

ONE KIDNEY GONE

But Cured After Doctors Said There Was No Hope.

Sylvanus O. Verrill, Milford, Me., says: "Five years ago a bad injury paralyzed me and affected my kidneys. My back hurt me terribly, and the urine was badly disordered. Doctors said my right kidney was practically dead. They said I could never walk again. I read of Don's Kidney Pills and began using them. One box made me stronger and freer from pain. I kept on using them and in three months was able to get out on crutches, and the kidneys were acting better. I improved rapidly, discarded the crutches and to the wonder of my friends was soon completely cured."

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

A MATTER OF HEREDITY.

Agnes Had Only Followed in the Footsteps of Her Mother.

Even if there had not been kernels of rice on her hat and a glad light of love in her eye a bachelor could have told that she was a bride. And the manner in which she spoke to her husband showed they had not been married long.

A man in the passing crowd spied the couple, and rushed over to greet the bride.

"Well, well, Agnes," he cried, extending his hand, "you don't mean to say that you're married?"

"Why—why, yes," the girl stammered, vivid color mounting to her cheeks, as she tried to defend her novel situation. "You—you know, it runs in the family. Mother was married, too."

NO SKIN LEFT ON BODY.

For Six Months Baby Was Expected to Die with Eczema—Now Well—Doctor Said to Use Cuticura.

"Six months after birth my little girl broke out with eczema and I had two doctors in attendance. There was not a particle of skin left on her body, the blood oozed out just anywhere, and we had to wrap her in silk and carry her on a pillow for ten weeks. She was the most terrible sight I ever saw, and for six months I looked for her to die. I used every known remedy to alleviate her suffering, for it was terrible to witness. Dr. C. gave her up. Dr. B. recommended the Cuticura Remedies. She will soon be three years old and has never had a sign of the dread trouble since. We used about eight cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura Ointment. James J. Smith, Durand, Va., Oct. 14 and 22, 1904."

PAMPARED.

Mrs. Nowrich—Will your hounds follow a fox?

Nowrich—Why—er—I think they would if the fox was dressed and cooked.

No Cremation.

"I was in King Atlanta during the late wave of reform there," recently said a Philadelphian, "when I overheard an amusing conversation in a barber shop between a patron and the boy who shaves shoes."

"I saw you playing craps this morning," said the patron, by way of a joke. "If the grand jury got at you, it would make you tell all about the gambling among the darkeys."

"No, suh, dey wouldn't," protested the negro, warmly. "I knows enough about de law to know dat a man don't have to tell nothin' dat cremates his-est."

An Intelligent Child.

A small boy was playing with the scissors, and his kindly old grandmother chided him.

"You musn't play with the scissors dear. I know a little boy like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put them in his eye and put his eye out, and he could never see anything after that."

The child listened patiently, and said, when she got through the narrative:

"What was the matter with his other eye?"—Bystander.

NEW LIFE

Found in Change to Right Food.

After one suffers from acid dyspepsia, sour stomach, for months and then finds the remedy is in getting the right kind of food it is something to speak out about.

A N. Y. lady and her young son had such an experience and she wants others to know how to get relief. She writes:

"For about fifteen months my little boy and myself had suffered with sour stomach. We were unable to retain much of anything we ate."

"After suffering in this way for so long I decided to consult a specialist in stomach diseases. Instead of prescribing drugs, he put us both on Grape-Nuts and we began to improve immediately."

"It was the key to a new life. I found we had been eating too much heavy food which we could not digest. In a few weeks after commencing Grape-Nuts I was able to do my housework. I wake in the morning with a clear head and feel rested and have no sour stomach. My boy sleeps well and wakes with a laugh."

"We have regained our lost weight and continue to eat Grape-Nuts for both the morning and evening meals. We are well and happy and owe it to Grape-Nuts." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in plga.

Ever read the above letter? A new way of eating. They are granules, true, and full of human interest.

Light Freights

W. W. JACOBS

Brevet Rank

(Copyright, Deed, Head Company.)

The crew of the Elizabeth Hopkins sat on deck in the gloaming, gazing idly at the dusky shapes of the barges as they dropped silently down on the tide, or violently discussing the identity of various steamers as they came swiftly past. Even with these amusements the time hung heavily, and they thought longingly of certain cozy bars by the riverside to which they were wont to betake themselves in their spare time.

To-night, in deference to the wishes of the skipper, wishes which approximated closely to those of royalty in their effects, they remained on board. A new acquaintance of his, a brother captain, who dabbled in mesmerism, was coming to give them a taste of his quality.

"I never 'eard the likes of it," said one, with a deep breath, as the skipper concluded a marvelous example.

Voices sounded from the wharf, and the night watchman appeared piloting Capt. Zingall to the schooner. The crew noticed that he came aboard quite like any other man, descending the ladder with even more care than usual.

At first he was not very successful. The men stared at the discs he put into their hands until their eyes ached, but for some time without effect. Bill was the first to yield, and to the astonishment of his friends passed into a soft magnetic slumber, from which he emerged to perform the usual idiotic tricks peculiar to mesmerized subjects.

"It's wonderful what power you 'ave over 'em," said Capt. Bradd, respectfully.

Capt. Zingall smiled affably. "At the present moment," he said, "that man is my unthinkin' slave, and what ever I wish him to do he does. Would any of you like him to do anything?"

"Well, sir," said one of the men, "o owes me 'arf a crown, an' I think it would be a 'ighly interestin' experiment if you could get 'im to pay me. If anything 'ud make me believe in mesmerism, that would."

"An' he owes me eightpence, sir," said another seaman, eagerly.

"One at a time," said the first speaker, sharply.

"An' e's owed me five shillins since I don't know when," said the cook, with dishonest truthfulness.

Capt. Zingall turned to his subject. "You owe that man half a crown," he said, pointing, "that one eightpence, and that one five shillings. Pay them."

In the most matter-of-fact way in the world Bill groped in his pockets, and producing some greasy coins, paid the sums mentioned, to the intense delight of everybody.

"Well, I'm blest," said the mate, staring. "I thought mesmerism was

have fallen but that strong hands caught him and restored him to his seat.

"You are Capt. Bradd, master of this ship," he said, slowly.

"Ay, ay," said the mate, earnestly.

"And that's your mate, George," said Zingall, pointing to the deeply interested Bradd.

"Ay, ay," said the mate again, with a sigh.

"Take command, then," said Zingall, leaving him with a satisfied air and seating himself on the locker.

The mate sat up and looked about him with an air of quiet authority.

"George," he said, turning suddenly to the skipper with a very passable imitation of his voice.

"Sir," said the skipper, with a playful glance at Zingall.

"A friend o' mine named Capt. Zingall is coming aboard to-night," said the mate, slowly. "Get a little whisky for him out o' my state-room."

"Ay, ay, sir," said the amused Bradd.

"Just a little in the bottom of the bottle 'll do," continued the mate; "don't put more in, for he drinks like a fish."

"I never said such a thing, captain," said Bradd, in an agitated whisper. "I never thought o' such a thing."

"No, I know you wouldn't," said Zingall, who was staring hard at a nearly empty whisky bottle on the table.

"And don't leave your 'baccy pouch lying about, George," continued the mate, in a thrilling whisper.

He leaned back on the locker and smacked his lips. There was a faint laugh from one of the crew, and looking up smartly he seemed to be aware for the first time of their presence.

"What are you doin' down here?" he roared. "What do you want?"

"Nothin', sir," said the cook. "Only we thought—"

"Get out at once," vociferated the mate, rising.

"Stay where you are," said the skipper, sharply.

"George!" said the mate, in the squeaky voice in which he chose to personate the skipper.

"Bring him round, Zingall," said the skipper, irritably. "I've had enough o' this. I'll let 'im know who's who. Still holding him with his gaze, Zingall clapped his hands together, and stepping up to him blew strongly in his face. The mate, with a perfect scream of rage, picked him up by the middle, and dumping him heavily on the floor, held him there and worried him.

"Help!" cried Zingall, in a smothered voice; "take him off!"

"Why—don't—you—bring—him—round?" panted the skipper.

"Because I can't," said Zingall, shortly. "It'll have to wear off."

"Wear off!" repeated the skipper. Zingall drew himself up with a little pride. "Well, see what I've done," he said, "the fact is I'm charged full with electricity when I came aboard, and he's got it all now. It's a perfect blank," said Mrs. Bradd, cheerfully. It might have been accident, but she tapped her pocket as she spoke, and the outwitted mate bit his lip as he realized his blunder, and turned to the door. The couple watched him as he slowly passed up the street.

"It's most extraordinary," said the skipper; "the most extraordinary case I ever heard of."

"So it is," said his wife, "and what more extraordinary still for you, Ben, you're going to church on Sunday, and what a more extraordinary even than that, you are going to put two golden sovereigns in the plate."

In a hurried, breathless fashion the skipper told him the mate regarding him the while with a stare of fixed incredulity.

"I can't understand it," he said at length. "My mind's a perfect blank."

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Match Production in Brazil.

The number of boxes of matches produced in the federal district of Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, in 1907 was 202,041,400, of which 189,560,000 were wood and 12,481,400 wax matches. The stamp revenue was \$1,218,384, or about six-tenths of a cent a box. The output is used in the district itself. The match tax alone amounts to a little over \$1.50 for each man, woman and child. The explanation for this exceedingly large consumption of matches is in the fact that almost every male inhabitant of the district is a smoker, and most of them smoke cigarettes.

Long Life Passed in Health.

Mme. Dardelin, who recently died at Beauvais at the age of 105, had been a widow for 33 years, and her last illness, which lasted four weeks, was the first she had ever had.

fused face and, frankly enough, repulsed:

"The trouble with you, sir, is that you are suffering from underwork and over pay."

Overdoing the Orderly Life.

Men who live an orderly life are in great danger of doing nothing else. We wrap our virtue up in little bags of respectability and keep it in the storehouse of a safe reputation. But if it is genuine virtue, it is worthy a better use.—Henry van Dyke.

His Trouble Was Not Organic.

Official's Ailment One Comparatively Easy to Cure.

Gen. Joubert Pienaar was talking to a Washington reporter about a West African official.

"It is in that man's territory," said Gen. Pienaar, "that the blacks are still branded. The man neglects his work."

"The physician frowned at the fat, well intentioned, but lazy, in his ignorance he suffers all sorts of inequities to go on among his people."

"Yes, he is lazy and neglectful. In the last heat he was taken sick and a physician was sent for."

"I want you to tell me frankly," he said to the physician, "what is the matter with me."

"I do," said the mate. "Let me hear anybody say as I said it."

"Yesterday," said the skipper, plucking up courage and speaking very slowly and impressively, "you were George Smith, mate, but my friend, Capt. Zingall, mesmerized you and made you think you were me."

"I see what it is," said the mate, severely. "You've been drinking; you've been up to my whisky."

In obedience to the summons of Capt. Bradd the crew came up, and being requested by him to tell the mate that he was the mate, and that he was at present laboring under a delusion, stood silently judging each other and eying him uneasily.

"But damn it all, man," said the mate, taking a mighty grip of Bill's collar, "you know I'm the captain, don't you?"

"O' course I do, sir," said Bill.

"There you are, George," said the mate, releasing him, and turning to the frantic Bradd; "you hear that? Now, look here, you listen to me. Either you've been drinking, or else your 'ead's gone a little bit off. You go down and turn in, and if you don't give me any more of your nonsense I'll overlook it for this once."

Time, instead of restoring the mate to his senses, only appeared to confirm him in his folly, and the skipper after another attempt to convince him, let things drift, resolving to have him put under restraint as soon as they got to the wharf.

They reached Tidescroft in the early afternoon. He warned them of public houses and other dangers, and reminded them affectingly of their duties as husbands and fathers. "Always go home to your wife and children, my lads," he continued with some emotion, "as I go home to mine."

"Why, he ain't got none," whispered Bill, starting.

"Don't be a fool, Bill," said the cook, "he means the captain's. Don't you see he's the captain now."

Meantime, Capt. Bradd had reached his house, and was discussing the situation with his astonished spouse. She pooh-poohed the idea of the police and the medical faculty as being likely to cause complications with the owners, and, despite the remonstrances of her husband, insisted upon facing the mate alone.

"Now you go in the kitchen," she said, looking from the window. "Here he comes. You see how I'll settle him."

The skipper looked out of the window and saw the unhappy victim of Capt. Zingall slowly approaching.

"I've come home," said the mate.

"So I see, Ben," said Mrs. Bradd, calmly.

"He's told her," said the mate to himself.

"Children all right?" he inquired, after another pause.

"Yes," said Mrs. Bradd, simply.

The mate pulled out an old leather purse and counted the contents, two pounds and a little silver.

"There ain't five pounds there," said Mrs. Bradd, "but I may as well take last week's housekeeping while you've got it out."

Before the mate could prevent her she had taken the two pounds and put it in her pocket.

"No, no, I want the money myself," said the mate at last. He put his hands to his head and began to prepare for the grand transformation scene. "My head's gone," he said, in a gurgling voice. "What am I doing here? Where am I?"

"Good gracious, what's the matter with the man?" said Mrs. Bradd, with a scream. She snatched up a bowl of flowers and flung the contents in his face as her husband burst into his room. The mate sprang to his feet, spluttering.

"He's come around!" said Bradd, ecstatically. "Don't you know what you've been doing?"

The mate shook his head, and stared round the room. "I thought we were in London," he said, putting his hand to his head. "You said Capt. Zingall was coming aboard. How did we get here? Where am I?"

In a hurried, breathless fashion the skipper told him the mate regarding him the while with a stare of fixed incredulity.

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Straight Lines for Figure Is Absolute Edict of Fashion.

As it was rumored in the summer, the padded waist line has come to 'asa. There is an oblong pillow worn down the center seam of skirt and princess frock to give a large waist line and a straight drop from bust to floor.

Extra thin women are padding the corset at the back, where the straight frock or coat is apt to fall into a curved waist line, straight back, which is the feature of good fashion to-day.

Women who have large waists are happily letting them out and having comfort for the first time in their lives. The only thing is that one must wear gowns and coats in straight lines, otherwise the effect is absurd.

Anything that tends to enlarge hips and bust is considered bad management in dressing, and even though the waist line is not only let out, but padded, the hips are laced in absolutely tight from the waist down.

Every woman does not know how to lace a corset, and if she is in error the result will be worse this year than for many seasons before.

It must always be unlaced its entire length every time it is removed. Otherwise bones break and steels snap, and the corset lasts half its appointed time.

When it is put on it should be hooked up in front, then the hands put under it to draw up the flesh. Next the elastics are fastened to the stockings and the figure comfortably adjusted before the lacing begins.

The lacers, which have loops in the center, should be pulled a little at that line first, then they should be pulled hard at the extreme lower edge, bringing the edges of the corset together.

This should be done all the way up over the hips, the extra length of lacers pulled out at the center.

The same method of lacing should then begin at the top of the corset, only it is not necessary to lace so tightly above as below.

The strings in the center are pulled as tight as one wishes and tied in a loose knot. They should never be brought around the corset and tied in front, as this destroys the waist line by denting it and finally breaking the corset bones.

Old-Fashioned Braiding.

Some of the new coats have their entire surface covered with a close design of soutache braiding. This was the height of style years ago, and it has been revived in exactly its old form.

The soutache is put on as though it were cut out with a jig saw, and it is quite effective.

One model in green broadcloth has a seven-gored circular skirt, with high waistband, and fastens down the left front with buttons of green velvet covered with soutache.

The coat falls below the knees at back and to the knees in front. It is covered from shoulder to hem with these scrolls and turns made of soutache.

The fronts do not meet except by means of a heavy black satin waist-coat fastened with green velvet buttons.

Velvet Roses.

The new thing of the moment is the immense rose with petals that are larger than an ordinary rose, made of helio velvet and worn on the front of a hat. Sometimes two smaller ones are placed at the sides, and between them is a festoon of helio tulle.

These roses are also worn at the front of bodice and just below the left hip on an evening gown made with a tunic that crosses over at left and is slashed to show an underskirt of tulle or chiffon.

Facial Distortion a Frequent Fault of the Younger Generation.

Do you realize how rare it is to see a strong, quiet face? The next time you go down the street in the cars look for one.

If there were an epidemic of St. Vitus dance there might be some excuse for the distorted countenances you see. The girl who does not bite her lips and draw in her eyes toward her nose, arches her eyebrows (thinking it coquettish), or puckers her mouth till one thinks of persimmons or a gathering thread.

One would feel like laughing if it did not seem more to be cried over. For much of this distorting is needless and all is disfiguring. Oddly enough, lack of facial repose is more noticeable in women and girls than in men or boys. Is it because the former are more self-conscious?

There are some girls who think a quiet face must be a stupid one, so they smirk and jerk and shrug in the mistaken idea that they are animated.

Forced pliancy has but one ending—wrinkles for the pliant and sneering amusement for the looker-on. Many a woman spends a small fortune on electricity, cold packs and massage, when all she needs is to root out disfiguring habits. There is no wrinkle cure known that will conquer confirmed wrinkle-making.

Sometimes facial distortion comes from bad eyesight or lack of nervous control. Whatever the cause, whether illness or physical tilt, try to get rid of it.

Find out whether yours is a reposable face. Your family will be only too glad to give you the information. Then ask their help in making it so.

You will not like that help. It grows deadly wearing to have friends say, just when you think yourself looking fine: "Milly, stop squinting;" "Margaret, get away from that frown;" "Don't be coy, Violet." But endure it as you would a bad medicine.

There is no remedy too severe in the interest of a restful face in this day of distortions. Plain features that are quiet as nature planned them have more real beauty than a Greek nose, a perfect mouth, and inspiring eyes that are always in motion.

A Long Wait.

"Well, Jesse," said a New Englander, on returning to his native Vermont town after an absence of several years, "how are things? Are you married yet? And did that rich old uncle of yours leave you any money?"

"No, I ain't married yet; nor ain't likely to be, so far's I kin see," answered Jesse, despondently. "If Uncle Bill had done as he ought to, I s'pose I'd have settled down in a house of my own a long time ago."

"So he didn't leave you a cent? That's too bad!"

"Yes; an' it puts me an' Mary in an awful hard place. There ain't nothin' for us to do now but to set down an' wait for some o' her folks to die."

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

If we got everything we prayed for the earth would have to be enlarged in order to make room for our possessions.

WE SELL GUNS AND TRAPS CHEAP & Buy Furs & Hides. Write for catalogue 103 N. W. Hyde & Fur Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

One trouble with a tightwad is that he doesn't care who knows it.

Feet Ache—Use Allen's Foot-Powder Over 25,000 testimonials. Refuse imitations. Send for free trial package. A. S. Ulmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Time isn't money, yet people are always spending it.

Opposite Materials.

In dress goods fabrics there is a merry war going on between the roughest of tough tweeds and the softest of satin weaves. Both are at the top of popularity, and each woman wants a suit of one and a gown of the other.

The big pillow muff supersedes all others.

In belts proper elastic will be the most popular.

Not for years has parted hair been so fashionable.

The one-piece dresses lead all others in popularity.

The neck outline of bodices is likely to grow higher.

Padded pipings with soutache are leading decorations.

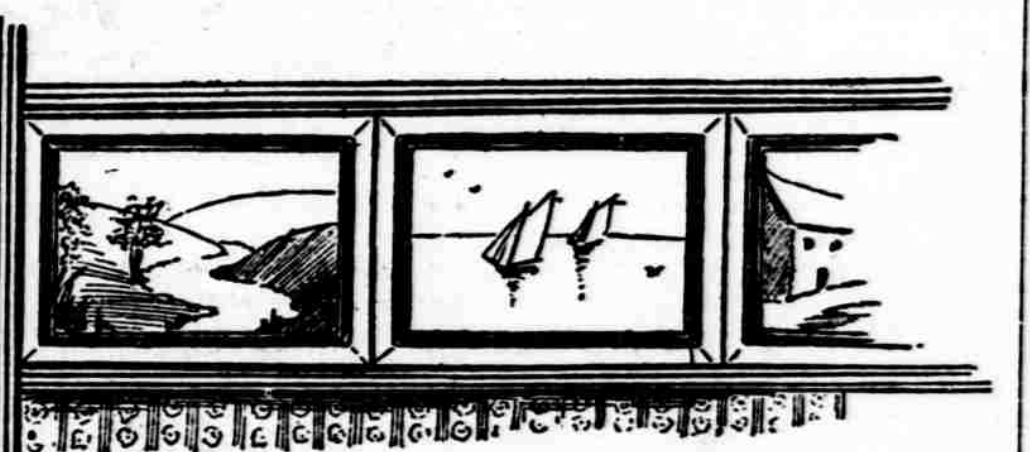
The sealskin coat will be more popular than for years.

There is a fad for heavy embroidery on gauze stockings.

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Dado Decoration



Our sketch illustrates a very effective way of decorating the space immediately above the dado with a number of small pictures, all of the same size. This form of decoration is especially adaptable to a reading or smoking room, and may be carried out entirely round the room. Small oak frames, ready-made, can be purchased in many of the shops at a moderate cost, and are very suitable for framing photographs and engravings.

In the room from which our sketch was made, a number of photographs had been framed quite plainly in this manner, and they were arranged in a row resting on the heading at the head of the dado. Above them, and cut so as to slightly overlap the top of the frames, a second heading had been nailed, and held the pictures in their places.

Headings suitable for this purpose can be obtained very cheaply, and for a similar decoration of a smaller kind, cabinet photographs look wonderfully well and make an interesting addition to a room. Pictures or photographs so arranged in no way interfere with larger pictures that may be hung above them.

Long Sleeves.

Long sleeves, even in the more dressy blouse, will be much worn, and this is where the clever woman in buying either the ready-made or the materials to make herself will seek for novel ideas, and she will find plenty of them. While they are all close fitting, they are trimmed in such a variety of ways (mousquetaire with a soft full frill running up the outside fold, tucks running around and going the entire sleeve length, frills let in on the outside from wrist to elbow, small cap effect, finished in rounding points from which depend short tassels, etc.) that each individual taste can be suited and still be in fashion. With these long, close sleeves, high, close-fitting collars, topped with thick ruching, are the correct finish at the neck.

Relief for Tired Feet.

Tired feet cause an almost unendurable pain, yet many suffer from such merely through carelessness in not having the heels of shoes straightened. You know that it is to put on an old pair of shoes that have been cast aside for months, and if the heels are crooked it is almost an impossibility to step in them, yet one will go on for weeks wearing high-heeled shoes that throw the ankles out of place. Burning feet are caused by poor circulation. This can be cured in a short time by plunging the feet into moderately hot water, then cold, and applying witch hazel or bay rum.

When Hanging Curtains.

A house decorator gives this important advice to women who are arranging their homes. They should not hang curtains of one color against a wall paper of another color. They should not join carpets of opposite

PE-RU-NA AS A LAST RESORT



Mr. Wm. F. Vahlberg, Oklahoma City, Okla., writes:

"One bottle of Peruna which I have taken did more toward relieving me of an aggravated case of catarrh of the stomach, than years of treatment with the best physicians."

"I had given up hopes of relief, and only tried Peruna as a last resort, and I shall continue using it, as I feel satisfied it will effect an entire and permanent cure."

"I most cheerfully recommend Peruna to all who may read this."

Peruna is usually taken as a last resort. Doctors have been tried and failed. Other remedies have been used. Sanitariums have been visited. Travel has been resorted to.

At last Peruna is tried. Relief is found.

This history is repeated over and over again, every day, in the year. It is such results as this that gives Peruna its unassailable hold upon the people. We could