The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Jr Publisher. INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live." $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

VOL. XIII., No 6. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1884. If not paid in advance, $1.25

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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD, ROSE-COLD, HAY-FEVER, DEAFNESS, HEADACHE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BRO'S, OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.
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Remember, THE CENTRAL DRUG Store,
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$200,000 in presents given away. Send five cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you to work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. Dec 13-1y

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DAY'S HORSE POWDER
Day's Horse and Cattle Powder is a sure preventive of Lung Fever and a certain remedy for many diseases to which Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs are subject. Each package contains one pound full weight. Price 25 cts. It is never sold in bulk. The genuine bears our registered Trade-Marks, to wit: A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red-Strip Caution-Label, and the fac-simile signature of A. G. Meyer & Co., Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.
Smoke Lange's Cubeb Cigarettes, for Catarrh!—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

Full knee deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing,
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the old year lies a-dying.
Old year, you must not die;
You came to see us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old year, you shall not die.

He lieth still, he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above;
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the new year will take 'em away.
Old year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old year, you shall not go.

He frothed his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we'll all not see;
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die across the waste,
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before.
Every one for his own,
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the new year, blithe and bold my friend
Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro;
The cricket chirps; the light burns low:
'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old year, we'll dearly rue for you;
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alas! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;
Step from the corpse and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waileth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor, my friend
And a new face at the door, my friend,
A new face at the door.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

LITTLE FORGET-ME-NOT.

A PEN PICTURE FROM ACTUAL LIFE.

Little Forget-me-not lay dying—slowly her life's blood was ebbing away e'er she had scarcely tasted of the cup of life. But all that she had sipped of its contents had been only the bitter foam of the dregs of pain and sorrow. And after these few years of want and wretchedness, Little Forget-me-not lay dying of starvation. Not the kind of hunger which quickly destroys by the total deprivation of all food, but the much worse phase which slowly kills by not having sufficient daily nourishment for a growing child enfeebled by disease. The wonderful descriptive pen of Dickens, nor the magnetic voice of eloquence of Cicero, in their happiest moments, could not truly picture the innocent pathetic expression of this little girl as she lay dying—struck in what usually is the very sunshine of the blossom of life, by the cruel darts of the relentless hand of—call it what you will, fate, destiny, misfortune. It makes no difference what the name is, the bitter results are the same. She was only a little over four years of age; with large expressive steel-blue eyes, features, even as they were all marred with the disfiguring touch of disease and lack of nourishment, pretty in detail and sweet beyond all description, crowned with a little rose bud of a mouth whose lips had so often quivered with pain or begged for that which they could not obtain. The room in which she lay dying was a small, poorly furnished apartment, situated in the rear of the third story of one of those immense abodes of suffering and semi-starvation called "tenement houses occupied by the lower class." Tenderly bending over Little Forget-me-not, soothing her as best she could, was her mother, a prematurely aged woman, herself almost hopelessly ill, as her racking cough and attenuated frame plainly showed. In this scene of sorrow, drawn from actual life, there were no dainty dishes of delicacies to tempt the appetite of the little sufferer; and although it was in mid-winter, just before Christmas, there was no cheerful glowing fire, sending out its grateful heat throughout the room. In one corner was a cheap little stove without fire; in the closet there was a small portion of a loaf of bread, with a very little milk standing near it in a teacup. The old bedstead with thin and ragged covering, three wooden chairs, a little table, a very few of the cheapest articles of household utensils, and that was all there was in the chamber of death and suffering, except two immoral souls who soon would be far beyond the corroding cares of this life, and be where hunger, cold and thirst are unknown, and where there are no sighs or tears.

"Mamma," the little girl cried. "Oh, mamma, I'm so hungry; tant I have somethin' to eat?"

"Yes, darling," the mother replied.

And the cup of milk with the little bread left was given her. Not satisfied with this humble apology for a meal, but knowing, ah, to well, there was no more, she fell asleep. Then the wretched, heartbroken mother, utterly prostrated by the harassing doubts and fears which had beset, like sharp piercing thorns to the naked feet of the outcast, her pathway of life for many months fell beside her dying babe and groaned aloud to Almighty God. For the end had now come; absolute starvation and death from the cold stared them in the face. For months this poor woman had fought the demon of poverty, but at last the hour of agony, so often thought and dreamed of and battled against, had come. As long as she maintained her health she could earn enough to feed and clothe her little one and herself. But running a sewing machine night and day, making garments for which she received a mere pittance, with the anxiety about her child's illness, added to all of which was a terrible cold, caught by exposure while carrying work home in a storm, had so undermined her health, that for over a month she had been so weak and helpless as to be totally unable to work at anything. For a while the demon was kept from the door by pawning the sewing machine and every other article of any value which she possessed. Now all was gone; no food was left, and there were no friends to whom she could appeal. Sick, nigh unto death's door herself, in her great agony, falling prostrate by the bedside of her dying Little Forget-me-not, she cried, "Oh, God in Heaven! My Father! Look down upon me and my innocent suffering child. What shall we do for food to-morrow, and after that? Oh, merciful Father, I cannot, cannot beg, spare, oh, spare me; Though hast promised to help the widow and the fatherless. Oh, God! I will try and believe and have faith. Help me, blessed Father, help me, and if I, in Thy providence, must die, Thy will be done; but, oh, save my darling! Give me food for her hunger, and keep her warm."

* * * * * * * * *

Mrs. Robertson, whose heartbroken and tenderly pathetic appeal none but God heard, was like thousands of other poor unfortunate souls in this Valley of Tribulation. Her experience, sad to relate, was only the stereotyped life picture which will continue to be imprinted upon the pages of time until it shall be no more.

It all can be compressed in a few American journalistic words. Born and raised in comfortable circumstances, her beauty and accomplishments made her a belle in the social sphere in which she lived. Falling truly in love with a poor man she married him against the wishes of her family. Two years after marriage her only child, Little Forget-me-not, was born. Then the fair rosy horizon of her life's prospects was suddenly darkened by the clouds of adversity, and the thunder-bolts and storms of a multiplicity of sorrows environed her. As Shakspeare truly says: "Woes never come like spies in single numbers but in whole battallons." And she was no exception to the general rule of humanity. Her husband died after a long, tedious, expensive illness, leaving her penniless, with her baby to battle against a cruel and heartless world. Her father and mother died within a short time after, and when her father's estate was settled after his disease there was not enough left to pay the debts. None of her relatives were left but one older brother, who, by years of miserly thrift and shrewdness, had accumulated a large fortune. But he, she knew too well by youthful experience prior to her marriage, possessed a heart of stone. His god was the god of dollars and cents, and during all her troubles she had never made one appeal to him for assistance, for well she knew that bitter taunts and sneers would be all he would vouchsafe her in answer to her supplications.

* * * * * * * * *

The next morning, the day before Christmas, dawned clear, cold and sharp, Little Forget-me-not woke early, and began to cry for food. And, alas, there was none; absolutely nothing for her.

"Mamma," she plaintively said, "Dod is good, ain't he?"

"Yes, darling."

"And He loves me, don't he?"

"Yes, my child. You are His. He is your Heavenly Father."

"Then, mamma, why don't Dod dive us somethin' to eat? Oh, mamma, mamma, I'm so hungry. Oh, please, please, dit me somethin' to eat."

What could the poor heartbroken mother, say?

"Mamma, dead papa loved me, didn't he? That is what made him tall me Little Forget-me-not, ain't it? He said I must never, never have any ozzer name, and that I must never fordit him, and he never would fordit me, and must always be talled that. If he was here now, and wasn't dead and in heaven, he would feed me, wouldn't he, mamma? Oh, I am so hungry!"

The poor, tortured mother could stand it no longer. The strain now was too great for her to bear without action of some kind. She did not, could not ask for charity from strangers. But she would make one appeal to her rich brother. She had not seen him since her marriage, to which he, like the rest of the family, was bitterly opposed, but she had frequently heard of his prosperity and knew his address. Tenderly kissing Little Forget-me-not, and telling her that she would return soon "with just oceans of bread and butter and milk and nice chicken," she drew her tattered shawl around her, and nerved with bitter desperation, all her family pride held in stern subjection by the awful emergencies of her circumstances, she sought the residence of her brother. It was yet early in the morning, and she hoped to catch him before he went down to his place of business. At the door of his palatial mansion the colored servant said he had not yet gone out, and she was allowed to go into the hall only, her appearance being such that in the eyes of the well-drilled menial she was hardly even deserving of being asked that far in the house. Her brother met her with astonishment and bitter sneers of contempt and educated brutality, which is far, far worse to a sensitive soul than intense anger or studied coldness. But remembering only her starving baby, the poor woman, literally placed her bleeding mother's heart at her brother's feet. Piteously, with great sobs that almost choked her utterance, she begged, by all the recollections of the past when they happily played together as brother and sister in the innocent hour of childhood; by all the ties of blood which bound them; by the memory of their dear mother, and for her sake to give her aid for her starving, dying child. She might just as well have appealed to the massive, relentless gravite in the quarry, or the cold, cruel sea for aid.

"I told you," he said, with a sneer, born solely of the devil, "what you would come to if you married that man who you said would do so much for you. And now you are there. Well, people who make their beds must lie in them. I've got nothing for you."

At that moment a bright, happy little girl, just about the same age as Little Forget-me-not, not only warmly but elegantly dressed, with the sparkle and bloom of youthful health and joyousness shining in every line of her face and form, ran into the hall and cried, "Oh, papa, who is that nasty, ragged woman? What does she want? Send her away quick."

"She is only a beggar, my darling," was his reply.

Mrs. Robertson waited to hear no more. It was her only brother who had thus spoken, and it was to her own niece he had called her such a name. Anything, anything was better than this. Even charity from the hands of strangers. Weak and faint with mental anguish and physical weakness and sickness, she fled from the house of this fiend incarnate in human form, whom the business and social world, in which he lived, regarded with eyes of esteem and envy as a most successful business man of renown and ability. She directed her faltering steps towards the office of the nearest local charitable organization. There she told her tale of distress. All pride was now gone. She had but one object and aim; one burning desire only overwhelmed her aching heart—to save Little Forget-me-not, her darling child, from starvation; to carry back with her the "oceans" of nourishing food which she had promised to bring on her return. The manager of this local charitable institution listened calmly to her touching appeals, then, after asking certain questions, told Mrs. Robertson that a member of the investigating committee would call upon her that afternoon, if they were not all to busy, in which event it would have to be deferred until to-morrow, and if her condition was as she represented, proper relief would be extended. This was all that she could obtain. No money or food immediately—just that moment—but the investigation first. After beseeching the manager to send the member of the committee that afternoon without fail, to which he kindly consented, if possible, she returned to her desolate room, and dying Little Forget-me-not.

As soon as she entered this abode of suffering and death, Little Forget-me-not, all anxiety and excitement, partly rising in bed as far as her weak state would admit of, eagerly exclaimed: "Oh, mamma, have you dot the oceans of food? Dive me some, quick, please. Oh, I'm so hungry. Don't wait till it dets cooked, but dive me some right away."

"My darling child, they are bringing it. It will be here directly, and then you shall have plenty," the mother replied aloud, and in her heart of hearts she silently groaned: "Great God, how long? How long? Merciful Father, send, oh, send help! Let me perish, but save, Almighty God, save my dying child!"

The day slowly passed away. The mother spent the long, dreary time silently praying and running to the door watching for the expected visit of the member of the investigating committee. The child passed the hours alternately crying and begging for food, and falling into the uneasy, fitful slumbers which frequently precede death in many of its varied forms. Darkness at last came, and now there was no hope of food until the next day. It was Christmas Eve. Mirth seemed to be holding a grand carnival among mankind, and happiness apparently reigned supreme, throwing its beams of gladness in the heart of even the humblest of God's creatures among the million people in that great city. The streets were all aglow with crowds of well-dressed and laughing throngs, who hurried to comfortable, happy homes laden with presents for loved ones, and eagerly anticipating the pleasures and mutual surprises of the morrow. All in the crowded thoroughfares was glorious life, excitement, bustle and hilarity. There were no signs of grim poverty there, nor in the multiplicity of well-lighted stores, crowded with eager buyers. Disease, poverty, death were there, nor were there any signs or manifestations of their devastating work. But in that little room in the rear of that large tenement house, over Little Forget-me-not and her poor devoted mother they held unlimited sway. None disputed their awful authority there, and their grim, ghastly work went on unmolested and undisturbed.

"Mamma," Little Forget-me-not feebly said, "I am doint to die. I won't be hungry in heaven, will I?"

"No, no, no, my child!"

"And Dod, you say, is good, and He will feed me, won't he? And I'll see dear papa, won't I? And he will hold me in his arms just like he used to, and tiss me and tall me Little Forget-me-not, and say I ain't dot any ozzer name, and feed me with nice bread and milk, won't he? I won't never, never, never be hungry nor cold any more? And an angelic smile of sweet content and happiness transfigured the wan face of the dying child, making it shine with the dawning light of heaven.

The mother could only sob bitterly in reply. In the strange, wonderful expression of her daughter's face she read the infallible signs of the presence of Death, and knew that God was answering her prayer by taking Little Forget-me-not from her and the cruel world into His own blessed rest of peace, love, and supreme happiness.

Suddenly the dying little girl's attention was attracted by the singing of a Christmas Eve masquerading glee club in the street. They had become tired of the sentimental songs of the day, and now their voices rose in sweet accord in that glorious old Christmas anthem: "Glory to God in the highest. Peace and good will to men."

"Hark, mamma, hark!" Little Forget-me-not exclaimed, "I'm almost in heaven. I hear the angels singing. Oh, mamma, won't I be happy there! Never, never be cold there, or so awful hungry there." And the dying child's voice grew fainter and lower. The mysterious and awful seal of mighty Death was now unmistakably imprinted on her face. Suddenly her eyes shone with a strange, wondrous fire of joyous recognition; an eager, angelic expression lit up her face. Stretching out her thin, wasted arms and glancing upwards, she cried, "Oh, mamma, I see papa! I see papa! Oh, papa, dear, dear papa, take me, take me in your arms like you used to. Tell me Little Forget-me—" Then she fell back dead!

No more would the bitter pangs of hunger torture Little Forget-me-not. No more would the biting cold assail her, nor the sufferings of disease torment her. Her piteous appeals for food belonged solely to the dark, dreary past. There would be no more of these pathetic calls. No, no, thank God, she was safe in the sweet haven of rest and peace. As the midnight bells chimed in the glorious dawn of another Christmas, an angel was born in heaven, and one little suffering soul was forever at rest.

The wretched, distracted mother caught the lifeless, inanimate form of her child in her arms, and kissing her repeatedly, cried, "Oh, Little Forget-me-not, speak, speak, speak, darling, once more. Say one word, baby, to your mother."

But no word would ever again come from that little mouth, now pale and cold in the awful embrace of death. Until dawn, all through the darkness of that terrible night, Mrs. Robertson held the mortal remains of Little Forget-me-not, beseeching her to speak, and wildly calling upon God to restore to her her lost child. Then when the first rays of dawn softly came through the window, she laid the mortal casket of the now glorious angel in heaven back on the bed, and closed the once bright steel-blue eyes for all time. With desperation she seized an old well-worn Bible, and by the rays of the now rapidly increasing daylight, read again and again words which had so often been on her lips for months past: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

* * * * * * * * *

It was nearly twelve o'clock, noon, before the lady member of the investigating committee of the local charitable organization stood at the door of the tenement house, and asked for Mrs. Robertson. She had a happy family of five little ones, and had been detained by them until that time, enjoying the keen delight and surprise with which they had received their numerous gifts, and participating in the family enjoyment of the beautiful Christmas tree heavily laden with its glistening fruits. In response to her inquiries she was shown to Mrs. Robertson's door. The door was fastened, and no amount of knocking would cause it to open. At last, after much delay and many conjectures by the now assembled crowd of "tenement house neighbors," the door was forced open. And what an awful picture was there disclosed. What a terrible and striking contrast was there witnessed between what was there seen and the happy family which the investigating lady had just left. Partly across the dead body of her child, and on the floor, in a kneeling position, Mrs. Robertson lay dead. Upon the child's breast lay the open Bible, and upon these words the lifeless hand of the dead woman rested: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

God had kept his promise. She was at rest. God had answered her prayers; Little Forget-me-not was cold and hungry no more!

HE CHANGED HIS OPINION.

"Good morning, Mrs. McGuinness."

"Good morning, John."

"It's a fine child you have in your arms, Mrs. McGuinness."

"Yes, John."

"It's a perfect picture of Mr. McGuinness."

"Yes, John, so all the neighbors say."

"Mrs. McGuinnes, will you trust me for a small drop of the old stuff? I have the money up at the house."

"No, John, not till you pay the old score."

"Mrs. McGuinness, that child looks no more like McGuinness than. I do like Grover Cleveland. To the divvel with you. Good morning."

—Two gentlemen were walking up the street engaged in a lively conversation. "Since you have some notion of marrying," said one, "why don't you take Marguerite, your sister's charming friend? She is an angel." "I don't dispute that, but she paints." "Oh, come, now, my dear fellow, honestly, have you ever seen an angel that was not painted?"

—It is seldom that a rich man elopes with a poor girl. The sacrifices in love are all made on the woman's side.

—A sweet thing in crockery—the sugar bowl.

—Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

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—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—A little boy discovered a bee crawling upon his hand. Finally the bee stopped for a moment, and after remaining stationary for an instant stung the little fellow. When the cry of pain was over, the little child said to his mamma that he didn't care for the bee walking about on him, but he didn't like his sitting down on him.

—When a couple are making love by moonlight their feeling is one of in-fine-night bliss.

—Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

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Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free.

Address, GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

—Mrs. Blinker asked Matilda the other evening: "What dreadful scratching is that out in the kitchen? It must be the dog trying to get it. I never heard anything like it before." "Dat's no dog scratching de doah. Dat's de cook writing a lub letter to her honeysuckle, who works ober at Weissport."

—An epigram for the moment:—hats cap the climax of election bets.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblands, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

—The teacher in one of the schools was a little crochety the other morning and made the girls stand around a little livelier than usual. One of the little misses, who had been upbraided, exclaimed to her companion, "Never mind, Cleveland is elected and she'll be turned out."

—Everybody should subscribe for the ADVOCATE with the beginning of the new year. Price $1 a year. All the latest news up to the time of going to press.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicines known and will positively cure kidney and liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars every year in doctor bills.

Sold at 50 cents a bottle by Thomas, the druggist.

—A French widow took on dreadfully at the funeral of her husband. "Why, madame," said her maid, "you hated him so while living. I do not see why you should be so demonstrative now that he is dead." "Why, Lizette, I don't hate him half as much now as I did."

—One of the latest recipes—If you step on a dude's foot you are likely to make calf's foot jelly.

The untidy, dirty appearance of a grizzly beard should never be allowed. Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers will readily change their color to a brown or black, at discretion, and thus keep up a reputation for neatness and good looks.

—It is believed that the principal objection to the Mother Hubbard dress in Chicago is in the fact that it attracts public attention away from horse races on Sunday.

—Princess Beatrice is still without a husband. The men who want her are not high enough in the social scale, and men she wants are way off in America editing papers.

—A young woman has been expelled from a church in New York for saying that her pastor had kissed her four times when she had only been kissed three times. New Yorker's can't stand wilful exaggeration.

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"Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, as it were, after I had been given up by 12 best doctors in Detroit." M. W. Deveraux, Mechanic, Ionia, Mich.

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"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness &c., after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. M. B. Goodwin, Ed. Christian Monitor, Cleveland, O.

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"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

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"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
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"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 5th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

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"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was lame I had to roll out of bed."
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"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unnecessary doctoring. Its worth $10 a box."—Sam'l Hodges, Williamstown, West Va.

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"Kidney-Wort causes easy evacuations and cured me after 10 years use of other medicines."
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"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."
Dr. R. E. Clark, South Bend, Ind.

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"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. T. Galloway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort permanently cured me of bleeding piles. Dr. W. O. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. H. Hurst, Chester R. Bath, Hyrstown, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years."
Elbridge Maleolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar trouble of several