



## Burdens Lifted From Bad Backs

Weary is the back that bears the burden of kidney ills. There's no rest nor peace for the man or woman who has a bad back. The distress begins in early morning. You feel lame and not refreshed. It's hard to get out of bed. It hurts to stoop to tie your shoes. All day the ache keeps up. Any sudden movement sends a sharp twinge through the back. It is torture to stoop or straighten. At night the sufferer retires to toss and twist and groan. Backache is kidney ache—a throbbing, dull aching in the kidneys. To cure backache you must first cure the kidneys. Plasters or liniments won't do. You must get at the cause, inside.

## Doan's Kidney Pills Cure Sick Kidneys

### Six Months of Misery

Doan's Kidney Pills Brought About a Complete Restoration.

CHARLES EASTER, E. Locust St., Watoka, Ill., says: "In the summer of 1904 I was attacked by pains in the small of my back and as the time passed, the trouble increased until my whole back was affected. For six months I could not sit in a chair and I was unable to sleep nights. I lost forty pounds in weight and was so lame and sore that I could not raise my hands to my face. I was languid, had no energy and was bothered by a shortness of breath. During all that time I doctored and used a great amount of medicine but to no avail. Sometimes there was an almost complete restoration of the kidneys and there was much relief in them. My wife finally persuaded me to try Doan's Kidney Pills. They gave me such prompt relief that I continued taking them and gradually my condition improved. The trouble with my kidneys was corrected and my aches and pains were removed. I am so grateful for this cure that I cheerfully recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to other persons suffering from kidney complaint."

### HOW TO TELL WHEN THE KIDNEYS ARE DISORDERED

**Painful Symptoms**—Backache, side-ache, pains when stooping or lifting, sudden sharp twinges, rheumatic pains, neuralgia, painful, scanty or too frequent urination, dizzy spells, droopy.

**Urinary Symptoms**—Discolored or cloudy urine. Urine that contains sediment. Urine that stains the linen. Painful passages. Blood or shreds in the urine. Let a bottleful of the morning urine stand for 24 hours. If it shows a cloudy or floccy settling, or a layer of fine grains, like brick-dust, the kidneys are disordered.

### Twice-Told Testimony

A Wonderful Cure Fully Verified by the Test of Time.

MRS. J. M. BARNHART, 323 N. Jackson St., Franklin, Ind., says: "Several years ago I was run into by a horse and my body became a great deal and I had such terrible pains in the small of my back that I could scarcely stand. I rested poorly and the kidney secretions contained a sediment, also being distressing in passage. I tried various preparations but steadily grew worse and when Doan's Kidney Pills were brought to my attention, I procured a supply. The contents of the first box did me so much good that I continued taking the remedy until I was cured. I gave a public statement on July 19, 1906, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills and now I can add that I have had no need of a kidney remedy in over a year."

### A Trial Free Test Doan's Kidney Pills Yourself

Cut out this coupon, mail it to Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. A free trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills will be mailed you promptly. C. N. U.

**DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
Solely by all dealers. Price 50 cents. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors.

### Stevenson's Cup of Misery.

R. L. Stevenson, writing in 1832 to George Meredith, in an epistle quoted in his "Letters," says, with heart-rending pathos: "For fourteen years I have not had a day's real health. I have awakened sick and gone to bed weary, and I have done my work unfeelingly. I have written in bed, and written out of bed, written in hemorrhages, written in sickness, written torn by coughing, written when my head swam for weakness, and for so long, it seems to me, I have won my wages and recovered my glove. I am better now—have been, rightly speaking, since first I came to the Pacific—and still feel sore the days when I am not in some physical distress. And the battle goes on—on or well is a trifle so that it goes. I was made for a contest, and the powers have so willed that my battlefield should be this dingy, insignificant one of the bed and the physic bottle. At least I have not failed, but I would have preferred a place of trumpets and the open air over my head."

### Couldn't Stand Saire.

A burglar while attempting to rob a mounted bondholder of Maryville by mistake got into the humble residence of an editor next door. After unsuccessfully fumbling about for suitable assets for some time he was disgusted to observe the tenant of the house sitting up in bed and laughing at him. "Aren't you old Skinderson, the capitalist?" inquired the housebreaker. "Nary time," chuckled the journalist. "I'm the editor of the Screaming Eagle."

### Jerusalem!

"Jerusalem!" said the burglar, looking at his stemwinder. "And here I've been wasting four precious hours on this branch alms-house. I say, old quill driver, you never poke fun at your subscribers, do you?" "Not the cash ones."

### Exactly,

said the burglar, taking out his wallet. "Here's six months' subscription to call this thing square. If there's one thing on earth I can't stand, it's satire."—London Tit-Bits.

### Drinking and Smoking in Korea.

The Koreans are inveterate smokers of green tobacco, which they use in pipes with tiny bowls and stems two or three feet long. They stick their pipes down the back of the neck when not using them.

### There is a deal of drinking, too,

though they have many proverbs against it—"Heaven and earth are too small for a drunken man." "White whiskey makes a red face." "There is no bottom to the appetite for drink."

### Trying to Encourage Him.

"O, Guy, you mustn't allow yourself to be scared by papa's piercing eye." "I'm not so much afraid of that, Zedekiah, as I am of his cutting 'nose!'"

### In the Long Ago.

Benjamin Franklin, full of his schemes for drawing electricity from the clouds, had dropped in at a hardware store.

### Strength at Various Ages.

According to excellent authority the muscles, in common with all organs of the human body, have their periods of development and decline, or physical strength increasing up to a certain age and then decreasing. Tests of the strength of several thousand individuals have been made and the following figures are given as the averages derived from such tests: The lifting power of a youth of 17 is 280 pounds; in his twentieth year this increases to 320 pounds and in the thirtieth and thirty-first years it reaches its height, 365 pounds. At the expiration of the thirty-first year the strength begins to decline, very gradually at first. By the fortieth year it has decreased eight pounds and diminution continues at a slightly increasing rate until the fiftieth year is reached, when the figure is 330 pounds.

Subsequent to this period strength falls more and more rapidly until the weakness of old age is reached. It is found impossible to obtain trustworthy statistics of the decline of strength after the fiftieth year, as the rate varies greatly in different individuals.

### The Man-of-War Bird.

The frigate pelican, or man-of-war bird, is usually met with by travelers in the tropics. Although when stripped of its feathers, it is hardly larger than a pigeon, yet no man can touch at the same time the tips of its extended wings. The long wing bones are exceedingly light, and the whole apparatus of air cells is extremely developed, so that its real weight is very trifling. It flies at a great height above the water, and from that elevation pounces down on fish, especially preferring the poor, persecuted flying fish for its prey. Persecuted to some authors, the name of man-of-war bird was given to it because its appearance was said to foretell the coming of a ship, probably because the frigate pelican and real frigates are equally adverse to storms, and both like to come into harbor if the weather threatens.

### Mixed.

A sergeant was once drilling a squad of recruits. They were incredibly ignorant. One of them could not tell his right hand from his left. The sergeant proceeded to teach them and at last attained some degree of success.

### Sergeant—Now, yer blessed idiot,

hold yer hands in front of yer and twist them round one over the other. Stop! Now, which is your left hand and which is your right?

### Recruit (looking at his hands for a moment)

—I'm blowing if I know. I've gone and mixed 'em!—London Answers.

### The Australian State of Victoria

warsfare nearly \$500,000 a year in its warsfare against the destructive rabbit.

### Dolly's Retort.

"I won't wash my face!" said Dolly defiantly.

### "Nanghy, nanghy,"

reproved grandmother. "When I was a little girl I always washed my face."

### "Yes, and now look at it!"—Every body's.

### Advanced Thought.

"Doctor, how do you account for the existence of rheumatism?" "The mind, my dear sir, evolved the disease to fit the word."

### A QUEER WEDDING RING.

An African Tribe Whose Wives Wear a Heavy Brass Ornament. Among the Bayand, who live for many miles along the upper Congo, there exists a strange custom which would seem to make life miserable for the married women. Brass rods, which are the favorite currency in the country, are welded into great rings around the necks of the wives. Many of these rings worn by the women whose husbands are well-to-do weigh as much as 30 pounds, and this burden must be carried around by the poor women as long as they live.

Frequently one sees a woman whose neck is raw and sore under the heavy weight, and in places the skin is rubbed off. This is a sure sign that the ring has been recently welded around her neck, for after a time the skin becomes calloused, and then the strange ornament produces no abrasion. But the weight is an inconvenience; they never go used to it, and it is a perpetual tax upon their energies. In every crowd of women may be seen a number who are supporting the rings with their hands, and thus for a time relieving their weary shoulders of the heavy burdens.

It may be said that with every movement of their bodies the rings give discomfort. Once on, it is no easy matter to get them off. The natives have no such thing as a file, and though they can hammer a lot of brass rods into one, it is very difficult for them to cut the thick mass of metal in two. Women who increase largely in flesh after the rings have been fastened on their necks are in danger of strangling to death, and instances of this sort have been known to occur. Yet these women regard the cumbersome ornament with pride, imagine that it enhances their importance and beauty, and wear the burden with light hearts.

### Trapping the Parson.

William Morris did not always get his jokes right end first. In a biography of her husband, Mrs. Edward Burne-Jones tells of the ease with which he reversed them.

### A dinner gathering had all been asking conundrums.

"Who killed his brother Cain?" asked Burne-Jones.

Morris fell into the trap at once.

"Abel!" he shouted.

Later in the day he came in laughing.

"I trapped the parson, by Jove!" he exclaimed. "I asked him, 'Who killed his brother Abel?'"

"Cain," he said at once.

"Ha!" I said. "I knew you'd say that. Every one does. I came away and left him puzzled enough, and I doubt if he's found out yet what the joke was."

### Exception.

Teacher—As I have been telling you, there are two general classes of workers. Tommy, does your father make his living by using his brains or by using his muscles? Tommy—Neither one, ma'am. He's a policeman.—Chicago Tribune.

### Unpremeditated Sarcasm.

Erminent Musician—Among my professional friends I— Reporter (gasping)—Professional friends! Are they living?

### Is This True?

"Why don't the common people get more?" "Because they don't exist as a body. Every individual thinks he is slightly superior to the general run of humanity."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### Way-side Commentaries.

Ruffian (Wags-Schmitz) (Schmitz) Where have I heard that name? Raymond Story—Don't ye rickellect? He's the man that made San Francisco famous.—Chicago Tribune.

### An Unexpected Promotion.

Benny's intellectual achievements were far from notable, but in the eyes of his small sister he was none the less a wonderful personage. She keenly resented allusions to his lengthy stay in the last desk row at school, although Benny himself took quite a cheerful and philosophic view of the matter.

### One afternoon the little girl

appeared, flushed and panting, in the library doorway.

"Daddy," she exclaimed, "you promised Benny a dollar when he got moved off the bottom bench, and now he's up in the next row with me and—"

Benny himself entered just then, in his usual unconcerned way.

"Why, what's this I hear, my son?" his father welcomed him. "I'm very glad you've worked your way up—"

The boy started uncomprehendingly. "Elsie says you're in the second row now," his father continued, in explanation.

"Course!" returned the youngster, imperturbably. "We're all in the second row—the bottom bench's being painted."

### Slightly Acquainted.

As an instance of the "marrying in haste" principle that obtains in some American cities an English lady who visited Chicago relates how her maid, who accompanied her, quickly became imbued with the desire to become Mrs. Somebody.

One morning she appeared before her mistress and, with glowing eyes, announced that she had named the day and would become a wife at the end of the week.

"Are you going back home, then?" the lady asked.

"Oh, no, ma'am; it's an American gentleman," replied the maid.

"But," remonstrated her mistress, "we've only been here a fortnight."

"That's no matter. He wants the wedding to be on Saturday."

"Well, can't you get him to postpone the marriage just a little till I can get another maid?"

"Well, ma'am, I'd like to oblige you; but, you see, I don't feel well enough acquainted to ask him to do that."—London Answers.

### Full of Meaning.

Richard Croker, a few days before his departure for Florida, was a guest of honor at a dinner at the St. Regis. Mr. Croker, praising Judge Gaynor's oratory, said:

"His oratory is so concise. He packs so much meaning into so few words. He is like the old clerk whose master said to him:

"John, that's a very shabby office coat you're wearing."

"Yes, sir," said the old clerk, meaningly. "I got this coat with the last raise you gave me."

### Is This True?

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"Because they don't exist as a body. Every individual thinks he is slightly superior to the general run of humanity."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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### CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"Your name?" asked Morris. "Benoni," answered the black. "Just Benoni."

"American?" asked Larry.

"I've read there," volunteered Benoni. "Where are we going now?"

"Anywhere to get away from them," replied Johnny.

"Then don't go so far to the right. Turn at the next crossing—there—now turn to your left again—see? Beyond those hills we'll find a snug den!" Here we are.

The motor wheezed and grunted and turned awkwardly into the debouchment of the mountain side.

"How'd you come to get in such a scrape?" asked Larry. "Ever see that woman before? Do you know her at all? What was her animus?"

Benoni nodded. "Yes, I gave her passage money to go back to Matine to her family once, and she gambled it away. Then she came to me again, and wanted some more money and I refused to give it to her, and she's hated me ever since. I guess. I hadn't seen her for years."

"Like a woman," commented Johnny.

Larry smoked in silence, till Benoni asked: "Exploring? Or just touring?"

"How long since you've been in the States?" asked Johnny.

"Just came from there a week ago," replied Benoni.

"Then you heard of the Wayne murder mystery, of course?"

Well, we're hunting for the abducted Miss Lancy. We think she's in Africa here."

Benoni raised his woolly eyebrows.

"You're a nice hunt," he observed.

"Have you any trace of where she might be? Africa is very large, larger even than your vaunted State of Texas."

"I know," responded Larry, curtly. "But if a man's heart's in the hunt, he doesn't stop to reckon the length of the chase."

Benoni smiled. "You are related to Miss Lancy?"

"Not yet," said Johnny. "He's just hoping that way."

Benoni sprang out of the car. He paced by its side nervously for a few seconds, and then stopped beside Larry.

"I am black, as you see," spoke Benoni, "but I own the blood of kings and my mind has been subjected to a thorough course of education in Europe and universities. I am in Africa now on an errand similar to yours. I am seeking my wife, Meta. Unlike you, I have an inkling as to where I may find her. Perhaps the woman you are hunting for is not far away from Meta. Will you join forces with me? I am black-handed, and I may need foreign aid—men I can trust!"

Larry and Johnny grasped at the straw. It was something tangible anyway, in this great wanton waste of sun and sky, desert and barbarians. And far more likely of result than the nearly red-taped government assistance that had been proffered them.

So they made a compact with Benoni. It was taking a long chance with a stranger, but the boys had learned that long shots frequently won when the short are failed altogether.

The three were to meet at the dell on the morning of departure in Europe, and they were to leave behind all luggage; that he would attend to all of that, and to take with them but a nominal sum of money, if any at all.

"You can both ride?" he questioned.

"Well, I'm not much at it," confessed Johnny.

The black surveyed the small red-headed man half contemptuously.

"I know what you're thinking," blurted out the American. "You're thinking that barring the color of the skin and head that you've got me beat on being a man. Perhaps you have. Anyway, I don't grudge you anything, and you needn't me!"

They rumbled later on as the false dawn broke. Benoni left them at the corner of an obscure street, and Larry and Johnny took Sulveizer back his auto. Sulveizer was not yet home, so they went to the cafe, where they had left him early in the evening, and found him there drowsing.

"What a shame," groaned Johnny.

"How can a man with a mind do such things as this?"

"You never did," said Larry, quietly.

"Here, let's take him home. Come, Sulveizer, come on, we've got something to tell you."

### CHAPTER XIV.

Benoni was waiting at the dell. With him was a small Arabian servant. Benoni himself was astride a magnificent black horse, and smaller mounts were added for the two Americans. The little Arab rode a wisened but sturdy beast and led the pack horse by a short tether.

The black was still more of the physically perfect by daylight than he had been under the lamp and the later gleam of the moon. He was even yet more taciturn. Larry and Johnny jogged along side by side, Benoni paced them, at times making far excursions ahead, returning with foaming horses and flushed face.

As noon they stopped beside a scant little creek for rest. The sun was unendurable and despite their visored and veiled helmets, Johnny and Larry were suffering terribly from sunburn and their hands were blistered from the reins.

"He little Arab spread their lunches for them and sent over to rest the horses, called a few reds distant. Benoni produced healing salve and showed the two companions how to relieve the worst of their stings. The tropical noonday sped in heat, silence and half-stun. At 5 o'clock Benoni roused the little caravan, and after a hasty supper, told them to make ready for a long, hard ride. All high they journeyed. The high desert waste, and over rocky, stony, up steep mountains and across half-stagnant, shallow rivers. And even when the dawn came there was no resting. The horses, jaded and covered with a coating of dust and sweat, stuck their heads wearily into the sand or clung

### CHAPTER XV.

restlessly to the hills slopes. Larry was weak as a woman, and Johnny too weak to talk. The sun centered the sky when Benoni let them halt. They were just past a strip of desert waste, and near a tiny oasis of parched grass and scrawny palms. A murky pool of water mocked them with its resemblance of Apollinaris, salters, ice-flushed lemonades and carbonated beverages to be quaffed in the blessed land at home.

Johnny, exhausted, had dropped from his horse and was trying to drag himself towards the muddy pool.

Benoni was as unshaken as the palm tree standing motionless in the desert calm. He pulled Johnny up, bolstered him along with a draught from his flask, and set him to rights generally.

"How are you, Morris?" he asked.

"Oh, fair," replied Larry. This gaunt American found it hard to admit physical inferiority to the black.

"We can rest but an hour or two," volunteered Benoni, curtly. "Then we must go on."

"But where?" asked Larry. "I confess I wanted to go into darkest Africa, but this affair is growing too shadowy for me. I don't care about being handled like a packhouse cow!"

Benoni turned a reproachful eye upon him. "I have promised to help you find the girl you seek, can you not rely upon me? I know my Africa, I am trusting you, and trying to repay you for aiding me to escape from that safe mob—that corral filled with worse than the beasts of the jungle—drunken, infuriated swine that once were men."

"I'm always finding things—now ain't I? Look at this, and in the desert, I'm for aiding me to escape from that safe mob—that corral filled with worse than the beasts of the jungle—drunken, infuriated swine that once were men."

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