

WELL KIDNEYS KEEP THE BODY WELL.

When the kidneys do their duty, the blood is filtered clear of uric acid and other waste. Weak kidneys do not filter out all the bad matter. This is the cause of rheumatic pains, backache and urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills cure weak kidneys.

Rev. A. B. M. Weaver, Georgetown, Tex., former editor Baptist Herald, says: "At a Baptist conference at Jackson, Tex., I fell from a platform and hurt my back. I was soon over the injury, but the kidneys were badly disordered, passages painful and often bloody. Doan's Kidney Pills cured this trouble completely."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. 50 cents a box.

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HE KNEW.



Bings—This is a hard, hard, old world.
Bangs—So you've been thrown out of an automobile too, eh?

NO HEALTHY SKIN LEFT

My little son, a boy of five, broke out with an itching rash. Three doctors prescribed for him, but he kept getting worse until we could not dress him any more. They finally advised me to try a certain medical college, but its treatment did no good. At the time I was induced to try Cuticura he was so bad that I had to cut his hair off and put the Cuticura Ointment on him on bandages, as it was impossible to touch him with the bare hand. There was not one square inch of skin on his whole body that was not affected. He was one mass of sores. The bandages used to stick to his skin and in removing them it used to take the skin off with them, and the screams from the poor child were heart-breaking. I began to think that he would never get well, but after the second application of Cuticura Ointment I began to see signs of improvement, and with the third and fourth applications the sores commenced to dry up. His skin peeled off twenty times, but it finally yielded to the treatment. Now I can say that he is entirely cured, and a stronger and healthier boy you never saw than he is to-day, twelve years or more since the cure was effected. Robert Wattam, 1148 Forty-eighth St., Chicago, Ill., Oct. 9, 1909."

Marriage.

A game of chance in which the chances are about even. The man leads at first, but after leaving the altar he usually follows breathlessly in his wife's trail. The rules are very confusing. If a masked player holds you up some night at the end of a long gun, it is called "robbery" and entitles you to telephone the police; but if your wife holds you up for a much larger amount the next morning at the end of a long hug, it is termed "diplomacy" and counts in her favor. In this, as in other games of life, wives are usually allowed more privileges than other outlaws.—Judge.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Feltner*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

An Absolute Necessity.

Wifey—You told me the other day we must avoid all luxuries and confine ourselves to absolute necessities only.
Hubby—That's so, my dear.
Wifey—Well, last night you came home in a cab.
Hubby—Yes, but that was an absolute necessity.

Distemper

In all its forms, among all ages of horses and dogs, cured and others in the same stable prevented from having the disease with Spohn's Distemper Cure. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 500,000 bottles sold last year. \$5 and \$1.00. Good druggists, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Write for free book. Spohn Med. Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Identification

"Why do doctors wear Van Dyke beards?"
"So they won't be mistaken for bankers with side-whiskers."—Boston Herald.

The rich, as we reckon them, and among them the very rich, in a true scale would be found very indigent and needy.—Emerson.

Vanity is due to a leak in one's wisdom tank.



When a Rhinoceros Tosses You

By W. COTTON OSWELL

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ONE evening I was returning to camp with a number of Kafirs, tired and hungry after a long day's spooring elephants, which we never overtook. I saw a long-horned rhinoceros standing close to the path. The length of his horn, and the hunger of my men, induced me to get off and fire at him. The shot was rather too high, and he ran off. I was in the saddle in a moment and, passing the wounded beast, pulled up ten yards on one side of the line of his retreat, firing the second barrel as he went by from my horse. When, instead of continuing his course, he stopped short and, pausing an instant, began to walk deliberately towards me. This movement was so utterly unlooked for, as the white rhinoceros nearly always makes off, that, until he was within five yards, I sat quite still, expecting him to fall, thinking he was in his "furry."

My horse seemed as much surprised at the behavior of the old mahoho as I was myself, and did not immediately answer the rein, and the moment's hesitation cost him his life and me the very best horse I ever had or knew, for when I got his head round a thick bush was against his chest, and before I could free him the rhinoceros, still at the walk, drove his horn in under his flank and fairly threw both him and his rider into the air. As he turned over I rolled off and fell in some way under the stirrup-iron, which scalped my head for four inches in length and breadth. I scrambled to my knees and saw the horn of the rhinoceros actually within the bend of my leg; but the animal wavered and, with the energy of self-preservation, I sprang to my feet, intending to run, for my gun was unloaded and had fallen from my hand. Had I been allowed to do so, this story might have never been told, for, dizzy as I was from the fall, I should have been easily caught.

He passed within a foot without touching me. As I rose for the second time my after-rider came up with another gun. I half pulled him from his pony and, mounting it, caught and killed the rhinoceros. The horn now hangs over the entrance of my door.

That day a companion happened to be hunting in the same direction as myself and, hearing the reports of my gun, hoped I might have come up with the elephants I had started after in the morning. He found me sitting under a bush, hatless, and holding up the piece of my scalp, with the blood streaming down my face, or, as he afterwards described it to Livingston: "I saw that beggar, Oswell, sitting under a bush holding on his head." A few words told him what had happened, and then my thoughts turned to Stael, my horse. That very morning, as I left the wagons, I had talked to him affectionately, as a man can talk to a good horse, telling him how, when the hunting was over, I would make him fat and happy, and I had played with him and he with me. It was with a very sore heart I put a ball through his head, and started wagonwards, walking half the distance (ten miles) and making my after-rider do likewise. Unless a man was situated as I was then, it is difficult to make him understand all that the loss of a good horse means. You cannot even fill up his place in quantity, let alone quality. In this part of Africa, at all events, your success depends enormously upon your steed, for the country is generally too open for stalking, and he carries you up to your game, in most instances, as near as you like, and it is your fault if you do not succeed. Had I been the best shot that ever looked along a rifle, and made of steel, I could have done but a trifle without horses. In comparison with what I accomplished with them. Armed as I was with a smooth-bore, not very true, with heavy charges at over 30 yards, it was a necessity to get as near my game as possible. I am not vain of my shooting—I can do what I intend pretty well at from ten to twenty-five yards—but I would have given the best shot in the world without horses very long odds; besides, from the saddle you see so much more at your ease, and your attention for everything that surrounds you is so much more free.

The horses were unshod and sure-footed. Introduce them, if possible, gradually to their work by letting your after-rider use them a few times. He is always out of danger, and if once accustomed to the sight of an animal at a respectable distance, they can soon be driven up alongside of it, and get as eager in pursuit of elephant and large game as their riders.

By neglecting this rule, I very nearly came to grief on an afterwards capital pony. It was his debut, and a wounded elephant, charging with a scream, so terrified him that he was paralyzed with fear and stood stock-still after turning round; spurs had no effect, and how we escaped I cannot now tell. The bull came within a few feet of his tail and then wheeled; I can only suppose he got the scent of the human being, for he was quite near enough to have swept me from the saddle with his trunk. By a little careful treatment this pony became a very valuable one and I once in after days shot \$600 worth of ivory from his back in half an hour. Have nothing to do with a vicious or uncertain-tempered horse. If you find you have been taken in with such a one, shoot him; the first loss may not be so bad as the last. Never ride a stumbler up to anything that bites or butts. I had one, and he twice fell with me before a charging elephant. Luckily I did not come off, and pulled him up just in time to escape. Horses used to be cheap enough, but I dare say the price has risen. I mounted myself well from \$40 to \$75 a piece. Your ponies—for they are hardly more—ought to be quick getting their legs, and a turn of speed is desirable, for though in the open it is easy sailing away from an elephant, in bush or broken ground for 200 yards he will sometimes press a slow horse.

I was once, in particular, hard put to it by a smart though rather small bull. I had fired both barrels, and on he came. I might have had 20 yards' start, but for the first 100 he gained on me, and I had to ride as if in a close finish. A good Hantam horse is an exceptionally tough beast. Whilst at "Oologs Poort," a farm then in the occupation of a Mr. Nelson, I was buying mounts when a Hottentot riding a neat, round-ribbed bay, came in with a return letter from the town of Cradock, as far as I remember, 70 miles distant. The horse's appearance pleased me much, and though I found the owner, a Mr. Cock, at first unwilling to part with him, I purchased him for \$75, a large price then; but he was worth it. It had just done 140 miles in 30 hours, including five hours of saddling at Cradock. I was unfortunate with my horses and lost this one early in the campaign. I had shot an eland or two just beyond the first chool, and, being alone, had tied "Yonk" (Spar), as the men called him, to a tree whilst I gave the coup de grace to the game. This done I walked up to loose him and remount; but as I thoughtlessly placed my hand on the rein he got scent of the blood and, suddenly starting back, broke away. I followed him a long while, every moment hoping to catch him, as he let me come quite close and then trotted on feeding quietly till I came up to him again. At length I grew weary and angry, and twice covered him with the gun that I might at all events save my rifle and bridle; but twice I relented—the creature was too good and too tame to shoot, and there was a chance that I might find him next morning, if he were not killed by a lion during the night. So I let him go, and just before sundown set my face towards the wagons, the encampment lying 17½ miles off. I walked really, I think, for once by instinct; it was soon dark, and after three hours, afraid of going astray, I decided upon making a fire and camping. I took out my tinder-box and, trying to strike a light, dropped the flint, and was on my knees feeling for it on the ground with my head down, when a muffled shot, which I at first took for a lion's part, made me start to my feet, and within 100 yards of where I was standing, though hidden by a belt of thorns, by a second shot I was directed to the wagons. I had come quite straight down upon them through the night. We searched for the horse next morning in vain; his spoor was over-trampled by a large herd of quaggas, and for two years I never heard any more of him, when I ascertained a wandering party of Barotse had found him in the veldt; and, unable to catch him, had driven him before them for 30 miles to their kraal, and had killed many giraffes and other game from his back, one of two

of the tribe who had gone into the colony for work having learned to ride. One day it was three in the afternoon we had followed a herd of elephants since 8 a. m., and the traces of the dew of the previous night were still visible on the trail. Our chances of coming up with them were so small that we abandoned the pursuit and turned in the direction of the wagons. After an hour or two the natives began to make pathetic appeals as to the state of their stomachs, suggesting that they had met with hard usage, and that, as we had not found the elephants, they were not above breaking their fast upon quagga, giraffe, or even rhinoceros. I tried to persuade them that elephant was the only dish worthy of them or likely to fill those almost bottomless cavities to which they had alluded; that we might have better luck the next day, and that they might put off dining till then. If you wish to be successful in hunting for large tusks it is as well to keep your men on an elephant diet and not pamper them with dainties, or they become lazy and careless in seeking the larger game. Whether on this particular occasion I was unusually tender-hearted, or their appeals were too touching, I do not remember; but whilst, with my very poor stock of Bechuana words, I was trying to explain my views, in an open glade of the forest through which we were passing, their hungry eyes fell upon two rhinoceroses of the keltia variety, and the eager cry of "Ugh, chukuru, mynaar"—the last word a corruption of the Dutch mynheer, lengthened plaintively into a kind of prayer—was too much for me, and I dismounted to do their pleasure. Fifty yards before the animals ran a scanty fringe of dwarf thorn bushes, on outliers of which they were feeding away from us. I made a long detour and came out a hundred yards in front of them, the little scrubby cover lying between us. A handful of sand thrown into the air gave the direction of the



"I WAS SAILING THROUGH THE AIR."

wind; worming my way I gained the thorns and, lying flat, waited for a side chance. The rhinoceroses were now within twenty yards of me, but head on, and in that position they are not to be killed except at very close quarters, for the horns completely guard the brain, which is small and lies very low in the head. Though alone on the present occasion, I was traveling with Maj. Vardon, the best rhinoceros shot I ever knew, and his audacity, and our constant success and impunity alone and together in carrying on the war against these brutes, had perhaps made me despise them too much. I had so frequently seen their ugly noses, when within eight or ten yards of the gun, turn, tempted by a twig or tuft of grass to the right or left, and the wished-for broadside thus given, that I did not think anything was amiss until I saw that if the nearer of those now in front of me, an old cow, should forge her own length once more ahead, her foot would be on me. She was so near that I might possibly have dropped her with a ball by the nostril, and had she been alone, I should probably have tried it; but the rhinoceros, when he charges, nearly always makes straight for the smoke of the gun, even though the hunter is concealed, and I knew that if No. 1 fell, No. 2, who was within four or five yards of her, would, in all probability, be over me before the smoke cleared. In the hope that my sudden appearance from the ground under her feet would startle her and give me a chance of escape, I sprang up; the old lady was taken aback for a moment and threw up her head with a snort. I dashed alongside of her to get in her rear; my hand was on her as I passed; but the shock to her nerves was not strong enough, for before I had made ten yards she was around and in full chase.

I should have done better to fire into her as I went by, but it had not occurred to me, and it was now too late; in my anxiety to escape, to put it as mildly as may be, I had neglected my best chance, and paid the penalty. I was a fast runner, the ground was in my favor, but in 30 yards from the start she was at my heels. A quick turn to the left saved me for the moment, and, perhaps, by giving my pursuer my flank instead of my back, my life, too. The race was over in the next; as the horned snout came lapping round my thigh I rested the gun on the long head and, still running, fired both barrels; but with the smoke I was sailing through the air and remember nothing more, for I fell upon my head and was stunned.

The day was fast drawing to a close when, though in that added state which prevents a man from deciding whether to-day is yesterday or to-morrow, my brain seemed stirring again in a thick fog. By degrees I became aware that I was on my horse, that a native was leading it, and another carrying my gun beside my stirrup. It all appeared strange, but with the attempt to think it out the mist came eddying thicker, and I was content to let it be. Presently a dim confused impression that I was following some animal was with me, as in a dream; the power of framing and articulating a sentence returned, and I drowsily asked the nearest Kafir which way the trail led. He pointed in the direction we were going; his manner struck me; but I had had my say, and no other remark was ready. Men met us, among them I recognized two of my Hottentot drivers carrying a "cartel," or cane framework, which served as a swinging bedstead in my wagon. "Where are you going?" I asked in Dutch. They stared stupidly. "Why we heard you were killed by a rhinoceros." "No," I answered. Without a thought of what had occurred my right hand fell faintly from the pommel of my saddle to my thigh, with the restlessness of weakness I drew it up again; a red splash of blood upon my cuff caught my eye. I raised my arm to see what was the matter; finding no wound on it, I sought with my hand for it down my leg, through a rent in my trousers, and so numbly was all sensation, that I actually dabbed down to the bone in a deep gash, eight inches long, without feeling any pain—the smaller horn had penetrated a foot higher up, but the wound was not so serious as the lower one. The limb stiffened after I reached the wagons and, unable to get in and out, I made my bed for nearly four weeks under a bush—the rip, healing rapidly, covered with a rag kept constantly wet.

The rhinoceros, as I afterwards learned from the men who were with me, was running so fast when she struck me, and lifted me so high, that she had shot ahead before I fell and, on their shouting, passed on without stopping. The horns, as is generally the case in this variety, were of nearly an equal length, so that one to a certain extent checked the penetration of the other—as it would be more difficult to drive a double-spiked nail than a single one. The bone of the thigh, however, providentially turned the foremost horn, or it must have passed close to, even if it had not cut, the femoral artery.

There have been queer stories of a variety of gigantic white rhinoceroses as large as elephants, a few of which remained when white men first entered the Nyanza country, but there are no authentic stories to set down. A hunter named Armbruster had an unfortunate encounter with a white bull which all who saw it agreed must have been a giant of its kind. His wagon had just reached the last rise to the top of a low hill when a man in advance came running back making the finger signs of a bull macebo. Creeping up to the crest of a hill, Armbruster saw in a glade below one of the finest specimens he had ever beheld, and immediately set out to stalk him on foot.

The rhinoceros was feeding quietly and the wind was favorable for a direct approach. However, before he had got near enough, having to make his way through thorns, he lost sight of the quarry, which had entered the brush inclosing the glade. The hunter made the mistake of judging the location of the creature by a movement in the brush. A young cow rhinoceros was feeding there and not the bull. When within 30 yards of the movement, Armbruster stopped around a clump of mimosa directly into the presence of the big bull, standing head on. It is likely that the old fellow would have wheeled and departed on being startled, but, firing from the hip, Armbruster sent his first barrel into the neck and, with a great snort, the wounded animal charged. The unfortunate sportsman started to dart behind the mimosa, but tripped and fell headlong, and the huge engine of ferocity was upon him before he could rise or roll to one side. The long horns were thrust so deeply through his body that it was borne along some little distance until the bull tossed it off, and then he plunged away through the brush and was gone.

An Iowa Farmer's Letter. Joseph Wilding, a prominent farmer, who lives on R. F. D. 6, Council Bluffs, Iowa, writes the following letter in regard to the treatment he received from the United Doctors at 16th and Harney streets, Omaha: "I had suffered for seven years with very severe kidney and bladder trouble and run down nervous system. I got so bad that I lost all hope of ever being any better. I was treated by all the best doctors I could hear of, but was gradually getting worse. At last I heard of the great cures being made by the United Doctors' new system of treatment and went to them. Now, after three months of their treatment, I am more than delighted with it. I had no idea that so great a change could be brought about in so short a time. I would be glad to answer any sick person who cares to ask about the United Doctors and their wonderful treatment."

Just Like Spaghetti. Marjorie, aged six, was speculatively examining the noodles in her soup. "Mother," she asked, "what are noodles made of?" Dorothy, aged eight, bursting with knowledge, laughed scornfully. "I know," she volunteered. "They are not made at all, you silly goose; they grow—just like spaghetti!"—Harper's Magazine.

Pettit's Eye Salve First Sold in 1807 100 years ago, sales increase yearly, wonderful remedy; cured millions weak eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

An empty human heart is an abyss earth's depths cannot match.—Annie C. Lynch.

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Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original Tin Foil Smoker Package, 50 straight.

A man reaps what he sows—and rips what his wife sows.

Stomach Ills May Seem Trifles

At the start, but that is when you want to take the matter in hand. Neglect can only result the one way—sickness. The stomach is largely responsible for one's health and strength and as such it needs to be kept in a normal condition. If it becomes weak, the food remains undigested, ferments, and causes untold suffering. Thus you lose the strength-giving properties of your food and you become weak and run down. This is very noticeable at the beginning of Spring when the system is overloaded with Winter impurities, the bowels clogged and the blood thick. No wonder you have the "Spring Fever." Commence taking Hostetter's Stomach Bitters this very day and cleanse the entire system. Then your Stomach Ills will also vanish. It is for Sick Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Spring Fever, General Debility and Malaria.

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