

KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Two Years—Recovered in Three Months.



Mr. C. B. Fizer, Mt. Sterling, Ky., writes: "I have suffered with kidney and other trouble for ten years past."

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

Pe-ru-na for Kidney Trouble. Mrs. G. H. Sumner, Grant, Ontario, Ont., writes: "I had not been well for about four years. I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time."

"This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin."

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time."

"I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna."

It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance.

Peruna is exactly the sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens."

LETTERS TO SWIM. "I don't know why I should state that every man and woman, boy and girl, should know how to swim, and save life in the water besides," writes Montague A. Holbein, famous swimmer in the Technical World Magazine.

"The thing is so obvious. And yet, what a strange state of affairs we see. Every year thousands of people lose their lives bathing in the sea or rowing and sailing in small boats on lake or river. And even winter brings its tragic tale of drowning because of skaters slipping through the ice."

"I have no hesitation in saying that nearly all these sad events might be prevented if elementary instruction in swimming and life-saving were made compulsory in the public schools. And in the Old World at this rate a new era is dawning in this matter—especially in London, where the various school swimming associations with hundreds of thousands of adherents are teaching first of all 'dry-land' swimming in the playgrounds, and then practical instruction in specially erected swimming baths under competent instructors engaged by the school authorities."

"And quite apart from the question of saving one's own life or that of another, swimming opens up a new and pleasurable exercise, as well as quenching forever the dread of deep water which seems to be on the bravest of us who cannot swim."

Fettedly with the Bobby. Wife—Tommy doesn't seem to be afraid of policemen. Husband—Why should he? His curse was a very pretty girl.

Don't be a coward. The sun hates to shine on those who are afraid of their own shadows. In Manila most of the houses and offices have tiny window panes made of translucent oyster shell instead of glass.

Indisputable. The teacher had found a lead pencil on the floor of the school room. "Children," she asked, holding it up, "does this belong to any of you?"

THE SAME OLD EGG.



MUCH DIAMOND SMUGGLING.

Malden Lane Trying to Guess Its Extent—Precautions at Mines. Although the weight of diamonds and precious stones imported into the United States is never given in the official reports for New York and for the entire country, yet some information on the subject is now being prepared by dealers in the Malden Lane district, says the New York Times.

It is said by an officer of the Diamond Importers and Cutters' Association that the gems smuggled into this country are worth as much as those coming through lawful channels. By keeping careful records of weight as well as values, it is suggested, something may be learned as to the smuggling operations.

The report given out several days ago as to imports at New York showed \$41,112,371 to be the total valuation of precious stones brought into New York in the preceding twelve months.

The weight of the stones when cut and polished for jewelry, it is estimated, is not more than 250,000 karats and as a karat is no larger than a small pea the entire supply would not require a packing case of any great size.

A clandestine traffic in the DeBeers gems is known to take place, although a most elaborate system has been devised to prevent thefts from the mines and the works, the native workmen being maintained in compounds under strict supervision. Some months ago an inspector at the works committed suicide after it was learned that he had been trading in diamonds with an unlicensed broker.

More recently the finding of diamonds on Guano Island, off the African coast, caused much excitement, it being heralded at first as the discovery of new mines containing stones of quality equal to the best of the DeBeers mines. Investigations showed that the stones on Treasure Island, as it was then called, had been taken from DeBeers works and buried in the sand, awaiting a time when they could be safely taken away by the thieves who try to smuggle treasure into various countries.

BRET HARTE'S GRAY HAIR. Post Describes It to Fear of Attack by Bond Agents. Once, indeed, on my remarking the graying of his hair, Harte told me it was due to the continued influence of fear while a rider with Yuba Bill.

Several of his predecessors in charge of the specie casket having been shot, he never mounted the stage, so he declared, without some apprehension of a dark gun, a flash therefrom, a report, and a tumble from the seat; and, although he nervously himself to his new duties as best as he could, they knew more congenial with every repetition. Then it was he had noticed that he was growing gray about the temples.

I reminded him of his own military career—of his having enlisted as a volunteer in the war between the Keel River and Scott River Indians. To which allusion he replied, "Yes, that was after the Humboldt bay massacre. I was escorted to the recruiting office by indignation and hunger! But although the hardships and privations endured then left me a feeble stomach and irritable nerves, I came to no other harm. Having no blood to spare, I shed my digestion for freedom. You see," he continued, "I never had any sympathy with those mess-pork horses, although their ways, and, above all, their point of view, were to me an insupportable source of amusement and interest. I cared little whether they wore their own scraps on their heads or wore the scraps of others to trim their buckskins. I only saw some reckless men ready to fight for their country, as did Hampton, Washington, and," with a twinkle, "Jeff Davis!"

How to Make Pineapple Eggs. To make pineapple eggs soak the contents of one-half of a box of gelatin in water and when dissolved add a cupful of grated pineapple and the juice of one lemon, a cupful of boiling water and a cupful of sugar; strain and set away to harden. As soon as the hardening process begins whip quickly with an egg beater and fold in the whites of five eggs. Mold in eggshells and serve in any fanciful way.

Colored Evidence. District Attorney Jerome said one day of a piece of suspicious evidence: "It is evident that has been tampered with, colored. It is like the lady's report of her physician's prescription."

BOSSSES THE HAREM.

Sultan's Mother Possesses the Power of Life and Death of Turkey. It is not he whose authority is greatest in his own harem, but rather the Sultan's mother, known by the name of Valide. She not only regulates every incident of the harem, but possesses the right of life and death over the women in it, and there are almost no known instances in which a Sultan has dared to save a favorite from a punishment ordered by the Crown of Veiled Heads, as the Valide is called in the harem.

And next to the Sultan's mother comes, not the Sultan's favorite wife, as might be imagined, but the Hasmadar-osta, or grand mistress of finances. The Sultan's chief wife ranks only third in the order of the harem, and seems to possess, moreover, no real power whatsoever.

The members of the harem are still young slaves bought in Circassia, Georgia, Armenia and other places, and practically educated in the harem itself on the chance that the Sultan may one day notice them. It appears also that civilization has not made great strides in the management of the royal harem, and that corporal punishments are still frequent.

enuchs, called "beating eunuchs," still being kept for refractory persons. Poisoned coffee is also not entirely out of fashion, while, grimmer still, the terrible sack hung into the Bosphorus even now does its sinister work. It is pitiful to learn that, notwithstanding all this, many parents willingly sell children to supply the enormous colony which constitutes the harem.

But life for a Turkish potentate is at best a troubled circumstance. The fear of assassination is so great that the Sultan, it seems, has not for years slept two nights running in the same chamber. The only persons aware each night of the room selected is his mother, who secretly gets it ready.

Two female slaves also lie, like faithful dogs, extended across the doorway, ready to spring up at the slightest noise or the faintest call from the sovereign. But for fear of treachery even these are changed every night, and never until the last moment know to what part of the palace they are to be sent.

HOSPITALITY'S OPEN DOOR. The exercise of the gracious virtue of hospitality is peculiar to no one class or people. All the world over the latesting is out, and the portal of the hotel opens as wide as that of the palace. N. H. Bishop, in his "Voyage of the Paper Canoe," gives two instances of Southern welcome which go far to prove that cordiality is a matter neither of color nor of social standing.

One stormy evening Mr. Bishop moored his boat on the bank of a South Carolina river and went in search of a night's lodging. He had not gone far when he saw a native feeding a number of hogs, and to him he put his question. The man was ragged, shiftless-looking, and of the species known as "poor white trash." On hearing of Mr. Bishop's need his reply was immediate.

"Stranger, my cabin's close at hand. Come home with me. It's a bad night for a man to lay out in. Come with me." He led the way to a log cabin plastered with mud and moss. There, over a supper of hog and hominy, the man, his wife and the traveler talked of the war.

"We never could find out what all the fuss was about," said the host, "but when the law made every man who owned fifteen slaves exempt, my blood fix right up, and I says, 'This 'ere thing's getting to be a rich man's quarrel and a poor man's fight.' After that my poor boy was dragged off, and he was killed."

There was only one room in the cabin, and Mr. Bishop slept on a bed made up on the floor. In the morning he was puzzled how to remunerate the Southerner. At last he said, as delicately as he could:

"Mr. Edge, you have treated me with great kindness, and your wife has been put to some inconvenience. You will really oblige me if you will accept a little money, though it cannot pay for your hospitality."

The man ran his hand through his thick hair; then he said, slowly but decidedly, as if he represented the whole generous heart of the South:

"Stranger, I have known a white man to be mean enough to take a stranger's money for lodging and victuals, but I'm not that man!" Later in the voyage Mr. Bishop put up for the night in the cabin of a Georgia "darky." Every attention was paid to the guest's comfort, and in the morning he offered some money to his negro host. The man refused it with dignity and decision.

"You may gib my wife whatever you please for her cooking," he said, "but nuffin for food and lodging. I'm a nigger, if I is a cull'd man!"

Force of Habit. Redd—I see that man Finn has got an automobile. Greene—And it was quite amusing to see him the first week he had it. "How so?" "Why, every time he'd blow his horn he'd stop and look around. He used to peddle fish, you know?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Jury Duty. He didn't read the papers that were published on his way. He never formed opinions on the topics of the day. His mind was quite a blank and yet he didn't make a bit. They would rather have a juror who could think a little bit. —Washington Star.

OLD Favorites

Airy, Fairly Lillian. Airy, Fairly Lillian. Flitting, airy Lillian. When I ask her if she loves me Clasp her tiny hands above me, Laughing all she can; She'll not tell me if she loves me, Cruel little Lillian.

When my passion seeks Pleasure in love sighs, She looking through and through me Thoroughly to undo me. Smiling, never speaks; So innocent, so cunning-simple, From beneath her gathered wimple Glancing with black-beaded eyes, Till the lightning laughter dimple The baby roses in her cheeks; Then away she flies.

Praying all I can, If prayers will not lull thee, Airy Lillian, Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee, Fairly Lillian. —Alfred Tennyson.

The Course of True Love. For aught that ever I could read, Could ever hear by tale or history, The course of true love never did run smooth; But, either it was different in blood, Or else misgraffed in respect of years, Or else it stood upon the choice of friends; Or, if there were a sympathy in choice, War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it, Making it momentary as a sound, Swift as a shadow, short as a dream; Brief as the lightning in the collied night, That, in a split second, unfolds both heaven and earth.

And ere a man hath power to say "Be-hold!" The jaws of darkness do devour it up; So quick bright things come to confusion. —William Shakespeare.

PAVED WITH BUFFALO SKULLS. Wealth Thrown Away by Early Bone Hunters of Kansas Prairies. Though comparatively few people know it, there was a day when Seneca street on the west side was paved with buffalo skulls and horns, and many a horse has been snugged by the crooked horns which stuck up through the road in muddy times, says the Wichita correspondent of the Topeka Capital.

For a long time in an early day all travelers by wagon to the west avoided this street on this account. In the light of subsequent values this was the most expensive pavement on earth. A pair of buffalo horns and the head of an animal of that breed will easily bring \$400. Thousands of them were thrown away in an early day, and it happened that Seneca street was the dumping ground for them.

When the first settlers struck this part of the country farming was virtually impossible and mighty little of it was done at the start. One of the first things the newcomers learned was that he could sell buffalo horns in Wichita, and as the prairies were covered with them he loaded up his wagon with the only crop in sight and drove in. Everybody did it.

When Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, who had a claim in Harper county in those days, begins to talk about his Kansas experience the first thing he recounts is that he hauled buffalo bones to Wichita. Nearly all the newcomers believed they could sell skull and horns too, so they brought them along with the rest of the bones. But there was no market quotations on skulls and horns, and the city authorities made the newcomers take them out of town on their return trips. Some one started dumping them at Seneca street, then a country road and section line, and everybody followed his example.

It is a singular thing, but no old settler seems to remember what was given for a load of buffalo bones in those days. About the only man who seemed to put a value on the skull and horns at that date was Father Bliss, an ancient character who lived in a queer little house which stood on the corner of 1st and Main streets. A peculiarity of the house was that it had a curved roof like a houseboat. Father Bliss had a weakness for collecting the larger buffalo heads and piling them on his roof, much to the amusement of the citizens.

The buffalo bones were collected here by the ton and shipped to New England and made into buttons and like articles. This trade followed the heavy transactions in hides and robes which wiped out the American bison. It was a commercialism which took everything, even his bones, for profit, but stupid as commercialism usually is, there away the heads, which are now the most valuable.

The Truthful Woman. It is no exaggeration to say that a more or less truthful woman is looked upon with grave suspicion. What is more, nobody believes her. If she quite truthfully pronounces her age to be twenty-nine everybody at once says then she must be at least thirty-five, while if she should ever be cajoled into admitting the number of proposals she had in her youth it will only confirm the popular impression that she had been very lucky to catch a husband at all.—London Ladies' Field.

A Stimulant. "Them mosquitoes," remarked Farmer Cornstosel irritably, "makes me think of them city visitors we had week before last." "How's that, Hiram?" asked his patient wife.

"They come pretty near beatin' the worst singers an' the biggest eaters I ever saw."—Washington Star.

In Style. "What has become of the maid you thought such a prize?" "Oh, I had to let her go," replied the second fashionable woman. "After her operation for appendicitis she thought she was one of us."—Philadelphia Ledger.

There isn't much in the world but work. Even people at summer resorts must do a lot of rustling around to have a good time.

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CATARRH BLOOD AND SYSTEM DISORDERED

Catarrh is not merely an inflammation of the tissues of the head and throat, as the symptoms of ringing noises in the ears, mucous droppings back into the throat, continual hawking and spitting, etc., would seem to indicate; it is a blood disease in which the entire circulation and the greater part of the system are involved. Catarrh is due to the presence of an excess of uric acid in the blood. The Liver, Kidneys and Bowels frequently become torpid and dull in their action and instead of carrying off the refuse and waste of the body, leave it to sour and form uric acid in the system. This is taken up by the blood and through its circulation distributed to all parts of the system. These impurities in the blood irritate and inflame the different membranes and tissues of the body, and the contracting of a cold will start the secretions and other discharging and disagreeable symptoms of Catarrh. As the blood goes to all parts of the body the catarrah poison affects all parts of the system. The head has a tight, full feeling, nose continually stopped up, pains above the eyes, slight fever comes and goes, the stomach is upset and the entire system disordered and affected by this disease. It is a waste of time to try to cure Catarrh with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc. Such treatment does not reach the blood, and can, therefore, do nothing more than temporarily relieve the discomfort of the trouble. To cure Catarrh permanently the blood must be thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all poisons, and at the same time strengthened and built up. Nothing equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It attacks the disease at its head, goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. removes every particle of the catarrah poison from the blood, making this vital stream pure, fresh and healthy. Then the inflamed membranes begin to heal, the head is loosened and cleared, the hawking and spitting cease, the stomach and digestion are restored, S. S. S. also tones up the stomach and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system. If you are suffering with Catarrh begin the use of S. S. S. and write us a statement of your case and our physicians will send you literature about Catarrh, and give you special medical advice without charge. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I had Catarrh for about fifteen years, and no man could have been worse. I tried everything I could hear of, but no good resulted. I then began S. S. S., and could see a little improvement from the first. After taking it a short while was cured. This was six years ago, and I am as well today as any man. I think Catarrh is a blood disease, and know there is nothing on earth better for the blood than S. S. S. Nobody thinks more of S. S. S. than I do. M. MATSON, Lapeer, Mich.

S.S.S. PURELY VEGETABLE every symptom disappears, the constitution is built up and vigorous health restored. S. S. S. also tones up the stomach and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system. If you are suffering with Catarrh begin the use of S. S. S. and write us a statement of your case and our physicians will send you literature about Catarrh, and give you special medical advice without charge. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Official Zeal. The policeman at the crossing grabbed the arm of the pedestrian who was hurrying across the street and brought him to a standstill. "What are you stopping me for? I demanded the pedestrian. "I'm not getting in anybody's way, am I?" "Divil a bit, sor," answered the officer. "I wanted to ask ye a question, sor; that's all. Fwath's the score?"

His Motto. "Dudley says his motto is, 'Live and learn.'" "Well, if he isn't more successful at the former than the latter we'll be going to his funeral soon."

No Cause for Complaint. The Pacific Fur Company had picked out an eligible location on the left bank of the Columbia river and founded the city of Astoria. "Seems to me," said a prospective settler, "you are asking an awful price for your building lots."

"Huh!" ejaculated the company's business agent. "You may be thankful we didn't call this town Waldport, Astoria, and charge you \$20 a day for living here."

Not a Total Loss. "Oh, John!" exclaimed Mrs. Young. "My canary bird's dead." "Really?" replied her husband. "Well, you don't appear to be grieving very much."

"No; you see, I can have it stuffed for my hat and so the rest of the material won't cost you so much."—Philadelphia Press.

FOR SALE. COLLIE PUP FITS. Mrs. Wm's Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Peppermint Cure. Price \$2.00 per bottle and treated Dr. J. H. Kline, Ltd., 151 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Pale, Thin, Nervous?

Then your blood must be in a very bad condition. You certainly know what to take, then take it—Ayer's Sarsaparilla. If you doubt, then consult your doctor. We know what he will say about this grand old family medicine. Sold for over 60 years.

This is the first question your doctor would ask. Are your bowels regular? He knows that daily action of the bowels is absolutely essential to recovery. Keep your liver active and your bowels regular by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of HAIR VIGOR, ACHIEVE CURE, CROCKY PROCTOLAL.