

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT



To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of this paper May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root the great kidney and bladder remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

63 Cottage St., Melrose, Mass.

DR. J. C. RICHARDSON, JAS. 11th, 1904.

"Ever since I was in the Army, I had more or less kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I suffered everything and was much alarmed—my strength and power was fast leaving me. I saw an advertisement of Swamp-Root and wrote asking for advice. I began the use of the medicine and noted a decided improvement after taking Swamp-Root only a short time.

I continued its use and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and strong. In order to be very sure about this, I had a doctor examine some of my water today and he pronounced it all right and in splendid condition.

I know that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. Thanking you for my complete recovery and recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers I am,

Very truly yours,

J. C. RICHARDSON.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but it promptly cures kidney,

liver and bladder troubles, the symptoms of which are—obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brickdust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, worn-out feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale at drug stores the world over in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. Remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

Please write or fill in this coupon with your name and address and Dr. Kilmer & Co., will send you a Free Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root the Great Kidney Remedy.

Name.....

St. and No.....

City or Town.....

State.....

Mention this paper.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—In order to prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the testimonials received from men and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root are so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in this

Trouble in Our Midst.

Not since we eat a lot of moth balls for peppermint lozengers have we made such a mistake as we did when we were to Memphis the other day. We drank a small bottle of Flecter's Anti-skeptic, thinking it was cream de mint. We are now under treatment for a restoration of our throat.—Hardman (Tenn.) Free Press.

Indian Girls Marry Young.

The custom of marrying girls when they are mere children of nine or ten years is increasing rather than decreasing in Bengal and other parts of India. The resulting racial degeneration is becoming so obvious that laws have been passed in several regions forbidding the marriage of girls under fourteen.

Japanese Dressing for Wounds.

At a cost of 25 cents Japanese doctors can dress the wounds of 500 men. They use a finely powdered charcoal obtained by the slow combustion of straw in closed furnaces. Sachets filled with it are applied to the wounds, and its antiseptic and absorbent qualities generally effect a rapid cure.

Better Than Oil for Roads.

A writer in an English automobile paper claims that roads could be kept permanently damp by the application of strong solutions of calcium chloride or magnesium chloride, and that this would be cheaper than oils and without their objectionable odors.

Sees Love Bright Colors.

The bee is an artistic upholsterer. It lines its nest with the leaves of flowers, always choosing such as have bright colors. They are invariably cut in circles so exact that no compass would make them more true.

Tribute to Her Vanity.

After a woman reaches a certain age, she may regard it as a compliment for a man to attempt to flirt with her, even if she does not wish to engage in the game.—Athenian Globe.

Latest Fad in Furnishing.

The very latest thing in furnishing is to have the walls of rooms covered with a coarse, dead-black canvas.

English Was Good Enough.

An English tourist was being driven on a faunting car through the Donegal highlands, and after a time the results of his observation came to the surface in the following query: "Driver! I notice that when you speak to your friends whom you meet on the road you invariably do so in Irish, but when you address your horse you do so in English. How is this?" To which came the retort: "Musha now him. Isn't English good enough for him."—The Spectator.

Uncle Eben.

"Some men gets a heap o' education," said Uncle Eben, "de same as some people get a fine collection o' bait wifout catchin' any fish."—Washington Star.

Glass Bricks for Building.

Glass houses of a very substantial kind can be built now. Silasian glass makers are turning out glass bricks for all sorts of building purposes.

Her Time Will Come.

Young man, beware of the girl who lets you do all the talking during courtship; she's playing a waiting game.—Chicago News.

Boatswain Buried Captain.

Quite recently the boatswain of a British man-o-war buried the captain at sea, reading the burial service himself.

Chinese Outside the Empire.

The number of Chinese outside of China is estimated at over 7,640,000.

Ask Your Druggist for Allen's Foot-Ease.

"I tried ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE recently, and have just bought another supply. It has cured my corns, and the hot, burning and itching sensation in my feet which was almost unbearable, and I would not be without it now.—Mrs. W. J. Walker, Camden, N. J." Sold by all Druggists, 25c.

Before marriage a man swear to love; after marriage he loves to swear.

Openings sometimes come to men and oysters when least expected.

Men are like chickens—they always want to get on the highest roost.

THANKSGIVING ON THE FARM

Oh! the farm was bright, Thanksgiving morn,
With its stacks of hay and shocks of corn
Its pumpkin heaps in the rambling shed,
And its apples brown and green and red,
And in its cellar its winter store
In bins that were filled and running o'er
With all the things that a farm could keep,
In barrel and bin and goodly heap,
Hung to the rafters and hid away—
Oh! the farm was a goodly sight that day!

And here and there were the Jersey stock,
The sheep and horses—old Prince and Jock—
The turkeys and geese and awkward calf,
And the goat that made the children laugh,
A pair of mules that a friend had sent out to the farm on experiment,
Pigeons and fowls and a guinea-pig,
Dogs that were small and dogs that were big,
Chickens that were white and black and gray—
Oh! the farm was a pleasant place to stay!

Out back of the house the orchard stood,
Then came the brook and the chestnut wood,
The sawmill where the children play,
The fodder barn with its piles of hay,
The walnut grove and the cranberry bog,
The woodchuck hole and the barking dog,
The wintergreen and the robber's cave
(Wherein who entered was counted leave),

The skating pond with its fringe of hay—
Oh! the farm was a pleasant sight that day!
The big home-barn was a place of joy
For the romping girl and the climbing boy,
With beams and mows and ladders to mount,
Horses and oxen and sheep to count;
Hunting of nests of sly old hens,
Tannelling hay and fashioning dens,
Helping the men to do up the chores,
Shutting windows and locking the doors,
Letting some work come in with the play—
Oh! the farm was a jolly place to stay!

Oh! the pantry shelves were loaded down
With cakes that were plump and rich and brown,
With apple pies and pumpkin and mince,
And jellies and jams and preserved quinces,
Cranberry sauce and puddings and rice,
The dessert dishes that look so nice,
Vegetables, breads and bonbons sweet,
A great brown turkey and plates of meat,
Sauces fixed in the daintiest way—
Oh! 'twas a glorious sight that day!

Oh, the farm was bright Thanksgiving morn,
The sun shone clear on the hay and corn,
The guests came early with laugh and shout,
And the boys and girls scattered about,
Seeking the pets they had known before,
Climbing through window instead of door,
Racing from barn to corn-crib or mill,
Shouting and laughing with glee, until
The dinner horn sounded. Oh, I say
'Twas pleasant upon the farm that day!

Uncle Isaac's Matchmaking

"Well, I declare!" said Aunt Nancy Winters, "I never did see a turkey fat up nicer—that one! I tell you, Pa, it's too good for just you an' me to set down to. Hadn't we ought to invite somebody to help eat 'Thanksgiving' dinner?" Aunt Nancy paused in her task of stripping the feathers from the turkey in question, and beamed placidly upon Uncle Isaac through her gold-bowed "specs."

Uncle Isaac Winters rubbed his hands together gleefully, and a genial smile overspread his face. "Just like you, Nancy, to think about somebody sharin' your blessin'. To be sure, to be sure, have somebody in to help dispose of that feller. Who'll you invite?"

"Well," said Aunt Nancy, reflectively, "I've a notion to ask Marietta Peabody, poor, lonesome old maid! I don't know as there's a soul in the village that would enjoy a nice piece of breast meat an' sage stuffin' an' Hubbard squash an' mashed potatoes an' gravy an' mince pie an' pumpkin pie better'n she would. I do believe she lives pretty slim sometimes."

Aunt Nancy sighed a motherly sigh, and looked thoughtfully at the big turkey lying across her lap. "Pears to me Marietta done a foolish thing when she give Silas Plummer the mitten the way she did years ago. I wish she was married an' settled down in a home of her own. Silas would be a good provider an' Marietta she's a neat housekeeper—neat as wax—an' seems to me they could be real happy together."

Uncle Isaac sat down on the edge of the wood box and looked at Aunt Nancy's kind old face. "S'pose we try an' make a match betwixt 'em," he suggested. "It's high time that old spat of their'n was cleared up. Let's see—it's as much as ten year, ain't it, since they ask speakin' to each other? I say let's ask 'em both here to dinner to-morrow an' see how it'll turn out."

Aunt Nancy stared at him in amazement. "Isaac Winters," she said, "be you clean gone crazy? Why, the very idee! A pretty Thanksgiving it would be, wouldn't it, with them two glarin' at each other an' never sayin' a word! My! my! you don't know Marietta Peabody, I guess, or Silas Plummer either, if you think you could peffy 'em at this late day."

"Well," said Uncle Isaac, meekly, "you know best, Nancy! you always know best. I thought mebbe it would work all right, but that's all a fool man knows about such things. Think I'd best hitch up an' drive down to invite Marietta? Jest as soon if you want I should."

Aunt Nancy turned the big turkey over laboriously. "Why, yes, Pa," she said, "you better go. Give Marietta my compliments an' ask her to spend Thanksgiving with us. If she's goin' to meetin' to-morrow she'll likely ride home with you in the cutter."

When Uncle Isaac returned, an hour later, he remarked: "Marietta seemed awful tickled about your invite, Nancy, an' she said she wa'n't goin' to meetin'—she hadn't a new thing to wear—an' she'd come over

early an' help fix things for dinner an' then you an' her could visit longer, she said."

"Well," said Aunt Nancy, "that's real good of Marietta. There'll be quite a lot of work fixin' the vegetables an' such, an' I guess she can help me quite a little. I'm real glad she's comin', poor soul!"

The next morning when Uncle Isaac, in his Sunday clothes, came into the kitchen and lifted his chin high so Aunt Nancy could adjust his collar button and necktie, the dear old lady said: "If I was you, Pa, I'd look all over the meetin'-house an' pick out the lonesome-lookin' person there—anybody you think ain't invited nowhere to 'Thanksgiving' dinner—an' ask 'em to come along home with you."

"Anybody," asked Uncle Isaac. "Did you say anybody, Nancy?"

Aunt Nancy started swiftly toward the oven door. "Land sakes! I believe that turkey's boilin' dry," she said, as she opened the oven door with a clang and poured hot water into the sizzling roasting-pan. Her rosy face peered into the big, savory-smelling oven.

"Yes," she said, "ask anybody you think looks lonesome."

Uncle Isaac drove off to meeting with a merry jingling of sleigh bells. He chuckled to himself as he drove along. "I shouldn't wonder if Silas Plummer would be lookin' kind of lonesome to-day," he said. "Great guns! Who'd ever think I'd take to matchmakin' at my time o' life!"

When the Thanksgiving sermon had been preached and the last hymn sung, the congregation moved toward the doors. Silas Plummer buttoned his overcoat and prepared to go his lonely way. But Uncle Isaac, unhitching the old white horse, called to him.

"Hold on, Silas," he said, "don't you want to ride along with me? An' say, by the way, Nancy said she'd like first-rate to have you eat Thanksgiving dinner with us."

Silas Plummer hesitated—and was lost. "Much obliged, Uncle Isaac," he said; "you and Aunt Nancy are very kind, but I was calculatin' on goin' to the restaurant for my dinner."

"Restaurant nothin'!" cried Uncle Isaac, jovially. "Come, pile in here an' we'll be goin'." Nancy'll be jest tickled to death!"

But privately Uncle Isaac wasn't so sure of that. "Merciful Moses!" he thought, "mebbe I've gone an' put my foot in it. But we'll wait an' see how it turns out. If Nancy scolds, I'll tell her the poor fellow looked lonesome, an' sure enough he did."

The cutter stopped at the side door with a jingle of bells. Aunt Nancy came to the window and looked out. "Of all things!" she said to herself, "what in the world possessed Pa to go an' do that! My land! what shall I do? Here's Marietta an' that there's Silas, an' they won't speak—I know they won't!"

Marietta was in the kitchen chopping cabbage, and did not see the newcomer, who was ushered into the sitting room by Aunt Nancy, whose

hospitable soul was filled with conflicting emotions. She resolved upon a desperate move. "Marietta," she said when she returned to the kitchen, "I guess that cabbage is chopped fine enough now. Won't you jest step into the settin'-room an' put some wood in the stove."

Marietta stopped chopping cabbage and filled her arms with wood from the wood box. She looked very nice in her best black dress and lace-trimmed apron. The warm kitchen had given a flush to her cheeks and the pink ribbon at her throat was very becoming.

She went through the dining-room and into the sitting-room. Aunt Nancy, listening intently in the kitchen, heard the sudden dropping of the armful of wood. "My sakes alive!" she said, "whatever shall I do. They'll both get mad an' go home mebbe like—Dear, dear, what did Pa go an' ask him for?"

In the sitting-room the wood lay on the rag carpet at Marietta's feet. She stooped to pick it up, but Silas was already gathering the sticks together. In some awkward way their hands touched, and they looked at each other.

"Marietta," he said, "can't we overlook the past? Can't we be friends again?" His earnest dark eyes were looking into hers with the old look. Marietta held out her hands, and he caught them in his. The next moment his arm was around her and she was crying softly upon his shoulder.

He was smiling at her in the old way which used to be so pleasant to her until that misunderstanding came between them. He took her hand and led her into the sunny kitchen where Aunt Nancy was about to take Uncle Isaac to task.

The good old people started in astonishment as Marietta and Silas entered hand in hand. The lovers looked ten years younger.

"Aunt Nancy," said Silas Plummer, "you an' Uncle Isaac have made a real Thanksgiving for me."

"An' me too!" chimed in Marietta, with blushing cheeks. "Oh, Aunt Nancy, we've made it up an' we're as good friends as ever!"

She looked proudly up at the tall figure at her side. Love was in her eyes—love and pride. And in the face of Silas Plummer was a look of happiness which had long been a stranger there.

The dinner was a great success. The big turkey was roasted to a delicious brown, the cranberry sauce was rich crimson, the mashed potatoes white as snowdrifts, and the Hubbard squash a golden yellow. The mince pie was Aunt Nancy's best, and the coffee was of her famous brewing. It was a glorious dinner, and Uncle Isaac said so after the guests were gone.

"But land, Nancy! I believe them two wouldn't have known the difference if it had been plain salt pork an' johnny-cake. My! my! to think what a good matchmaker I am. It's just amazin', ain't it?"

And Aunt Nancy smiled serenely and said it was.

TERRIBLE SUFFERING

THIS YOUNG WOMAN APPEALED IN VAIN FOR HELP.

When Hope had Almost Settled Into Utter Despair Relief Came from an Unexpected Source.

Mrs. Emma Heidebreder, of No. 1823 Joy street, Burlington, Iowa, whose husband is an employee of the Rand Lumber Co., tells a story of pitiable suffering:

"For about five years," she says, "I had a host of physical ills that kept me an invalid and puzzled the doctors. Some of them thought I was going into consumption. At times I was so weak that I could not comb my hair or even wash my face. Then excruciating pains ran suddenly up my thigh and I had to be carried to bed screaming in my agony. I could no longer do my work and the drain upon my husband's purse was very heavy. I craved food but what I ate only gave me discomfort. My liver was torpid, and often I had to be carried to the door for air to save me from suffocating.

"The worst was the pain which seemed as if my thigh were being pushed out of my body. The best doctors could do was to deaden it by narcotics. Once they thought I could not live for more than two days. In one of my worst attacks, a friend said: 'Why don't you try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills? They are the only thing that ever helped my rheumatism.'

"I took his advice. After using one box I felt better, and I continued to use the pills for three or four months with steady improvement until I was well. For four years I have been able to do all my household work, and no longer have to take medicine for any serious trouble. I gave one box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to a man on crutches because of rheumatism and advised my market woman to buy a box when she was complaining of the same trouble. I heard that he was soon able to throw his crutches away, and she told me she had got rid of the rheumatism by the use of one box and could not thank me too much."

Testimony multiplies as to the magnificent curative powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous headache, palpitation of the heart and all forms of weakness in either male or female. They are sold by all druggists throughout the world.

Small Farms in Japan.

Only 14,995,272 acres, or 15.7 per cent of the whole area of Japan, exclusive of Formosa, consists of arable land, and 55 per cent of the agricultural families cultivate less than two acres each; 30 per cent cultivate two acres or more up to one and one-half cho, or a little less than three and three-quarter acres, leaving 15 per cent of the farmers who cultivate farms of three and three-quarter acres or more.—London Engineer.

Between Wind and Water.

Not only will all the inhabitants of Chicago be crazy in 750 years, but in somewhat more than 3,000 years, according to a geological expert, the site of the present western metropolis will be covered with water. Let the Windy City begin now to prepare for its watery grave.—Boston Transcript.

Gorgeous Tibetan Pheasants.

Two of the most prized denizens of our aviaries come from Tibet. These are the gorgeous golden and Amherst pheasants. The latter, it is suggested, could profitably be introduced into our coverts.

An Honest Opinion.

Mineral, Idaho, Nov. 14th.—(Special.)—That a sure cure has been discovered for those sciatic pains that make so many lives miserable, is the firm opinion of Mr. D. S. Colson, a well known resident of this place, and he does not hesitate to say that cure is Dodd's Kidney Pills. The reason Mr. Colson is so firm in his opinion is that he had those terrible pains and is cured. Speaking of the matter he says:

"I am only too happy to say Dodd's Kidney Pills have done me lots of good. I had awful pains in my hip so I could hardly walk. Dodd's Kidney Pills stopped it entirely. I think they are a grand medicine."

All sciatic and Rheumatic pains are caused by Uric Acid in the blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make healthy Kidneys, and healthy Kidneys strain all the Uric Acid out of the blood. With the cause removed there can be no Rheumatism or Sciatica.

Since the discovery of America the amount of gold produced in the world has been less than eleven billion dollars.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children. Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse to the Children's Home in New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 90,000 testimonials. At all Druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Football to Harden Soldiers.

All the soldiers in the army of Argentina are forced to play football. It is said to train them to bear the hardships of battle.

Dealers say that as soon as a customer tries Defiance Starch it is impossible to sell them any other cold water starch. It can be used cold or boiled.

Many a man thinks he is getting a corner lot in glory when he puts a dime in the collection that he couldn't pass on the street car.—Chicago Tribune.

Write MURINE EYE REMEDY Co., Chicago, if your eyes are sore or inflamed, and get oculist's advice and free sample MURINE. It cures all eye-ills.

Some men have a delicate sense of humor and the humor of others is senseless.