WHAT IT MEANS.

Rock Island Is Learning It—Learning It Fast—Proof Not Lacking.

Everybody has it.
That tired feeling.
Know what it means.
Keeps you awake at night.
Destroys daily comfort.
Wearies the body. Worries the mind.
You would shake it off.
You would be healthful and strong.
So you can.
If you go at it right.
First learn what it means.
Some say it's bad blood.
Others say it's a lazy liver.
They're all wrong.
Tired feeling means tired kidneys.
A backache means kidney ache.
How do you know it?
Because Doan's Kidney Pills cure it.
How can we prove it?
Because Rock Island people say so.
Here' a case in point.

Mr. A. Stees, of 921 Nineteenth street, says: "I have been troubled with weak kidneys all my life I might say, and it has caused me a great deal of discomfort, to say nothing of the money I have spent trying to be cured. In the spring of 1897 I had a severe attack. There were constant pains in the small of my back and if I changed my position quickly I was rewarded with pains shooting through my kidneys. There was too frequent action of the kidney secretions, accompanied with a burning sensation. I learned about Doan's Kidney Pills and procured a box at the Harper house drug store. They removed the pain in my back, I have better control over the kidney secretions and the burning sensation has left me. I am satisfied that Doan's Kidney Pills are an excellent remedy, and I know of others who have received equally as much benefit as I have. You may use my name at any time as one who highly endorses the claims made for this valuable preparation."

Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn company, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States. Remember the name, Doan's, and take no substitute. For sale by Marshall & Fisher.

Usually the Case.

There was once a poor boy who while walking along saw a pin on the pavement before him. Quickly the little lad staid his steps and picking up the pin stuck it carefully and securely in his coat.

A rich man chancing to pass at that time saw the action, and was much impressed by it, so much so that he took the boy into his bank and finally adopted him.

Thirty years have passed and the erstwhile poor boy is a South African millionaire. The other day he drew a check for £2,000 and gave it to a former schoolmate who had not prospered in the race of life.

"All that I am now I owe to you, John," said the millionaire.

"But I don't understand," stammered the beneficiary.

"Simple enough. If I hadn't hated you so at school, I should never have picked up that pin to put on your seat."—Pearson's Weekly.

Wanted—A Patent.

Among the strange applications which reach the patent office one, filed some years ago, was most extraordinary, it being a petition for a patent for an ant guard which consisted in merely drawing a chalk mark around a table or other place by which it was claimed the approach of ants was stopped. It seems that chalk makes an ant's legs slip as soaping a track prevents a railway engine from starting. The petition was novel and caused considerable amusement. The application, however, was refused on the ground that there was nothing new in the invention, that chalk had been used for such purposes before and that such ideas were not patentable.

A Welsh Name.

A correspondent of a London paper says:

"I met recently with a translation into English of the name of the village in Anglesey which boasts the longest name in the United Kingdom. I send you a copy below, thinking it may interest your readers: 'Llan-fair-pwll-gwyn-gyll-goger-y-Church | Mary | a hollow | white | hazel | near to | the chwyrn-drobwll-Llan-Disilio-gogogoch rapid | whirlpool | church | (saint's name) | cave | red'—that is, the Church of St. Mary in a hollow of white hazel near to the rapid whirlpool, and to St. Disilio church near to a red cave."

A Peculiar Paper.

The Ostrich, an English paper that aims to say nothing disagreeable in speaking of a building that burns down in which out of 400 persons 277 perish, does not mention them, but says, "Not less than 123 were saved." Very sad news is printed in the smallest type, so the experienced reader is warned. No unpleasant details are given. After a mere statement the paragraph ends with "Continuation on page 13." There is no thirteenth page.

A Matter of Fees.

Invalid—I would rather be dead than as I am!

Attending Physician—Ah, madam, you should live and—er—let live.—Detroit Journal.

Late to bed and early to rise, prepares a man for his home in the skies. But early to bed and a Little Early Riser, the pill that makes life longer and better and wiser. T. H. Thomas, A. J. Riess and M. F. Bahnsen, druggists

Learned Pig In 1815.

In 1815 the royal mews at Charing Cross were standing and on the actual site now occupied by Nelson's column a long wooden shed was placed, and in it was the skeleton of a whale of great dimensions. Through it the writer walked from end to end.

Opposite stood, as now they stand, spring gardens, where in old times the beaus and belles of the court of Charles II disported themselves. There in a house was located "the learned pig."

Bystanders desirous of seeing its performance stood in a circle, and within a smaller one playing cards were apparently indiscriminately thrown down. Onlookers, possibly confederates, named a particular card, and the pig trotted round and placed his snout on the named card without an error.

From that exhibition, the writer, in the same house (he thinks), was taken and introduced to "the Hottentot Venus," an ebony damsel clad in gauzy garments of the most flimsy kind, who displayed her figure by proudly traversing and circling round the room in which she gave her receptions.

Issuing thence, the writer was taken to the horse guards parade to see the cannon used by the French as a mortar during the siege of Cadiz, 1812. It was on a carriage in a horizontal position, and the writer, lifted by his father, was thrust inside the muzzle, and, struggling somewhat, was, with a little difficulty, extracted from his confined position.—London Sketch.

The Girls Blushed Too.

Visitors at the World's fair of 1893 will recall the Indian exhibit or encampment on the shore of the south pond. One of the tents or wigwams was occupied by an athletic and fine looking but somewhat taciturn specimen of young Indian manhood as his own particular home, and while it was open at all proper hours for the inspection of visitors he resented any approach to impertinent curiosity.

A bevy of young women dropped into his tent one day before his usual hour for opening it and found him sewing a rent in a blanket.

"See how he blushes," exclaimed one of the visitors. "We have caught him doing squaw's work."

"Why, that's his natural color," giggled another. "He always blushes."

"Yes, young ladies," said the Indian in perfectly good English, "he blushes for some of the civilized and enlightened white Americans of the nineteenth century."

The visitors joined him in blushing and shortly afterward went out without further remarks.—Youth's Companion.

Is "By Jingo!" Basque?

Prince L. L. Bonaparte, many years ago, claimed "By jingo" as an English borrowing from the Basques. The Soulotin Basques say "Bai Jinko," meaning "Yes, God," not "By God" or "Par Dieu." The k would easily become g in the mouth of a foreigner. Basque sailors and soldiers have always been ubiquitous. Some time ago I was at an inn at Larraina (the thrashing floor) in Soule, where the host, who had gained the queen's medal for service in the French army in the Crimean war, repeated "Bai Jinko" hundreds of times during the day. No doubt the Basques in the time of Rabelais, the first author to put Basque words in print (though he did so rather clumsily) had the same habit. It must always have attracted the attention of foreigners, who would readily imitate it.—Notes and Queries.

A Sorcerer Elected.

M. Legitimus, the new Socialist deputy from Guadeloupe in the French parliament, is a negro. He dresses in the latest fashion, wearing silk hat, patent leather shoes, white necktie and irreproachably cut frock coat. He believes in ghosts, witches and devils and is a famous sorcerer in his own country. In fact, he owed his election to his successful defeat of the devil by dancing and yelling for several hours in a cemetery. His ability in this line convinced the free and independent electors of Guadeloupe that their interests would be safe in his hands.

His Pointed Query.

Hamilton palace was one of the first great houses in Scotland to use dessert-spoons. A rough country squire, dining there for the first time, had been served between the second course with a sweet dish containing cream or jelly, and with it the servant handed him a dessert-spoon. The laird turned it round and round in his great fist and said to the servant:

"What did ye gie me this for, ye d——d fule? Do ye think ma mooth has got any smaller since Ah lappit up ma soup?"—Argonaut.

A Polite Obstacle.

An incident reported to have occurred in Japan exhibits an enviable standard of courtesy on the part of the natives of that country which is respectfully submitted to that outraged pedestrian, the wheelman's victim. An American riding a bicycle in Tokyo accidentally knocked down a venerable native. The aged victim gathered himself together, deferentially approached the rider and humbly begged pardon for being "in his honorable way."

Acknowledged.

"I do not claim," said the thoughtful member of the club, "that the influence of fashion is entirely harmful. We must admit that we owe the milliner and dressmaker something."

"Goodness, yes!" exclaimed the usually frivolous member, shuddering. "My account can't be less than $150."—Brooklyn Life.

The chaffinch is a favorite bird in Germany. It is beautiful and a fine singer. Its various colors are gray or deep blue on the neck, a reddish brown on the breast, white on the wing coverts and blueish black on the tail.

HER CAT IN HER POCKET.

Bismarck Travels In State Wherever His Mistress Goes.

A woman walked into the breakfast room of one of Chicago's swell hotels, dressed in traveling costume and carrying on her arm a cape of plaid cloth, which she hung over the chair next at table, disposing of it with some care, as if it might be of value.

Then she gave her attention to the menu and discussed a service of fruit while she waited for her order. She was roused from a pleasing study of her plate by a series of "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" and "What a darling!" and a hasty glance showed her a big white Angora cat seated gracefully on the vacant chair at her side.

"Oh, Bismarck, you dreadful cat!" she said, as the head waiter approached with a look in his eye that boded no good to the cat.

"I mus' put him out, madam," he said, with the assurance that goes with head waiters.

But his mistress clicked her fingers and the cat disappeared. Every eye was upon him, yet no one saw him go. The waiter looked on the chair and under it, but pussy had vanished like a dream.

"Find the cat—he is in the picture somewhere," remarked the owner of the pet, as she buttered her toast. But the cat did not come back, and it was not until the woman had finished her breakfast and was leaving the table, with her traveling cape thrown over her arm, that the mystery of the animal's disappearance was explained, and pussy's head was allowed to peep from a capacious inside pocket in that cape.

"He has traveled in that pocket from the Pacific coast, and this is the first time he has given away his hiding place," said his mistress. "He will not pur for fear of being found, but he is near his journey's end now and is getting tired. This cape is his exclusive property, and the pocket is his private car."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Dangers From Violent Exercise.

There is considerable diversity of opinion as to the safety with which women may indulge in violent exercise in view of possible injury. As regard the heart, there appears to be but one opinion—namely, that that organ, accustomed to a quiet life, may be dangerously and permanently crippled by the excessive strain in athletic sports. Experience in medical practice, says an eminent authority, teaches that the patient with a weak heart must be extremely cautious in his exercises, and the demonstration of a dilatation of the healthy heart under sudden, violent, exhausting effort which has been made was of a surprising nature. Many clinical observers in Germany and in this country have detected by percussion and observation of the changes in the heart beats that there is under strain and exertion considerable dilatation, which continues for a shorter or longer time after the exertion is over. Ocular proof of this has been afforded by the Roentgen rays. This shows not only the need of caution by those in good health, but more particularly so in the case of those who suffer from any weakness, constitutional or otherwise, in this organ.—New York Ledger.

The English Smart Set.

To what a condition has "smart society" fallen! Any one may become a leading light in it, provided that he or she is ready to pay the footing. He or she can at any moment find a person to bid guests to their feasts and any number of guests, guaranteed to be "smart people," will accept the invitations. A year or two ago an American lady intent on fashion took a large house, and an introducer sent out her invitations. At her first party there were many of her own friends present. The introducer explained to her that the right set of people would not come if they were exposed to this promiscuity with those who were not in it. Finally it was agreed that the hostess might invite ten friends to each party, but not more.

What I have never understood is where the pleasure comes in of going to several parties the same evening. Yet there are many apparently sane persons who do this every evening during the season. At each party they probably have to wait at least half an hour before getting out of their carriage and getting back into it when they want to go away. They struggle up stairs, show themselves, stay perhaps half an hour and then hurry off to the next party. Why they should like this mode of spending their evenings no on except themselves can imagine. There is no costermonger's donkey so overworked as a woman bent on society.—London Truth.

Sung Them to Liberty.

In Marchesi and Music, the famous singing teacher tells this anecdote to illustrate the nobility of heart of a Russian woman, one of her pupils, and a native of Nijni-Novgorod, where the great fair is held every year.

Mlle. Nadine Boulitchoff created a great sensation with her beautiful voice and dramatic power, at Moscow, St. Petersburg and Madrid. In the summer of 1880 she sang at Rio Janeiro. Brazil was then the entrepot for the cruel slave trade. At her benefit, Nadine learned that she was to be presented with valuable gifts. She begged that the money, instead of being spent on her, should be used to buy the liberty of several female slaves.

Her deed of charity released seven poor slaves, one of whom had been recently whipped in public by order of her mistress.

On the benefit night, after Nadine had sung, the seven negresses went upon the stage to thank the artiste for their freedom. The crowded house applauded for several minutes; the national hymn was played; the emperor, Dom Pedro, rose, and with him the whole audience, and the songstress knew a moment of thrilling joy such as seldom comes to women.