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A SERMO[illegible]

DR. TALMAGE SCOURGES THE PHARISEES WHO CORRUPT ELECTIONS.

The Wonderful City of Babylon, Its Greatness, Its Debauchery and Its Sudden and Awful Ruin—Is This Nation Running the Same Course?

BROOKLYN, Nov. 6.—Rev. Dr. Talmage today selected for his sermon a subject sufficiently appropriate for these times, when throughout the United States great political questions are being discussed and the nation is about to go to the ballot box and decide who shall rule in neighborhood, town, city and nation. The text chosen was Revelation xviii, 10, "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!"

Modern scientists are doing a splendid work in excavating the tomb of a dead empire holding in its arms a dead city—mother and child of the same name, Babylon. The ancient mound invites the spades and shovels and crowbars, while the unwashed natives look on in surprise. These scientists find yellow bricks still impressed with the name of Nebuchadnezzar, and they go down into the sarcophagus of a monarchy buried more than two thousand years ago. May the explorations of Rawlinson and Layard and Chevalier and Opperto and Loftus and Chesney be eclipsed by the present archæological uncovering!

But is it possible this is all that remains of Babylon—a city once five times larger than London and twelve times larger than New York? Walls three hundred and seventy-three feet high and ninety-three feet thick. Twenty-five burnished gates on each side, with streets running clear through to corresponding gates on the other side. Six hundred and twenty-five squares. More pomp and wealth and splendor and sin than could be found in any five modern cities combined. A city of palaces and temples. A city having within it a garden on an artificial hill four hundred feet high, the sides of the mountain terraced. All this built to keep the king's wife, Amytis, from becoming homesick for the mountainous region in which she had spent her girlhood. The waters of the Euphrates spouted up to irrigate this great altitude into fruits and flowers and aborescence unimaginable—a great river running from north to south clear through the city, bridges over it, tunnels under it, boats on it.

THE DEBAUCHED CITY.

A city of bazaars and market places, unrivaled for aromatics and unguents, and high mettled horses with grooms by their side, and thyme wood, and African evergreen, and Egyptian linen, and all styles of costly textile fabrics, and rarest purples extracted from shellfish on the Mediterranean coast, and rarest scarlets taken from brilliant insects in Spain, and ivories brought from successful elephant hunts in India, and diamonds whose flash was a repartee to the sun, fortress within fortress, embattlement rising above embattlement. Great capital of the ages.

But one night, while honest citizens were asleep, but all the saloons of saturnalia were in full blast, and at the king's castle they had filled the tankards for the tenth time, and reeling and guffawing and hiccoughing around the state table were the rulers of the land, General Cyrus ordered his besieging army to take shovels and spades, and they diverted the river from its usual channel into another direction so that the forsaken bed of the river became the path on which the besieging army entered. When the morning dawned the conquerors were inside the outside trenches. Babylon had fallen, and hence the sublime threnody of the text, "Alas, alas, that great city Babylon, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!"

But do nations die? Oh, yes; there is great mortality among monarchies and republics. They are like individuals in the fact that they are born; they have a middle life; they have a decease; they have a cradle and a grave. Some of them are assassinated, some destroyed by their own hand. Let me call the roll of some of the dead civilizations and some of the dead cities and let some one answer for them.

Egyptian civilization, stand up "Dead" answer the ruins of Karnak and Luxor, and from seventy pyramids on the east side of the Nile there comes up a great chorus, crying, "Dead, dead!" Assyrian empire, stand up and answer. "Dead!" cry the charred ruins of Ninevah. After six hundred years of magnificent opportunity, dead. Israelitish kingdom, stand up. After two hundred and fifty years of divine interposition, and of miraculous vicissitude, and of heroic behavior, and of appalling depravity, dead. Phœnicia, stand up and answer. After inventing the alphabet and giving it to the world, and sending out her merchant caravans in one direction to central Asia, and sending out her navigators to the Atlantic ocean in another direction, dead. Pillars of Hercules and rocks on which the Tyrian fishermen dried their nets all answer, "Dead Phœnicia." Athens, after Phidias, after Demosthenes, after Miltiades, dead. Sparta, after Leonidas, after Eurybiades, after Salamis, after Thermopylæ, dead. Roman empire, stand up and answer—empire once bounded by the British channel on the north, by the Euphrates on the east, by the great Sahara desert in Africa on the south, by the Atlantic ocean on the west; home of three great civilizations, owning all the then discovered world that was worth owning—Roman empire, answer. Gibbon, in his "Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire," says, "Dead!" and the forsaken seats of the ruined Coliseum, and the skeleton of the aqueducts, and the miasma of the Campagna, and the fragments of the marble baths, and the useless piers of the Bridge Triumphalis, and the Mamertine prison, holding no more apostolic prisoners, and the silent Forum and Basilica of Constantine, and the arch of Titus, and the Pantheon come in with great chorus, crying, "Dead; dead!" After Horace, after Virgil, after Tacitus, after Cicero, dead. After Horatius on the bridge, and Cincinnatus, the farmer oligarch, after Pompey, after Scipio, after Cassius, after Constantine, after Cæsar, dead. The war eagle of Rome flew so high it was blinded by the sun and came whirling down through the heavens, and the owl of desolation and darkness built its nest in the forsaken eyrie. Mexican empire, dead. French empire, dead.

WHY NATIONS DIE.

You see, my friends, it is no unusual thing for a government to perish, and in the same necrology of dead nations and in the same graveyard of expired governments will go the United States of America unless there be some potent voice to call a halt, and unless God in his mercy interferes, and through a purified ballot box and a widespread public Christian sentiment the catastrophe be averted. This nation is about to go to the ballot box to exercise the right of suffrage, and I propose to set before you the evils that threaten to destroy the American government, and to annihilate American institutions, and if God will help me I will show you before I get through the mode in which each and every one may do something to arrest that appalling calamity. And I shall plow up the whole field.

The first evil that threatens the annihilation of our American institutions is the fact that political bribery, which once was considered a crime, has by many come to be considered a tolerable virtue. There is a legitimate use of money in elections, in the printing of political tracts, and in the hiring of public halls, and in the obtaining of campaign oratory, but is there any homunculus [illegible] parties is going in a legi[illegible] The vast majority of it [illegible] votes.

Hundreds and thousands of men will have set before them so much money for a Republican vote, and so much money for a Democratic vote, and the superior financial inducement will decide the action. You want to know which party will carry the doubtful states day after tomorrow. I will tell you. The party that spends the most money. This moment while I speak the peddlers carrying gold from Wall street, gold from Third street, gold from State street and gold from the Brewers' association, are in all the political headquarters of the doubtful states, dealing out the infamous inducement.

There used to be bribery; but it held its head in shame. It was under the utmost secrecy that many years ago a railroad company bought up the Wisconsin legislature and many other public officials in that state. The governor of that state at that time received $50,000 for his signature. His private secretary received $5,000. Thirteen members of the senate received $175,000 among them in bonds. Sixty members of the other house received from $5,000 to $10,000 each. The lieutenant governor received $10,000. The clerks of the house received from $5,000 to $10,000 each. The bank comptroller received $10,000. Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars were divided among the lobbyists. You see the railroad company was very generous. But all that was hidden, and only through the severest scrutiny on the part of a legislative committee was this iniquity displayed. Now political bribery defies you, dares you, is arrogant, and will probably decide the election next Tuesday.

Unless this diabolism ceases in this country Bartholdi's statue on Bedloe's island, with uplifted torch to light other nations into the harbor, had better be changed and the torch dropped as a symbol of universal incendiarism.

REFORM OR PERISH!

Unless this purchase and sale of suffrage shall cease the American government will expire, and you might as well be getting ready the monument for another dead nation and let my text inscribe upon it these words, "Alas, alas, for Babylon, that great city, that mighty city, for in one hour is thy judgment come!" My friends, if you have not noticed that political bribery is one of the ghastly crimes of this day, you have not kept your eyes open.

Another evil threatening the destruction of American institutions is the solidifying of the sections against each other. A solid north. A solid south. If this goes on we shall, after awhile, have a solid east against a solid west; we shall have solid middle states against solid northern states; we shall have a solid New York against a solid Pennsylvania, and a solid Ohio against a solid Kentucky. It is twenty-seven years since the warcloud, and yet at every presidential election the old antagonism is aroused. When Garfield died, and all the states gathered around his casket in sympathy and in tears, and as hearty telegrams of condolence came from New Orleans and from Charleston as from Boston and Chicago, I said to myself, "I think sectionalism is dead." But, alas no! The difficulty will never be ended until each state of the nation is split up into two or three great political parties.

This country cannot exist unless it exists as one body, the national capital the heart, sending out through all the arteries of communication warmth and life to the very extremities. This nation cannot exist unless it exists as one family, and you might as well have solid brothers against solid sisters, and a solid bread tray against a solid cradle, and a solid nursery against a solid dining room, and you might as well have solid ears against solid eyes, and solid head against solid foot. What is the interest of Georgia in the interest of Massachusetts; what is the interest of New York is the interest of South Carolina. Does the Ohio river change its politics when it gets below Louisville? It is not possible for these sectional antagonisms to continue for a great many years without permanent compound fracture.

Another evil threatening the destruction of our American institutions is the low state of public morals.

What killed Babylon of my text? What killed Phœnicia? What killed Rome? Their own depravity, and the fraud, and the drunkenness, and the lechery which have destroyed other nations will destroy ours unless a merciful God prevent. To show you the low state of public morals, I have to call your attention to the fact that many men nominated for offices in different states at different times are entirely unfit for the positions for which they have been nominated.

DEGRADATIONS OF POLITICS.

They have no more qualification for them than a wolf has qualification to be professor of pastoral theology in a flock of sheep, or a blind mole has qualification to lecture a class of eagles on optics, or than a vulture has qualification to chaperon a dove. The mere pronunciation of some of their names makes a demand for carbolic acid and fumigation! Yet Christian men will follow right on under the political standards.

I have to tell you what you know already, that American politics have sunken to such a low depth that there is nothing beneath. What we see in some directions we see in nearly all directions. The peculation and the knavery hurled to the surface by the explosion of banks and business firms are only specimens of great Cotopaxis and Strombolis of wickedness that boil and roar and surge beneath, but have not yet regurgitated to the surface. When the heaven descended Democratic party enacted the Tweed rascality it seemed to eclipse everything; but after awhile the heaven descended Republican party outwitted pandemonium with the star route infamy.

My friends, we have in this country people who say the marriage institution amounts to nothing. They scoff at it. We have people walking in polite parlors in our day who are not good enough to be scavengers in Sodom! I went over to San Francisco ten or fifteen years ago—that beautiful city, that queen of the Pacific. May the blessings of God come down upon her great churches and her noble men and women! When I go into the city of San Francisco the mayor of the city and the president of the board of health called on me and insisted that I go and see the Chinese quarter, no doubt so that on my return to the Atlantic coast I might tell what dreadful people the Chinese are.

But on the last night of my stay in San Francisco, before thousands of people in their great opera house, I said, "Would you like me to tell you just what I think, plainly and honestly?" They said, "Yes, yes, yes!" I said, "Do you think you can stand it all?" They said, "Yes, yes, yes!" "Then," I said, "my opinion is that the curse of San Francisco is not your Chinese quarter, but your millionaire libertines!"

And two of them sat right before me—Felix and Drusilla. And so it is in all the cities. I never swear, but when I see a man go unwhipped of justice, laughing over his shame and calling his damnable deeds gallantry and peccadillo, I am tempted to hurl redhot anathema and to conclude that if, according to some people's theology, there is no hell, there ought to be!

THE WICKED, VOLUPTUOUS CITY.

There is enough out and out licentiousness in American cities today to bring down upon them the wrath of that God who on the 24th of August, 79, buried Herculaneum and Pompeii so deep in the ashes that the eighteen hundred and thirteen subsequent years have not been able to complete the exhumation. There are in some of the American cities to-[illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] they are sinked—by rush money—so that such places are as much under the defense of government as public libraries and asylums of mercy.

These ulcers on the body politic bleed and gangrene away the life of the nation, and public authority in many of the cities looks the other way. You cannot cure such wounds as these with a silken bandage. You will have to cure them by putting deep in the lancet of moral surgery and burning them out with the caustic of holy wrath, and with most decisive amputation cutting off the scabrous and putrefying abominations. As the Romans were after the Celts, and as the Normans were after the Britons, so there are evils after this nation which will attend its obsequies unless we first attend theirs.

Superstition tells of a marine reptile—the cephaloptera—which enfolded and crushed a ship of war; but it is no superstition when I tell you that the history of many of the dead nations proclaims to us the fact that our ship of state is in danger of being crushed by the cephaloptera of national depravity. Where is the Hercules to slay this hydra? Is it not time to speak by pen, by tongue, by ballot box, by the rolling of the prison door, by hangman's halter, by earnest prayer, by Sinaitic detonation?

A son of King Crœsus is said to have been dumb, and to have never uttered a word until he saw his father being put to death. Then he broke the shackles of his silence and cried out, "Kill not my father, Crœsus!" When I see the cheatery, and the wantonness, and the manifold crime of this country attempting to commit patricide—yea, matricide—upon our institutions, it seems to me that lips that heretofore have been dumb ought to break the silence with canorous tones of fiery protest.

WE HAVE A GODLY HERITAGE.

I want to put all of the matter before you, so that every honest man and woman will know just how matters stand, and what they ought to do if they vote, and what they ought to do if they pray. This nation is not going to perish. Alexander, when he heard of the wealth of the Indies, divided Macedonia among his soldiers. Some one asked him what he had kept for himself, and he replied, "I am keeping hope!" And that jewel I keep bright and shining in my soul, whatever else I shall surrender. Hope thou in God. He will set back these oceanic tides of moral devastation.

Do you know what is the prize for which contention is made today? It is the prize of this continent. Never since, according to John Milton, when "satan was hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal skies in hideous ruin and combustion down," have the powers of darkness been so determined to win this continent as they are now. What a jewel it is—a jewel carved in relief, the cameo of this planet! On one side of us the Atlantic ocean, dividing us from the worn-out governments of Europe. On the other side the Pacific ocean, dividing us from the superstitions of Asia. On the north of us the Arctic sea, which is the gymnasium in which the explorers and navigators develop their courage. A continent 10,500 miles long, 17,000,000 square miles, and all of it but about one-seventh capable of rich cultivation.

One hundred millions of population on this continent of North and South America—one hundred millions, and room for many hundred millions more. All flora, and all fauna, all metals, and all precious woods, and all grains, and all fruits. The Appalachian range the backbone, and the rivers the ganglia carrying life all through and out to the extremities. Isthmus of Darien, the narrow waist of a giant continent, all to be under one government, and all free and all Christian, and the scene of Christ's personal reign on earth if, according to the expectation of many good people, he shall at last set up his throne in this world.

Who shall have this hemisphere? Christ or satan? Who shall have the shore of her inland seas; the silver of her Nevadas; the gold of her Colorados; the telescopes of her observateries; the brain of her universities; the wheat of her prairies; the rice of her savannahs; the two great ocean beaches—the one reaching from Baffin's bay to Terra del Fuego, and the other from Behring straits to Cape Horn—and all the moral and temporal and spiritual and everlasting interests of a population vast beyond all computation save by him with whom a thousand years are as one day? Who shall have the hemisphere? You and I will decide that, or help to decide it, by conscientious vote, by earnest prayer, by maintenance of Christian institutions, by support of great philanthropies, by putting body, mind and soul on the right sight of all moral, religious and national movements.

Ah, it will not be long before it will not make any difference to you or to me what becomes of this continent, so far as earthly comfort is concerned. All we will want of it will be seven feet by three, and that will take in the largest, and there will be room and to spare. That is all of this country we will need very soon, the youngest of us. But we have an anxiety about the welfare and the happiness of the generations that are coming on, and it will be a grand thing if, when the archangel's trumpet sounds, we find that our sepulcher, like the one Joseph of Arimathea provided for Christ, is in the midst of a garden. By that time this country will be all paradise or all dry tortugas. Eternal God, to thee we commit the destiny of this people!

Habitual Posture.

Comparatively few persons have both sides of the body of perfectly similar proportions. One leg or one arm is shorter than the other. The two sides of the head are often of unequal size. Few persons have ears of an equal size and symmetrically placed. The size and position of the eyes vary. In the mouth and throat also we find inequality, and the cartilage separating the two nasal cavities is oftener deflected than vertical.

This condition of inequality in the two sides of the body is called asymmetry.

Those who have observed the effects of school life on body development must have noticed the influence of habitual posture on the symmetry and health of the body.

There is a tendency among school children, and especially among schoolgirls, to assume habitual postures both in sitting and standing. The habit of throwing all the weight of the body on one leg produces a corresponding throwing of the upper part of the body toward the opposite side in order to establish the necessary equilibrium. This tends of course to curve the spinal column, on which the upper part of the body is supported.

In this position the body and all the internal organs are thrown out of their normal vertical position, and the force of gravity still further exaggerates this result. Thus the muscles of the neck are unevenly exercised in the unconscious balancing of the head upon the vertebral column. Even the muscles of the face tend to become unevenly contracted, and this in time develops a condition of asymmetry of the face.—Youth's Companion.

The Cleanly Roach.

Contrary to the usual supposition, cockroaches are quite cleanly and devote a great deal of time to the toilet. It is an interesting sight to watch a croton bug carefully cleaning first its antennæ and then its legs by passing them through its multiple mouth parts.—Professor Riley.

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THE DRYA[illegible]

have seen her limpid eyes,
Large with gradual laughter, rise
Through wild roses' nettles,
Like twin blossoms grow and stare.
Then the hateful, envious air
Whisked them into petals.

I have seen her hardy cheek,
Like a molten coral, leak
Through the leafage shaded,
Of thick chickasaws, and then,
When I made more sure, again
To a red plum faded.

I have found her racy lips,
And her graceful finger tips,
But a haw or berry,
Glimmers of her there and here,
Just, forsooth, enough to cheer
And to make me merry.

Often on the ferry rocks
Dazzling dimples of loose locks
At me she hath shaken,
And I've followed—all in vain!
They had trickled into rain,
Sunlit, on the braken.

Once her full limbs flashed on me,
Naked, where some royal tree
Powdered all the spaces
With wan sunlight and quaint shade—
Such a haunt romance hath made
For haunched satyrs.

There, I know, hid am[illegible] Pan:
For a sudden pleading ran
Through the maze of myrtle,
And a rapid violence tossed
All its flowerage—'twas the lost
Coolness of a turtle.

—Madison Cawein in St. Joseph's News.

What One Man Saw in One [illegible].

"I saw three very curious things yesterday; remarkable, they were. Coming in on a suburban train I sat down behind a women as black as ink. She was a full blooded negro, and her hair was as straight as yours or mine and as soft as velvet. I don't think there is another such case in the world.

"Walking up Broadway later on I saw an electric wire catch fire and burn in twain, the pieces falling to the ground. There were no cross wires nor any wire nor anything within ten feet of it when it caught." He rested awhile.

"Say! Ahem! When I was eating supper last night I found a worm—a black, shaggy worm an inch long—in a fresh egg. You see I have my eggs served to me in the shell and eat them with a spoon from the shell. As I dug down into the yolk of one brought me at a fashionable restaurant I saw something black in the center, and pulling it out discovered what I have told you. The egg was sound as a dollar. The way I figure it out is that an old hen swallowed a worm just before the egg began to form and the worm got tangled up in the machinery and got stuck. Well, I must be going. Good day."—St. Louis Republic.

Fear Before the Fight.

Testimony differs as to the feeling of the soldier on going into a fight, and the many experiences related by Grand Army men to their always willing listeners show that in their war histories there was no uniformity of either fear or daring. The major of a New Hampshire regiment said: "I always felt timid when the shot began to reach us, but as soon as we got into action I was carried away by excitement. I am not usually a profane man, and I have no recollection of talking roughly to my troops, yet a good many of them have assured me that all through a fight I would swear like—well, like a trooper."

Another man, a colonel, said: "It's all nonsense to say that a man doesn't feel afraid in the beginning of a fight and all through it. Of course he does. He has reason. Sherman said of General Sumner that he was the only man who grew bolder as he grew older, but the only man I ever saw who really seemed to want to fight, and to enjoy it after he was in it, was Custer."—New York Sun.

A Lawn Game.

Tetherball is a new game of English origin which possesses the pronounced advantage of being played in a few feet of lawn or courtyard. A post eight feet high is set up, and to this is attached a cord having at its end a ball. The space of the grounds may influence somewhat the length of the string, which should be, however, not less than eight nor more than ten feet long. The ball is set in rotary motion, and with tennis racquets the two players endeavor in turn to hit it. The game is said to be exciting, and decidedly a warm contest, as the ball proves very elusive.—Exchange.

Libraries, Museums and Methods.

Modern museum methods applied to libraries will result in a vast extension of their general usefulness and availability for the purposes of instruction, and in the modern museums the exhibition of books has become almost as important as the display of the conventional museum specimens.—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Truth About Girls.

A small boy in a Brooklyn grammar school has furnished the latest information about girls in a recent composition: "Girls is pretty and afraid of guns. They wear toe rubbers and look at the clouds and say, 'Oh, how perfickly lovely!'"—New York Times.

Of the 218 suicides reported in New York city in one year, shooting was most popular with 77 cases, to 48 by poison, 37 by hanging, 23 by gas, 16 by knife, 10 by drowning, 4 by jumping from a roof and 3 by jumping from a window.

The Relation of Sounds, Colors and Taste.

The peculiar association of a color with a sound by which a certain sound will at once vividly arouse a definite color is a physical phenomena quite frequently mentioned in medical works. The association of color with smell and taste is, however, of much rarer occurrence. Dr. Fere gives an account of a woman who, after taking a spoonful of vinegar, saw everything red for a few minutes, when there was a sudden change, everything appearing of a bright green for the next hour. Drs. Mason and Kinne say that this is due to a "similarity in the subsidiary emotional effects accompanying the sensations and communicated to the nerves of hearing, sight and taste simultaneously."—St. Louis Republic.

The Potato in Place of Soap.

There is a great deal of cleansing power in an ordinary Irish potato. In many laundries boiled and mashed potatoes are used to produce snowy whiteness, and more than one camper out who has found himself without soap has fallen back on potatoes as a substitute and washed out handkerchiefs and shirts with them. As a matter of fact, potatoes will remove stains which refuse to yield to soap, and the chemical action is much less injurious to fabrics.—Exchange.

THOUSANDS of lives are saved annually by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. In the treatment of croup and whooping cough, the Pectoral has a most marvelous effect. It allays inflammation, frees the obstructed air passages, and controls the desire to cough.

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MR. WM. H. MOORE, 307 S. Charles St., Baltimore, Md., a Commission Merchant, recommends Salvation Oil for rheumatisms and chilblains. He writes: "My wife and son have used Salvation Oil for rheumatism and chilblains with marked efficacy."

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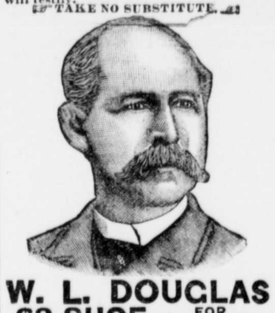

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Ladies' $3.00 Hand-sewed, $2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3.00 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

Caution.—W. L. Douglas' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe; look for it when you buy. Beware of dealers attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

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A Friend

Wishes to speak through the *Register* of the beneficial results he has received from a regular use of Ayer's Pills. He says: "I was feeling sick and tired and my stomach seemed all out of order. I tried a number of remedies, but none seemed to give me relief until I was induced to try the old reliable Ayer's Pills. I have taken only one box, but I feel like a new man. I think they are the most pleasant and easy to take of anything I ever used, being so finely sugar-coated that even a child will take them. I urge upon all, who are

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"Between the ages of five and fifteen I was troubled with a kind of saltrheum, or eruption, chiefly confined to the legs, and especially to the bend of the knee above the calf. Here, running sores formed which would scab over, but would break immediately on moving the leg. My mother tried everything she could think of, but all was without avail. Although a child, I read in the papers about the beneficial effects of Ayer's Pills, and persuaded my mother to let me try them. With no great faith in the result, she procured

Ayer's Pills

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