CHRONIC CROAKERS.

THE IDLER PROTESTS AGAINST THE TALK OF HYPOCHONDRIACS.

DON'T DISCUSS YOUR AILMENTS.

Nobody Wants to Hear About Them—Another Old Almanack Containing Severe Allusions to Almanacks. Something About Boils.

In days gone by I used to think that the one unfailing subject of conversation, which stood the test of every occasion, was the weather, but of late I have concluded that there is another which is a still greater favorite. It is needless to say that I refer to the ailments of my friends—their aches and pains and sufferings, which one and all detail to me with a fiendish delight, and a horrible degree of minuteness.

From time immemorial the blind and the halt, as well as the dyspeptics, consumptives, and rheumatics, have singled me out as the repository for all the tales concerning their woes. If an accurate knowledge of the symptoms of various diseases could make a man a doctor, I would be a second Aesculapius, for my ears have been a sort of funnel into which suffering humanity long has poured its woes.

Never yet have I seen a mortal—man or woman—who didn't think that his particular ailments were of the profoundest interest to the public. It doesn't matter how slight they are—they may be mere toaches or semi-annual cricks in the neck—but the world must have all the symptoms described with the same particularity that Victor Hugo described the battle of Waterloo. The wonder to me is that a physician could ever fail to make a correct diagnosis of a case, unless, indeed, he be overwhelmed by cumulative details.

If a man has a lawsuit on his hands the chances are a thousand to one that he will fail to mention some most important detail to his attorney, and possibly ruin his case by his negligence, but not so with the sick mortal. You can count on his giving the physician the whole history of his life, from the time when, as a boy, he was attacked with cholera morbus after eating watermelon up to and after the period when he first realized that his heart was dangerously affected. Why, Great Scott! it seems to me the doctors ought to be millionaires.

Never yet have I seen an individual who wasn't a natural born hypochondriac—who wouldn't gladly stop whatever he was doing to tell his ailments to anybody who would listen. And who, in Heaven's name, hasn't got something the matter with him? Although I myself have never discussed my troubles, I cannot refrain from saying in this connection that ever since my youth I have been a constant sufferer from complications involving peritonitis, appendicitis, angina pectoris, dyspepsia, and a belligerent liver. Nothing but a fear of seeming egotistical prevents my going into a minute account of my ailments on this occasion.

* * *

What makes me mad about the whole business is that no one, apparently, is willing to listen to my story or to sympathize with me, whereas I, for my part, must hear about everybody else's trouble, and must show the deepest interest, or appear insulting and indifferent.

As a matter of fact, human ailments are excruciatingly boring topics for conversation (always barring the talker's own troubles, of course), and people don't want to hear anything about them. Of course, there's a delicious fascination about sores, warts, boils, burns, callous spots, wounds, and such like which appeal to one's sense of sight, but invisible physical troubles should be ruled out.

What the public want in the way of human suffering is something gory—something that strikes the eye and is unusual. While blood makes a good many persons "fainty," these same sensitive individuals can't resist the temptation to take a peep at the victim whose gore is being spilled. If we happen to be walking down the street—no matter how busy we are—we can always find time to go a block out of the way to see a man whose leg has been cut off or skull crushed. The unfortunate who has been ground to mincemeat by a railroad train or a street-car can count on having scores of eager spectators to inspect his injuries or assort his debris.

The lower classes, I find, exult in grewsome spectacles and enjoy them more than anything else which relieves the monotony of their existence. In Paris the morgue wherein unidentified corpses are exhibited is always crowded with visitors. Women take their children to the horrible place and fairly rejoice in the sights they see. The institution is a regular picnic ground. When I was abroad I remember eating my snack there.

As a newspaper reporter I recall that whenever I visited the homes of persons who had been killed, the relatives of the deceased, if they were cordially inclined, invariably invited me "to see the corpse." And be it said, I generally accepted the invitation. Not to have done so would have been a serious offence.

To sum things up, I would advise all hypochondriacs, if they want sympathy, to go off and get crushed by a locomotive or trimmed up by a buzz-saw. Nobody is going to take any interest in their lungs or livers—at least, not unless these organs are detached. Their sick headaches, neuralgia, congestive chills, agues, fevers, and nervous troubles will prove but boring topics for conversation. The world may appear to be listening to the details of your sufferings, but all the same it is thinking of something else at the very time the hypochondriacs are most eloquent.

In conclusion, I repeat that what we want is gore and lacerated flesh—the spectacular, and not the invisible.

* * *

Thomas J. Garden, Esqr., Superintendent of Public Schools in Prince Edward Esqr., is the possessor of a Virginia almanack even older than those I mentioned in my letter last week. He has forwarded it for my inspection, and I find that the well-preserved little pamphlet bears date of 1765. It was probably printed in Williamsburg; at any rate, the name of the publishers is missing, and I conclude that it came from a press in James City.

Were I in a "stag" party, I could quote many quaint things from this almanack. Unfortunately, however, its choicest bits of humor are tainted by a few ugly old Anglo-Saxon words which are not now used in polite society. Our forefathers, it must be remembered, loved "smutty" jokes, and their pleasantries, if revived to-day, would have to be carefully disinfected with lime and carbolic acid. Nearly all the poetry appearing in the publication is a little "off color," though some of it contains a good deal of homely wisdom.

The editor evidently didn't like lawyers. He whacks at them on nearly every page—possibly because some attorney had gotten a judgment against him. For my part I don't approve of all the jokes about the avarice and shrewdness of the legal brethren. Still, they know how to defend themselves (as well as defend criminals), and I don't believe their honorable vocation can be tarnished by a few quotations from a rhymster, whose soul has long since crossed the Styx.

Here is a poem under the head of "Courts":

"The Law is like a labyrinth, wherein
'Tis easy entering, nothing to begin;
But being once involv'd, without all doubt,
Money must be the Clue to bring ye out.
But you who go to Law for every Trifle,
The Lawyers surely will your Pockets rifle:
And when they find your Money is all gone,
They'll bid you then agree, or else be gone."

The following is meant for a combination of puns and humor:

"Though lawyers sell not men's estates,
Yet money oft prevails;
And when two weights appear alike,
A PIECE oft turns the scales."

It seems that the ladies of the seventeenth century were pretty much like they are now; at least, the following poem from the almanack indicates it:

"Some women, if I them not wrong,
Have got a clapper alias tongue,
Will shake the church and ring the steeple,
And when it rings beware, good people.
For it is of such mighty power,
Makes all the neighbors' ale turn sour.
At fourteen years young females are
Contriving tricks to tempt ye;
At sixteen years come on and woo,
And take of kisses plenty;
At eighteen years full grown and ripe,
They're ready to content ye;
At nineteen sly and mischievous,
But the devil at one and twenty."

Ladies beyond the age of one and twenty—if any ever did get beyond that age—are ignored by the poet.

There is much astrological information in the almanack, and a list of the members of his Majesty's Council in Virginia. The honorable gentlemen composing the body at that time were John Blair (president), William Nelson, Thomas Nelson, Peter Randolph, Richard Corbin, Philip Ludwell, William Byrd, Philip Ludwell Lee, John Tayloe, Robert Carter, Presley Thornton, and Robert Burwell. Among the list of the representatives of Assembly appear the names of George Washington, Edmund Pendleton, Benjamin Harrison, Robert Bolling, George Wythe, Thomas Nelson, Jr., Philip Mayo (from Henrico), Ralph Wormeley, Henry Lee, Richard Henry Lee, and Carter Braxton.

* * *

In a recent issue of Ainslee's Magazine, Harvey Sutherland contributes an interesting article on human hair, skin diseases, etc. As I have already touched in the foregoing paragraphs on bodily infirmities and human ailments, I do not think it will be amiss to quote from one paragraph of Sutherland's contribution. I refer to his allusions to boils—a poetical subject at all times, and one well calculated to inspire sentiment.

Mr. Sutherland refutes the old-time idea that boils are worth $5 apiece to the man who has them, so henceforth bankrupts need not list them with their assets. Here is what my authority says:

"It is an unshaken article of belief with most people that skin diseases are almost always catching; that they show that the sufferers themselves or their parents are no better than they should be; that they indicate that 'the blood is bad,' that you must be careful or you will 'drive it in,' and the patient will die, if nothing more, and that a boil is worth $5 in doctors' bills saved. They are all wrong, teetotally wrong, on the very best medical authority."

Then, after a little, the writer adds:

"A boil is an acute inflammation of the tissues surrounding the hair-follicle, and is due to some infection of the follicle by a germ, generally the staphylococcus pyogenes aureus. I thought you might like to know the name. Boils come upon the just and the unjust, on those who have good blood and those who have bad blood. What forms inside the tormenting thing is not the strained-out impurities of the blood, for pus does not exist in the blood. It is of local formation. A boil is not worth 5 cents, let alone $5. It is just what your untutored imagination says it is, a confounded nuisance. If anybody owed me $5 and could either pay it in cash or boils, whichever I preferred, I should take the cash every time, even at a discount. I think I should get more comfort that way."

You Look Old

It's impossible for you not to, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair. And perhaps not!

Dark hair for youth and vigor; gray hair for old age and decline.

If you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor, in less than a month there won't be a gray hair in your head.

It keeps the scalp free from dandruff, stops falling of the hair, and makes it grow thick and long.

One dollar a bottle.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us $1.00 and we will express a bottle to you, all charges prepaid. Be sure and give us your nearest express office.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Send for our handsome book on The Hair

SUFFERING IN SILENCE.

A Talk About Domestic Martyrdom.

By MARGARET L. BRIGGS.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

No one likes to hear a woman grumbling all the time because she is sick. As a general thing a woman whose complaining strikes the deepest chord of resistance in others is the woman who insists upon having every one know that she is suffering, and then tells with great volubility that she isn't one of the grumbling kind.

We do not have very much sympathy for this woman somehow, although we convince ourselves by every argument that we should. It is the real, silent sufferers that call forth not only sympathy, but admiration and wonder. Have you not seen sick women suffering all kinds of torture, who have yet become so used to their aches and pains, and have such heroic dispositions, that they actually go through their duties with a smile? Most people have seen one or two such women in their lifetime. The lives of such women are short; they are heroines pure and simple while they live; many of them never utter a complaining word from one year's end to another; they have their duties to perform, and they do it all and more. These women are martyrs; they leave a hallowed memory, but they make their children selfish. Such a woman is always running upstairs to get her husband's overcoat when he ought to go for it himself, she is losing sleep at night to allay some trifling ailment of some member of the family when she, herself, is in far greater distress, or she is doing some other unselfish thing that is but making her own life shorter.

It is this real, silent sufferers whose devotion to her household is so complete that she hides her own miserable health, who goes through her round of drudgery every day, and finally succumbs to the inevitable.

If these women would but realize that it is their lives and not their deaths that is needed! Cannot we whisper a word of caution to them and get them to take heed to themselves? Can we not convince them that however heroic their daily life, it is a mistaken and short-sighted heroism? That the time will surely come, probably when they are needed the most, when the tension under which they have lived will relax, and utter collapse will follow? The history of the heroic women, whose experience has been just this proves this statement. Perhaps the silent sufferer will steal away quietly and consult a physician; she may keep her medicine hidden—she may be making quiet effort to keep herself braced up to her duty, but if she is suffering from some female trouble she will not get help in this way; the doctor to whom she applies may not understand her case.

The real help for such a woman is in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, it has a famous record for curing distinctly feminine ills. Not only this, but the woman who is sick and doesn't want others to know it, because she thinks they will worry about her, can get perfectly safe and confidential advice by writing to Mrs. Pinkham.

The trouble is that the silent sufferer, who has battled with her troubles so long, and as she thinks so successfully, will not make this effort for herself. She has been thinking of others all her life and taught others to rely upon her. She takes a fierce sort of satisfaction in using up her life in the service of others, but all the time she is going from bad to worse. A full conception of her duty would show this woman that after she has sacrificed herself she will leave her work incomplete. She has taught others to lean upon her until they cannot stand alone, and what will become of them if her health is neglected? Is there no one who will speak to her the convincing word and make her understand that she can get the health and strength she so much needs from Mrs. Pinkham's medicine? It has done so much for other hard-working earnest women, and it can do the same for her.

We cannot afford to lose such women, we need them among us. We need their heroic example of self-sacrifice, and we need them not broken in health, but strong and well. We need their example of fortitude, and we urge them to take the step in time which will preserve their health and lengthen their lives of usefulness.

"77"

Danger of Pneumonia.

Our old winter enemy, Grip, is at hand, and in his wake will follow his twin brother. What is termed an "ordinary cold" is usually the first warning, and in a few days Pneumonia follows.

The main trouble is centered in the neglect of the first symptoms. The latter are more ominous of evil in proportion to the age of the patient. Past 50 years of age Pneumonia is a very fatal malady.

The man who gets thoroughly chilled after exposure to inclement weather must needs concern himself as to the ultimate outcome, especially if high temperature, cough, and difficult respiration supervene. The only safety lies in the prompt use of "Seventy-Seven," Dr. Humphreys' famous Specific for the cure of Grip and the Prevention of Pneumonia. At all drugstores, or by mail, 25c.

Pocket Manual mailed free.

Humphreys' Homoeopathic Medicine Company, corner William and John streets, New York.

CHARTER FOR TRADE

TOBACCONISTS WILL APPLY TO LEGISLATURE FOR IT.

THE TRADE TO REORGANIZE.

The New Permanent Secretary May Be Required to Keep Record of All Business Done on the Market—Gorman-Wright Enterprise.

The Richmond Tobacco Trade wants a legislative charter, and through a committee, of which Mr. Frank D. Williams is chairman, will apply for one at the called session of the Legislature this month. It is proposed that the Richmond trade shall be reorganized on a different and more business-like basis and become more distinctly than ever a power for the advancement of the Richmond market.

The choice of Captain W. M. Bridges for secretary and treasurer of the Trade gives general satisfaction. Captain Bridges has accepted the position for the unexpired term. The tobacco year ends September 30th. Captain Bridges's new duties will not in any way interfere with his holding the office of tobacco inspector, which has been his for many years.

NEW DUTIES FOR SECRETARY.

A number of the progressive members of the Trade have come to believe that more active and practical interest should be taken in Richmond than formerly, and that things should not be allowed to drift or take care of themselves as they have been in the past. Before the selection of Captain Bridges by the board of the Trade, a member of the board said to a Dispatch writer that it was the purpose of the board when a permanent secretary was elected to stipulate as one of his duties the collection daily of the reports of business done on the market. That is, he shall do what the morning newspapers have to do now—ascertain the number of hogsheads of tobacco sold on the market, the number of pounds of bright and dark loose, the number of packages sold on the Exchange, the warehouse receipts and deliveries, the sampling, the internal revenue collections for tobacco and cigars, and any other data the publication of which would be beneficial to the market. The secretary is to get this data, it is to be correct, complete, and official, and his record shall be open to the public during his office hours. This seems to be the plan, and is an admirable one, and would not take up so much of the secretary's time as to be impracticable, as the newspapers have these datas gathered each day. All who are connected with the Trade understand perfectly well that it would be far better, both for the Trade and for the newspapers, which freely give their space to the market, if the secretary, as an officer of the Trade, kept the record and collected the data for it. There is scarcely a member of the Trade who is not in favor of this plan.

OPENED NEW YORK BRANCH.

The Gorman-Wright Company, with headquarters in this city, and who are most prominent and well-known dealers in and order buyers and rehandlers of tobacco and stripmakers, have made a new departure for themselves and established a new precedent thereby in opening a branch warehouse office in New York city, at No. 273 Pearl street, in charge of Mr. A. F. Coles, of Richmond, who has been some time with the company. A full line of Virginia and Carolina bright stock and other lines in use will be carried there by them, which must be appreciated by those especially in immediate need of stock, or otherwise.

The Southern Tobacconist says of this move:

"It has been a long time since any representative southern tobacco leaf house was established in New York. There are many small factories in New York city who will, no doubt, avail themselves of the facilities offered by this progressive house. The Gorman-Wright Company have a world-wide trade, with branch houses in Florida, Greenville, and other points in North Carolina where they secure supplies at first hands, handled by themselves."

TOBACCO TID-BITS.

Councilman Julius Hobson, of Crenshaw's Warehouse, went on a jaunt to Cuba for the Christmas holidays.

Mr. Williams, head book-keeper of Dibrell Brothers, of Danville, spent Christmas at home, near Richmond.

Mr. Walter N. Jones, a tobacconist, was last week elected a members of the Petersburg (Va.) City Council.

The old Center Tobacco Warehouse, on east Cary street, is to become the home of Drewry, Hughes & Co. Millhiser & Co. formerly occupied this old landmark.

VA. SUNDAY-SCHOOL ASSOCIATION.

Eleventh Convention at Danville, February 18th.

The eleventh annual convention of the Virginia Sunday-School Association will be held at Danville on February 18th-20th. An interesting programme has been prepared for the occasion, and a large attendance is expected.

The convention will be included in the famous transcontinental tour of the International Sunday-School Executive Committee, which will pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific through the Southern and Southwestern States, visiting various State conventions en route.

THE SPEAKERS.

The programme contains the names of the following well-known Sunday-school workers of the United States: Mr. Marion Lawrence, international general secretary; Rev. B. W. Spillman, secretary of Baptist Sunday-school work; Professor H. M. Hamill, international field secretary; Mrs. H. M. Hamill, primary worker and normal secretary, of Illinois; Professor J. A. Sprenkel, field secretary for Virginia; Professor E. O. Excell, leader of song; Rev. Carey E. Morgan, of this city, and other prominent Sunday-school people in Virginia.

The programme is one of the best ever prepared for a meeting of the association, and contains themes for suggestions of vast importance to the Sunday-school workers in the Old Dominion.

A cordial invitation from the Sunday-school workers in Danville has been extended, and all are assured a Christian welcome. Homes will be provided for delegates or alternates without cost. Reduced rates of travel have been secured. Each organized county is entitled to five delegates, in addition to the county and district presidents and secretaries. Each Sunday-school in the State is entitled to one delegate, in addition to its superintendent. All ministers of Protestant denominations are ex-officio members of the convention, and are cordially invited to attend. Each superintendent reading this call is urged to see that a delegate is appointed to represent his school. It is desired that every county in Virginia shall be represented at this convention.

For any information, write the corresponding secretary, Room 3, City Hall, Richmond, Va.

Mr. J. R. Jopling, of Danville, is the president; Mr. W. R. Jones, of Richmond, the efficient chairman of the Executive Committee, and Mr. Alfred J. Gary, the corresponding secretary.

Lexington Personals.

LEXINGTON, VA., January 12.—(Special.)—Mrs. Dennis, of Baltimore, wife of Judge J. Upshur Dennis, of the Maryland Supreme Court, has rented a suburban residence here. She will move into it in order to be with her son, who is a student at Washington and Lee University.

Major Barrington K. West, of the volunteers' service, who has been spending several months on furlough with his family here, has gone to Washington to stand an examination looking to a promotion in the United States regular army, where he now holds the rank of a captain.

Mr. Arthur Gerhard, of Philadelphia, is the guest of his grandmother, Mrs. Ann R. Howell.

Hunter McClintic, of the Hot Springs, is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Hugh Wright.

Mrs. T. T. Agnor has returned from a visit to her mother, Mrs. John T. Cox, of Newport News.

Mrs. E. N. Strain, of Brownsburg, and Miss Ella Leech, of Oak Dale, have gone to Clear Water, Fla., where they will remain until May.

Mr. H. Greenlee Senseney, of Charleston, S. C., is the guest of his father, Mr. James M. Senseney, Lexington's venerable magistrate.

Rev. A. Poe Boude, of the Collierstown Methodist church, is confined to his home here by reason of illness. He is well-known to all in the Baltimore Methodist Conference, and widely known in Masonic circles.

The Rev. and Mrs. J. Layton Mauze have moved into the Old Stone church parsonage during the past week, having returned from their bridal tour.

F. Poague Echard, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., was the guest during the past week of his father, Mr. W. K. Echard, of Buffalo Mills, Rockbridge county.

Miss Lottie Brunner, who has been the guest of Miss Mattie McClung, of Buena Vista, has returned to her home, in Bristol.

Miss Violet Partlow has returned from a visit to the family of Mr. C. I. Devine, of Clifton Forge.

Mrs. J. McD. Adir is visiting her uncle, Mr. J. A. Templeton, of Staunton.

Miss Mary H. Gibbs is visiting her sister, Mrs. James L. Templeton, of Staunton.

Mr. A. W. Wilbourn, of Hot Springs, is the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Wilbourn.

Mr. W. J. Hurlbut, of Chattanooga, Tenn., was in Lexington during the past week.

Mr. J. B. Shannon, of Gladstone, Va., is visiting friends in Lexington.

Test for Yourself the Wonderful Curative Properties of Swamp-Root.

To Prove What the World-Famous Discovery, SWAMP-ROOT, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of the Richmond Sunday Dispatch May Have a Sample Bottle Free.

Reporters Have Convincing Interviews With Prominent People Regarding Wonderful Cures by Swamp-Root.

SIXTY-FIFTH POLICE PRECINCT,
Greater New York, October 11, 1900.

Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.:

Gentlemen,—In justice to you, I feel it is my duty to send you an acknowledgment of the receipt of the sample bottle of Swamp-Root you so kindly sent me. I had been out of health for the past five years with kidney and bladder trouble. Had our best physicians prescribe for me. They would relieve me for the time being, but the old complaint would in a short time return again. I sent for a sample bottle of Swamp-Root, and I found it did me a world of good. Since then I have taken eight small bottles bought at my drugstore, and I consider myself perfectly cured. It seemed as though my back would break in two after stooping. I do not have to get up during the night to urinate, as I formerly did three or four times a night, but now sleep the sleep of peace. My back is all right again, and in every way I am a new man. Two of my brother officers are still using Swamp-Root. They, like myself, cannot say too much in praise of it. It is a boon to mankind. We recommend it to all humanity who are suffering from any kidney, liver, or bladder troubles.

My brother officers (whose signatures accompany this letter), as well as myself, thank you for the blessing you have brought to the human race in the compounding of Swamp-Root. We remain, yours very truly,

JAMES COOK,
HUGH E. BOYLE,
JOHN J. BODKIN,
Officers of the Sixty-fifth Police Precinct, Greater New York.

DIDN'T KNOW SHE HAD KIDNEY TROUBLE.

Women as Well as Men Are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

"You have no idea how well I feel. I am satisfied that I do not need any more medicine, as I am in as good health as I ever was in my life." So says Mrs. Mary Engelhardt, of No. 2835 Madison street, St. Louis, Mo., to a reporter of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

"For more than ten years I had suffered with what the doctors termed female trouble; also, heart-trouble, with swelling of the feet and limbs. Last summer I felt so badly that I thought I had not long to live. I consulted doctor after doctor and took their medicines, but felt no better. *The physicians told me my kidneys were not affected*, but I felt sure that they were the cause of my trouble. A friend recommended me to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and I must say I derived immense benefits almost from the first week. I continued the medicine, taking it regularly, and I am now in splendid health. The pains and aches have all gone. I have recommended Swamp-Root to all my friends, and told them what it has done for me. I will gladly answer any one who desires to write me regarding my case. I most heartily endorse Swamp-Root from every standpoint. There is such a pleasant taste to Swamp-Root, and it goes right to the weak spots and drives them out of the system."

"Mrs. MARY ENGELHARDT."

Mrs. MARY ENGELHARDT.

How to Find Out If You Need Swamp-Root.

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.

So when your kidneys are weak or 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 famous new discovery, 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 any one.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, and if permitted to continue *fatal results are sure to follow.*

Kidney trouble irritates the nerves, makes you dizzy, restless, sleepless, and irritable. Makes you pass water often during the day, and obliges you to get up many times during the night. Causes puffy or dark circles under the eyes, rheumatism, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, pain or dull ache in the back, joints, and muscles, makes your head ache and backache, causes indigestion, stomach and liver trouble; you get a sallow, yellow complexion; makes you feel as though you had heart trouble; you may have plenty of ambition, but no strength; get weak and waste away.

The cure for these troubles is Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the world-famous kidney remedy. In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that is known to medical science.

If there is any doubt in your mind as to your condition, take from your urine on rising about four ounces, place it in a glass or bottle and let it stand twenty-four hours. If on examination it is milky, or cloudy, if there is a brick-dust settling, or if small particles float about in it, your kidneys are in need of immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take, and is used in the leading hospitals, recommended by physicians in their private practice, and is taken by doctors themselves who have kidney ailments, because they recognize in it the greatest and most successful remedy for kidney, liver, and bladder troubles.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular 50-cent and $1-size bottles at the drugstores everywhere.

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—*Swamp-Root, the great Kidney, Liver, and Bladder Remedy, is so remarkably successful that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of the Richmond Sunday Dispatch who have not already tried it may have a sample bottle sent absolutely free by mail. Also a book telling all about kidney and bladder troubles, and containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured by Swamp-Root. Be sure and mention reading this generous offer in the Richmond Sunday Dispatch hen sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.*

HOW TO GROW RUBBER PLANT.

Secret is in Feeding it Well When Food is Needed.

"Keep the rubber plant clean by giving it a soap bath," writes Eben E. Rexford in the January Ladies' Home Journal. "Tall plants can be made to branch by cutting off the tops. But young plants growing to the height of three or four feet in one straight stalk will generally be found more satisfactory, as they will have larger, finer foliage than old branching plants ever had. When growth is taking place, use a fertilizer, as its demand on soil is great, and ordinary soils are not rich enough to supply all its needs. The secret of the successful culture of the rubber plant consists in always feeding it well at the times when a good deal of food is needed—and by this it will be understood that I refer to its period of growth—and never allowing it to become rootbound. Keep the plant always going ahead, and avoid any treatment that will check its development, if you would have a vigorous and healthy specimen. The rubber plant requires a much stronger light than the palm, therefore, it is not well adapted to room decoration in places some distance from the window as the palm is."

The Wealth of Manchuria.

(Saturday Evening Post.)

The Russians expect much from the coal, iron, and other minerals of Manchuria. There has never been a geological survey of the country, although it is known to be rich. There are vast deposits of coal, both anthracite and bituminous, in the hills about Mukden, which needs only this road to give them an outlet to the sea. As a steaming coal it is better than the Japanese, and equal to the best of the English and American coals. At present the coal is carried over the country in rude Chinese carts, a ton and a half at a load. The mines are operated by the natives, and that in such a rude way that the coal costs $3.50 a ton at the pit's mouth.

The Greatest in the World.

(Saturday Evening Post.)

Every State has increased in population, and the only city which has apparently lost is the one which padded its returns ten years ago, and now suffers for its folly.

The United States now has a larger population than any European country except Russia; and the average of our wealth and productive capacity carries us far beyond that kingdom in real greatness. Germany, among European countries, comes next to the United States, but it can show only a population of 52,279,901, or about two-thirds of our total. In area the United States, with its new possessions, is about as large as all Europe. In wealth it is the richest nation the world has ever known.

To Win, Do Your Best Every Day.

(John Wanamaker, in Success for January.)

It is difficult to determine what is success. A knowledge of the way to attain it is not so difficult. Summed up, it is just this: Do your best every day, whatever you have in hand.

The principal failures in business, so far as I can judge, are a lack of definite plan, shiftlessness, trying to find some new way to suddenly leap into a high position, instead of patiently plodding along the old roads of industry and integrity.

SENT HOME.

Physician in Germany Send Patients to America for Food.

Two clergymen who went to Germany last year for treatment by a noted specialist were told that they must use Grape-Nuts, made in America, at Battle Creek, Mich., for the principal part of each meal. This suggestion interested the two divines greatly, for while they knew of Grape-Nuts, and that there was a large use made of the food in America, it had never come their way to try it.

A lady in Hedding, N. H., Mrs. Otis Cole, says the after-effect of the grip was a serious gastric and stomach trouble. All the following summer she had many attacks of palpitation of the heart, nausea, pain, faintness, insomnia, and all the other ills which accompany impaired never force and indigestion.

She began using Grape-Nuts to build her up, and found at once that the food created no disturbance, and she began to gain in strength and courage. In October she went for a visit and took Grape-Nuts with her to use each day. She gained ten pounds in weight in about four months and fully recovered her health.

She further says: "While I am now entirely well, I shall probably adhere to Grape-Nuts during the balance of my life. My brother-in-law, a practicing physician, says Grape-Nuts simmered in milk, strained, and the clear liquid given, forms an ideal nourishment in cases of extreme prostration, and its stimulating effect is noticed immediately. A friend of mine, a professional reader, carries a package of Grape-Nuts in her hand-bag, for she says the exhaustion after an evening's work will not admit of lunching on ordinary food, but Grape-Nuts Food always restores her and leaves no ill effects, for the food is so easily digested and is ready cooked; therefore, a great convenience."

Office of I. N. JONES & SON, Printing, Binding, and Engraving, 6, 8, and 10 N. Eighth Street.

RICHMOND, VA., Jan. 3, 1901.

To Our Friends and the Public:

We desire to extend our hearty thanks for the very liberal patronage given us during the past year, and beg to assure you that we will endeavor in the future to give our work even a more complete finish, and guarantee the same careful attention and prompt service as during the past.

We have recently made additions to our Engraving Plant, and with some of the most skilled workmen in the country, we feel very safe in saying that the character of the work now done by us cannot be surpassed. We are very anxious that our work be compared with that done outside of our office. We cannot promise to do cheap work; but GUARANTEE to do good work cheap.

We do all kinds of Steel and Copper Plate Engraving and Plate Printing, Embossing, and Die Sinking—in fact, EVERYTHING in the Engraving line.

We desire to say that we have secured the services of Mr ROBERT MITCHELL, for the past sixteen years associated with the firm of Whittet & Shepperson, who would be pleased to see his many friends in his new position, and bespeak for him the same polite attention heretofore given all customers.

Our Mr. BOOKER is still with us, and will be pleased to satisfy your many needs in our line.

The firm name will remain the same.

I. N. JONES & SON.

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