

Refuse All Liquid Kidney Remedies. None Are Free From Alcohol.

KIDNEY-WORT TABLETS

Mothers! Stop the Beginnings of Kidney Weakness in Childhood.

Alcohol stunts the growth of children and inflames their kidneys. Never give them liquid proprietary remedies. Dosing children with nitro for bed-wetting is another source of early kidney trouble.

A far safer and more effective remedy that never weakens is Dr. Pettinelli's Kidney-Wort Tablets. They are purely vegetable and absolutely harmless to the most delicate child, and are prepared in a tablet form that makes them convenient to carry and to take without fuss on the part of young children. Every mother should know the early symptoms of kidney disease: bed-wetting, high colored urine, pain in region of kidneys, constipation, headaches, loss of appetite and debility are some of them.

Kidney-Wort Tablets have the confidence of physicians in children's hospitals, who would never think of ordering a liquid kidney remedy.

Mrs. Charles Bostil of St. Regis Falls, N.Y., writes, April 14, 1903: "I have had kidney trouble of all kinds for 35 years, and have never found anything that helped me so much as Kidney-Wort Tablets."

Test your children's water—a bottleful allowed to stand should not contain sediment or show a cloudy or high colored appearance. If it does give Kidney-Wort Tablets till every sign of trouble has disappeared.

By giving children a remedy in tablet form you avoid any chance of inflaming their kidneys with alcohol. Dr. Pettinelli's Kidney-Wort Tablets are used by specialists in children's diseases and in the best equipped dispensaries, because they contain no alcohol—a serious objection in the mind of every family physician to the use of any liquid kidney remedy.

OREGON'S PAUL REVERE

How Leslie Matlock Saved Two Hundred Lives.

SHOUTED A WARNING AS HE RODE

Hero of the Heppner Cloudburst Describes His Wild Night Ride Through Willow Creek Valley With Rushing Waters in Close Pursuit. Never Stopped in His Nine Mile Gallop.

Leslie Matlock, a hardy stockman of Heppner, Ore., saved the lives of more than 200 people after the flood on that fateful Sunday evening of June 14 last had overwhelmed the town and destroyed 500 souls.

Chased by the flood, he saddled and mounted his sturdy mare and galloped for miles down the valley of Willow creek to warn the dwellers in three towns, Lexington, Pettysville and Douglas, besides others who dwell along the creek road. Today Oregon is hailing him as a second Paul Revere. He tells the story for the New York World in part as follows:

Any one man who knows the country as well as I do and who can ride a horse could have done the same thing.

We none of us guessed what was coming. The people who live down Willow creek were spending Sunday evening quietly in their homes. We all wanted rain in the stock region, and we were getting it.

We never expected it at Heppner. Pretty nearly every man, woman and child had turned in for the night. It had been raining all day, but that was a good sign. Nobody had the slightest thought of danger. Then came that awful torrent of water—black, fierce, roaring water that made your knees tremble when you heard it and made men turn pale when they realized what they would have to face.

My father's farm was among the first to go—buried under twenty feet of hissing water. The house, the barns, every stick of wood on the place—all was swept away before a man could think twice. People were drowning before our eyes, and we could see the bodies swept down in the front of the flood.

Thank God, I remembered! "Willow creek!" I thought. "Hundreds are down there who may drown just as others have drowned in Heppner. Perhaps I can get there first."

There wasn't a telegraph; there wasn't a telephone. It was a case of riding down the valley ahead of that awful avalanche of water. I don't think I ever saddled my horse so fast in my life. Nine miles away were lives to be saved, and I the only man who could save them. Off we went, my bulgy good mare and I.

Behind us came the water. You could hear it gathering strength. It rolled and roared against the sides of the valley like big cannon in a battle. Once when I looked behind I saw something big and white leap up into the black sky. It was the torrent hitting a house and dashing up just as the surf does when it strikes a cliff.

Every time I came to a house I yelled: "It's for your life! The flood's coming!" I never stopped. It would have cost me my life and the lives of

all those 200 people farther down the valley.

The road was so dark and stony that we stumbled all the time, but my plucky little horse never fell once or else it would have been all up with us. Closer and closer behind came the rush of that infernal water. There was no time to pick your way. I just hung tight and trusted to my horse to get me through all right. The miles went by in the darkness, but nearer and nearer came that thunderous roar. More than once I thought it was all up with us.

We were going close to Lexington now. Ahead I could see the light. Not a soul in all those quiet houses guessed what was coming. Many people had gone to bed. A few hundred yards behind you could hear the flood, louder and louder. My horse and I were racing the waters. We got there first.

"Run for your lives!" I yelled. "The flood's coming! You've only got a minute! Don't stop to save anything!"

I never stopped galloping. People saw I was in earnest, thank God, and saved themselves. In about thirty seconds, without stopping to bring a thing along, they went on the dead run for the hills, fathers carrying their babies and mothers running along with the other little ones by the hand. There was plenty of high ground back of the town, and in five minutes they were safe. But there hadn't been a moment to spare. Already the flood was tumbling in on the town, first two feet deep, then ten and then twenty.

"Don't forget Pettysville!" shouted one man to me as he took to the hills, carrying two babies and helping his wife with another.

"I know! I know!" I remember answering as we tore down the road.

There were ranches on both sides of the gully and people in all of them. I did nothing but shout and try to hang on in the saddle. Behind me, faster and faster, I could hear the water coming. Sometimes when it reached a wide place in the creek or a big hole it took a few moments to fill it up, and that's the way I gained on the water.

On, on we rode. The night was pitch black now and the rain was falling almost like a cloudburst. I thought I'd never do it, but I did. I got to Ione and the telephone. That was better than my horse. I called up Douglas and then every ranch that had a connection, and the people had lots of time to save themselves. If the poor people of Heppner had only had the same warning they would all be alive now.

LIPTON LOOPS THE LOOP.

Sir Thomas Says Coney Island Is "the Greatest Place on Earth."

Sir Thomas Lipton saw Coney Island in all its glory the other day, says the New York Herald, and shot the shoots and looped the loop and sold the better shelter. With him were seven friends, all yachtsmen, in white duck and blue flannel, and Mr. Fife, who acted as mentor and guide.

Sir Thomas' party arrived at Coney Island about 4 o'clock and began to make a round of the various places of amusement. First they struggled with the surging crowd in the Bowery and were carried along from one end of that famous board walk to the other. The loop the loop next attracted their attention and Sir Thomas seemed very much interested in the crowd that patrolled that topsy turvy arrangement. The proprietor induced his bookkeeper, a rather good looking young woman, to take the trip standing up in the car for the benefit of the English yachtsman and his friends.

The girl calmly remained on her feet while the car turned upside down at the top of the loop, and Sir Thomas clapped his hands in approval. Then Sir Thomas and his friends got into the car and were whirled around the contrivance.

After the loop the loop the Englishmen went to the shoot the shoots and went down the incline in the big boats. They had a lively time sliding down the rattan tunnel which is known as the better shelter, took a trip to the moon on an air ship and rode the camel. Sir Thomas then aided in the opening of a new entertainment known as "twenty thousand leagues under the sea," and he led the way into the first submarine boat which was to make the trip to the north pole.

"Coney Island is a great place," said Sir Thomas, catching his breath as he started for home. "For excitement it is almost as good as a yacht race, while I think it excels one for physical exercise."

"It's the greatest place on earth!" he shouted back as the two automobiles in which his party was started for New York.

THE MIDWAY ISLANDS

An Estimate of Their Value to the Pacific Cable.

BIG SAVING IN COST OF MESSAGES

The Tolls Will Be Reduced From \$1.50 to 50 Cents a Word—Without the Midway as a Landing Place for the Cable Only Six Words Could Be Sent a Minute Instead of Twenty. Both Islands to Be Improved With Rich Soil.

With the opening of the Pacific cable, which directly connects the government at Washington with the insular possessions of the United States to the west of the national capital, attention is called to the important part which the first and smallest "insular possession" of the country, the Midway islands, is to play in bringing Manila within a few minutes of the White House, says a Washington dispatch to the New York Tribune. Without this little group of coral, which pokes its nose out of the brine to the north and west of the Hawaiian Islands, the engineering features of the Pacific cable would have been entirely different and negotiations for a cable station on the Pacific possession of some other government would have been necessary.

The value to the government which this first colonial possession has now become can readily be realized when it is said that without the Midway as a landing place for the cable its long stretch from Honolulu to Guam could not be broken, and instead of being able to send twenty words a minute the speed would be reduced to six words and the service made proportionately less satisfactory.

What benefit this isolated cable station in the center of the Pacific may prove from a strategic point of view may be demonstrated some day by timely orders to a fleet of battle ships. That the station is considered valuable from this point of view and many others is shown by the determination of the navy department to fortify the islands in the future for the protection of the cable station. The islands also afford a snug harbor and in an emergency might be used as a base of naval operations.

Since their discovery in 1859 by Captain N. C. Brooks, an American sailing from Honolulu on a sealing voyage under the Hawaiian flag, and their rediscovery and possession in the name of the United States in 1867 the Midway islands have been more or less neglected by this government, but never to the extent of being allowed to pass into the hands of any other government, although Japan on several occasions made inquiry of the Hawaiian monarchy regarding their title, with propositions to annex or lease them. They were used for a time, thirty years ago, by the Pacific Mail Steamship company to the extent of storing there a huge pile of coal.

It is to Rear Admiral R. B. Bradford that credit is due for discovering the utility of the Midway islands as a cable station and to his representations that the two tiny specks on the map of the Pacific were transferred from the jurisdiction of the interior department to a possession of the navy of the United States. The Pacific Cable company secured the right to break its long stretch of cable and land on one of the two islands. The United States will fortify this island sufficiently to protect the cable station, and hereafter there will never be a question as to who is the rightful owner.

The islands are both of coral formation. One of them, Sand Island, contains 850 acres, while the other, Eastern island, has 328 acres. A quantity of rich soil is to be carried to the islands in order that the forces who will have to take their turn in manning the guns of the fortifications may have some occupation to divert their attention from sea and rock.

Naval officers who have visited the islands say that the Midway harbor constitutes the finest fishing ground in the Pacific. The coral formation incloses a lagoon of depth enough for anchorage, but more shallow than the surrounding waters, and makes an attractive feeding ground for fish, seal and turtle. The fish belong to the mullet, perch and mackerel families. Many of them of brilliant colors seem to belong to the dolphin family. The fish attract the birds, and the islands are covered with plumed tenants.

Under the new order of things the islands will be made to bloom with fruit trees, vegetables will be raised, and with the ideal climate, the sheltered bay, the splendid fishing and the direct connection with the world by cable, the cable operators and forces who man the guns will have an assignment which will doubtless become the envy of the service.

What the improvement is to be in the cable service between the United States and the Philippines may be seen by a comparison of the present route and cost of a message from Manila to Washington. The tolls will be reduced from \$1.50 to 50 cents a word. By the old route a message



Gave to C. A. Churchill, Cook avenue, Weymouth, Mass., a man over 70 years of age, the energy and strength necessary to feel strong and well again. It will give you good health, if you are all dragged out. All druggists sell Quinine.

The following is one of a series of articles devoted to the coffee industry in Mexico, prepared especially for us by one of the most noted historical experts of the United States. In this series, as well as in our coffee cultivation, we have spared neither pains nor expense to get the best. The Mexican Consul to the United States, now located in Boston, recommends this series as interesting and instructive. On account of its educational value we suggest that parents see that this series is read by their children.

From Plantation to Cup.

Chapter V.

WHY THE MEXICAN LOVES THE COFFEE TREE.

"Here ever hum the golden bees Underneath full-blossomed trees, At once with glowing fruit and flowers crowned."



When the trees have been growing for about three years they find that the planter has his own ideas as to what their size shall be. He "tops" them from six to seven feet from the ground. The flowering trees are beautiful in the extreme. The leaves are dark green and glossy, much like the holly, and the fragrant white flowers stand out in rich contrast. It is a beautiful sight when the berries are ripe. ON THE TREES ARE THE RED, WHITE AND GREEN—THE NATIONAL COLORS OF MEXICO.

Naturally the Mexican likes to point out the growing coffee trees as a national product of which to be proud. These coffee trees mean much to his country. They stand for something which Mexico does better than all the rest of the world. The coffee of Uvero is Mexico's greatest gift to mankind. Rich, pure, delicious, sold at a price within the reach of all, it is the coffee which you should know. It is the proudest boast of a growing country.

[To be continued.]

When your grocer gets UBERO SELECTED COFFEE he gets it in 1-lb. cans, never any other way. If you buy one of these cans you will find 16 ounces of coffee in it.

For 35 cents you can buy one of these one-pound tins of UBERO SELECTED COFFEE, and you will get full weight, full strength, and full value for your money. There is only one grade of this coffee, and this grade the result of some seventy years of experimenting with coffee culture in this celebrated coffee raising district in Old Mexico. The Mexican method of making UBERO SELECTED COFFEE is simple, and the result is pleasing. Given in directions on every can. GET A CAN FROM YOUR GROCER TODAY. It will last a long while.

CROWN, ROASTED AND CANNED BY

The Consolidated Uvero Plantations Company, COFFEE DEPARTMENT, 36-38 FULTON STREET, BOSTON.

NEW COLONIAL GARDENS

Features of Two Planned For White House Grounds.

HUGE BED OF ROSES IN THE CENTER

Landscape Gardener Brown Will Give Old Fashioned Flowers the Places of Honor—Each Garden Will Be Surrounded by a Grass Border, and a Hedge of Tree Box Will Hem It In.

Plans have been drawn and approved for the construction of two colonial gardens to the south of the White House, says the Washington Post. The gardens will be completed late in the autumn, but all the plants will not be added until next year. The gardens will be similar to those at Mount Vernon and probably will be the only ones of that style in Washington.

Landscape gardeners have noticed the tendency to return to colonial flowers to harmonize with the colonial style of architecture which has become so popular. When our ancestors were constructing their houses with stately columns they were fond of ornamenting their lawns with plants and flowers of the woods, obtained at little cost and expenditure of energy. With the spread of wealth in the land the more costly tropical plants made their appearance, and finally the demand was limited to plants nurtured through the winter in greenhouses and conservatories.

It is to return to those sturdy plants which form the national flora that Landscape Gardener George Brown has planned the gardens to be made within the private grounds of the White House. Conspicuous among the new White House flora will be the goldenrod, which has been urged as the national flower of the United States. What has been termed "old fashioned" flowers will be given places of honor in the new gardens because of their beauty and hardy nature.

Mr. Brown's idea is to so arrange the gardens that they will be in bloom as many months as possible. He will select such plants as will bloom in the spring and late autumn, when Mrs. Roosevelt and the children are at the White House.

The gardens are to be located on either side of the south veranda of the mansion and within the iron fence which separates the private grounds from those farther south, where the public is admitted. Each garden will be surrounded by a grass border reaching to the fence and bedecked with standard shrubs. These will be chosen and placed so as to harmonize with the bay trees on the terraces. Gravel walks will surround the gardens, being constructed alike on all sides. A hedge of tree box will hem in the gardens. A wide border of selected herbaceous plants will surround two rectangular plots of grass. These rectangular spaces will be divided by a narrow gravel walk bordered by the hedge of tree box.

In this manner beds will be made, four of them at either of the southern corners of the White House and four constituting a garden. Each bed will be about 75 by 25 feet in dimension. Extending to the streets on either side and bordering the southern roadway will be two sections tangent to the drive which will be devoted to artistic flowers. A huge bed of roses will form the center design.

The fence to the south of the mansion has received attention by the gardener. Climbing roses next season will cover the iron bars and form a beautiful hedge. Already a rosebush is growing over the president's office, and next season it is planned to have the office covered with climbing roses and clematis.

Plans to Evangelize the Adirondacks.

An experiment which has for its purpose the evangelization of the people of the Adirondacks has been started by the American Baptist Publication society and the New York State Baptist convention, says a dispatch from Glens Falls, N. Y., to the New York Times. The work is to be carried on by a traveling evangelist, a student from the Rochester theological school named Thordman, who goes about in a gospel wagon. The equipment consists of a stock of Bibles, religious literature, song books and an organ. Outdoor meetings will be held in isolated places. During the winter the work will be done principally in the lumber camps.

To Chase Wolves Instead of Foxes.

The Mercer County (N. J.) Fox Hunting association, tired of the usual bag and unable to procure satisfactory foxes, has decided to attempt an innovation, says a special dispatch from Trenton to the New York Times. To this end four cub wolves were purchased a few days ago and will be prepared for a grand run shortly. It is thought that the wolves will make satisfactory substitutes for the foxes.



WILLIAMS' ROOT BEER

Give the young folks all they want of it! The cost is next to nothing—two cents a quart—and the more Williams' Root Beer they drink in hot weather the healthier and happier they will be. Its roots and herbs are nature's tonic; they cool, refresh and strengthen the whole system. It's a marvel in thirst quenching, its flavor is delicious, and that such a satisfying drink can be made without alcohol is a grand thing for the temperance cause. A few bottles kept on the ice will be worth their weight in gold during the warm season. Insist on having Williams' and only Williams'.

WILLIAMS & CARLETON CO., Herkiss, Conn., Makers of Williams' Flavouring Extracts.

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