

**Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.**  
Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

Therefore, when your kidneys are weak out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest of all wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles.

You may have a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

**BLAMED ON THE RAILROAD.**

First Thought in Irishman's Mind After the Accident.

Railroad claim-agents have little faith in their fellow creatures. One said recently: "Every time I settle a claim with one of these hard-headed rural residents who wants the railroad to pay twice what he would charge the butcher if he gets a sheep killed. I think of this story, illustrative of the way some people want to hold the railroad responsible for every accident, of whatever kind, that happens. Two Irishmen were driving home from town one night when their buggy ran into a ditch, overturned, and they were both stunned. When a rescuer came along and revived them, the first thing one of them said was: 'Where's the train?' 'Why, there's no train around,' he was told. 'Then where's the railroad?' 'The nearest railroad is three miles away,' he learned. 'Well, well,' he commented. 'I knew it hit us pretty hard, but I didn't suppose it knocked us three miles from the track.'"

**SYMPATHY.**

He—Yess! Several years ago I fell in love with a girl, but she rejected me—made a regular fool of me, in fact.

She—How sad! And you've never got over it.

His Opinion of the Dinner.

The guests at a large dinner party did ample justice to the tempting viands as course after course was served. They were loud in their praises of the Chinese cook, of whom the hostess was justly proud. They declared they never ate more delicious or appetizing delicacies. Finally the Chinaman brought in the last course, a huge cake heavy with frosting. He was a converted Chinaman, and desiring to honor his religion he had put a motto on the cake that satisfied his conscience. It read, "Prepare to Meet Thy God."

It Was Real.

"What a beautiful piece of mistletoe you have on the chandelier, Miss Clara!"

"Yes, Mr. Strypkins, it is; but do you know, I'm afraid it's not genuine." Just at this point she discovered that it was, and the conversation ended.

We ought not to look back unless it is to derive useful lessons from past errors and for the purpose of profiting by dear-bought experience.—George Washington.

**RAILROAD MAN**

Didn't Like Being Starved.

A man running on a railroad has to be in good condition all the time or he is liable to do harm to himself and others.

A clear head is necessary to run a locomotive or conduct a train. Even a railroad man's appetite and digestion are matters of importance, as the clear brain and steady hand result from the healthy appetite followed by the proper digestion of food.

"For the past five years," writes a railroad man, "I have been constantly troubled with indigestion. Every doctor I consulted seemed to want to starve me to death. First I was dieted on warm water and toast until I was almost starved; then, when they would let me eat, the indigestion would be right back again.

"Only temporary relief came from remedies, and I tried about all of them I saw advertised. About three months ago a friend advised me to try Grape-Nuts food. The very first day I noticed that my appetite was satisfied, which had not been the case before, that I can remember.

"In a week, I believe, I had more energy than ever before in my life. I have gained seven pounds and have not had a touch of indigestion since I have been eating Grape-Nuts. When my wife saw how much good this food was doing me she thought she would try it awhile. We believe the discoverer of Grape-Nuts found the 'Perfect Food.'"

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in pgs. "There's a Reason."

**Life**

A little grief, a little mirth,  
To smooth the stony paths of earth;  
A little May, a little June—  
And lo! the clock is telling noon.

A little doubt, a little hope,  
To sweeten life and give it scope;  
A little dark, a little light—  
And lo! the clock's run down at night.  
—William Wallace Whitehead, in N. Y. Sun.

**THE OLD JOCKEY**

By Armiger Barclay

(Copyright.)

The old jockey is not so very old, but chronic rheumatism and the accident that put an end to his racing career make him look it. It is many a day since he sat in a two-pound saddle and felt the mighty sinews of a trained thoroughbred under him, or knew the fierce rush and strain of a hard-fought race.

But I remember him the beau ideal of a medium-weight horseman, active and fearless; and whenever I find myself in the village where he is ending his race I stop for a chat, and to listen to his memories of the brave days of long ago.

The little man receives me with the easy, respectful manner that comes of association with the great ones of the turf. As he rises from the chair by the fire his hand goes to the spot where his forelock used to grow.

"Ay, sir, eight-thirteen as I am," he says in answer to my usual question—for he still clings to the old, daily habit of going to scale, and it would disappoint him were I to forget it. "But I'm gettin' a bit suspicious of the scales over at the mill. It's worryin' to think that, perhaps, they're a few ounces out. And to be weighed like a sack of flour, too! Times have changed!"

I watch his eyes go sadly to the corner where his six-ounce riding boots—very old, but newly polished—stand with the trees in them; then to the worn racing saddle on its bracket, and the double-reined snaffle bridle that hangs below it. The leather is glossy with soft soap, the stirrups iron and lit as bright as new silver. The gear wouldn't be safe to ride in

they were in my day. And why? Because it's the horses who do the racin' by themselves. With this American seat they get no help from the chaps on their backs!"

Only those who have worn silk have a right to argue the debatable question. I avoided it by asking the old jockey whether such a charge as that made against Stern grasping his opponent's leg has ever come under his own notice.

"No," he says; "though I shouldn't be surprised if he did. He probably saved himself from falling off that way! But I've seen a jockey get his knee in front of another's and keep it there!"

"And then?"

"Then all he had to do was to sit still and let the other chap shove him along! You see, the other chap couldn't help himself. He was on the near-side rails and daren't edge closer to get clear. All he could do was to shorten his whip and flog the leg that lay tight alongside his own in the hope of shiftin' it. And I must say he tried, too! When they passed the post, with a short head between them, the winner's breeches was cut to ribbons and covered with blood!"

"Of course he was disqualified?" I suggest.

"With a leg like that? Not much, sir! The other chap didn't dare say a word—till afterwards. And what's said in the jockeys' dressin' room ain't generally meant for publication!"

"But what about the stewards? Didn't they want an explanation?"

"Oh, yes. The stewards always do! And they got one. The winner asked them not to be too hard on the poor chap who was second, because he hadn't time to change his whip-hand, and the other chap said that was so, and how sorry he was!"

"What is said in the jockeys' dressing room won't, of course, always be repeating?" I observe with a smile.

The old jockey looks thoughtfully into the fire. "It's a long while ago, and, besides, I wasn't in it, so I don't see why I shouldn't tell you," he says presently. "You know the jockeys' room in the corner of the paddock at Newmarket? Well, it was at one of the second October meetings, and a trainer—his name don't signify—must have overheard somethin' he wasn't intended to, and at the bottom of the steps he met an owner who asked him if he knew anythin' for the next race. 'Yes, sir,' he says, 'I've just heard the jockeys up there arrangin' what's to win, if that's knowin' anythin'!' The owner looks a bit surprised. 'Of course you're goin' to tell the stewards?' he says. 'No, sir, I'm goin' to back it,' says the trainer. And he did!"

"And the owner? It would be interesting to know what the owner did," I venture.

"Oh, I darsay he had a horse of his own in the race and thought it couldn't lose. They've wonderful confidence, some of them. I remember once I was ridin' for one of that sort. There were only two runners; all the others had scratched. Goin' up to the post, my gentleman—he hadn't been at the game long—did nothin' but explain what a cert I was on, how to ride him, and how far to win. Well, I was beaten in the first quarter of a mile—left standin' still; and do what I could, I was 50 yards behind when the other horse passed the box. When I got to the weighin' room, there was my owner waitin' for me with a face like thunder. 'What the prayers and blessings do you mean by losin' all that way?' he means. 'Mean?' I says. 'Why, your horse couldn't gallop for thinkin' of the instructions he heard you givin' me. I had to ride him like blazes to get last!'"

He looks up with a pathetic little smile.

"I'm last now—left standin' still, myself!" he murmurs shakily.

I reassure him. Yet, soon, I know, the weighing-out bell will ring in his ears for the last time, and then may the old jockey get off well as the flag falls and "finish" in style!

**ENGAGEMENT THAT CAME FIRST.**

Something Like an Apt Illustration of the Eternal Feminine.

A woman who had a deposit of \$10,000 appealed to an influential friend during the financial flurry, to help her get the money. She called at his house at a late hour upon the same evening that the newspapers mentioned the name of her bank.

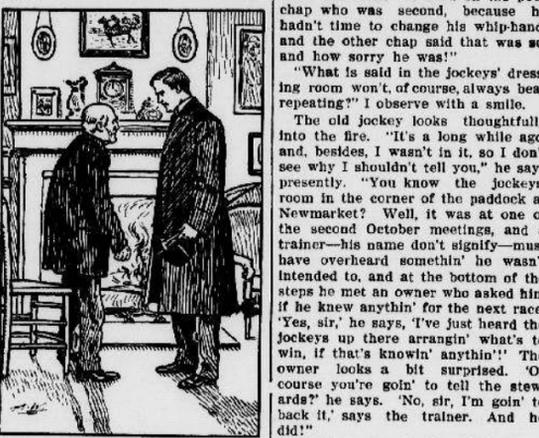
Shortly after nine o'clock the next morning the woman answered the telephone. Her business friend advised her to remain at home until he could visit several banks and see if any of them would advance the money. He called on four without success, but the fifth promised to advance it. The man quickly jumped to a telephone. His acquaintance, according to instructions, had a check for the full amount made out and ready to present.

"Come down at once to the — and bring your check with you, as I have everything arranged," said the man.

"I can't come to-day. I have an engagement with my dressmaker," replied the woman who had been in such distress.—N. Y. Evening Post.

**Trees in Cape Verde Islands.**

The big trees in California are not the only ones of their age. In the Cape Verde Islands there is a baobab tree at least 5,000 years old. There are two authentic cases of parrots who lived over 100 years.



Icehouse and Cool Room.

**THE DIARY**

**REASON FOR WOMEN'S "NERVES"**  
In Very Many Cases It Is Weakened Kidneys.

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**OF SUCH STUFF ARE DREAMS.**

Little Virginia Imagined She Had "Eaten Herself."

Little Virginia, three years old, brought her mother to her nursery a few nights ago with heartbroken walls.

"What is the matter, dearie? Why are you screaming so?"

"Mamma, am I all here?"

"Certainly you are all here, right in your bed."

"But, mamma, feel me, see if I'm all here. Are my feet here and the top of my head, both?"

"Certainly, Virginia, every bit of you is here, tucked in your little trundle bed. Why do you think you are not?"

"I dreamed"—this with another great sob—"I dreamed I was a chocolate stick and I had eaten myself."

Victim of Hard Luck.

"Hear about the hard luck of Dan Moulton, the Stanford trainer?" inquired one alumnus of another, coming back from the big game.

"No, what happened?"

"Well, Dan, you know, used to be a professional foot racer. Went all over the world when in his athletic prime, sprinting for money against all comers. They say he won 263 races; never was beaten but twice in all his career. One of the fellows that beat him Dad met later in another race and outran him. Dad was after the other fellow for a long while to get a return race. But the fellow beat Dad again."

"How was that?"

"Died before Dad got another crack at him."—San Francisco Chronicle.

**THE SOFT ANSWER.**

Stern Parent—I hadn't any of the advantages you have had. How do you suppose I have got on as I have? Young Hopeless (intending to make a soothing reply)—Er—I expect the grass wouldn't grow under your feet, sir!

**TWO CURES OF ECZEMA**

Baby Had Severe Attack—Grandfather Suffered Torments with It—Owe Recovery to Cuticura.

"In 1884 my grandson, an babe, had an attack of eczema, and after trying the doctors to the extent of heavy bills and an increase of the disease and suffering, I recommended Cuticura and in a few weeks the child was well. He is to-day a strong man and absolutely free from the disease. A few years ago I contracted eczema, and became an intense sufferer. A whole winter passed without once having on shoes, nearly from the knees to the toes being covered with virulent sores. I tried many doctors to no purpose. Then I procured the Cuticura Remedies and found immediate improvement and final cure. M. W. LaRue, 845 Seventh St., Louisville, Ky., Apr. 23 and May 14, '07."

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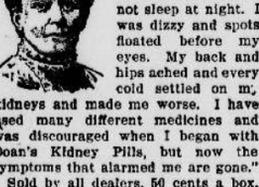
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**STATES OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.**

FRANK J. CHESEBROUGH makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHESEBROUGH & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, Lucas County and State of Ohio, 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. CHESEBROUGH, Notary Public.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 5th day of December, A. D. 1908.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

Sold by all Druggists. Price, 50c per bottle. Write for full particulars.

**Had Its Uses.**

"I love to whiff the aroma of the burning leaves," said the poetical girl, as they strolled through the park.

"So do I," replied her tall escort; "it drowns the odor of gasoline from the automobiles."

**We Want Your Cream.**

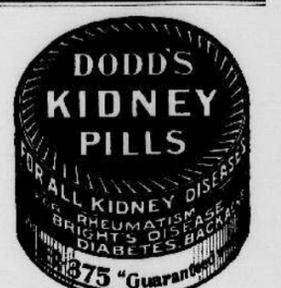
Write to-day for tags and prices. North Star Creamery Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

Get leave to work in this world. 'Tis the best that life may offer.—Browning.

**FILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.**

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of itching, blind, bleeding or protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

To bear is to conquer our fate.—Campbell.



**SICK HEADACHE**

Positively cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Discomfort from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Headaches, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

**SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.**

Genuine Must Bear Face-Simile Signature.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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