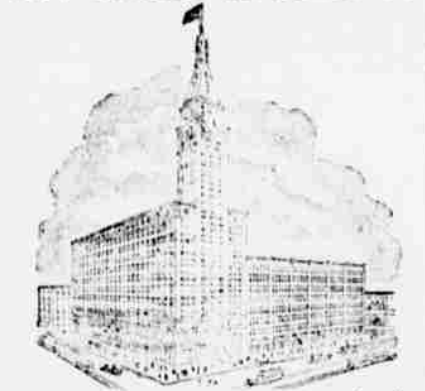


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SUMMER VACATIONS.
 Dr. Talmage Draws Some Lessons from Our Annual Outings.

Dangers and Temptations That Surround Our Watering Places—Necessity of a Period of Inoculation.

(Copyright, 1899, by Louis Klopsch.)
 Washington, Aug. 20.

At this season of the year, when all who can get a vacation are taking it, this discourse of Dr. Talmage is suggestive and appropriate. The text is John 5:2, 3: "A pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches. In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the water."

Outside the city of Jerusalem there was a sanative watering place, the popular resort for invalids. To this day there is a dry basin of rock which shows that there may have been a pool there 360 feet long, 120 feet wide and 75 feet deep. This pool was surrounded by five piazzas, or porches, or bathing houses, where the patients tarried until the time when they were to step into the water. So far as reinvigorating was concerned, it must have been a Saratoga and a Long Branch on a small scale; a Leanington and a Brighton combined—medical and therapeutic. Tradition says that at a certain season of the year there was an officer of the government who would go down to that water and pour in it some healing quality, and after that the people would come and get the medication. But I prefer the plain statement of Scripture, that at a certain season an angel came down and stirred up or troubled the water, and then the people came and got the healing. That angel of God that stirred up the Judean watering place had his counterpart in the angel of healing who, in our day, steps into the mineral waters of Congress or Sharon or Sulphur Springs, or into the salt sea at Cape May and Nahant, where multitudes who are worn out with commercial and professional anxieties, as well as those who are afflicted with rheumatic, neuralgic and splenic diseases, go and are cured by the thousands. These blessed Bethsadas are scattered all up and down our country.

We are at a season of the year when rail trains are laden with passengers and baggage on their way to the mountains and the lakes and the seashore. Multitudes of our citizens are away for a restorative absence. The city heats are pursuing the people with torch and fear of sunstroke. The long, silent halls of sumptuous hotels are all abuzz with excited arrivals. The antlers of Adirondack deer rattle under the shot of city sportsmen, the trout make fatal snap at the hook of adroit sportsmen, who toss the fish, or broil it into the grill basket; the baton of the orchestral leader taps the music stand on the hotel green, and American life has put on its festive array, and the rumbling of the tiffin alley, and the crack of the ivory balls on the green-baized billiard tables, and the jolting of the barroom goblets, and the explosive uncoiling of the champagne bottles, and the whirl and the rustle of the ballroom dance, and the clattering hoofs of the race courses and other signs of social dissipation attest that the season for the great American watering places is in full play. Music! Flute and drum and cornet-accordion and clapping cymbals wake the echoes of the mountains. Glad am I that fagged-out American life for the most part has an opportunity to rest and that nerves racked and destroyed will find a Bethesda. I believe in watering places. They recuperate for active service many who were worn out with trouble or overwork. They are national restoratives.

Let not the commercial firm begrudge the clerk, or the employer the journeyman, or the patient the physician, or the church its pastor a season of inoccupation. Luther used to sport with his children; Edmund Burke used to caress his favorite horse; Thomas Chalmers, in the dark hour of the church's disruption, played kite for recreation—so I was told by his own daughter—and the busy Christ said to the busy apostles: "Come ye apart awhile into the desert and rest yourselves." And I have observed that they who do not know how to rest do not know how to work. But I have to declare this truth to-day—that some of our fashionable watering places are the temporal and eternal destruction of "a multitude that no man can number," and amid the congratulations of this season and the prospects of the departure of many of you for the country I must utter a warning, plain, earnest and unmistakable.

The first temptation that is apt to hover in this direction is to leave your piety at home. You will send the dog and cat and canary bird to be well cared for somewhere else, but the temptation will be to leave your religion in the room with the blinds down and the doors bolted, and then you will come back in the autumn to find that it is starved and suffocated, lying stretched on the rug, stark dead. There is no surplus of piety at the watering places. I never knew anyone to grow very rapidly in grace at the Catskill Mountain house or Sharon Springs or the Falls of Monticorency. It is generally the case that the Sabbath is more of a carousal than any other day, and there are Sunday walks, and Sunday rides, and Sunday excursions. Elders and deacons and ministers of religion who are entirely consistent at home, sometimes when the Sabbath dawns on them at Niagara falls or the White Mountains take a day to themselves. If they go to the church, it is apt to be a sacred parade, and the discourse, instead of being a plain talk about the soul, is apt to be what is called a crack sermon—that is, some discourse picked out of the effusions of the year as the one most adapted to excite admiration, and in

tempt and who ought to excite the contempt of every man and woman, it is the soft-headed, soft-headed dude, who, perfumed until the air is actually sick, spends the summer in striking killing attitudes, and waving sentimental adieux, and talking infinitesimal nothings, and finding his heaven in the set of a lavender kid glove. Boots as tight as an inquisition. Two hours of consummate skill exhibited in the tie of a flashing cravat. His conversation made up of "Ahs!" and "Ohs!" and "He hes!"

There is only one counterpart to such a man as that, and that is the frothy young woman at the watering places; her conversation made up of French moonshine; what she has in her head only equaled by what she has on her back; useless ever since she was born, and to be useless until she is dead, unless she becomes an intelligent Christian. We may admire music and fair faces and graceful step; but amid the heartlessness and the inflation and the fantastic influences of our modern watering places beware how you make lifelong covenants.

Another temptation hovering all around our watering places is intoxicating beverages. I am told that it is becoming more and more fashionable for women to drink. I care not how well a woman may dress, if she has taken enough of wine to flush her cheek and put a glassiness on her eye, she is drunk. She may be handed into a \$2,500 carriage and have diamonds enough to astound the Tiffanys—she is drunk. She may be a graduate of the best young ladies' seminary and the daughter of some man in danger of being nominated for the presidency—she is drunk. You may have a larger vocabulary than I have, and you may say in regard to her that she is "convivial" or she is "merry" or she is "festive" or she is "exhilarated," but you cannot with all your garlands of verbiage cover up the plain fact that it is an old-fashioned case of drunk.

Now, the watering places are full of temptations to men and women to tittle. At the close of the tiffin or billiard game they tittle. At the close of the cotillion they tittle. Seated on the piazza cooling themselves off they tittle. The tinged glasses come around with bright straws and they tittle. First they take "light wines," as they call them, but "light wines" are heavy enough to debauch the appetite. There is not a very long road between champagne at five dollars a bottle and whisky at ten cents a glass. Satan has three or four grades down which he takes men to destruction. One man he takes up and through one spree pitches him into eternal darkness. That is a rare case. Very seldom indeed can you find a man who will be such a fool as that. Satan will take another man to a grade, to a descent at an angle about like the Pennsylvania coal shoot or the Mount Washington rail track, and shove him off. But this is very rare. When a man goes down to destruction, Satan brings him to a plane. It is almost a level. The descent is so slight that you can hardly see it. The man does not actually know that he is on the down grade, and it tips only a little toward darkness—just a little. And the first mile it is elaret and the second mile it is sherry and the third mile it is ale and the fourth mile it is ale and the fifth mile it is whisky and the sixth mile it is brandy, and then it gets steeper and steeper and steeper, until it is impossible to stop. "Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

Whether you tarry at home—which will be quite as safe and perhaps quite as comfortable—or go into the country, arm yourself against temptation. The grace of God is the only safe shelter, whether in town or country. There are watering places accessible to all of us. You cannot open a book of the Bible without finding out some such watering place. Fountains open for sin and uncleanness. Wells of salvation. Streams from Lebanon. A flood struck out of the rock by Moses. Fountains in the wilderness discovered by Hagar. Water to drink and water to bathe in. The river of God, which is full of water. Water of which if a man drink he shall never thirst. Wells of water in the valley of Baca. Living fountains of water. A pure river of water as clear as crystal from under the throne of God. These are watering places accessible to all of us. We do not have a laborious packing up before we start—only the throwing away of our transgressions. No expensive hotel bills to pay; it is "without money and without price." No long and dusty travel before we get there; it is only one step away.

In California, in five minutes, I walked around and saw ten fountains all bubbling up, and they were all different, and in five minutes I can go through this Bible parterre and find you 50 bright, sparkling fountains bubbling up into eternal life—health and therapeutic. A chemist will go to one of those summer watering places and take the water and analyze it and tell you that it contains so much of iron and so much of soda and so much of lime and so much of magnesia. I come to this Gospel well, this living fountain, and analyze the water; and I find that its ingredients are peace, pardon, forgiveness, hope, comfort, life, Heaven. "Ho, everyone that thirsteth, come ye to this watering place. Crowd around this Bethesda. O you sick, you lame, you troubled, you dying—crowd around this Bethesda! Step in it, oh, step in it! The angel of the covenant to-day stirs the water. Why do you not step in it? Some of you are too weak to take a step in that direction. Then we take you up in the arms of prayer and plunge you clear under the wave, hoping that the cure may be as sudden and as radical as with Capt. Naaman, who, blotted and carbuncled, stepped into the Jordan, and after the seventh dive came up, his skin roseate complexioned as the flesh of a little child.

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After an attack of la grippe, I was taken with severe muscular rheumatism. After trying several remedies and all to no avail, I decided to try "No-Rheumatism," and after several applications I felt greatly relieved. I cheerfully recommend same.
 MRS. M. F. NAGLE, Shamokin, Pa.

Berne, Pa., May 2nd, 1899.
 I have had to use a cane for years on account of rheumatism. I was told to try Australian "No-Rheumatism." I am pleased to say that the first bottle has given great relief—hence cheerfully recommend it.
 Yours truly,
 SAMUEL ZIMMERMAN.

Fisherville, Dauphin County, Pa., June 26, 1899.
 Having had great pain in my back for some time, and receiving a sample bottle of "No-Rheumatism," made three applications, and am entirely relieved of pain; also a pain on my breast, which I cured by one application. Advise all who are troubled with rheumatism or pain to try the same.
 JNO. G. KILLINGER, J. P., Fisherville, Pa.

Shamokin, Pa., April 4th, 1899.
 Dear Sir:—I have been suffering for three (3) years with rheumatism. I tried every known remedy, internal and external, but never had any relief. I saw your advertisement of "No-Rheumatism," and thought I would give it a fair trial, so I purchased one (1) bottle, and after using same, I received great relief. I have used five bottles of your famous Australian "Remedy" and now I am entirely free from aches and pains, and I cheerfully recommend "No-Rheumatism" to all sufferers of rheumatism. Yours truly,
 Cor. Clay and Shamokin Sts.

Danville, Pa., June 1, 1899.
 After a few applications of the Australian remedy, "No-Rheumatism," I was entirely relieved of muscular rheumatism and have not since been troubled by it. I take pleasure in recommending "No-Rheumatism" as a positive cure for muscular and inflammatory rheumatism.
 GEO. EISENHART.

I have used the Australian remedy called "No-Rheumatism" for my daughter and also my wife and found that same gave relief after a few applications. Both had been suffering with rheumatism. I would advise those who are subject to rheumatism to give the liniment a fair trial. Yours, &c.,
 A. WOLF, 139 N. Shamokin St., Shamokin, Pa.

I can heartily recommend the Australian remedy "No-Rheumatism" as a speedy and sure cure for inflammatory rheumatism as I have not experienced any rheumatic pains since the first few applications of "No-Rheumatism."
 MRS. JOHN B. O'CONNOR,
 500 North Shamokin St.

Being a sufferer of periodical attacks of muscular rheumatism I tried nearly every preparation known and had received no permanent relief. I had given in despair and resigned myself to those painful attacks. At last it was persuaded to try the Australian remedy, "No-Rheumatism," and after very few applications, have not experienced any pain since.
 CHESTER G. KULP, Cor. Dewart and Orange Sts., Shamokin, Pa.

Williamsport, Pa., June 10th, 1899.
 My Dear Sir:—The liniment you so kindly sent me by mail came to hand, and although I had largely recovered from my rheumatism when I received it, still at times I felt the need of something of the kind, and I did use some of it and received benefit from its use, and from what I have seen of it I consider it a very fine thing. Thanking you again, I am very truly yours,
 J. E. JONES, 14 West Fourth St.

Pottsville, Pa., April 10th, 1899.
 I take pleasure in informing you that your Australian remedy "No-Rheumatism," entirely cured me after a few applications and I cheerfully recommend it for rheumatic ailments.
 MRS. THOMAS F. MANNING.

Baltimore, Md., May 4th, 1899.
 I can cheerfully recommend the Australian Remedy "No-Rheumatism," from personal experience as the speediest and sure cure for muscular rheumatism.
 W. B. STARKLOFF,
 Traveling Salesman Davis O. K. Baking Powder.

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