

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

Seemed to be Breaking Down With Kidney Trouble. Mrs. J. N. Smith, Chicago St., Buchanan, Mich., says: "While lifting, everything seemed to give way and I fell gazing to the floor. From that time I was in ill health—pain in my back all the time, varied with sharp twinges, frequent headaches, trouble with my eyes, nervousness, irregular action of the kidneys, and I seemed to be going all to pieces. I began to improve with the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and gradually the pains all left me. After using a few boxes I was all well again and will never cease praising Doan's Kidney Pills."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Liked Treatment. A slater who was engaged upon the roof of a house in Glasgow fell from the ladder and lay in an unconscious state upon the pavement. One of the pedestrians in the street, who rushed to the aid of the poor man, chanced to have a flask of spirits in his pocket, and, to revive him, began to pour a little down his throat.

"Canny, mon, canny," said a man, looking on, "or you'll choke him." The "unconscious" slater opened his eyes and said quietly: "Pour awa', mon, pour awa'; ye're doin' fine."—Ottawa Journal.

For COLDS and GRIP. RICK'S CAPSICINE is the best remedy—relieves the aching and feverishness—cures the cold and restores normal conditions. It's liquid-effects immediately. 10c, 25c and 50c, at drug stores.

WISE WORDS.

A skeptic is a man who has lost faith in himself.

The chiropodist believes in tight shoes—for others.

The loafer is willing to work—if he can work a loan.

And the man who does the least talking often has the most to say.

Unless you have faith in your effort it will be a failure.

The brand of popularity you can buy isn't worth the price.

Dead men tell no tales—and even their epitaphs are not always believed.

Stealing time from sleep is a poor way to beat it.

There are two sides to every story—and some have four and a ceiling.

The wind frequently turns an umbrella, but a borrower seldom returns it.

The right kind of man doesn't have to spend half his time looking for a job.

When a man refuses to argue with a woman she considers it as a sort of acknowledgement of her mental superiority.—From "Pointed Paragraphs," in the Chicago News.

Out of Order.

Champ Clark loves to tell of how in the heat of a debate Congressman Johnson, of Indiana, called an Illinois Representative a jackass. The expression was unparliamentary, and in retraction Johnson said:

"While I withdraw the unfortunate word, Mr. Speaker, I must insist that the gentleman from Illinois is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" yelled the man from Illinois.

"Probably a veterinary surgeon could tell you!" and that was parliamentary enough to stay on the record.—Success Magazine.

Too Much.

The maid-of-all-work who was in the service of a Pottsville family, the numbers whereof are not on the most amicable terms, recently tendered her resignation, much to the distress of the lady of the house, who was loath to part with so excellent a servant.

"So you are going to leave us?" asked the mistress, sadly. "What's the matter, Mary? Haven't we always treated you like one of the family?"

"Yes, mum," said Mary, "an' I've stood it as long as I'm going to!"—Harper's Weekly.

During every minute of the world's twenty-four hours 3,000,000 matches are struck. That's 50,000 a second.

LIGHT BOOZE Do You Drink It?

A minister's wife had quite a tussle with coffee, and her experience is interesting. She says:

"During the two years of my training as a nurse, while on night duty, I became addicted to coffee drinking. Between midnight and four in the morning, when the patients were asleep, there was little to do except make the rounds, and it was quite natural that I should want a good, hot cup of coffee about that time. It stimulated me, and I could keep awake better.

"After three or four years of coffee drinking I became a nervous wreck, and thought that I simply could not live without my coffee. All this time I was subject to frequent bilious attacks, sometimes so severe as to keep me in bed for several days.

"After being married, Husband begged me to leave off coffee, for he feared that it had already hurt me almost beyond repair, so I resolved to make an effort to release myself from the hurtful habit.

"I began taking Postum and for a few days felt the languid, tired feeling from the lack of the stimulant, but that answered for the breakfast beverage all right.

"Finally I began to feel clearer headed and had steadier nerves. After a year's use of Postum I now feel like a new woman—have not had any bilious attacks since I left off coffee."

"There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pink.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"RATHER A CHILD."

Rather a child would pray for me Than some one in a marble shrine, For the love that lingers at a mother's knee Is so wondrously fair and fine That the words go straight and the words are true.

With a grace that they have alone— Go out and onward past star and star Till they tremble unto the throne. Rather a child should kiss my name In a blessing when comes the night Than to hear it breathed while the candle flame Lends the altar a holy light, For the shrill, sweet voice of a child can And cleave the silence beyond the skies To the listening Ear above.

The bedtime prayer, the white, white gown, And the light that is low and dim, The fair, wet head that is bowing down, And the message sent up to Him— Then you know somehow that the pure child-heart Is near to the Soul of Things; For sighs that rack and for tears that smart A Good-balm it brings.

Wonderful, too, the simple trust Of the child in the boon it asks— It can lift us up from the shreds and dust With a strength to renew our tasks— For a child asks not as we older ones, But it asks with a heart that knows This Hand that fashioned the farthest suns Lent the grace to the climbing rose.

Rather a child should pray for me Than the godliest man on earth, For the prayer made in the childish key Is the prayer of greatest worth— And I sometimes think that the good God sees How we trust, and has gravely smiled At the simple words and the bended knees— And the faith of a little child.—Wilbur D. Nesbit in Chicago Record-Herald.

THE "YOUNG MOON'S" GIFT.

Cassy, in an old brown shawl, sat on the steps enjoying the early spring twilight. The maze of maple tops seemed to have caught the crescent of the young moon. It was bright as a bit of new silver, and a childish desire to wish by it came to Cassy.

"I wish he'd come back," she said. The words came suddenly and they set astir a host of memories she had been wont to fight against. Why should he come back, and why should she want him to come after he had done as he had? And yet—and yet, after 20 years, her heart was still full of him.

It all came back to her now, not so much in facts as in feeling. It had all happened in the spring. There was the day she bought her wedding dress and that other when it came home and she tried it on for the last time before wearing it, and afterward a great flurry until that last evening. She had dressed early and most of the guests were there. Everybody was laughing and talking and expecting the tardy old minister. Suddenly Gordon bent over her.

"If you don't mind, Cass, I'll just step out for a five-minute walk. I—I don't feel well and the air may do me good."

Then came the old minister, but Gordon did not return. They waited for him, they searched for him. Had something terrible befallen him? But Cassy, clamest of them all, went to her room and took off her wedding dress.

"Tell them to go home," she said. "He'll never come back. I might have known—I might have known."

There was little sleep among the guests that night, but if Cassy did not sleep no one knew about it. Next day she cleared the house of its wedding show and from that time she never mentioned her lover's name.

She was young and proud and she came of a race that had always kept its feelings in check. She managed to keep her looks. She was 40 now and there was not a gray thread in her hair or a worried line on her face. Only her eyes told that she had not always known peace and happiness.

Her parents died and left her fairly well off. She was charitably minded and her townfolk thought much of her. And every one thought she had forgotten and was happy.

But she was not happy, and she had not forgotten. There was something in a spring twilight that brought it back to her and made her think of the wedding dress upstairs, vain, yellowed thing, which she had worn as a bride whom no bridegroom claimed.

The still little white moon looked at her and promised nothing. After all, why should it? It was as foolish a wish as had ever been made to her.

There was a sudden patter of feet. It was Cassy's protector and best friend, the old white bulldog, which she had taken in from the street, a starving, maimed puppy. He thrust his nose against her cheek and sat down on the steps beside her his crooked ears a-cock to catch every sound.

But the street was almost as still as if it were under enchantment. Only one person was moving in it—a dark, indistinguishable figure, which, as it came nearer, proved to be a man. Cassy did not notice him, but the dog did, and when the man paused uncertainly at the gate and then turned in, he sprang up with a premonitory growl. Cassy caught him by the collar and spoke.

"Is that you, Mr. Stearns?" She thought the man one of her neighbors, but the dog knew better. The man stopped almost timidly at the sound of her voice.

"No—no, it isn't," he stammered. "Cassy clung to the dog. "Then who is it? My dog doesn't like strangers." She shook the dog. "Will you be quiet, Zack? Or shall I have to cuff you ears?" It was an effective threat. The dog, shamed and humble, sat down again and the man advanced.

"I knew your voice the moment you spoke," he said, unsteadily. "Cassy, it's Gordon!"

The shawl which had covered Cassy's shoulders slipped away and fell about her feet as she stood up tall and straight, with a face that gleamed white in the twilight. "Well," she said. "So you've come back? Did you lose your way, and has it taken you 20 years to find it?"

The man shivered. "I don't blame you for saying that," he muttered. "Well, I blame myself," Cassy said, quickly. "Get up, Zack," she pushed the dog aside. "Come and sit down here, Gordon," she said.

She sat down again, and her look Zack's place beside her; but though they were so near they did not look at each other.

"I always thought, Gordon," Cassy went on, quietly, "that if I ever saw you again I'd tell you something. I had a feeling that night when you went out of the house that you'd never come back. And I had a feeling before that you wanted to tell me something and didn't dare. What was the trouble?"

The man drew his breath hard. "I had a wife," he said. "I tried to persuade myself that she didn't matter—she was a thousand miles away and she'd never know it. And I did want you, so can't you see how it was?" he turned to her almost fiercely.

"What made you come back?" Cassy asked.

"It's the first time I've had a right to. She died last month." He buried his head in his hands. "Maybe you loved her?" Cassy suggested, strangely.

He flung up his head. "Love her? Why, I hated her. She married me because I was a boy and a fool, and I never lived with her a day after I found her out. But I had to take care of her, and I did, for 20 years."

Suddenly he saw that Cassy was bareheaded. He picked up the shawl and put it about her. "I had to come back and tell you," he said. "I didn't expect you to forgive me, but I wanted to tell you by word of mouth. And—and I wanted to see you, too. I wanted to know if you were happy."

He twisted his fingers piteously. "I've told about everything I came to say," he said. "But there's one thing more. If—if you could forgive me, Cassy, I know it's a lot to ask, after a man's—and I—go wish—"

Cassy looked at him. "Why don't you wish by the moon?" she asked. "She was particularly amiable to-night. I made a wish and she granted it. Maybe she'll grant yours."

He looked up at the moon and for the first time Cassy saw his face plainly. How old and haggard it was! He must have suffered, too, for, after all, he had loved her. Her throat swelled and she laid her hand across his.

"Gordon!" He turned with a start. "I just want to say that I've never borne you any grudge and don't now. But I loved you." Her voice was steady. "I'm just as free as I ever was, and if you are I don't see why we shouldn't be happy together yet."

For an instant he stared at her, seeming not to comprehend. Then he buried his face on her shoulder and sobbed like a woman. And thus, holding each other, they sat a long time while the moon smiled and Zack kept watch over them both.—New Orleans Picayune.

WEST POINT OF THE SOUTH.

Virginia Military Institute Has a Brilliant Record.

"In all the professions and vocations of life," says a writer in the National Magazine, "the men trained at the Virginia Military Institute have won for themselves honorable distinction. The record of services rendered by her sons in the Civil, Spanish and Philippine wars has established the reputation of the Virginia Military Institute upon an enduring foundation.

"In the regular army her graduates are found in numbers second only to those of West Point. The Marine Corps and the navy also claim a large number of these finely educated and disciplined young men. The institute has been officially recognized by the imperial Government of China, a number of student cadets from the Flowery Kingdom having been sent to the institute.

"At the Commencement exercises in June, 1908, the guest of honor, Major-Gen. J. Franklin Bell, Chief of Staff of the United States Army, addressing the cadets referred to the school as "an institution which of its kind is second to none other in the world."

"On the anniversary of the conflict now known as New Market Day at the institute the names of the cadets who fell in battle at that time are inserted in the company rolls, and as they are called by the sergeant a cadet of the first class steps to the front, salutes and reports: "Died on the field of honor, sir." Their names will ever live in the memory of the institute and of the Commonwealth of Virginia.

"Five of the killed are buried in the cadet cemetery on the institute grounds, and on New Market Day the battalion marches to this beautiful and secluded spot and there fires three volleys over the graves of the young heroes.

"One cannot leave this little cemetery without feelings of deepest emotion as he contemplates the sacrifices so gallantly made years ago by the youthful soldiers of Virginia. A more beautiful spot for a last resting place was never seen than this—in the quiet and peaceful valley of the Shenandoah."

French Schoolboy's Hard Day.

French children are often on their way to school a little after 7 o'clock in the morning. If they have concluded their lessons by 9 o'clock in the evening it is only by dint of great application. Young men studying for the higher professions have appointments with their tutors at 5 o'clock in the morning in summer time; otherwise they cannot accomplish the mountain of work that lies before them. In all branches of art and labor of the tyro is immense. At the Conservatoire the strenuous life is carried to a point which provokes the astonishment even of laborious German students.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Found After 42 Years.

The gold band ring which Theodora Geissel found while digging in his garden recently has been claimed by Mrs. Anna Wolf, widow of Joseph Wolf of Woodbury, who is now 85 years old. She says it was her wedding ring, which she lost forty-two years ago as she was milking a cow while living on the place. At that time diligent search failed to reveal it.—Mantur. Correspondence, Philadelphia Record.

Kidney Ailment



I want every person who suffers with any form of Kidney ailment, no matter how many remedies have been tried, no matter how many doctors they have consulted, no matter how serious the case, to try the Kidney Remedy. You will be astonished to see how quickly it relieves all pains in the back, loins and groins caused by the kidneys. You will be surprised to see how quickly it reduces the swelling in the feet and legs. It cures the itching of the eyes, after taking a few doses of this remedy. You will be delighted to see the color returning to your cheeks and feel the thrill of vigor and good cheer. If your urine is thick, or contains sediments or brickdust, if it is highly colored or has an offensive smell, or if you urinate frequently, you should persist in taking this remedy until all symptoms disappear. We believe this remedy has cured more serious kidney ailments than all the kidney medicines that have been compounded. Professor Munyon believes that the terrible death rate from Bright's Disease and Diabetes is unnecessary and will be greatly reduced by this remedy.

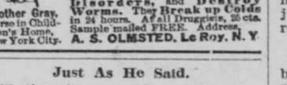
Go at once to your druggist and purchase a bottle of Mother Gray's Kidney Remedy. If it fails to give satisfaction I will refund your money.—Munyon.

For sale by all druggists. Price 25c.

Mother's milk will supply the baby laxative enough, if she takes a candy Cascaret.

And the laxative will be natural, gentle, vegetable—just what baby needs. Try one and you'll know why millions of mothers use them.

West-pocket box, 10 cents—at drug-stores. People now use a million boxes monthly. 55c



MOTHER GRAY'S SWEET POWDERS FOR CHILDREN. A Certain Cure for Feverishness, Constipation, and Headache, Stomach Troubles, Teething Disorders, and Break up Colds in 24 hours. All Druggists, 25c. Sold by J. F. OLMSTED, Le Roy, N. Y.

Just As He Said.

"I thought you were working on Smith's new house?" said the house-painter's friend.

"I was going to," replied the house-painter, "but I had a quarrel with him and he said he'd put the paint on himself."

"And did he do it?"

"Yes, that is where he put most of it."—Christian Advocate.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

United.

Mother—Samuel, where are those green apples that I left in the pantry?

Samuel—They're with the Jamaica ginger that was in the medicine chest.—Lippincott's.

A CURE FOR FITS.

The Treatment is to Accomplish What Science has been Struggling to Attain for Centuries.

The intense interest that has been manifested throughout the country by the wonderful cures that are being accomplished daily by epileptics, is continuing. It is really surprising the vast number of people who have already been cured of fits and nervousness. In order that everybody may have a chance to test the medicine, large trial bottles, valuable literature, History of Epilepsy and testimonials, will be sent by mail absolutely free to all who write to the Dr. May Laboratory, 548 Pearl Street, New York City.

The epileptic cure is creating great public interest, as well as among Doctors, Students, Hospitals and Visiting Physicians.

Courting Calamities.

"Here's a fellow hugged a girl so tightly that he broke her rib."

"I've often broken a lot of expensive cigars."—Washington Herald.

THEIR SKIN TROUBLES CURED.

Two Little Girls Had Eczema Very Badly.—In One Case Child's Hair Came Out and Left Bare Patches.—Cuticura Met with Success.

"I have two little girls who have been troubled very badly with eczema. One of them had it on her lower limbs. I did everything that I could hear of for her, but it did not give in until warm weather, when it seemingly subsided. The next winter it began to trouble her again, and she started again and also in her head, where it would take the hair out, and leave bare patches. At the same time her arms were sore the whole length of them. I took her to a physician, but the child grew worse all the time. Her sister's arms were also affected. I began using the Cuticura Remedies, and by the time the second lot was used their skin was soft and smooth. Mrs. Charles Baker, Albion, Me., Sept. 21, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props. of Cuticura Remedies, Boston, Mass.

The water under ground is estimated to be one-third of the water in all the oceans.

FOR BRADDA'S—BIRK'S CAPSICINE

Whether from Colds, Head, Stomach or Nervous System, this medicine will relieve you. It's liquid—pleasant to take—acts immediately. Try it. 10c, 25c and 50c, at drug stores.

There is thought to be only one white heron left in this country.

Six Of A Kind.

Former Congressman J. A. Beldler was talking in Cleveland to W. S. Hayden, the broker, about Prentiss Loomis, his mine superintendent. "He is a peculiar chap," said Mr. Beldler, "but that is due, I presume, to the fact that his father was a minister. My father was a minister, and I know I am peculiar, too."

"For that matter," added Mr. Hayden, "so far as you like, for my father, too, was a minister."

When he went away the first man Mr. Beldler saw was H. E. Prindle, of the Star Union Line, and to him he related the curious coincidence. "Hun!" said Prindle, "you ain't so much, after all. My father was a minister, if you want to know."

Along came Dr. G. R. Ebrat as the two were discussing the matter. They interrupted their speech long enough to let him in on the story. "Peculiar, isn't it?" commented the Doctor. "The fact is, my father was a minister as well."

After luncheon Mr. Beldler, in the seclusion of his private office, related the incident to Jay Gaines, one of his salesmen, whom he asked if he could duplicate any similar experience.

"No," said Mr. Gaines, "except for the fact that my father was a minister."

To escape further complications, Mr. Beldler took the afternoon limited for Willoughby.—Cleveland Leader.

Better Stayed At Home.

The most readable of books could be compiled from the correspondence of the most obscure department of the government. The Pension Office probably deals with more individuals than any other in the government service, and it often turns up some pretty good things.

The latest is a letter from an old soldier, who, for some technical reason, has been unable to obtain a pension. In his last letter to the bureau he inclosed a cartoon representing a very small boy staring with awe and admiration at a grizzled sailor, glorious in the fanciful togs of the sea.

"Did you ever catch any whales?" asks the boy of the old sailor. "No."

"Ever wrecked on a desert island?" "No."

"Did the cannibals ever eat you?" "No."

"Then you might as well stayed at home," comments the disgusted youngster. "This," suggests the veteran of the wars of his country, in his letter to the Pension Bureau, "is just my case."—Washington Correspondence of Boston Transcript.

The largest cargo of creosote ever brought to this country, 1,250,000 gallons, recently arrived at Philadelphia for the Pennsylvania Railroad to use in preserving ties.

TO GET ITS BENEFICIAL EFFECTS, ALWAYS BUY THE GENUINE,



IT CLEANS THE SYSTEM GENTLY YET PROMPTLY: ACTS NATURALLY AND BENEFICIALLY ON THE KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS: ASSISTS IN OVERCOMING CONSTIPATION PERMANENTLY: DISPELS COLDS AND HEADACHES: A REMEDY APPROVED BY PHYSICIANS BECAUSE OF KNOWN COMPONENT PARTS AND KNOWN BENEFICIAL EFFECTS. FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS ONE SIZE ONLY. REGULAR PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE

DAISY FLY KILLER

It kills all flies, mosquitoes, gnats, and other annoying insects. It is safe for children and animals. Sold by all druggists.

DISTEMPER

Prevents Croup, Whooping Cough, and all other respiratory ailments. It is a powerful expectorant and soothes the inflamed membrane. Sold by all druggists.

PATENTS BOUNTIES

Trade-Marks, Copyright your Books, Writings, Pictures, etc. Now and as to Boston for soldiers and their relatives, who served in the Civil War, 1861-65. Have secured over \$100,000 for them. For blanks and more information, Address, W. H. Wills, Attorney at Law, 100 Broadway, New York City.

\$120 monthly STOVINKI!

A wonderful new selling agent! Stove Blanking that will never burn off. Notice size of the world. Write to every home. Agents are telegraphing orders. Sell to-day. Hayden-Driffin Co., Toledo, O.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY!

It cures dropsy, edema, and all other fluid accumulations. It is a powerful diuretic and restores the normal function of the kidneys. Sold by all druggists.

Answer This Question

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Red Banks, Miss. — "Words are inadequate to express what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. I suffered from a female disease and weakness which the doctors said was caused by a fibroid tumor, and I commenced to think there was no help for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman after all other means had failed. My friends are all asking what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. Willie Edwards.

Hampstead, Maryland. — "Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was weak and nervous, and could not be on my feet half a day without suffering. The doctors told me I never would be well without an operation, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done more for me than all the doctors, and I hope this valuable medicine may come into the hands of many more suffering women."—Mrs. Joseph H. Dandy.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

What more proof can any one ask?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit. Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.



For Croup, Tonsilitis and Asthma

A quick and powerful remedy is needed to break up an attack of croup. Sloan's Liniment has cured many cases of croup. It acts instantly when applied both inside and outside of the throat it breaks up the phlegm, reduces the inflammation, and relieves the difficulty of breathing.

Sloan's Liniment

gives quick relief in all cases of asthma, bronchitis, sore throat, tonsillitis, and pains in the chest. Price, 25c, 50c., and \$1.00.

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL

THE OIL THAT PENETRATES GREAT FOR PAIN

It cures rheumatism, neuralgia, and all other pains. It is a powerful analgesic and penetrates the tissues. Sold by all druggists.

"IF YOU ONLY WILL"

Big Bang Cranes, John Franklin Music Co., Astor Theatre, N.Y. City.

\$98

Buy any automobile, 1908