Colds

"I had a terrible cold and could hardly breathe. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and it gave me immediate relief."
W. C. Layton, Sidell, Ill.

How will your cough be tonight? Worse, probably. For it's first a cold, then a cough, then bronchitis or pneumonia, and at last consumption. Coughs always tend downward. Stop this downward tendency by taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
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TEETH AND BREATH

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Cannons and Thunderstorms.

The Weather Bureau has issued another broadside against the practice which has grown up in a number of European countries of bombarding the heavens to avert storms and carry them in another direction. Some of the arguments advanced will apply accurately to the Weather Bureau itself. It claims to score a success whenever it shoots at a thunderstorm cloud that does not produce hail, although the chances are greatly in favor of there being no hail in the cloud. Whenever the Weather Bureau shoots at a storm and drives it away it scores a success, but when it does not drive it away it keeps discreetly quiet. That is a habit common to those who experiment with the elements.

Boys Will Be Boys.

"Pa," said Mrs. Methusalem to the oldest of his race, "I wish you'd speak to Abimelech. He's been pulling Bildad's hair again."

"Lemme see," quoth the patriarch, "how old is 'Bim now?"

"He's two hundred and forty-seven his nex' birthday."

"Well, you must make allowances for th' boy, ma. He's young yit."

On the Ark.

"Let her turn as she likes," observed Noah, as he leaned against the starboard rail of the ark and watched her maneuver. "Let her turn as she likes. When we get through with this trip nobody is going to rise and ask about her tactical diameter."

Could Blow His Own Inference.

Cholly—And did Miss Chipper say anything about me?

Miss Cuttings—She said you were just as bright as ever.—From Puck.

Trifling that Costs.

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Sciatica and Lumbago

And you may be disabled and incapacitated for work for many long days.

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Will cure surely, right away, and save time, money and suffering. It

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DOOR OF MERCY.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Says There Will Be Salvation for the Morally Shipwrecked.

Yield Not to the Force of Immoral Gravitation—Helpfulness of Religion.

[Copyright, 1901.]

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this discourse Dr. Talmage depicts the struggle of a man who desires liberation from the enthralment of evil and shows how he may be set free; text, Proverbs xxiii, 35: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever had, Solomon in these words is sketching the mental process of a man who has stepped aside from the path of rectitude and would like to return. Wishing for something better, he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I get over this horrible nightmare of iniquity?" But seized upon by uneradicated appetite and pushed down hill by his passions he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more."

About a mile from Princeton, N. J., there is a skating pond. One winter day, when the ice was very thin, a farmer living near by warned the young men of the danger of skating at that time. They all took the warning except one young man. He, in the spirit of bravado, said, "Boys, one round more." He struck out on his skates, the ice broke and his lifeless body was brought up. And in all matters of temptation and allurement it is not a prolongation that is proposed, but only just one more indulgence, just one more sin. Then comes the fatality. Alas, for the one round more! "I will seek it yet again."

Our libraries are adorned with elegant literature addressed to young men, pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life. Complete maps of the voyage of life—the shoals, the rocks, the quicksands. But suppose a young man is already shipwrecked, suppose he is already off the track, suppose he has already gone astray, how can he get back? That is a question that remains unanswered, and amid all the books of the libraries I find not one word on that subject. To that class of persons I this day address myself.

You compare what you are now with what you were three or four years ago, and are greatly disheartened. You are ready with every passion of your soul to listen to a discussion like this. Be of good cheer! Your best days are yet to come. I offer you the hand of welcome and rescue. I put the silver trumpet of the gospel to my lips and blow one long, loud blast, saying, "Whosoever will, let him come, and let him come now." The church of God is ready to spread a banquet upon your return, and all the hierarchs of heaven fall into line of bannered procession over your redemption.

Years ago, and while yet Albert Barnes was living, I preached in his pulpit one night to the young men of Philadelphia. In the opening of my discourse I said, "O Lord, give me one soul to-night!" At the close of the service Mr. Barnes introduced a young man, saying, "This is the young man you prayed for." But I see now it was a too limited prayer. I offer no such prayer to-day. It must take in a wider sweep. "Lord, give us all these souls to-day for happiness and heaven!"

So far as God may help me I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return, and then how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make in the Young Men's Christian Association of New York. With trembling voice and streaming eyes he said: "O God, Thou knowest how easy it is for me to do wrong and how hard it is for me to do right! God help me!" That man knows not his own heart who has never felt the power of moral gravitation.

In your boyhood you had good associates and bad associates. Which most impressed you? During the last few years you have heard pure anecdotes and impure anecdotes. Which the easiest stuck to your memory? You have had good habits and bad habits. To which did your soul more easily yield? But that moral gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up anything from the earth and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a fallen soul may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward salvation. The force of moral gravitation is in every one of us, but also power in God's grace to overcome that force.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I cannot believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication, who knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property and ruining him body, mind and soul. If that man, being an intelligent man and loving his family, could easily give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves that it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force, but suppose you turn the boat up stream—is it so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our heart and to our bad habits we are sailing down stream, but the moment we try to turn we put our boat in the rapids just above Niagara and try to row up stream.

A physician tells his patient that he must quit the use of tobacco, as it is destroying his health. The man replies, "I can stop that habit easy enough." He quits the use of the weed. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a column of figures; he cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has quit tobacco. After awhile he says: "I am going to do as I please; the doctor does not understand my case. I am going back to my old habits." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky and greenness into the mountain foliage and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has resumed tobacco.

The fact is we all know in our own experience that habit is a taskmaster. As long as we obey it, it does not chastise us. But let us resist it and we find that we are lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable and thrown into the track of bone breaking Juggernauts.

In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well broken steed, but that he is riding a monster wild and bloodthirsty and going at a death leap.

I have also to say if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. The prodigal, wishing to return, tries to take some professor of religion by the hand. The professor of religion looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a firm grip of the hand offers him the tip end of the longer fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face.

Oh, how few Christian people understand how much gospel there is in a good, honest handshaking! Sometimes when you have left the need of encouragement and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand have you not felt thrilling through every fiber of your body, mind and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed?

The prodigal, wishing to get into good society, enters a prayer meeting. Some good man without much sense greets him by saying: "Why are you here? You are about the last person that I expected to see in a prayer meeting. Well, the dying thief was saved, and there is hope for you." You do not know anything about this, unless you have learned that when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable.

We say of some man, "He lives a block or two from the church, or half a mile from the church." In all our great cities there are men who are 5000 miles from church—vast deserts of indifference between them and the house of God.

The fact is we must keep our respectability though thousands perish. Christ sat with publicans and sinners, but if there come to the house of God a man with marks of dissipation upon him people are almost sure to put up their hands in horror, as much as to say, "Is it not shocking?"

How these dainty, fastidious Christians in all our churches are going to get into heaven I do not know unless they have an especial train of cars cushioned and upholstered, each one a car to himself. They cannot go with the great herd of publicans and sinners.

O ye who curl your lip of scorn on the fallen, I tell you plainly that if you had been surrounded by the same influences instead of sitting to-day amid the cultured and the refined and the Christian you might have been a crouching wretch in stable or ditch covered with filth and abomination!

It is not because we are naturally any better, but because the mercy of God has protected us. Those that are brought up in Christian parentage should not be so hard on the fallen.

I think also that men are often hindered from returning by the fact that churches are anxious about their membership, too anxious about their denominations, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up sin and return to God and ask him how he is going to be baptized, whether by sprinkling or immersion, and what kind of a church he is going to join.

Oh, despise not parental anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you and find them gone from the house and gone from the field and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they cannot answer. Dead! Dead!

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better that he had never been born. Better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffined and sepulchered.

There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave, and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery rending the air and wringing the hands and crying: "Mother! Mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

This hour the door of mercy swings wide open. Hesitate not a moment. In many a case hesitation is the loss of all. At the corner of a street I saw a tragedy. A young man evidently doubted as to which direction he had better take. His hat was lifted high enough so you could see he had an intelligent forehead. He had a stout chest and a robust development. Splendid young man! Cultured young man! Honored young man! Why did he stop there while so many were going up and down? The fact is that every young man has a good angel and a bad angel contending for the mastery of his spirit, and there were a good angel and a bad angel struggling with that young man's soul at the corner of the street. "Come along with me," said the good angel; "I will take you home. I will spread my wings over your pillow. I will lovingly escort you all through life under supernatural protection. I will bless every cup you drink out of, every couch you rest on, every doorway you enter. I will consecrate your tears when you weep, your sweat when you toil, and at the last I will hand over your grave into the hand of the bright angel of a Christian resurrection. I have been sent of the Lord to be your guardian spirit. Come with me," said the good angel in a voice of unearthly symphony. It was music like that which drops from a lute of heaven when a seraph breathes on it.

"Oh, no," said the bad angel, "come with me. I have something better to offer. The wines I pour are from chalices of bewitching carousal. The dance I lead is over floors tessellated with unrestrained indulgence. There is no God to frown on the temples of sin where I worship. The skies are Italian. The paths I tread are through meadows daisied and primrosed. Come with me."

The young man hesitated at a time when hesitation was ruin, and the bad angel smote the good angel until it departed, spreading wings through the starlight, upward and away until a door swung open in the sky, and forever the wings vanished. That was the turning point in that young man's history, for, the good angel flown, he hesitated no longer, but started on a pathway which is beautiful at the opening, but blasted at the last. The bad angel led the way through gate after gate, and at each gate the road became rougher and the sky more lurid, and what was peculiar, as the gate slammed shut it came to with a jar that indicated it would never open. Past each portal there were a grinding of locks and a shoving of bolts, and the scenery on each side of the road changed from gardens to deserts, and the June air became a cutting December blast, and the bright wings of the bad angel turned to sackcloth, and the fountains that at the start had tossed with wine poured forth bubbling tears of foaming blood. And on the right side of the road there was a serpent, and the man said to the bad angel, "What is that serpent?" And the answer was, "That is the serpent of stinging remorse." On the left side of the road there was a lion, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that lion?" The answer was, "That is the lion of all devouring despair." A vulture flew through the sky, and the man asked the bad angel, "What is that vulture?" The answer was, "That is the vulture waiting for the carcasses of the slain."

And then the man said to the bad angel, "What does all this mean? I trusted in what you said at the street corner; I trusted it all. Why have you thus deceived me?" Then the last deception fell off the charmer and he said, "I was sent from the pit to destroy your soul. I watched my chance for many a long year. When you hesitated that night at the street corner I gained my triumph. Now you are here. Ha, ha! You are here! Come, now, let us fill the chalice and drink to darkness and woe and death! Hail, hail!"

Oh, young man, will the good angel sent forth by Christ or the bad angel sent forth by sin get the victory over your soul? Their wings are interlocked this moment above you, contending for your soul, as above the Apennines eagle and condor fight in midsky. This hour decides eternal destinies.

Depth of the Earth's Atmosphere.

The Belgian Royal Meteorological Observatory has recently published the various estimates of mathematicians regarding the depth of the atmosphere surrounding the earth. The calculations of these savants are certainly sufficiently curious and divers to reflect discredit upon them all. Biot estimated the depth at 40 miles; Bravais, 70 miles; Mavin, 81 miles; Callandraw, 100 miles; Schiaparelli, 125 miles; Marie Davy, 187; and Ritter, 216 miles. During the early part of the nineteenth century it was generally accepted in Great Britain as 47 miles, but the fact that meteors are incandescent at a much greater height than this seems to entirely controvert this idea. Sir Robert Ball makes the statement that meteors have been seen at an altitude of over 200 miles and since they only become seeable when they come in contact with the atmosphere, it would seem that, if Sir Robert is correct, Ritter's estimate is the nearest to the mark.—Philadelphia Times.

THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International Lesson Comments For November 17.

Subject: The Childhood of Moses, Ex. ii., 1-10—Golden Text, Prov. xxii., 6—Memory Verses, 7-10—Commentary on the Day's Lesson.

1. "A man." His name was Amram and his wife's name was Jochebed. Ex. 6: 20; Num. 26: 59. "House of Levi." Thus Moses's parents were both of the tribe of Levi.

2. "A son." There were two children older than Moses, Miriam (15: 20), who was probably from eight to ten years older, and Aaron (7: 2), who was three years older. (7: 7). "Goodly child." The text simply says that he was good, which signifies that he was not only a perfect, well-formed child, but that he was very beautiful. This very circumstance was wisely ordained by the kind providence of God to be one means of his preservation. Scarcely anything interests the heart more than the sight of a lovely babe in distress. His beauty would induce even his parents to double their exertions to save him, and was probably the sole motive which led the Egyptian princess to take such particular care of him, and to educate him as her son, which in all likelihood she would not have done had he been only an ordinary child. "Hid him." That is, kept him within the house.

3. "Ark." A small covered box or basket. She did not make it then, but took it and prepared it for her purpose. "Of bulrushes." The papyrus plant, a thick, strong and tough reed, which sometimes reaches a height of from ten to fifteen feet. "Slime." The mud of the Nile, which, when hardened, is very tenacious. "Pitch." Mineral tar. Boats of this description are seen daily floating on the surface of the river, with no other calking than Nile mud (Isa. 18: 2), and they are perfectly water-tight unless the coating is forced off by stormy weather. "Flags." A general term for sea or river weed. The spot is traditionally said to be the Isle of Rhoda, near old Cairo.

4. "His sister." Miriam. It appears that Moses had only one sister. Num. 26: 59. "Afar off." So as not to show her anxiety. "To wit." "To know." R. V. It was her duty to see whether Pharaoh's daughter found him, and whether he was in danger from any cause.

5. "Daughter of Pharaoh." It has been estimated that she was about sixteen years of age at this time, and that Moses was born in the sixth year of the reign of Rameses II. "To bathe" (R. V.) The women of Egypt are now kept jealously secluded in harems, and it is not customary for them to bathe in the Nile. But it has been shown that the women of ancient Egypt were quite unrestrained, and had liberties, such as women in Christian lands do now, and bathing in the river was a common practice with them at that time. "At the river." The water was there fenced off as a protection from the crocodiles, and doubtless the princess had an enclosure reserved for her own use, the road to which seems to have been known to Jochebed. "Walked along." Hence the discovery of the ark was not made by them, but by the princess herself, a providential circumstances, as it led her to a personal interest in the babe. "Sent her handmaid" (R. V.) Her immediate attendant.

6. "Saw the child." As soon as she saw the child she knew that it was one of the Hebrew children, for only a Hebrew mother would have need to hide her child in this manner. "The babe wept." The sight of a beautiful babe in distress could not fail to make the impression here mentioned. See v. 2. It has been conjectured that the cruel edict of the Egyptian king did not continue long in force. See chap. 1: 22. "Had compassion." Thus the babe found a protector in the very family of the king who decreed its death.

"Save the boys." Our great cities are filled with children who are exposed to a worse fate than Pharaoh's decree or crocodiles in the river. Legislation is too stern and severe, and will destroy instead of save. Only recently two six-year-old boys were arraigned in the Chicago police court. Such a course is the worst that could possibly be taken with such small children. Official charity is also too rough to be trusted with the little life that must be lifted out of the slum. Tender hands are needed to dry the tears of these "weeping babies." We must look to Christian women. They should use their eyes to see the facts, and not be so busy about their own luxury and comfort that they pass the poor pitch-covered box unnoticed, and they should conquer the prejudices of race and the fear of lowering themselves.

7. "His sister." Miriam had drawn near enough to see and hear everything. No doubt the child had been carefully instructed by her mother. But God's hand was directing matters and to Him, rather than to any human wisdom, must the praise be given.

9. "Nurse it." By thus taking the child the mother became from this time in some sense the recognized servant of the princess; for otherwise how would she enjoy more safety with her babe than before? "Thy wages." She was doubly paid. She had not only the wages which made her safe as the servant of the royal princess, but she had the infinitely better wages of seeing her son safe, and having the privilege of caring for him and training him. "Took the child." No doubt this God-fearing mother trained her child very carefully. Children should be very thankful when they have Christian parents who bring them up in the knowledge and fear of God.

10. "Unto Pharaoh's daughter." Though it must have been nearly as severe a trial for Jochebed to part with him the second time as the first, she was, doubtless, reconciled to it by her belief in his high destination as the future deliverer of Israel. "He became her son." By adoption, and the high rank afforded him advantages in education which, in the providence of God, were made subservient to far different purposes from what his royal patroness intended. We can obtain an idea of what his education was from Acts 7: 22. But Moses had not only a moral and an intellectual training, but, according to Josephus, he had also a practical preparation for the great work that was before him. It appears that the Ethiopians came into Egypt and routed the army that was sent to resist them, whereupon the command was given to Moses. He immediately took the field and defeated the enemy with great slaughter. His military achievements outshone in popular estimation his intellectual attainments, and he returned from this campaign the most popular man in the kingdom. "Called his name." What name he had from his parents we know not, but whatever it might have been it was ever after lost in the name given to him by the princes of Egypt.

Monster Lizard of Japan.

"We expect soon to get here," said an attendant at the zoo the other day, according to the Philadelphia Record, "a specimen of one of the rarest and most curious animals in the world. I mean the monster lizard of Japan. It often attains a length of five feet and will then weigh over fifty pounds. It simply infests the mountain lakes of Japan, and, as it's very voracious, soon exterminates all the fish that happen to be there. The Japs hunt it for the sake of its skin, which they suppose has marvelous medicinal qualities. The lizard belongs to the salamander family and its skin, like that of the salamanders, contains a poison which the amphibian can eject from certain glands. Frogs inoculated with this poison will perish inside of half an hour, and rabbits so treated will die even quicker than that. But the beast is hard to get and there has never, I think, been one brought into this country. However, we have heard of several now in a museum in Tokyo and there is talk of buying them for our place."

Worth Knowing About.

No need of cutting off a woman's breast or a man's cheek or nose in a vain attempt to cure cancer. No need to apply burning plasters to the flesh and torturing those already weak from suffering. Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.) gives a safe, speedy and certain cure. The most horrible forms of cancer of the face, breast, womb, mouth, stomach, large tumors, ugly cancers, eating, festering sores, persistent pimples, blood poison, eczema, rheumatism, terrible itching, scabby skin diseases, etc., are all successfully treated and cured by Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). Druggists, $1. Sample of medicine sent free, also many testimonials, by describing your trouble and writing Blood Balm Co., 12 Mitchell Street, Atlanta, Ga.

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In fact, the ceremony was being performed.

"With this ring," said the Eminent Reformer, "I thee wed."

Here there was a breathless hush over the audience as the Emancipated Woman made a gesture of dissent and exclaimed:

"And this after your campaign against ring rule? Never!"

Saying which, she swept out of the church.

The audience was divided in its surprise over the injection of politics into matrimony and the sight of an Emancipated woman sweeping.

Largest in the World.

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Unmentionable.

Teacher—"What does b-u-l-l-y spell?"

Johnny—"W-y, er—u'm—m——"

Teacher—"Come! Come! Suppose a great big boy were to strike a little fellow, what would you call him?"

Johnny—"I don't dast to tell yer Ma'am."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Dyeing is as simple as washing when you use PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

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LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D., 1886. A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public. (SEAL)

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
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The people with the biggest ideas seldom have any money to carry them out.

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No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a grips or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Even the professional swindler works his way in the world.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

The girl who marries to please her family assumes an awful responsibility.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

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True happiness, with some people, consists in being able to say "I told you so."

Piso's Cure is the best medicine we ever used for all affections of throat and lungs.—Wm. O. ENDSLEY, Vanburen, Ind., Feb. 10, 1900.

Dull care isn't a marker to a dull razor.

Mrs. Kate Berg, Secretary Ladies' Auxiliary of Knights of Pythias, No. 58, Commercial Hotel, Minneapolis, Minn., After Five Years Suffering Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Whatever virtue there is in medicine seems to be concentrated in **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.** I suffered for five years with profuse and painful menstruation until I lost flesh and strength, and life had no charms for me.

Only three bottles of your Vegetable Compound cured me. I became regular, without any pains, and hardly know when I am sick.

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$5000 FORFEIT IF THE ABOVE LETTER IS NOT GENUINE.

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