the only relief he got for his inflamed hands was running them down through the gold and turning it up in the basin. Oh, what infatuation and what destroying power money has for many a man! Now, you were sailing at 30 knots the hour toward these vortices of worldliness—what a mercy it was, that honest defalcation! The same divine hand that crushed your storehouse, your bank, your office, your insurance company, lifted you out of destruction. The day you honestly suspended in business made your fortune for eternity.

"Oh," you say, "I could get along very well myself, but I am so disappointed that I cannot leave a competence for my children!" My brother, the same financial misfortune that is going to save your soul will save your children. With the anticipation of large fortune, how much industry would your children have, without which habit of industry there is no safety? The young man would say, "Well, there's no need of my working. My father will soon step out, and then I'll have just what I want." You cannot hide from him how much you are worth. You think you are hiding it. He knows all about it. He can tell you almost to a dollar. Perhaps he has been to the county office and searched the records of deeds and mortgages and he has added it all up, and he has made an estimate of how long you will probably stay in this world, and is not as much worried about your rheumatism and shortness of breath as you are. The only fortune worth anything that you can give your child is the fortune you put in his head and heart. Of all the young men who started life with $40,000 capital, how many turned out well? I do not know half a dozen.

Inspiring Inheritance.

The best inheritance a young man can have is the feeling that he has to fight his own battle, and that life is a struggle into which he must throw body, mind and soul or be disgracefully worsted. Where are the burial places of the men who started life with a fortune? Some of them in the potter's field, some in the suicide's grave. But few of these men reached 35 years of age. They drank, they smoked, they gambled. In them the beast destroyed the man. Some of them lived long enough to get their fortunes and went through them. The vast majority of them did not live to get their inheritance. From the ginshop or house of infamy they were brought home to their father's house and in delirium began to pick off loathsome reptiles from the embroidered pillow and to fight back imaginary devils. And then they were laid out in highly upholstered parlor, the casket covered with flowers by indulgent parents, flowers suggestive of a resurrection with no hope.

As you sat this morning at your breakfast table and looked into the faces of your children perhaps you said within yourself: "Poor things! How I wish I could start them in life with a competence! How I have been disappointed in all my expectations of what I would do for them!" Upon that scene of pathos I break with a paean of congratulation, that by your financial losses your own prospects for heaven and the prospects of your children for heaven are mightily improved. You may have lost a toy, but you have won a palace.

"How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" "It is easier for a camel to go through a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven." What does that mean? It means that the grandest blessing God ever bestowed upon you was to take your money away from you. Let me here say, in passing, do not put much stress on the treasures of this world. You cannot take them along with you. At any rate, you cannot take them more than two or three miles. You will have to leave them at the cemetery.

Profit by Bereavements.

Again, I remark you ought to make the very best of your bereavements. The whole tendency is to brood over these separations, and to give much time to the handling of mementos of the departed, and to make long visitations to the cemetery, and to say: "Oh, I can never look up again! My hope is gone. My courage is gone. My religion is gone. My faith in God is gone. Oh, the wear and tear and exhaustion of this loneliness!" The most frequent bereavement is the loss of children. If your departed child had lived as long as you have lived, do you not suppose that he would have had about the same amount of trouble and trial that you have had? If you could make a choice for your child between 40 years of annoyance, loss, vexation, exasperation and bereavements and 40 years in heaven, would you take the responsibility of choosing the former? Would you snatch away the cup of eternal bliss and put into that child's hands the cup of many bereavements? Instead of the complete safety into which that child has been lifted, would you like to hold it down to the risks of this mortal state? Would you like to keep it out on a sea in which there have been more shipwrecks than safe voyages? Is it not a comfort to you to know that that child, instead of being besoiled and flung into the mire of sin, is swung clear into the skies? Are not those children to be congratulated that the point of celestial bliss which you expect to reach by a pilgrimage of 50 or 60 or 70 years they reached at a flash? If the last 10,000 children who had entered heaven had gone through the average of human life on earth, are you sure all those 10,000 children would have finally reached the blissful terminus? Besides that, my friends, you are to look at this matter as a self-denial on your part for their benefit. If your children want to go off in a May day party, if your children want to go on a flowery and musical excursion, you consent. You might prefer to have them with you, but their jubilant absence satisfies you. Well, your departed children have only gone out in a May day party, amid flowery and musical entertainment, amid joys and hilarities forever. That ought to quell some of your grief, the thought of their glee.

Glorious Welcomes.

So it ought to be that you could make the best of all bereavements. The fact that you have so many friends in heaven will make your own departure very cheerful. When you are going on a voyage, everything depends upon where your friends are—if they are on the wharf that you leave or on the wharf toward which you are going to sail. In other words, the more friends you have in heaven the easier it will be to get away from this world. The more friends here the more bitter goodbys. The more friends there the more glorious welcomes. Some of you have so many brothers, sisters, children, friends, in heaven that I do not know hardly how you are going to crowd through. When the vessel came from foreign lands and brought a prince to our harbor, the ships were covered with bunting, and you remember how the men-of-war thundered broadsides, but there was no joy there compared with the joy which shall be demonstrated when you sail up the broad bay of heavenly salutation. The more friends you have there the easier your own transit. What is death to a mother whose children are in heaven? Why, there is no more grief in it than there is in her going into a nursery amid the romp and laughter of her household. Though all around may be dark, see you not the bright light in the clouds, that light the irradiated faces of your glorified kindred?

No More Pain.

From my observation, I judge that invalids have a more rapturous view of the next world than well people and will have higher renown in heaven. The best view of the delectable mountains is through the lattice of the sick room. There are trains running every hour between pillow and throne, between hospital and mansion, between bandages and robes, between crutch and palm branch. Oh, I wish some of you people who are compelled to cry: "My head, my head! My foot, my foot! My back, my back!" would try some of the Lord's medicine. You are going to be well anyhow before long. Heaven is an old city, but has never yet reported one case of sickness or one bill of mortality. No ophthalmia for the eye. No pneumonia for the lungs. No pleurisy for the side. No neuralgia for the nerves. No rheumatism for the muscles. "The inhabitants shall never say, I am sick." "There shall be no more pain."

Again, you ought to make the best of life's finality. Now, you think I have a very tough subject. You do not see how I am to strike a spark of light out of the flint of the tombstone. There are many people who have an idea that death is the submergence of everything pleasant by everything doleful. If my subject could close in the upsetting of all such preconceived notions, it would close well. Who can judge best of the features of a man—those who are close by him or those who are afar off? "Oh," you say, "those can judge best of the features of a man who are close by him!"

Now, my friends, who shall judge of the features of death—whether they are lovely or whether they are repulsive? You? You are too far off. If I want to get a judgment as to what really the features of death are, I will not ask you. I will ask those who have been within a month of death, or a week of death, or an hour of death, or a minute of death. They stand so near the features, they can tell. They give unanimous testimony, if they are Christian people, that death, instead of being demoniac, is cherubic. Of all the thousands of Christians who have been carried through the gates of the cemetery, gather up their dying experiences, and you will find they nearly all bordered on a jubilate.

Season of Blossoms.

One week of the year is called blossom week—called so all through the land because there are more blossoms in that week than in any other week of the year. Blossom week! And that is what the future world is to which the Christian is invited—blossom week forever. It is as far ahead of this world as paradise is ahead of Dry Tortugas, and yet here we stand shivering and fearing to go out, and we want to stay on the dry sand and amid the stormy petrels when we are invited to arbors of jasmine and birds of paradise.

One season I had two springtimes. I went to New Orleans in April, and I marked the difference between going toward New Orleans and then coming back. As I went on down toward New Orleans the verdure, the foliage, became thicker and more beautiful. When I came back, the farther I came toward home the less the foliage and less and less it became until there was hardly any. Now, it all depends upon the direction in which you travel. If a spirit from heaven should come toward our world, he is traveling from June toward December, from radiance toward darkness, from hanging gardens toward icebergs. And one would not be very much surprised if a spirit of God sent forth from heaven toward our world should be slow to come. But how strange it is that we dread going out toward that world when going is from December toward June, from the snow of earthly storm to the glow of Edenic blossom, from the arctics of trouble toward the tropics of eternal joy!

Oh, what an ado about dying! We get so attached to the malarial marsh in which we live that we are afraid to go up and live on the hilltop. We are alarmed because vacation is coming. Eternal sunlight and best program of celestial minstrels and hallelujah, no inducement. Let us stay here and keep cold and ignorant and weak. Do not introduce us to Elijah and John Milton and Bourdalone. Keep our feet on the sharp cobblestones of earth instead of planting them on the bank of amaranth in heaven. Give us this small island of a leprous world instead of the immensities of splendor and delight. Keep our hands full of nettles and our shoulder under the burden and our neck in the yoke and hopples on our ankles and handcuffs on our wrists. "Dear Lord," we seem to say, "keep us down here where we have to suffer instead of letting us up where we might live and reign and rejoice."

Amazing Infatuation.

I am amazed at myself and at yourself for this infatuation under which we all rest. Men you would suppose would get frightened at having to stay in this world instead of getting frightened at having to go toward heaven. I congratulate anybody who has a right to die. By that I mean through sickness you cannot avert or through accident you cannot avoid—your work consummated. "Where did they bury Lily?" said one little child to another. "Oh," she replied, "they buried her in the ground." "What! In the cold ground?" "Oh, no, no; not in the cold ground, but in the warm ground, where ugly seeds become beautiful flowers!"

"But," says some one, "it pains me so much to think that I must lose the body with which my soul has so long companioned." You do not lose it. You no more lose your body by death than you lose your watch when you send it to have it repaired, or your jewel when you send it to have it reset, or the faded picture when you send it to have it touched up, or the photograph of a friend when you have it put in a new locket. You do not lose your body. Paul will go to Rome to get his, Payson will go to Portland to get his, President Edwards will go to Princeton to get his, George Cookman will go to the bottom of the Atlantic to get his, and we will go to the village churchyards and the city cemeteries to get ours, and when we have our perfect spirit rejoined to our perfect body then we will be the kind of men and women that the resurrection morning will make possible.

So you see you have not made out any doleful story yet. What have you proved about death? What is the case you have made out? You have made out just this—that death allows us to have a perfect body, free of all aches, united forever with a perfect soul, free from all sin. Correct your theology. What does it all mean? Why, it means that moving day is coming and that you are going to quit cramped apartments and be mansioned forever. The horse that stands at the gate will not be the one lathered and bespattered, carrying bad news, but it will be the horse that St. John saw in Apocalyptic vision—the white horse on which the King comes to the banquet. The ground around the palace will quake with the tires and hoofs of celestial equipage, and those Christians who in this world lost their friends and lost their property and lost their health and lost their life will find out that God was always kind, and that all things worked together for their good, and that those were the wisest people on earth who made the best of everything. See you not now the bright light in the clouds?

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To facilitate the handling of fishing rods the butt is fitted with a curved arm rest with a hand grip set at right angles at the proper distance to bring the arm rest in front of the elbow when the grip is in the hand.

Tops are being manufactured which are spun by a current of air directed by a blowpipe into the curved channels extending outward from a central opening in the top.

In South Africa there is a great demand for donkeys, as they are proof against climate, plague, and flies.

Bad Eruptions

Sores Broke Out and Discharged, but Hood's Cured.

"My son had eruptions and sores on his face which continued to grow worse in spite of medicines. The sores discharged a great deal. A friend whose child had been cured of a similar trouble by Hood's Sarsaparilla advised me to try it. I began giving the boy this medicine and he was soon getting better. He kept on taking it until he was entirely cured and he has never been bothered with eruptions since." MRS. EVA DOLBEARE, Horton, Ill.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills; aid digestion. 25c.

At 11 years of age Allerton had 43 performers. At a like age Axtell and Gambetta Wilkes each had 30, Baron Wilkes 24 and Sphinx 20.

Hall's Catarrh Cure

Is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

At 14 years of age Gambetta Wilkes had 64 performers. At a like age Sidney had 60, Sphinx 53, Baron Wilkes and St. Bel each 47.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight-fitting or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain cure for sweating, callous and hot, tired, nervous, aching feet. Try it today. Sold by all druggists and shoe stores. By mail for 25c in stamps. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The manufacture of jewelry in Birmingham gives constant employment to 14,000 persons.

Munster, in Westphalia, has a public school which has just celebrated the 1,100th anniversary of its foundation. It is the St. Paul Gymnasium and was originally a convent school.

Europe called last year for 200,000,000 bushels of American maize, an increase of 65,000,000 bushels over 1896. The merits of this great cereal are dawning on the Old World.

THE EXCELLENCE OF SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guaranty of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not gripe nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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LADIES READ!

CURED BY 5 DROPS (TRADE MARK)

Another Marvelous Cure. Saved My Life.

Swanson Rheumatic Cure Company, Chicago. Dear Sirs: I cannot help writing to you to express my thanks for curing me by your wonderful remedy, "5 DROPS." It has been a great blessing to me and I cannot praise it too high and am recommending it to all my friends. For more than 20 years I have suffered agonies with Brain, Lung, Kidney and Nervous Troubles, Biliousness and Chills. Fifteen years ago I was all broken down with Rheumatism, Irregular Menses and Piles. I have suffered many diseases. Three years ago I was married and my health grew gradually worse, till falling of the womb followed. I became so weak that my folks thought I was going to die, and had no hope of recovery. I have doctored everywhere and could not even obtain relief. I saw your home last October (because we knew I was very near my grave and that I could not live many days longer) and by God's great blessing a friend of ours sent us his paper telling us what "5 DROPS" would do. My aged mother sent for a bottle, and after I had taken one dose I wanted to give up I was so weak, but mother kept urging it to me. When I had taken the fifth dose I was greatly relieved, and in a week I was receiving my health back. Now I can dance, run and jump—something I could not do for years. When the first bottle was finished I sent for another. Now, I can tell or repeat you for what you have done for me. The Rheumatism, Piles, Brain Trouble, and all old diseases of over 20 years have miraculously left me. I cannot praise your "5 DROPS" enough. I will never be without it, because it saved my life. I have also cured a friend of mine of Rheumatism of two years standing. My friends are surprised to see me enjoy my health. I tell them of your wonderful medicine that has cured me. I am widely known in Omaha. My parents want to express their thanks to you for curing their beloved daughter. Yours truly with joy always—that is my prayer for you. I remain, Your's in Christ, Mrs. E. B. Whiland, 625 No. 16th St., Omaha, Neb., March 31, '98.

"5 DROPS" cures Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Nervous and Sexual Exhaustion, Heart Weakness, La Grippe, Creeping Numbness.

Many thousands of similar testimonials received. The merit of "5 DROPS" is marvelous and mysterious. It has cured in many cases where all else failed. Large treatise containing many wonderful cures sent free by druggists, or write to Dr. Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., 167-169 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.