THE NORTH PLATTE SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

Thousands Have Kidney **Trouble and Never** Suspect It

Applicants for Insurar Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is

soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success. An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview on the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are re-jected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applica-

tions are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation / 1 ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Bingh La-ton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper. Advertisement.

Just So.

"The girls seem giddy." "These dances would make anybody giddy."-Louisville Courier-Journal,

Freshen a Heavy Skin

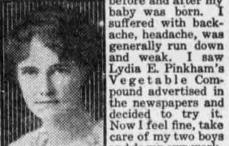
With the antiseptic, fascinating Cuticura Talcum Powder, an exquisitely scented convenient, economical face, skin, baby and dusting powder and perfume. Renders other perfumes superfluous. One of the Cuticura Toilet Trio (Soap, Ointment, Talcum) .- Advertisement.

Isn't it strange that in feeling the public pulse, most politicians never let go of their own wrists?



Mrs. Williams Tells How Lydia E. Pinkham'sVegetable **Compound Kept Her** in Health

Overpeck, O.-" Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound helped me both before and after my





devotions and his rabbit's foot and a

cross of twigs nailed to a tree,

I had no intention of going very far

and blood.

COOKIE'S "HA'NT."

Synopsis-Jane Harding, respect-able and conservative old maid-but never too old to think of mar-riage - with more money than brains, is invelged by a strong-minded spinster, Miss Higglesby-Browne, into financing an expedi-tion to hunt for buried treasure on Leeward Island. Her niece, Vir-ginia Harding, undertaking to stop her, gets on the vessel and is un-willingly carried along. By no means concealing her distaste for the expedition and her contempt for its members, Virginia makes the acquaintance of the Honorable Cuthbert Vane. Taiking with Dugald Shaw, leader of the expedi-tion, Virginia very frankly ex-presses her views, practically ac-cusing Shaw and the other mem-bers of the party, including a somewhat uncertain personage Captain Magnus, and a shady "financier," Hamilton H. Tubbs, of being in a conspiracy to defraud Jane Harding. Landing on the island is a matter of some difficu-ty, Virginia being carried ashore in the arms of Cuthbert Vane. The party gets settled. Miss Browne tells about the treasure. Virginia declares herself out of it. The

(CHAPTER VI-Continued). -8-

meet one on a tropical island. It was fortunate that Cookle knew I decided that Cookle's pig was afnothing of the solitary grave somewhere on the island, with its stone ter all a pig, though still in the flesh. I thought I remembered having seen marked with B, H, and a cross-bones, quite fair pigs, which would pass for nor that the inhabitant thereof was white with a frightened negro in the supposed to walk. If he had, I think the strange spectacle of a lone negro dim light of dawn. I consoled Cookle In a small boat rowing lustily for the as best I could by promising to cross American continent might soon have my fingers if I heard or saw anything suspicious, and struck out into the been witnessed on the Pacific by any eyes that were there to see. And we woods, For all my brave words to Cookie,

could ill have spared either boat or cook.

Yet even though unvexed by this grewsome knowledge, after two or three days I noticed that Cookie was ill at ease. As the leisure member of of a low ridge, perhaps four hundred the party, I enjoyed more of Cookie's society than the rest. On this occasion while the morning was still in its thought I might see something more freshness he was permitting me to of the island than the limited envimake fudge. But his usual joviality ronment of Lantern bay.

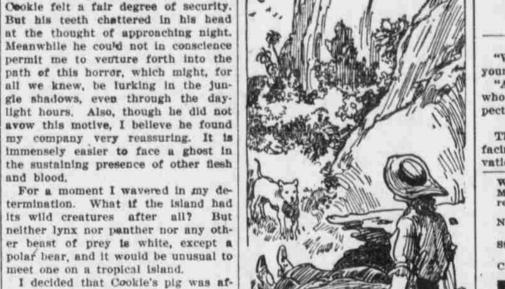
As the woods shut out the last was gone. I saw that he glanced over glimpse of the white tents in the his shoulder at intervals, muttering darkly to himself. Also that a rabbit's clearing, as even the familiar sound foot was slung conspicuously about of the surf died down to a faint, halfimagined whisper mingling with the

afield.

were weak, and hoped it was, so that I should not live to feel the teeth of the unknown Thing sink in my flesh. I thought of my revolver and after an infinity of time managed to draw it from the case. My fingers seemed at once nervelessly limp and woodenly rigid. This was not at all the dauntless front with which I had dreamed of meeting danger. I had fancied myself with my automatic making a rather pretty picture as a young Amazonbut I had now a dreadful fear that my revolver might spasmodically go off and wound the Thing, and then, even if it had meditated letting me go, It would certainly attack me. Nevertheless I clung to my revolver as to my last hope,

I began to edge away crab-wise into the wood. Like a metronome I said to myself over and over monotonously, "Don't run, don't run!"

I did not run. Instead, I stepped on a smooth surface of rock and slid downhill like a human toboggan until a day and a night for meditation, he I fetched up against a dead log after had known better than to commit such a confused interval during which I an outrage upon the possessor of vaguely believed myself to have been ghostly powers, and had resorted to swallowed by an alligator. While the prayer instead. This had answered alligator illusion endured I must have quite as well, for the phantom pig had lain comatose and immovable. Indeed, dissolved like the morning mists. when my senses began to come back While the sun blezed, what with his



The Strange Beast of the Jungle Was a White Bull-Terrier.

Frcm the shore of the cove I was still quite inert. I experienced I had observed that the ground bethat curious tranquillity which is said hind the clearing rose to the summit to visit those who are actually within the jaws of death. There I lay feet in height, which jutted from the prone, absolutely at the mercy of the base of the peak. From this ridge I mysterious white prowler of the forest -and I did not care. The whole petty business of living seemed a long way behind me now.

Languidly at last I opened my eyes. Within three yards of me, in the open rock-paved glade where I had fallen, stood the Thing. Yes, there it was-



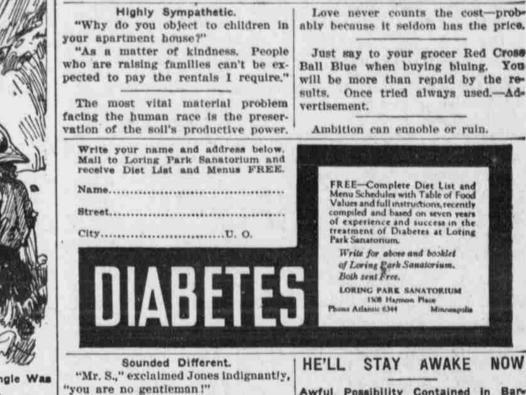
Never say "Aspirin" without saying "Bayer."

WARNING! Unless you see name "Bayer" on tablets, you are not getting genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians over 21 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache	Rheumatism
Toothache	Neuralgia	Neuritis
Earache	Lumbago	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets-Bottles of 24 and 100-All druggists.



Awful Possibility Contained in Barber's Warning Must Have Stirred Up Mr. Brown.

As, John Brown sat in the barber's "And as she drove away she heard chair asleep overtook him, and while you say to your wife that she had a the knight of the lather prepared the creamy stuff, John Brown dozed off. "Why, man, all I said was that she

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the barber five minutes later. "You'll have to wake up. I can't shave you !" Nervousness sounded in the barber's voice. He hated to disturb customers.

"What! Can't you shave me whfist

and do my I recommend your medicine to anyone who is alling. You may publish my testi-monial if you think it will help others. "-Mrs. CARRIE WILLIAMS, Overpeck, Ohio.

For more than forty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been restoring women to health who suffered from irregularities, displacements, backaches, headaches, bearingdown pains, nervousness or "the blues. there is hardly a town or hamlet Today in the United States wherein some woman does not reside who has been made well by it. That is why Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is now recognized as the standard remedy for such ailments.



When the body begins to stiffen and movement becomes painful it is usually an indication that the kidneys are out of order. Keep these organs healthy by taking



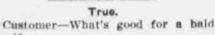
The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1696. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented. Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation



In Wrong.

"Our esteemed colleague allowed himself to put some rather questionable language into the Congressional Record."

"Yes," replied Senator Sorghum. "I am afraid he has made a mistake in applying his talents to politics. He ought to be writing dialogue for some of the musical shows."



head? Barber-Hair!



his neck.

Having made my fudge and set the pan on a stone in the stream to cool, perienced a certain discomfort, which I was about to retire with a view to persons given to hard and unqualified conducting a limited exploring expedi- terms might have called fear. It tion of my own. The assurances of seemed to me as if a very strong cord Mr. Shaw-not personally directed to at the rear of my belt were jerking me me, of course; the armed truce un- back toward the inglorious safety of der which we lived did not permit of the camp. I fingered my automatic that-had convinced me that I had and marched on up the hill, trying not to dread anything more ferocious not to gasp when a leaf rustled or a than the pigs, and the wildest of them | coconut dropped in the woods. would retire before a stick or a stone.

I gained the summit of the ridge, Besides, I boasted a little automatic, and stood upon a bare rock platform, which I carried strapped to my waist scantily sheltered by a few trees, in a businesslike manner. Mr. Vane large shrubs, rather, with a smooth, had almost got me to the point where waxy leaf of vivid green. On the I could shoot it off without shutting left rose the great mass of the peak. my eyes.

Thus equipped, I was about to set off into the woods. I had turned my back on Cookie and the camp, when was arrested by an exclamation: "Miss Jinny!"

I turned to find Cookle gazing after me with an expression which, in the familiar phrase of fiction, I could not interpret, though among its ingredients were doubt and anguish. Cookie, too, looked pale. I don't in the least know how he managed it, but that was the impression he conveyed. dusky as he was.

"Miss Jinny, it mos' look lak yo' 'hout to go perambalatin' in dese yere woods?"

"I am, Cookle," I admitted.

The whites of Cookie's eyes became alarmingly conspicuous. Drawing near in a stealthy manner he whispered :

"Yo' bettah not, Miss Jinny!" "Oh, nonsense, Cookie !" I said impatiently. "There's not a thing on the

sland but the pigs !" "Miss Jinny," he solemnly replied,

"dey's pigs and pigs." "Yes, but pigs is pigs, you know,"

answered, laughing. "Dey's pigs and pigs, chile-live ones and-dead ones.

"Dead ones? Of course-haven't we been eating them?"

"Yo' won't nevah eat dis yere kind beautiful foamy waterfall came huro' dead pig, Miss Jinny. It's-it's a tling down.

ha'nt !" The murder was out. Cookie leaned against a cocca-palm and wiped his the ridge. Here was an item of news ebon brow.

Permstently questioned, he told at great originality christened the place last now, today and yesterday, aris- Lookout, I turned to go. And as I ing in the dun dawn to build his fire turned I saw a shape vanish into the before the camp was stirring, he had woods seen lurking at the edge of the clear-

It was an animal, not a human ing a white four-footed shape. It was shape. And it was white. It had, ina pig, yet not a pig; its ghostly hue, deed, every distinguishing trait of its noiseless movements, divided it Cookie's phantom pig. Only it was from all proper mundane porkers by not a pig. My brief shadowy glimpse the dreadful gulf which divides the of it had told me that. I knew what iving from the dead. The first morn- it was not, but what it was I could ng Cookie, doubtful of his senses, not, as I stood there rooted, even British museums. A recent investiad flung a stone and the spectral guess.

fhing had vanished like a shadow.

only now it had put an ear back and rustling of the palms overhead, I exwas sniffing at me with a mingling of interest and apprehension.

The strange beast of the jungle was white bull-terrier. Abruptly I sat up. The terrier gave a startled sidewise bound, but paused

again and stood regarding me. "Here, pup! Here, pup! Nice doggums!" I said in soothing accents.

The dog gave a low whine and stood shivering, eager but afraid. I continued my blandishments. Little by little the forlorn creature drew nearer, until I put out a cautious hand and stroked his ears. He dodged affrightedly, but presently crept back again. Soon his head was against my knee, and he was devouring my hand with avid caresses. Some time, before his abandonment on the island, he had been a well-brought-up and petted animal. Months or years of wild life had estranged him from humanity, yet at the human touch the

old devotion woke again. The thing now was to lure him back to camp and restore him to the happy service of his gods. With another alluring, "Here, doggums!" I started on my way. He shrank, trembled, hesttated, then was after me with a bound. So I brought him triumphantly across the Rubicon of the little stream, and marched him into camp under the astounded eyes of Cookle.

At sight of the negro the dog growled softly and crouched against my skirt Cookie stood like an effigy of amazement done in black and white,

"Fo' de Lawd's sake, Miss Jinny," he burst at last, "am dat de ghos'-pig?" "It was, Cookie, but I changed him into a live dog by crossing my fingers.

Mind your rabbit's foot. He might ent it, and then very likely we'd have a ghost on our hands again." "Yo' go 'long, Miss Jinny," said

Cookle valiantly. "Yo' think I scared of any ghos' what lower hisself to be a live white mong'ol dog? Yere, yo' ki-yl, yo' bettah mek friends with ol'

Cookle, 'cause he got charge o' de

grub. Yere's a li'le fat ma'ow bone what mebbe come off'n yo' own grandchile, but yo' ain' goin' to mind dat so glorious from the little eminence of now yo' is transformulated dis yere way." And evidently the reincarnated to take back to camp. Having with ghost-pig did not.

> "You are impertinent. Let me pass!"



(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ancient Iron Currency. Sword-shaped bars of iron were used by the ancient Britons as money, and many of these are now found in

gation shows that six different de-

Would it attack me, or should I only ' nominations were used, distinguished On its second appearance, having had die of fright? I wondered if my heart by their sizes.

grievous disappointment." it?" "He thought an official looking envelope that came in the morning mall contained a lecture contract, but it was only a notification that he was going to be awarded another honorary degree."-Birmingham Age-Herald.

"What makes you think that?"

"Yes, and was very welcome."

had a horse of a mouse color."

No Money in That.

about something." "He's had another

"Professor Diggs seems to be upset

mouth like a horse collar."

terday, didn't she?"

"My wife called at your house yes-

Saved by Swollen Grain.

The steamer Seapool struck an Iceberg off Newfoundland and began to fill. The swelling of the grain in her forehead stopped the hole and prevented her from sinking.

Style.

"Clothes do not proclaim the man." "No, but they often reveal the woman."

To date the British government has

000 barrels of petroleum last year.

am asleep?" roared John Brown. "And why, pray?"

"Because," answered the barber apologetically, "when you sleep your mouth is open so wide I can't find your face. And I wouldn't like to drop the razor into your mouth !"

With a frightened look John Brown held open his eyes with both thumbs to keep awake while he was shaved .----London Tit-Bits.

Not Taking Any Risks.

"My friend," said the itinerant uplifter, "you have a large family. Do you ever give your children moral lectures?"

"Nope," said the mountaineer, "I shake a bullwhip over 'em occasionawarded 1,228,888 silver war badges, ally, but 'taint safe when they're kinder hungry or upset 'bout some-Illinois produced more than 12,000,- thin' or other. I ain't th' man I used to be."

Real Rest Depends Largely Upon the Depth of Your Sleep

A warning to "light" or "poor" sleepers

The deeper and sounder you sleep the better you feel. Five hours sound refreshing sleep does you more actual good than ten hours restless, disturbed sleep.

This is because the final conversion of food into vital tissue and nerve cells goes on more rapidly when the physical and mental forces are at rest.

You can't get sound, refreshing sleep if your nerves are agitated with tea or coffee. Both these drinks contain caffeine, which is sometimes very irritating to the brain and nervous system.

If you want to know the joy, vigor and stamina that comes to the person who gets sound, healthful sleep, why not stop taking tea or coffee for a while, and drink delicious, invigorating Postum instead.

Thousands of people everywhere have found that this was the only thing they needed in order to bring about these very happy results.

Order Postum from your grocer today. Drink this delightful cereal beverage of coffee-like flavor, for a week. Perhaps, like thousands of others, you'll never be willing to go back to tea or coffee.

Postum comes in two forms: Instant Postum (in tins) made instantly in the cup by the addition of boiling water. Postum Cereal (in packages of larger bulk, for those who prefer to make the drink while the meal is being prepared) made by boiling for 20 minutes.

> Postum for Health "There's a Reason"

