

THE NORTHWESTERN.

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Tuberculosis has been placed among the diseases which are subject to quarantine. The commissioner of immigration has so decided in the case of a Japanese who arrived in San Francisco from Japan ill with lung trouble. It was decided that the patient could not land, but must return to the port from which he sailed.

Archduke Otto, the future emperor of Austria, is an artist of great talent. He possesses his own studio in the Academy of Fine Arts in Vienna, and divides his time between the headquarters of the cavalry corps which he commands and his studio. The archduke has frequently exhibited his work anonymously, in order that it might stand on its merits and not be favorably criticised because of his rank.

According to a writer in the *St. James Gazette*, a part of the credit for the wonderful development of Japan in civilization is due to the Empress Haruka. She married the emperor thirty years ago, and, like him, is a strong supporter of western ideas. The emperor is the 121st in his line, and the first who has given his wife a seat at his table and a voice in the national councils. She set the example in abandoning the customs of staining the teeth and shaving the eyebrows.

Diamonds have been found in considerable numbers and of very fine quality in the interior of British Guiana, on the Mazaruni River 250 miles above its junction with the Essequibo. Mr. Moulton, our consul at Demerara, says that the London dealers to whom the stones have been forwarded consider them superior to South African diamonds and equal in quality to those of Brazil. The present diggings are situated in a tropical jungle five miles from the river, and the region is not easily reached. The matrix from which the gems have become scattered is now the object of search.

It is widely supposed that the disease called "appendicitis" was unknown to the medical profession until the latter part of the present century. But an old London doctor, who writes upon the subject in the *Lancet*, says there is nothing new about it, except "the name and the treatment." The disease was well described in the older medical books, and was then called "typhlitis." But its real character was rarely verified except by post-mortem examination, whereas modern surgery, with its anaesthetic and antiseptic aids, if summoned in time, is able to save nearly every patient who is not exhausted by age or otherwise depleted.

Sir John Murray recently showed how remarkably the Black Sea differs from other seas and oceans. A surface current flows continuously from the Black Sea into the Mediterranean, and an under current from the Mediterranean into the Black Sea. The latter current is salt, and, being heavier than the fresh water above, it remains stagnant at the bottom. Being saturated with sulphuretted hydrogen, this water will not maintain life, and so the Black Sea contains no living inhabitants below the depth of about 100 fathoms. The deeper water when brought to the surface smells exactly like rotten eggs.

One of the churches of Chester, Pa., has introduced what is a novelty there—a penny concert. These concerts are held in the church on each Friday evening, being chiefly designed for children. The church has always been crowded on these occasions, both little and big people attending in great numbers. They are charged 1 cent admission to an entertainment that is worth many times more, and which is wholesome and instructive. The smaller children are always given the center seats in front, the larger ones the side seats. It is so distinctively an affair for children that the big people who attend have to content themselves with the back seats in there are any left.

A recent number of *The Railway Journal* contains a story of a railway ticket which took a sudden journey on its own account. As the north-bound train on the Colorado and Southern road passed one of the stations a passenger in a forward car raised a window, and in an instant his ticket was blown from his hands out of doors. The passenger naturally gave it up for lost, and was very much surprised when the baggagemaster handed it to him a little while later. It appears that when the ticket flew through the window a south-bound train was passing. The suction of that train, which was going at a rapid rate, drew the ticket along with it, and as it passed the rear end of the north-bound train it blew into the door of the smoking car. There it was found by the baggagemaster.

Professor Campbell of the Lick Observatory reports that the star called Xi Geminorum, which has long been known as a variable, is in reality double, but its two components are so close that no telescope is able to separate them, and their existence is proved by the shifting lines in the spectrum. The variations in brightness, he thinks, can only be due to the attraction between the two stars raising immense tides in their molten or vaporous globes, which, through the effects of compression or otherwise, displace the spectral lines.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

POINTS THE WAY TO LIFE OF USEFULNESS.

Destiny May Be Changed by a Fity Spoken Sentence—Sympathy for the Troubled Like Apples of Gold in Baskets of Silver.

(Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopfch, N. Y.) In this discourse Dr. Talmage shows an open door for any one who desires to be useful and illustrates how a little thing may decide one's destiny. The text is Proverbs xxv. 11 (revised version), "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

A filigree basket loaded with fruit is put before us in the text. What is ordinarily translated "pictures" ought to be "baskets." Here is a silver network basket containing ripe and golden apples, pippins or rennets. You know how such apples glow through the openings of a basket of silver network. You have seen such a basket of fruit on many a table. It whets the appetite as well as regales the vision. Solomon was evidently fond of apples, because he so often speaks of them. While he writes in glowing terms of pomegranates and figs and grapes and mandrakes, he seems to find solace as well as lusciousness in apples, calling out for a supply of them when he says in another place, "Comfort me with apples." Now you see the meaning of my text, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

You see the wise man eulogizes just one word. Plenty of recognition has been there for great orations. Cicero's Arrangement of Cataline, the philippic of Demosthenes, the five days' argument of Edmund Burke against Warren Hastings, Edward Irving's discourses on the Bible, and libraries full of prolonged utterance, but my text extols the power of one word when it refers to "a word fitly spoken."

This may mean a single word or a small collection of words—something you can utter in one breath, something that you can compact into one sentence. "A word fitly spoken"—an encouraging word, a kind word, a timely word, a sympathetic word, an appropriate word. I can pass right down the aisle of any church and find between pulpit and front door men whose temporal and eternal destinies have been decided by a word.

Choosing an Occupation.

I tell you what is a great crisis in every man's history. It is the time when he is entering an occupation or profession. He is opposed by men in middle life, because they do not want any more rivals, and by some of the aged, because they fear being crowded out and their places being taken by younger men. Hear the often severe and unfair examinations of young lawyers by old lawyers, of young doctors by old doctors, of young ministers by old ministers. Hear some of the old merchants talk about the young merchants. Trowels and hammers and scales often are jealous of new trowels and new hammers and new scales. Then it is so difficult to get introduced. How long a time has many a physician had his sign out before he got a call for his services, and the attorney before he got a case! Who wants to risk the life of his family to a young physician who got his diploma only last spring and who may not know measles from scarlatina, or to risk the obtaining of a verdict for \$20,000 to an attorney who only three years ago read the first page of Blackstone?

The Need of Courage.

There are so many men who have all the elements of usefulness and power except one—courage. If you can only under God give them that you give them everything. In illustrating that one word show them that every man that ever amounted to anything had terrific struggle. Show him what ships Decatur had to fight, and what a mountain Hannibal had to climb, and what a lame foot Walter Scott had to walk on, and that the greatest poet who ever lived—Milton—was blind, that one of the grandest musicians of all the ages—Beethoven—was deaf, and that Stewart, in some respects the greatest merchant that America ever saw, began in his small store, dining on bread and cheese behind the counter in a snatched interregnum between customers, he opening the store and closing it, sweeping it out with his own broom and being his own errand boy. Show them that within ten minutes' walk there are stores, shops, and factories, and homes where as brave deeds have been done as those of Leonidas at Thermopylae, as those of Horatius at the bridge, as that of Colin Campbell at Balaklava. Tell them what Napoleon said to his staff officer when that officer declared a certain military attempt to be impossible. "Impossible!" said the great commander. "Impossible!" said the adjective of fools.

Show them also that what is true in worldly directions is more true in spiritual directions. Call the roll of prophets, apostles and martyrs and private Christian from the time the world began and ask them to mention one man or woman greatly good or useful who was not depreciated and failed and made a laughing stock. Racks and prisons and whips and shipwrecks and axes of beheading did their worst, yet the heroes were more than conquerors. With such things you will illustrate that word "courage," and they will go out from your presence to start anew and right, challenging all earth and hell to the combat.

Words of Comfort.

That word "courage" fitly spoken with compressed lips and stout grip of the hand and an intelligent flash of the eye—well, the finest apples that ever thumped on the ground in an autumnal orchard and were placed in the

most beautiful basket of silver network before clean appetites could not be more attractive.

Furthermore, a comforting word fitly spoken is a beautiful thing. No one but God could give the inventory of sick beds and bereft homes and broken hearts. We ought not to let a day pass without a visit or a letter or a message or a prayer consolatory. You could call five minutes on your way to the factory, you could leave a half hour earlier in the afternoon and fill a mission of solace. You could brighten a sickroom with one chrysanthemum. You could send your carriage and give an afternoon airing to an invalid on a neighboring street. You could loan a book with some chapters most adapted to some particular misfortune. Go home today and make out a list of things you can do that will show sympathetic thoughtfulness for the hardy bested. How many dark places you might illumine! How many tears you could stop, or, if already started, you could wipe away; How much like Jesus Christ you might get to be! So sympathetic was he with beggary, so helpful was he for the fallen, and so stirred was he at the sight of dropsy, epilepsy, paralysis and ophthalmia that whether he saw it by the roadside, or at the sea beach, or at the mineral baths of Bethesda, he offered relief. Cultivate genuine sympathy, Christlike sympathy. You cannot successfully dramatize it. False sympathy Alexander Pope sketches in two lines:

"Before her face her handkerchief she spread
To hide the flood of tears she did not shed."

A Word of Warning.

So also is a word of warning. A ship may sail out of harbor when the sea has not so much as a ripple, but what a foolhardy ship company would they be that made no provision for high winds and wrathful seas. However smoothly the voyage of life may begin we will get rough weather before we harbor on the other side, and we need ever and anon to have some one uttering in most decided tones the word "beware." There are all the temptations to make this life everything and to forget that an inch of ground is larger as compared with the whole earth than this life as compared with our external existence. There are all the temptations of the wine cup and the demijohn, which have taken down as grand men as this or any other century has heard of. There are all the temptations of pride and avarice and base indulgence and ungovernable temper. There is no word we all need oftener to hear than the word "beware."

The trouble is that the warning word is apt to come too late. We allow our friends to be overcome in a fight with some evil habit before we sound an alarm. After a man is all on fire with evil habit your word of warning will have no more effect than would an address to a house on fire asking it to stop burning, no more use than a steam tug going out to help a ship after it has sunk to the bottom of the ocean. What use in word of warning to that inebriate whose wife was dying from wounds inflicted by his own hand? As he held the hand of his dying wife he made this vow: "Mary, I will never take another glass of strong drink until I take it from this hand which I now hold." In an awful way he kept the vow, for when the wife was in her coffin he filled a glass with brandy, put the glass out of the hand, and drank the liquid. Too late does any warning come to such an one. But many a man now high up in usefulness and honor was stopped on the wrong road by a kindly hand put upon the shoulder and a word fitly spoken. Ah, yes, fitly spoken—that is, at the right time, with the right accentuation, and the right emphasis.

Speak with Patience.

There must be no impatience in the warning we give others. We must realize that but for the kindness of God to us we would have been in the same rapids. That man going wrong may be struggling with a tide of evil inherited from father and grandfather and great-grandfather. The present temptation may be the accumulated force of generations and centuries. "No," you say, "his father was a good man. I knew him." But did you know his grandfather? Evil habit is apt to skip one generation, a fact recognized in the Ten Commandments, which speak of the third and fourth generations, but say nothing of the second generation.

Or the man astray may have an unhappy home, and that is enough to wreck any one. We often speak of men who destroy their homes, but do not say anything about the fact that there are thousands of wives in America who by petulance and fretting and inconsistency and lack of economy and all manner of disagreeableness drive their husbands into dissipation. The reason that thousands of men spend their evenings in club houses and taverns is because they cannot stand it at home. I know men who are thirty-year martyrs in the fact that they are awfully married. That marriage was not made in heaven. Without asking divine guidance they entered into an alliance which ought never to have been made. That is what is the matter with many men you and I know. They may be very brave and heroic and say nothing about it, but all the neighbors know. Now, if the man going wrong has such domestic misfortune, be very lenient and exhortatory in your word of warning. The difference between you and him may be that you would have gone down faster than he is going down if you had the same kind of conjugal wretchedness.

Art of Doing Good.

In mentioning fine arts people are

apt to speak of music and painting and sculpture and architecture, but they forget to mention the finest of all the fine arts—the art of doing good, the art of helping others, the art of saving men. An art to be studied as you study music, for it is music in the fact that it drives out moral discord and substitutes eternal harmony; an art to be studied like sculpture, for it is sculpture in the fact that it builds a man, not in the cold statue, but in immortal shape, that will last long after all pentelic marble has crumbled; an art to be studied as you study architecture, for it is architecture in the fact that it builds for him a house of God, eternal in the heavens, but an art that we cannot fully learn unless God helps us. Otherwise saved by grace divine, we can go forth to save others, and with a tenderness and compassion and a pity that we could not otherwise exercise we can pronounce the warning word with magnificent result. The Lord said to the prophet Amos, "Amos, what seest thou?" And he answered, "A basket of summer fruit." But I do not think Amos saw in that basket of summer fruit anything more inviting and luscious than many a saved man has seen in the warning word of some hearty, common sense Christian adviser, for a word fitly spoken is "like apples of gold in baskets of silver."

So also is a word of invitation potent and beautiful. Who can describe the drawing power of that word, so small and yet so tremendous, "Come." It is a short word, but its influence is as long as eternity. Not a sesquipedalian word, spreading its energy over many syllables, but monosyllabic. Whether calling in wrong direction or right direction, many have found it irresistible. That one word has filled all the places of dissipation and dissoluteness. It is responsible for the abominations that curse the earth. Inquire at the door of persons what brought the offender there, and at the door of almshouses what brought the pauper there, and at the door of the lost world what was the cause of the incarceration, and if the inmates speak the truth they will say, "The word 'Come!' brought us here." Come and drink. Come and gamble. Come and sin. Come and die. Pronounce that word with one kind of inflection, and you can hear in it the tolling of all the bells of conflagration and woe.

The chief baker in prison in Pharaoh's time saw in dream something quite different from apples of gold in baskets of silver, for he said to Joseph, "I also was in a dream, and, behold, I had three white baskets on my head, and in the uppermost basket there was all manner of baked meats for Pharaoh, and the birds did eat them out of the baskets upon my head." Joseph interpreted the dream and said it meant that the chief baker should be beheaded and the birds would eat his flesh. So many a man has in his own bad habits omens of evil that peck at him and foretell doom and death.

But oh, the power of that word "Come" when aright uttered! We do well when we send young men into schools and colleges and theological seminaries and by nine years of instruction and drill hope to prepare them to sound aright that sweet and enrapturing and heaven descended word "Come." The gospel we believe in is a gospel of "Come!" That word speak all the churches. That word is now building thrones for conquerors, and burnished coronets for kings and queens. That word is to sound so clearly and impressively and divinely that the day is advancing when all nations shall respond, "We come!" "We come!" And while the upper steeples toward God and heaven will be thronged with redeemed souls ascending there will not be one solitary traveler on the road to sin and death.

The Gospel Bell.

In the Kremlin at Moscow, Russia, is what is called the "king of bells," but it is a ruined bell, and it has rung no sound for near 200 years. It is 67 feet in circumference and in height it is more than ten times the height of the average man, and it took a score of men to swing its brazen tongue. It weighs 200 tons. On the 19th of June, 1706, in a great fire it fell and broke. It broke at the part which was weakened by the jewels which the ladies of Moscow threw into the liquid metal at the casting. The voices of that bell are forever hushed. It will never ring again, either at wedding or obsequy or coronation. What majestic and overpowering silence! Enthroned and everlasting quietude! One walks around it full of wonder and historical reminiscence and solemnity. On it are figures in relief representing czar and empress and Christ and Mary and the evangelists. But as I stood before it last summer I bethought myself of a greater bell and one still ringing. It is the gospel bell, age ago hung on the beam of the cross. It has vaster circumference and with mightier tongue sounds across seas and continents and awakens echoes amid Alpine and Himalayan and Sierra Nevada ranges. The jewels of affection thrown into it at its casting by ransomed souls of earth and heaven have not weakened it, but made it stronger and more glorious. Evangelists and apostles rang it, and martyrs lifted their hands through the flames to give it another sounding. It will ring on until all nations hear it and accept its invitation, "Come! Come!" It will not fall, as did that of Moscow. No storm can stop it. No earthquake can rock it down. When the fires of the last day blaze into the heavens, amid the crash of mountains and the groan of dying seas, its clear, resounding voice will be heard calling to the last inhabitant of the burning planet, "Come! Come!"

The best creed is kindness.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON II, JAN. 13—MATTHEW, 21. 1-17.

The Triumphal Entry Into the City—
"Blessed is He That Cometh in the Name of the Lord—Matt. 21-9—The Coming Announcement.

Vs. 1-7. The events of the two days, which form the subject of this lesson, are very dramatic in form, and are pictured before us in a series of vignettes. They all bare upon one purpose, the presentation of Jesus to the people as their Messiah, although not long before he had refused when they tried to make him king (John 6: 15). Note many indications that point to this purpose. The first is the emphasis that both Mark (10: 32) and Luke (19: 28) put on the fact that Jesus "went before them" on his way to Jerusalem. They were going into danger and death, and the true Leader stood in the forefront. "First in war, first in peace, first in the hearts of his countrymen." Sunday morning, the day after their Sabbath, in the evening of which Jesus had been anointed, he left Bethany, and soon came to the neighboring village of Bethphage. Here he sent two of his disciples to bring him an ass's colt, which probably belonged to one of his known friends. He designated the place by miraculous knowledge. (Another note pointing to his Messiahship.)

8. "The disciples . . . did (even) as Jesus commanded them." As a King he had the loving obedience of his subjects.

9. "The ass, and the colt." "Whereon yet never man sat" (Luke). The untrained colt could be led and ridden more easily when accompanied by the mother. Says Canon Tristram, "Put on them their clothes." Outer garments. As was frequently done in place of a saddle.

10. "A very great multitude." Rather, "the most part of the multitude." There were some cold and wailing heretics (Luke 19: 39, 40). There were crowds of pilgrims from all parts of the country coming up to the Passover festival. "Spread their garments in the way." This was a recognized act of homage to a king. So Jesus, when the officers of the army of Israel chose him as their ruler, walked upon the garments which they spread beneath his feet. "Others cut down branches." The imperfect tense denotes continued action.

11. "The multitudes that went before, and that followed." "Two vast streams of people met on that day." "Cried, saying, Hosanna." "Hosanna" is a rendering into Greek letters of the Hebrew words, "Save, we pray!" (Psa. 118: 25); not save us, but save the king. "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord." Sent and approved and foretold by the Lord, his Messiah. "Hosanna in the highest." In the highest degree; in the highest strains; in the highest hearts. Putting together all the records, we see how manifold were the shouts of triumph.

12. "Come into Jerusalem." The royal city of the Jews. "All the city was moved." Stirred, shaken as by an earthquake or a storm. "Who is this that proclaimeth himself a king?"

13. "This is Jesus the prophet of (from) Nazareth." The answer was true, but only a part of the truth. Jesus is revealed in a new light to most of them. This prophet from Nazareth now stood before the nation as the Messiah.

14. "Jesus went into the temple of God." As he had done when a boy of twelve years "Cast out." Now at the end of his ministry, as he did at the beginning (John 2: 13-17). "All them that sold and bought in the temple." In the court of the Gentiles was the temple market, where animals, oil, wine, and other things necessary for sacrifices and temple worship were sold for the convenience of pilgrims who came from all parts of the world to offer sacrifices at the Passover season, and who could not bring their offerings with them. "Tables of the moneychangers," who were necessary because the pilgrims came from all over the civilized world, and the temple tax must be paid in Jewish money. "Sold doves" for the sacrifices.

15. "It is written, Isa. 56: 7; Jer. 7: 11. In their seeming worship they were destroying the very soul of worship, by robbing God's house of its usefulness. Hence they "made it a den of thieves." They not only robbed God, but were dishonest in their business transactions.

Mystery of a Lost Ring.

I was told a true lost-ring story the other day which I believe has never been in print, although such may be the case. A well-known society woman suddenly missed a valuable diamond ring from her finger. It was a ring she seldom removed, but all that could be remembered about it was that she had just washed her hands. Fearing it had slipped off in the operation the plumber was quickly called in and all the traps opened, with the faint hope of finding the jewel, but without avail, and sorrow reigned in the household, for the diamond was not only intrinsically valuable, but a dearly prized souvenir. Some time later the set placed in the bathroom had to be replaced, and when it was removed, lo and behold, crowded in behind the water pipes was the skeleton of a mouse, and round the skeleton's thread of a neck hung a diamond ring. Identification was immediate and the mystery quickly cleared up by the poor little beast. He had feasted on a box of bran which milady kept to whiten her fair hands and into which she undoubtedly dropped the ring. Mouse, through vanity or accident, slipped it over his head, but in trying to escape with the loot he died a felon's death.

One of John Brougham's Jokes.

At the close of a performance given as a benefit to John Brougham, the actor and dramatist, one of the audience threw upon the stage a purse of gold. Brougham picked it up and after examining it said: "Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances compel me to pocket the insult, but" (looking grim) "I should like to see the man who would dare to repeat it."

ALL SORTS.

The sun is 92,333,000 miles from the earth.

A watch's main spring is just two feet long.

During 1899 Spain bought 67 vessels in England.

An honest janitor is the noblest of men—in the estimation of flat-dwellers.

British fishermen catch 240,000 tons of herring and 8,000,000 cod every year.

Skilled Debaters in the Senate.
Among the best debaters in the senate are Chandler of New Hampshire and Spooner of Wisconsin. Chandler is the keener and more elastic of the two. Spooner has the advantage in the spectacular surprises of a running debate. Chandler is more feared as an opponent than any other man. He has a genius for discovering the vulnerable point in the enemy's armor, and he is merciless in sending his weapons home. Both he and Spooner are invariably good-natured. Neither of them was ever known to lose his temper in debate.

Can't Pay a 5-Cent Fare with \$20.
Some time ago Ida Balk tendered a street car conductor in Toledo a \$20 bill in payment of one fare. The conductor refused to accept the bill on the ground that he did not have change for that amount and ejected the woman from the car. She brought suit against the company for damages and the case was decided against her. Judge Pugsley said in deciding the case that it was unreasonable to expect the street car conductor to carry that amount of change.

To Raise Georgia Preachers in Africa.
A shipment of 100,000 young peach trees from Georgia nurseries, bound for Cape Colony and Natal, South Africa, will be made next week. They go largely into Natal, and a large number of the trees going to that country are consigned to Ladysmith. Cape Colony fruit growers get less than half of the shipment.

MR. AYERS NOT DEAD.

Very Much Alive and Out With a Letter Telling How He Was Saved.
Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 29.—(Special).—Few who knew how ill Mr. A. E. Ayers of this city had been with Bright's Disease and Diabetes ever expected he could live. Four doctors gave him but three or four days to live. He recovered through the prompt and continued use of a well-known remedy, and has given the following letter for publication. It is dated at Bath, N. Y., where Mr. Ayers now resides.

Soldiers and Sailors' Home,
Bath, N. Y.

Dodd's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.:

Dear Sirs—I wish to tell you what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me. As far as I am concerned they are the best in the world, for they not only saved my life, but they have given me new life and hope. I lived in Minneapolis for forty-nine years, and am well known there by many people. I suffered severely with Bright's Disease and Diabetes. Four well-known physicians gave me up to die. In fact they gave me only three or four days at the longest to live. I had spent nearly everything I had in the effort to save my life, but seeing an advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, I scraped what was nearly my last half dollar, sent to the drug store and bought a box. I had very little hope of anything every doing me any good, as from what the four doctors had told me, it was now a matter of hours with me. I commenced to take the Pills, and from the very first they helped me. I took in all about forty boxes. I doubtless did not need so many, but I wanted to make sure, and after all, \$20 is a small amount of money to remove the sentence of death and save one's life.

I have since recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills to hundreds of people, and I have yet to hear of the first one that did not find them all that you claim for them. I can remember of two people to whom I had recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills, and who afterwards said to me that they received no benefit. I asked to see their Pills boxes, and behold, instead of Dodd's Kidney Pills, it was ———'s Kidney Pills, an imitation of the genuine Dodd's, and not the real thing at all that they had been using. I gave each of them an empty pill box that Dodd's Kidney Pills had been put up in, so that they could make no more mistakes, and they afterwards came to me and told me that they had bought and used the genuine Dodd's Kidney Pills, and were cured.

I still continue to use the Pills off and on, and would not be without them if they were \$50 a box. I think that every old gentleman in the world would be healthier and better if he would take one after each meal.

I wish I could think of words strong enough to express to you my gratitude for what your Medicine has done for me. It is not often, I suppose, that a man who is staring death right in the face, is permitted to live and tell of the means which saved him, and as that is my position, my heart is overwhelmed with thankfulness to God for His mercy to me in permitting me to see the advertisement of Dodd's Kidney Pills, when it seemed that I could not express my real feelings.

If anyone doubts the statement I have made, they may write to me, and I will try and prove to them that all I have said in this letter is true, and more than true. There are hundreds of people in Minneapolis who know all about my case and the way Dodd's Kidney Pills pulled me through, when I had been given up by the four doctors of Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and had practically lost all hope. You are at liberty to publish this testimonial which I give you from the bottom of my heart, and I sincerely wish that I could find the right words to express my feelings of gratitude to you and to Dodd's Kidney Pills, for my restoration to life and health.

(Signed) A. E. AYERS,
Late of Minneapolis, now at Soldiers and Sailors' Home, Bath, N. Y.
Mr. Ayers is only one of thousands of aged gentlemen who say that their lives have been prolonged and their declining years made worth living by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.