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Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helpless too poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Birmingham, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar sizes are sold by all good druggists.



She Was Posted on Finance.

"It is simply impossible to keep posted on everything," said a clubwoman to a daughter of the American Revolution. "Yes, indeed it is," admitted the D. A. R. "But sometimes, if you are not quite posted, you can wriggle out of a difficult situation without seeming so very ignorant. For example, I was just saved by my presence of mind at a D. A. R. meeting the other day. Professor Sparks of the university, you know, read a lovely paper on 'Gouverneur Morris, Financier of the American Revolution.'"

"Who is this Gouverneur Morris?" said a friend of mine from the Fortnightly club. "Seems to me I never have heard of him." "There were half a dozen women around, and I was frightfully embarrassed. I never had heard of Gouverneur Morris either; but, you know, a D. A. R. is supposed to know all those things. "Oh, don't you remember? I said, 'Morris was the man who financed the government and borrowed a lot of money to do it.' "Thank you," said my friend from the Fortnightly. "Now, the fact is, you know, dear," continued the D. A. R., "I really knew nothing of it whatever except that Professor Sparks' subject said that the man had financed the government, and I knew if he did that he must have had to borrow a lot of money."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Boy Was Benefited.

"The other afternoon," said the man in the box office of a theater, "a boy came to me and said, 'Are these any good?' and I took from him two front row seats for that night which had been torn into a hundred pieces or so and then cleverly pasted together again. 'Oh, yes, my child. But how did this strange accident happen to the tickets?'"

"The boy replied: 'Why, papa came home with them last night and showed them to mamma, and he seemed to be in such good humor somehow that mamma thought it would be a good time then to tell him how she owed over \$100 for provisions. She told him of it, but he got so mad that he said that every night now he wouldn't come home till after 12 o'clock, and he told me for heaven's sake when I got married to look out for a sensible woman. All the time mamma laughed, and he was getting madder, and so he said she wouldn't go to the theater with him after that, and he tore the tickets up and rushed out somewhere alone. He ain't back yet either, but mamma don't care. I picked up the pieces off the carpet and pasted them together, and if you'll exchange the tickets for matinee ones I guess I'll come down on Saturday with some other fellow and take in the show.' "I gave other tickets to the candid kid, and he walked away very well pleased with himself."—Philadelphia Record.

Decorating the Teeth.

"It's a curious thing," said the dentist as he caught the end of a nerve on a crochet needle and knotted up a few inches of it in chain stitch. "that, while some people consider gold fillings very disfiguring, more people look upon them as desirable decorations. I have had a great many people come in here and ask me to put gold fillings in perfectly sound front teeth. Of course I wouldn't do it; it wouldn't be professional. A great many colored people want solid gold teeth where there isn't the slightest necessity of having them."

"But the oddest request I've had yet was from a variety actress—vaudeville, I believe you say nowadays—who played here a short time ago. She came in to have a front tooth filled. When I told her that the gold would show a great deal, what on earth do you suppose she asked me? Why, she wanted to know if I couldn't drill the cavity larger and make the filling look not like a mere gold edge, but like the letter 'J.' She told me she was going to marry a man named John, and she thought it would be lovely to have a gold 'J' in her tooth. "Of course I couldn't do that either. It would not be according to professional ethics. It would be malpractice. But that woman offered me the price of a dozen gold fillings if I'd only make the filling in her tooth look like a 'J.'"—Washington Post.

A Floral Miracle.

"The most magnificent floral effect I ever saw in my life," said Robert N. Wilson of the Morgan line, "was in Texas. They have a flower there called the rainflower, the botanical name of which is the cooperia. It usually blooms three or four days after a rain. I was through the country to look after some land for a friend, and the thing that struck me in that particular locality was the utter barrenness of the whole landscape. There was a low piece of land of ten acres or more that was covered with low, black vines that were decidedly uninviting. Four hours later, after a heavy thunder shower, I passed this piece of land, and it was absolutely covered with what seemed to be the prettiest flowers I had ever seen. It was one enormous bouquet, and the fragrance from it was almost intoxicating. "I could scarcely believe the evidence of my own eyes, but there it was, what seemed to be an unsightly waste transformed as if by magic into a bower of bloom. "I made inquiry of the natives and learned that once in a long time the rainflower bloomed in a few hours after a rain, though ordinarily the blossoms did not appear for three or four days and then usually came in the night."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

She Didn't Pay.

Not all car conductors are merely hardened ringers in of fares. A poor woman got on a Twenty-third street crosstown car at Fourth avenue, and as it was well under way and she was about to hand her fare to the conductor she asked him if he transferred to Sixth avenue. On being told no, she drew back her 5 cents and asked to be let off. "I've a long way to go on Sixth avenue," she said, "and I'd better walk to there and then ride." The car then had reached Madison avenue. "Wait till we get across the street," answered the conductor. She waited, and instead of stopping there he let the car go on, past the transfer station and across Broadway to Sixth avenue. There he pulled the bell and looked at her. "Thank you," she said gratefully. He had carried her within a block of where she wanted to go and had taken no fare.—New York Telegram.

More Than He Could Stand.

"What's this?" demanded the police, hurrying to the scene. "A hold up?" A pale, scholarly looking man in spectacles was standing over a burly ruffian and shaking his slender fist at the prostrate form. "I presume that is what you would term it," he replied. "This fellow stopped me just now and ordered me to hold up my hands. I complied, and he began to search my pockets. 'I will put a bullet through you,' he said, 'if you take them down all during the time I am.' And then I knocked him down. 'All during' is an abominable perversion of correct English that no man can utter in my presence unbuked." The unlucky footpad had tackled a professor of rhetoric.—Chicago Tribune.

And He Knew.

"Algernon is very interesting," said the stockbroker's daughter. "What does he talk about?" Inquired her father. "Why, he's ever so well posted in Shakespearean quotations." "Young woman," said the financier sternly, "don't you let him deceive you. Don't you let him make sport of your ignorance. There ain't no such stock on the market."—London Standard.

How Dan Rice "Fixed It."

To Dan Rice the people of Lewiston are indebted for their town clock. He exhibited his circus in this town in the fifties without a license and the next day was arrested at McVeytown. So that his show might not be delayed he promised to give a clock to the town if he was permitted to go on, and he kept his promise faithfully.—Lewiston (Me.) Free Press.

There is no surer mark of the absence of the highest moral and intellectual qualities than a cold reception of excellence.—Bailey.

It is said that the color tones of the sky have an influence upon the character and temperament of the people who live under them.

"Housework is hard work without Gold Dust"

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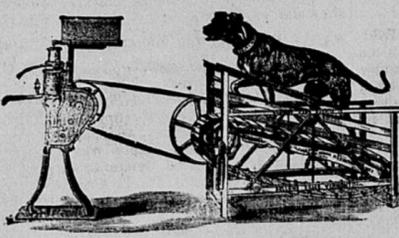
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Ant Engineers.

Something new and interesting about ants was learned by a Mount Airy florist recently. For a week or so he had been bothered by ants that got into boxes of seeds which rested on a shelf. To get rid of the ants he put into execution an old plan, which was to place a meaty bone close by, which the ants soon covered, every one deserting the boxes of seeds. As soon as the bone would become thickly inhabited by the little creepers the florist tossed it into a tub of water. The ants having been washed off, the bone was put in use as a trap again.

Then the florist bethought himself that he would save trouble by placing the bone in the center of a sheet of fly paper, believing that the ants would never get to the bone, but would get caught on the sticky fly paper while trying to reach the food. But the florist was surprised to find that the ants, upon discovering the nature of the paper trap, formed a working force and built a path on the paper clear to the bone. The material for the walk was sand secured from a little pile near by. For hours the ants worked, and when the path was completed they made their way over its dry surface in couples, as in a march, to the bone.—Philadelphia Record.

Humors of Organ Blowers.

An Irishman had been obtained at a pinch to blow an organ. The player was ready and the signal was given, but no wind came. The signal was repeated a second time, and again a third time, but still without result. The delay was becoming awkward, the congregation was getting uneasy. What was to be done? Choristers and organist now united in shouts of "Blow! blow! blow!" Not the slightest zephyr stirred within the wind chest. At length the organist hastened to the blower's sanctum. And what a sight it was that met his eyes! Clinging with heels and hands to the long wooden handle of the bellows, there hung the son of Erin, his eyes starting from their sockets and his cheeks distended and crimson, blowing as if for dear life into the end of that long wooden handle!

The anecdote of the ex-sailor blower is not so funny, but it is in keeping. The old tar when he went to blow took off his boots and his coat and, if it were warm, nearly everything else. "for," said he in explanation, "I can 'old on better."—Longman's.

Somebody Got Hurt.

Bride's Little Brother (to bridegroom)—Did it hurt you much when she did it? Bridegroom—What hurt me? Bride's Little Brother—The hook. Did it go into your lip? Bridegroom—I don't know what you mean, Johnny. Bride's Mother—Leave the table this instant, Johnny! Bride's Little Brother—What for? I only wanted to know if it hurt him. You said that sis had fished for him a long time, but she hooked him at last, and I wanted to know if—

Effect of Her Singing.

The doting husband was discoursing on the beauty of his wife's voice. "She has a note of pathos in her voice," said he, "that will draw tears from the most hardened. I assure you I have heard her sing before a large audience, and when she has finished there has not been a dry eye in the room." "Quite true," assented the cynic. "She always affects me that way. Even if she only says she's going to sing I weep bitterly."—Moonshine.

Juvenile Statistician.

"How many children had George Washington?" asked the teacher, thinking to trip up the new boy in his history. "About 3,000,000," promptly answered the new boy, who knew something concerning the statistics of the period when the Father of His Country was at the head of the family.—Chicago Tribune.

Just the Man.

Mrs. Belgrave (on the Bermuda boat)—Are you one of the stewards? Bill Rolling—No, marm. I'm cap'n of th' top. Mrs. Belgrave—How nice! Bring it and spin it for little Chauncey, won't you? He's almost bored to death.—Harlem L.M.

Nerves and Hair Picking.

"Persons whose nerves are in any way out of gear should not pick hair," observed a well known specialist in nervous diseases to a reporter, "and indeed I am almost willing to go further and to say that they should not handle mattresses or pillows stuffed with hair. The tactile nerves, the nerves that are located in the ends of the fingers, seem to be specially affected by handling of hair or animal wools of any kind. "Many good housewives do themselves great injury in picking hair in the repair or alteration of mattresses, and, while they think they will save money by doing such work themselves, they often find out that, besides the personal suffering in consequence, they pay out many times in doctors' and medicine bills what they save from mattress makers. "I know of some persons, men more frequently than women, however, who would be thrown into nervous spasms if they were compelled to handle velvet for 15 minutes—that is, to handle it on the fuzzy or velvety side. Those who are unpleasantly affected by velvet know it and therefore avoid it as much as possible."—Washington Star.

The Spider and the Tuning Fork.

A gentleman was recently watching some spiders, when it occurred to him to try what effect the sound of a tuning fork would have upon them. He suspected that they would take it for the buzzing of a fly. He selected a large, ugly spider that had been feasting on flies for about two months. The spider was at one edge of its web. Sounding the fork, the man touched a thread at the other side and watched the result. Mr. Spider had the buzzing sound conveyed to him over his telephone wires, but how was he to know on which particular wire it was traveling? He ran to the center of the web very quickly and felt around until he touched the thread against the other end of which the fork was sounding; then, taking another thread along, just as a man would take an extra piece of rope, he ran out to the fork and sprang upon it. Then he retreated a little way and looked at the fork. He was puzzled. He had expected to find a buzzing fly. Then, strange to say, he got on the fork again and danced with delight. Evidently the sound was music to him.

Foiled.

"Anger," he said thoughtfully, "shortens life." She looked at him sharply. "It also," he went on, "spoils beauty. It has an exceptionally injurious effect on a pretty face." "John Henry," she exclaimed, "what is it you want to say to me? What provoking suggestion have you to make now? For what offensive ruling in domestic economy are you paying the way?" Then he knew that all his precautions were useless and that he might as well have told her in the first place that she would have to wait a month for that new bonnet.—Chicago Post.

The Point of View.

The Bird in the Hand assumed his most winning aspect and addressed the Bird in the Bush. "It is conceded," said he, "that my position renders me worth twice as much as you are, but I will trade places with you, even up, asking nothing to boot!" But the Bird in the Bush thought he could detect something of disingenuousness in this seemingly magnanimous offer and flew away.—Detroit Journal.

The Real Thing.

Johnny (who is jealous of mamma)—Mamma likes me better than she does you! Evelyn (who enjoys teasing)—Why, no, Johnny. Of course she loves Betty and me best! Just think, she was our mother long before she was yours! Johnny (scornfully)—Hoh! What of that? You are nothing but a sample copy, anyway! And Betty's only a trial subscription! But I am the real thing!—Life.

A Real Mascot.

"What is an exit, pa?" "Exit, Freddy? Well, it is a Latin placard hung around on the walls in theaters and opera houses to keep people from thinking they smell fire."—Indianapolis Journal.

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