Gratitude of Elderly People goes out to whatever helps gives them ease, comfort and strength. Foley Kidney Pills cure kidney and bladder diseases promptly, and give comfort and relief to elderly people. Carrol Drug Co.

The Result.

Gladys Beautiful—We girls of the Lotus coterie discussed Hamlet last night.

Maud Brisk—What was the result?

Gladys Beautiful—Oh, after a spirited debate lasting an hour and a half it was unanimously decided that a chaperon is not a necessary adjunct to a motorboat.—Puck.

College Learning.

Professor—How do you find the right ascension of a star?

Student (absentmindedly) — The quickest way is to look up her backer in Bradstreet's.—Baltimore American.

Two Hearts That Beat as One.

The Bride—It's a comfort, dearest, to know that we were poisoned by the same ivy.—Century Magazine.

A Reliable Medicine—Not a Narcotic

Mrs. F. Marti, St. Joe, Mich., says Foley's Honey and Tar saved her little boy's life. She writes: "Our little boy contracted a severe bronchial trouble, and as the doctor's medicine did not cure him, I gave him Foley's Honey and Tar, in which I have great faith. It cured the cough as well as the choking and gagging spells, and he got well in a short time. Foley's Honey and Tar has many times saved us much trouble and we are never without it in the house." Carroll Drug Co.

The Salt of the Earth.

Fuddy—What kind of a singer is Jones?

Duddy—Fine, but rather too realistic.

Fuddy—How realistic?

Duddy—Why, he sang, "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" last night with such feeling that more than half the audience were seasick and had to leave the hall.—Boston Transcript.

Your kidney trouble may be of long standing; it may be either acute or chronic, but whatever it is, Foley's Kidney Remedy will aid you to get rid of it quickly and restore your natural health and vigor. "One bottle of Foley's Kidney Remedy made me well," said J. Sibbull of Grand View, Wis. Commence taking it now. Carroll Drug Co.

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BOWSER ON A COT

Doctor Finds Signs of Budding Tuberculosis.

PLANS FOR OUTDOOR LIFE.

First Night Interrupted by a Lame Horse That Entered the Back Yard and Poked Its Nose In the Patient's Face—The M. D. Threatened.

By M. QUAD.

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MR. BOWSER had come home dragging his legs and his shoulders humped up.

He had tried to look pale when he entered the house.

He had sighed heavily and wearily as he went down to dinner.

Now and then he had cast his eyes up to the ceiling of the dining room and carried his hand to his chest.

Of course Mrs. Bowser noticed these things, and of course she asked what they meant. After she had asked three or four times over Mr. Bowser slowly answered in a pathetic voice:

"Oh, never mind me, but go right on eating corned beef like a farmer's hired man!"

"But I got this kind of a dinner for you. You told me to be sure to."

"Well, never mind. A dying man does not care to dispute about such things."

"But what are you dying of? You were whistling when you left the

HE HAD ADVANCED SYMPTOMS.

house this morning. Have you got a letter from the Black Hand that they are going to blow up the house?"

He waved his hand to her in a sort of farewell.

"It can't be your health, for I never saw it better. Last evening you went over to the grocery and got a turnip and came home and ate it raw. You said it reminded you of your boyhood days."

Mr. Bowser flushed up and was about to say something, but shut his lips, rose up and walked to the sitting room. Mrs. Bowser was naturally alarmed, as any good wife would be, but as she was at the dinner table she thought she might as well finish her meal. It was therefore twenty minutes later when she followed him upstairs to find him sitting in a rocking chair with eyes fixed on the wall, as if glued there.

"Now, then," she began, "what's all this about? Have you got a boil, a soft corn or the colic?"

A sigh, ending in a groan, was his response.

"You said something about being a dying man. What's happened that you are going to die? I don't see any signs of it."

"No, of course you don't!" he blustered. "I might be gasping my last and you wouldn't see any signs of it. I have been a dying man for the last month, but you have noticed nothing. If I had been brought home dead in a moving van you'd have been greatly astonished."

Mrs. Bowser Becomes Anxious.

"But I'm sorry if you've been dying and I haven't had the least hint of it. Is it lumbago?"

"Lumbago!" he sniffed.

"Liver?"

"Liver!" he sniffed again.

"Then what can it be? Have you seen a doctor today?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bowser, I have seen a doctor today. Dr. Schiflinger, D. D., LL. D., was in the office just after dinner. He's a specialist on the great white plague, you know."

"I didn't know, and never heard of him, but go on. I suppose he looked at your tongue and told you that your lungs were affected, didn't he?"

"Woman, don't you dare treat this subject with levity or sarcasm, for I won't stand for it! I've a good mind not to say another word, but as he said I must warn you I will state that he did find my lungs are very much affected. He said that if I didn't take action at once I was a doomed man."

"Did he sound your lungs?" she asked.

"Of course he did."

"And found symptoms of tuberculosis?"

"Advanced symptoms, Mrs. Bowser."

"And charged you $10?"

"No matter what he charged. If I paid $10 to find out that I was a dying man that's my business."

"Well," said Mrs. Bowser after a bit, "I suppose he told you to go off and live in the mountains for several months?"

"Yes, he suggested that, but when I told him it was impossible he suggested something else. I am going to sleep out in the back yard every night for the rest of the summer. I must have fresh air to heal my lungs."

"Nothing very hard about that, Mr. Bowser. You tried it two or three years ago and forty cats came and fought over your sleepy remains; but perhaps they won't come again."

"Yes, forty cats came, and who coaxed them to come? Woman, don't plan to try that trick on me again! If one single cat appears there'll be a row that you won't forget to your dying day!"

Preparations For Outdoor Life.

"We've got a cot in the garret, and if you'll get it down I'll have the girl get a mattress and some coverings. I never coaxed any cats here and never shall. If the doctor says it's necessary for you to sleep outdoors I'll make you as comfortable as I can."

"That's the way I like to hear you talk," responded Mr. Bowser, as his face cleared. "Now you seem to care whether I die or get well. If the doctor hadn't happened into the office just as he did another month would have seen you a widow. Now there is hope. Yes, get down the cot."

The cot was brought down and the girl instructed. It was placed in the middle of the back yard, where there would be a free circulation of air, and Mr. Bowser went out and viewed it complacently. It was a cool, starlight evening, and as he re-entered the house he said:

"I almost believe that my lungs feel better already. I have the utmost faith in a cure."

"It is said to have benefited many," answered Mrs. Bowser. "I think some few cats will come around, and won't it be best for you to have a club handy?"

"I can use one of the clothes poles. You do care whether I live or die, don't you?"

"What a question to ask! Why, of course I do. I thought at first that the doctor might be a charlatan and that he was only after your money."

"Dr. Schiflinger a charlatan!" shouted Mr. Bowser. "Dr. Schiflinger, D. D., LL. D., a fraud! Woman, how could you think that? Why, he had hardly asked me to roll up my eyes before he announced that my lungs were affected. He said I had taken a heavy cold and neglected myself. He found that I was breathing only through one lung."

"But did you tell him how you yelled at the street car a block away in the morning?"

"Is that more sarcasm, Mrs. Bowser? If so, we will end this conversation right here and now. I will kick the cot into the alley and die, and you can get the life insurance!"

Ozone in Chunks.

Mrs. Bowser had to retreat and beg pardon, and when all things smiled again Mr. Bowser said it was time he was out on his cot biting off chunks of ozone. Ten minutes later he was nicely settled and the house in darkness. The cook didn't care a hang for his state of health, but Mrs. Bowser took her seat by a back chamber window to wait for the calamity that was to happen. She could look down on Mr. Bowser's bald head and face, and she saw that his mouth was held open. He wasn't going to miss any of that healing night air.

Would a wandering bug come along?

Would the cats gather for an investigation?

Would the bad boys of the neighborhood let the sleeper sleep in peace?

An hour passed by. Bozaris didn't awake. Then Mrs. Bowser heard a sighing and a grunting and a shuffling in the alley, and next moment an old lame horse turned into the open gate. She shook her fist at him. In whispers she begged him to go away. She appealed. She offered bribes. Did he go? No, sir! He caught sight of that sleeping form and advanced with a limp and a hump until close upon it, and then thrust forward his nose into Mr. Bowser's face.

A yell—a whinny—and then Tuberculosis Bowser and an old white horse and a clothes pole and a back yard were whirling around in such confusion as to make her dizzy. And as she turned in she heard Mr. Bowser say:

"No, I guess she didn't do it, but I want to live to get my paws on that Dr. Schiflinger for about two minutes!"

Horrible Blunder.

"Mr. Naggus," said the mortified author, "I am sorry to have to tell you so, but I don't believe you read or even glanced at that book of mine which you reviewed a few days ago."

"What makes you think I didn't read it?" asked the literary editor.

"You said it was 'a work of striking originality.'"

"Well?"

"Well, sir, that book is a dictionary of quotations!"—Chicago Tribune.

Right In Her Line.

"I see you advertise for a cook, ma'am."

"Yes, but we can't pay more than $4 a week. We are doing light housekeeping, you see."

"That'll jist suit me, ma'am. Me an' me husband once kep' a lighthouse for four years."—Chicago Tribune.

The Last Word.

The Henpecked Rooster (sighing)—Perhaps some day I shall adorn a woman's hat and then I shall be pointed to with pride!

His Cackling Wife—You mean viewed with alarm, don't you?—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

Alternatives.

He is a fool who tries by strength or skill
To stem the current of a woman's "will."
But you're a wise man if you don't
Place too much credence in a woman's "won't."

—Life.

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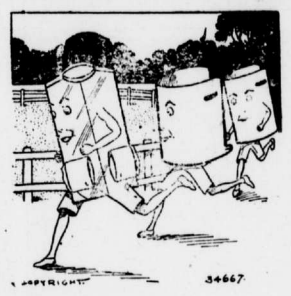

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