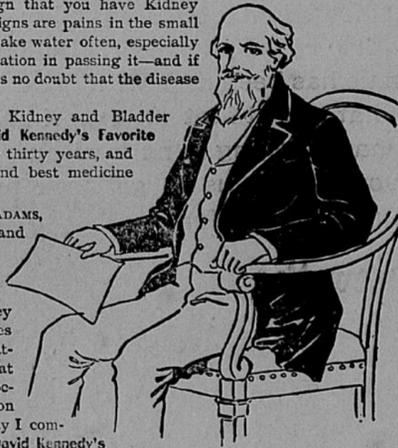


How to Prolong Life

No man or woman can hope to live long if the Kidneys, Bladder, or Urinary Organs are diseased. Disorders of that kind should never be neglected. Don't delay in finding out your condition. You can tell as well as a physician. Put some urine in a glass or bottle, and let it stand a day and night. A sediment at the bottom is a sure sign that you have Kidney disease. Other certain signs are pains in the small of the back—a desire to make water often, especially at night—a scalding sensation in passing it—and if urine stains linen there is no doubt that the disease is present.



There is a cure for Kidney and Bladder Diseases. It is Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It has been for thirty years, and is today, the greatest and best medicine known for these troubles.

Mr. WILLIAM W. ADAMS, 609. Jefferson Avenue and Clifton Street, Rochester, N. Y., says:—

"Three years ago I was taken with Kidney disease very badly; at times I was completely prostrated; in fact, was so bad that a day was set for the doctors to perform an operation upon me. Upon that day I commenced the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, and it was not long before I was entirely cured, and I have had no return of the trouble since. My weight has increased, and I never was so well as I am now. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life."

Favorite Remedy acts directly upon the Kidneys, Liver and Blood. In cases of Nervousness, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Ulcers, Old Sores, Blood Poisoning, Bright's Disease and Female Troubles it has made cures after all other treatments failed. It is sold for \$1.00 a bottle at drug stores. A teaspoonful is a dose.

Send your full postoffice address to the Dr. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y., and mention this paper, and a sample bottle of Favorite Remedy will be sent free. Every sufferer can depend upon the genuineness of this offer, and should send at once.

A PRESENT TO YOURSELF.

Give your wife a handsome dress, Give her a doll, Give your boy a sled and skates, They deserve them all; Pile your gifts on every shelf, Fill up every tray.

But—
Make a present to yourself
Now on Christmas day;
Man of great or little pelf,
Make a present to yourself.

Give yourself a better heart
On an ampler plan,
Full of blessedness and hope,
Full of love to man.
Give to Bob and Sue their part,
Give to Dick and May.

But—
Give yourself a better heart
Now on Christmas day;
Man of great or little pelf,
Make this present to yourself.

Give yourself a better soul,
Tuned to higher strains
Than the discords of the mart
And inglorious gains.
Give to each a generous dole,
Bess and Tom and Ray.

But—
Give yourself a better soul,
Now on Christmas day;
Man of great or little pelf,
Make this present to yourself.

Give yourself a better life,
Fed from deeper springs,
Fed from the eternal fount,
Soul and source of things.
Give to friend and child and wife
All the gifts you may.

But—
Give yourself a better life,
Now on Christmas day;
Man of great or little pelf,
Make this present to yourself.
—Christian Endeavor World.

Uncle Benjamin's Parrot

It was getting late in the evening of the third day before Christmas when there came a violent pull at our front doorbell, and on the door being opened Uncle Benjamin, covered with snow and out of breath from fighting against the wind, entered "Oh, what weather! What weather," he puffed and gasped, as he kicked off his wet overshoes and recklessly scattered the snow from his overcoat on the clothes which were hanging in the hall. "I should so like a cup of coffee. It wouldn't disturb you too much to make it, would it?"

Of course it didn't disturb us, no more did Uncle Benjamin, who was soon snugly installed in a comfortable seat by the stove.

"Oh, uncle, shut your eyes!" cried my wife, suddenly. "Your Christmas present is lying there on the table near you. How could it be so careless! Please don't look that way."

He did as requested—shut his kindly little eyes and waited patiently until my wife said: "Now, all right."

"How kind of you to think of a present for me," he said. "One good turn deserves another, and I want to give you something, too, but I'll be hanged if I know what."

For a short time he sat with his head in his hands looking fixedly in front of him. Then, all at once, bringing his fist down on the table he said: "If I only had that parrot I should be all right!"

"Parrot?" I asked, astonished.

"What parrot?"

Uncle Benjamin looked at me joyfully. "Don't you know the story? Really? Well, then, you shall hear it. But, first of all, give me another cup of coffee. You are a well-read man, nephew, so you ought to know there is nothing like a good cup of coffee and a good luncheon to get a man talking."

When the beverage was ready and Uncle Benjamin had thoroughly tasted it by several hearty draughts, and had then expressed his satisfaction, he began his story:

"It happened several years ago. After much hoping and waiting Christmas day had finally arrived. For several days before a continual stream of presents from relatives and friends had been steadily flowing in, while on Christmas morning quite a number of folks to whom I had scarcely given a thought sent me kindly remembrances, so that I felt proud and happy, and I said to myself: 'Benjamin, my boy, you must be rather a nice sort of a fellow, after all, if these people are so proud of you as to send you Christmas presents.' I had arranged with mother (for she was living then) how we would pile up all the presents under the Christmas tree in the evening—you know all reasonable people become children at Christmas—when another present was brought in. It was from a man whom I had not seen for years, and whom I had thought of very seldom—my friend Karl Kierbaum, who was in America. What in the world prompted him to send me anything I could not for the life of me imagine; still less how a man who was in general so reasonable should send me a parrot, the ugliest bird in creation. The one which I got was the ugliest of its kind, and was, in addition, an ill-tempered, ill-behaved beast. It began by biting my finger, and as soon as it was taken out of the cage set to work to destroy the carpet. You know I hate all birds—except those which are roasted, of course; then I like them well enough, when the gravy is all right. Well, how could I be expected to fall in love with that hateful specimen which screamed the sharpest words and behaved like a pagan? My wife naturally thought it a dear little thing and would have been delighted to have had it in the bedroom, just like children with their Christmas toys. But I insisted that the parrot should either be taken into the cellar, or else chained in the dog kennel. In the latter place it might at least have served to warn its lord and master of approaching danger—like the geese of the capitol. My wife objected that the parrot would freeze and that it would be brutal to cause the death of the poor, harmless creature. That I finally admitted, but maintained that it should not be housed in the bedroom.

"Well," said my wife, finally, 'what shall we do?'

"Can't the bird be roasted?" I asked. "Upon which my dear better half threatened to lay the case before the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, so I saw that it would be necessary to find some other way out of the difficulty. At noon an inspiration came to me.

"Mother," I called, 'I have it! We'll wrap the parrot up carefully in paper and send it to Director Striegel. I will write a note, telling him how honored I feel at being able to send him a trifling present, which I hope he will accept, as the bird is of a rare species. He will be sure to be flattered by the little attention, and we shall be able to get rid of the bird with credit, for to give, you know, is better than to receive.'

"With tearful eyes my wife took leave of the 'dear, sweet, little parrot,' which had managed to break a vase before we could capture it. I comforted her by saying that she would be able to see the bird again when she called on the frau director. Then our maid Bertha set out with it, and half an hour later came back with a very nice note: 'My dear sir,' it ran, 'the acceptance of your kind present, just received, gives me the greatest pleasure. For a long time it has been my great desire to possess a parrot. I had not bought one because I never found one pretty enough for me. I never saw such a beauty as the one you have so kindly sent me, for which I hereby thank you most heartily.'

"So you see, mother," I said, 'what is an owl to one is a nightingale to another.'

"Christmas night arrived. It is always such a peculiar time. The older a man gets the more uncertain he feels whether it is going to bring him happiness or misfortune. Mother and I had exchanged presents and sat hand in hand in front of the sparkling Christmas fire. Neither of us spoke; we were both busy with our thoughts. At such times one wonders if it will be the last time that one will sit so; if not, perhaps a year later one or the other will be resting quietly under the sod.

"Our reverie was interrupted by a sharp ring at the bell, and almost immediately the servant entered the room, carrying a very strange-looking parcel and a note.

"Mr. Ibsen's compliments. He has sent you a Christmas present."

"I must confess I am curious to know what it can be," I said to my wife, who was busy taking the wrappers off. Then I opened the note and read: 'Dear Benjamin, will you accept the accompanying trifling present? After a great deal of searching I finally unearthed the parrot which I am sending you. The dealer assures me that it is an exceptionally fine bird. I know that you are very fond of parrots, and hope you will be pleased to have this one.'

"Confound it all!" I roared in a rage, 'what the deuce do people mean by sending me parrots? What can I do with the bird? I'll tell you what, I'll send this over to the director just as it is in the cage. He'll be glad to have the pair. That's what I'll do!'

"So again I wrote a few words. The dealer from whom I had bought a parrot in the morning had by chance received a second and similar bird, which he had at once offered me. It gave me great pleasure to ask him to accept the parrot which I was sending him.

"Bertha went again and returned with the message that the director was so overjoyed with the present that he was absolutely unable to find words in which to express his thanks. He would call on me the following morning to return thanks in person.

"Then we sat down to the fable. I was so happy and so merry. The greatest happiness consists in making others happy, and that joy was mine. And as Bertha cleared the table she related again and again, to my great satisfaction, how overcome with joy the director had seemed.

"Another hour passed—it must have been close upon nine—when the door opened and my friend Ibsen entered, with a cage in his hand.

"Why, Ibsen, what makes you call so late?" I asked, astonished.

"Well," said he, after he had greeted my wife, 'the fact is, I am sorry to disturb you, but the dealer from whom I bought the parrot this morning has just sent me a second similar one, and I am so glad to be able to give you a little pleasant surprise that I brought it myself.'

"Deeply moved, I gave him my hand. 'You are really very kind,' I said. 'How have I merited such attention?'

"Oh, don't mention it," he said. 'But let us put both parrots in the same cage. I am curious to see how they will behave.'

"So am I," I answered, and then, embarrassed, added: 'You know I have had a curious experience with the first parrot you sent me?'

"Why, how so?" asked Ibsen, astonished.

"Well, I had to make some present to our director, and I thought you wouldn't take it amiss, so I sent him the parrot."

"Ibsen was astonished. 'What a contemptible thing to do!'

"How contemptible?"

"Why," he replied, in turn embarrassed. 'I myself received the first parrot from the director, and I sent it to you because I thought you would like it.'

"And the second?" I asked, eagerly.

"Why, I got that from the director, too. But what's amiss with you?"

"I sank down, quite overcome. The poor parrot—twice had I received it as a present, had twice given it away, and now for the third time it was there before me in all its glory. But there was one good thing about the whole affair. In being sent about it had caught cold, and in less than a week it was dead. I am sorry now, because I could have given it to you. I think I have one of its wings left, which would do to put into a hat."—From the German of Baron von Schlicher. In Boston Budget.

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