

REACH THE SPOT.

To cure an aching back. The pains of rheumatism. The tired out feelings.



You must reach the spot—get at the cause. In most cases 'tis the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are for the kidneys.

Chas. Bierbach, stone contractor, living at 2625 Chestnut St., Erie, Pa., says: "For two years I had kidney trouble and there was such a severe pain through my loins and limbs that I could not stoop or straighten up without great pain, had difficulty in getting about and was unable to rest at night, arising in the morning tired and worn out. The kidney secretions were irregular and deposited a heavy sediment. Doctors treated me for rheumatism, but failed to help me. I lost all confidence in medicine and began to feel as if life were not worth living. Doan's Kidney Pills, however, relieved me so quickly and so thoroughly that I gladly made a statement to that effect for publication. This was in 1898, and during the six years which have elapsed I have never known Doan's Kidney Pills to fail. They cured my wife of a severe case of backache in the same thorough manner."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Bierbach will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Kindness is born of our sense of kinship to all.

The brilliant manner in which the publishers of Everybody's Magazine have handled the subject of the St. Louis exposition affords a clue to the success of the publication. The April number opens with an article on "The Greatest World's Fair," and the two men most able to do the subject justice have treated it. David R. Francis, president of the exposition company, furnishes the text, and Vernon Howe, Bailey, the distinguished young artist, has done the illustrations. One is told and shown in the most interesting way just what to expect at St. Louis in May, and the prospect is amazing.

No good is found in a difficulty by the man who crawls around it.

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Powder. It cures the Itch, Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and Itching Nails. Allen's Foot-Powder makes new feet shooey. Ask at all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25 cents. Accepted as substitute. Sample mailed Free. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The man who resists a tendency will never have to regret a habit.

An Asiatic Dowry.

John Alexander Dowie, the Chicago "prophet," has his counterpart in India. Indeed, the Oriental prophet in some ways outdoes the man who, according to all accounts, has made a good thing out of it in Chicago. The Hindu's name is Mirza Gheelan Ahmad, head of a distinct sect of Mohammedans, and he lives in the Punjab. In fine appearance, denunciation and prophecies he more than equals Dowie but so far he does not seem to have developed the sound business sense of John Alexander. He lives humbly and only attracted official attention when he began to forecast the death of certain opponents. Mirza was "induced" to abandon this feature of his performance, as it contravened a section of the penal code. He is 65 years old and has about 10,000 followers.

God, the eternal light of mercy, the blessing scattered through all the infinitudes—the hope that vibrates the music of the spheres—the love that weds to life the humble flowers of the world and rolls the stone from sorrow's sepulcher.—Florida Times-Union.

When a woman too frequently enters upon her household duties with an air of resignation, her husband is likely to give up his job also with an air of resignation.—New York Telegraph.

EMPTY NOW.

How One Woman Quit Medicine.

"While a coffee user my stomach troubled me for years," says a lady of Columbus, O., "and I had to take medicine all the time. I had what I thought was the best stomach medicine I could get, had to keep getting it filled all the time at 40 cents a bottle. I did not know what the cause of my trouble was but just dragged along from day to day, suffering and taking medicine all the time.

"About six months ago I quit tea and coffee and began drinking Postum and I have not had my prescription filled since, which is a great surprise to me for it proves that coffee was the cause of all my trouble although I never suspected it.

"When my friends ask me how I feel since I have been taking Postum I say, 'To tell the truth I don't feel at all only that I get hungry and eat everything I want and lots of it and it never hurts me and I am happy and well and contented all the time.'"

"I could not get my family to drink Postum for a while until I mixed it in a little coffee and kept on reducing the amount of coffee until I got it all Postum. Now they all like it and they never touch it up with coffee.

"We all know that Postum is a sunshine maker. It fits it helps one greatly for we do not have to think of aches and pains all the time and can use our minds for other things." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

The one who has to bother with coffee aches and pains is badly handicapped in the race for fame and fortune. Postum is a wonderful re-builder. There's a reason.

Look in each package for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Day and Night. The innocent, sweet Day is dead. Dark Night hath slain her in her bed. Has vanished in the unknown shades. O, Moor! are you here to kill as you would?—Put out the light, said he.

A DISASTER AT SEA. By LYNN ROBY MEEKINS. Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Publishing Company.

"I speak ze English verba bad, Ees it not so?" "It is a very difficult language," she responded. "So, so. It ees like ze sea zat goes dis way and zat, vut-vut you calls it?" "Choppy," she replied. "Si, si, zat is what you calls my English—choppy."

"You are mistaken. I called it nothing of the kind. You asked me about the sea. I said nothing about your use of the language. Of course, it is very difficult for one to take up a new speech. You do quite well." For this he was grateful, and he was framing his thankfulness when a large, buoyant man of aggressive helpfulness approached. The sea had no terrors for him. He trod the deck like one born to command, not afraid of storm either on land or elsewhere. He had one of those large framed and hopeful personalities which belong to the successful American character, and he looked as if he could buy the ship without severely intrenching upon his fortune.

He bowed in a familiar yet business-like manner and said something to the young lady. She excused herself and made toward the cabin door. The foreigner and the American stood in talk for a few moments and then parted, as the American frankly did not like to enhance his pretensions upon the straggling sentences of the polite and very deferential European.

That right in the smoking room the American, Mr. John Henry Martindale, had made himself more popular than usual by his good stories and liberality. Count Fricadelli was consuming cigarettes on a neighboring sofa. Precisely at ten-thirty, as was his custom, Mr. Martindale arose, looked at his watch to see if the ship's clock was attending strictly to its duty, and bade a cheery good night to every one, and then quiet settled for a moment upon the room. There was the swish of the waves without, and there was the toll of the boat, but all else seemed strangely silenced as if a little storm had passed in or outside and the twilight had settled down. But it did not last for long.

"Martindale is a regular old brick," suddenly exclaimed a man whose voice filled the entire apartment. "He is a true American, and while people say that he is lucky, I am sure he deserves everything he has got. Certainly there is nobody who enjoys life more, or who can tackle a situation with better humor or bigger nerve. I was in Carpiolis when he had the street railway fight. It was when the lines were being changed from the old horse cars to the trolley system, and he wanted new franchises. The Aldermen or the City Councilmen, or whatever you call them, all expressed their willingness to do whatever the old man wanted them to do. He refused to pay a red cent and put his refusal upon the score of public improvement and enterprise. Well, their favor was rather suspicious, but at the same time it seemed genuine. They actually voted just what the old man wanted, and then after everything was fixed and the bosses thought they had the situation in their hands they met and rescinded their action, and on top of all the bosses and the crowd sold they could not deliver the goods and old Martindale cleaned up a cool million and busted the whole gang. Then he got what he wanted after all. The deals in that city must have netted him from one to two millions. Then he

While he was speaking she was gazing toward the horizon, and there was upon her face a half smile like the play of sunlight upon the face of a goddess. Finally he exclaimed, "I have your permission of Mr. Martindale, your uncle, to speak rus wiz you."

"With Mr. Martindale, my uncle!" something to her, and after she had disappeared, the Count let his enthusiasm bubble forth in many earnest but somewhat broken syllables. "Mees Wiltson, she is so charming."

"She is a very pleasant young lady," replied Mr. Martindale, and then he walked down the deck with a broad grin on his face. After that he called her "Mees Wiltson."

The Count was very attentive, very persistent, very gallant, and every time Miss Wilson appeared on deck in some mysterious manner he managed to be near to offer every attention that gallantry could suggest, that invention could find. He was undeniably handsome and his English improved with the voyage. It was as if the shaking up had rubbed the roughest edges off his syllables. When Miss Wilson was not about he cultivated Mr. Martindale and the burly millionaire enjoyed the attention. Finally, one day, in a great burst of confession and confidence the Count said, "Meester Martindale, I would be so glad to pay my attentions to your niece."

most delightful and a most capable professional nurse who has been most attentive to my wife during our last trip to Europe, and she is a lady whom I can cordially recommend to any one needing her services."

It would be hard to follow the rest of this disaster, but "Mees Wiltson" and Mr. Martindale were laughing after the Count had found solitude in the stateroom, from which he did not emerge until the stewards were almost obliged to put him off the ship.

HOW THE JAPANESE KNEW.

Had Spies to Watch Building of Russian Battleship at Philadelphia. A story is being told which sheds an interesting light on the marvelous foresight and precaution that characterized the preparations of the Japanese for the present war. Some years ago a Japanese agent came to Philadelphia with a letter of introduction to a prominent Philadelphian who had traveled in Japan. This Philadelphian tells the story.

The letter was written by a Japanese official who knew the Philadelphian, and it stated that if he would help the bearer in what he desired the favor would be greatly appreciated. The favor was for the Philadelphian to simply introduce the agent to a first-class firm of detectives. This was done and the agent described as a responsible person. He had plenty of money, and a bargain was made with the firm, the latter to receive a large sum of money.

The detectives were required to dress in the clothes of laborers and secure work in Cramp's shipyard and then to gather full information about the Russian battleship Variag, then in early course of construction. This they did, and the Japanese government was supplied with every detail of the construction and armament of the Variag. The officials at Cramp do not yet know exactly how the Japs obtained it.—Philadelphia Press.

WHY HE QUIT PLAYING POKER.

Lesson Which an Old Gambler Taught Novice at the Game. An old man sat at a breakfast in a hotel cafe last Saturday, when a young man with haggard face and downcast eyes took a place near him.

"Tom," said the newcomer to the attendant, "I must go light, for I played in hard luck last night."

The old man had finished and sat studying the other's face as he ate. Shortly he took a roll of bills from his pocket and laid it in front of him. "It's yours," he said. Mechanically and with a trembling hand the young man took the money. "You were in the game?" he said. "Yes, and that is your money, about \$300. Quit playing poker. I began it sixty years ago on the Mississippi river and have made a living out of such fools as you. With my coyness it's robbery to play against your recklessness. I see desperation in your face. I am told that you are a teller in a bank, and that you have a wife, to whom you will be about your absence from home last night. Quit poker."

He walked out, and the young man, lowering his head to his folded arms, did not move until the attendant aroused him.—New York Times.

The Bismillah Ceremony.

A little Moslem when she is four years four months old goes through the "Name-of-God," or Bismillah ceremony—which begins her real life. She is dressed in cloth-of-gold, with a veil and wreath of flowers; and friends are invited to salute the little queen. She sits on a gold cushion, which must be borrowed if she hasn't one, and all the rest sit on the floor. Then an old mullah recites very slowly a certain verse from the Koran, which is also written in saffron on a silver plate. Bibi holds in her hand. She runs her fingers over the words, and stammers them after him. "Say it not, Bibi; be a good girl, then you shall see your presents." Soon they all cry, "Shahash! Shahash! Wah! Wah!" and the ceremony of the little girl's first lesson in reading, writing and religion is over. She salaams mamma, then shows her presents to her ahabels (girl friends)—Edmund Russell, in Everybody's Magazine.

Children's Children.

John D. Crimmins, who made last autumn an unusually favorable impression upon the Apostolic Society of Rome, is never more delightful than when he is telling anecdotes of children.

"A little girl of seven," Mr. Crimmins said one day, "came to me after church on a Sunday morning and asked: 'Have I any children?' 'I dropped my newspaper and regarded her with amazement.' 'What?' I said. 'Have I any children?' she repeated. 'Well, I should hope not,' I exclaimed. 'Why on earth do you ask me such a question as that?' 'Why, in church this morning,' said the little girl, 'the clergyman preached about children's children, and I wondered if I had any.'"

Paper Gloves and Stockings.

Paper gloves and stockings are now being manufactured in Europe. The stockings have been carefully examined by experts, and they are loud in their praise of them. Let no one assume, they say, that these stockings, because they are made of paper, will only last a few days, for they will last almost as long as ordinary stockings. The reason is because the paper of which they are made was, during the process of manufacture, rendered into a substance closely resembling wool, and was then woven and treated as ordinary wool.

"The Sunrise Never Failed Us Yet."

Upon the sadness of the sea. The sunset broods regretfully. From the far lonely spines slow Withdrawn the wistful after glow. So out of life the splendor dies, So fades all the happy side. Go gather twilight, cold and stern, But overhand the planets burn. And up the East another day. Shall chase the bitter dawn away. What though our eyes with tears be wet? The sunrise never failed us yet. The light of dawn may yet restore Our light, and hope and joy once more, For though all seem to us to fade, That sunrise never failed us yet. —Celia Thaxter.



Walking Suits. There is nothing smarter for a walking or traveling suit than black and white shepherd's tartan. It does not show wear or dust, and always looks trim and neat.

This little suit is made with a full plaited skirt that clears the ground by several inches. It is laid in deep plaits that are stitched down a little way from the waist. It is finished at the bottom with a deep hem.

The jacket is a short box coat, with collar and cuffs of white broadcloth strapped with half inch wide bands of black velvet ribbon.

There are three pockets on the coat piped around with black velvet, and the flaps decorated with cloth covered buttons. The ones which fasten the coat are very large, and have black velvet ribbon on them in a cross design. The jaunty air of this costume is very striking, and it would be a useful suit to any one.

Pretty Weddings.

Color effect is greatly studied nowadays at wedding ceremonies, and the result is often delightful. Red and white weddings have been much in vogue during the dull winter months, with desirable result, and the little pages with bright-hued cloaks slung over the shoulder, or tiny bride-maidens in mob caps, flowering frocks and muslin aprons, scattering pink and red roses, have lent a charming picturesqueness to the bride and her surroundings.

Considering the number of fashionable weddings which have taken place recently, the variety introduced into the functions has been little short of surprising. One of the prettiest results was achieved at a recent ceremony, when the snowy-gowned bride was accompanied by a train of bridesmaids attired in every shade of pink, ranging from the most delicate willow-rose tone to that of the deepest crimson.

For Fair Golfers.



Golfing costume of green and white. White cloth strappings and green piping. White hat with green velvet band.

Pale Tints to Have Vogue.

As one notices carefully the various new fabrics and modes in spring displays it becomes a noticeable fact that the all-white fad is being pressed hard for first place by the beautiful pale tints now so artistically presented in dainty stufts for millaid's inspection. In the new transparent cottons, in the pinocchio cloths and the very fine betise and linens the delicate pinks and blues, greens and lavenders are most daintily wrought or printed, and white of course the all-white gown will be a favorite in the summer girl's wardrobe, it will not monopolize her fancy as it did last season.

Handsome Street Gown.

A handsome street gown is of mauve cloth. A hip yoke formed of stitched bands of cloth fits snugly and fastens with gold buttons a trifle to the left. The bodice is fashioned after the same idea, the attached straps giving a short-jacket effect, closing on the side to correspond with skirt decoration. The sleeves are similarly treated and the large, loose puff which falls from elbow is attached to a narrow cuff. The collar is also made of stitched straps and gold buttons, the latter being used for the deep girde and scarf, which is finished with brown silk fringe.

Blouse Problems.

The difficulties of the blouse problem are greater than they used to be, for, unless of a very smart order, we do not seem anxious to have much in the way of collars. The hour of the transparent yoke and decollete neck for day wear is happily over, though there are still a few women who persist in showing favor to this most incongruous fashion. High collars are de rigueur now and even our capes and ruffles have softening plisse effects brought up high at the back of the neck, held in place by a buckle; they are sometimes even finished with a wide Medici collar.

For Young Girls.

With one white and one colored evening gown a girl may go to any number of dances through a season, and look smartly gowned, for changing the trimming of the waist with lace bertha, chiffon fichu, or different artificial flowers, makes the gown look like now each time. The present fashion of wide belts of different colors helps immensely, too, in changing the appearance of a gown; a pale blue belt instead of pink and blue flowers on the waist and a lace bertha instead of a fichu work wonders.—Harper's Bazar.

Wonderful Handwork.

In a convent the patient sisters sat stitching upon a waist of delicate blue linen. The pattern upon which they were working was one designed by an artistic sister. It showed a great spiderweb of blue silk, in which a large gray spider was struggling. The spider was round and fat and was made entirely of embroidery threads. The web was repeated in smaller size upon the cuffs and upon the stock. To wear with this there was a very pretty Eton made of lace with a deep collar band in silk, the whole falling open in front to display the delicately woven web.

Roses for Hat Trimmings.

A good ostrich fall makes a good flower spring" is an old saying with milliners, and the spring of 1904 will bear out the truth of this statement. Roses promise to take the lead. The little button variety, in single and double garlands, edge the brims, encircle the crowns or otherwise trim the hats. Medium size roses are used as garniture in single or double wreaths, and large roses are often used singly. When the large flower is employed tiny green leaves bordering the brims make a charming effect.

How's This?

We offer the Honored Ladies of the world a new and beautiful dress. It is made of the finest material and is very stylish. It is a new design and is very different from anything else you have seen. It is a new design and is very different from anything else you have seen.

Any way, old maids don't have to go down stairs at 3 o'clock in the morning to let in a man who tried to open the front door with a trunk key.

Wiggle-Stick LAUNDRY BLUE. Won't spill, leak, freeze nor spot clothes. Costs 10 cents and equals 50 cents worth of any other bluing. If your grocer does not keep it send for sample to The Laundry Blue Co., 14 Michigan Street, Chicago.

"How to the line, let the chips fall where they may!" When the days are done the bookies on the line have accumulated most of the chips.

Lewis' "Single Binder" straight Sciger. Price to dealers \$2.00 per set. They cost some more than other brands, but no more than a good cigar should cost. Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

You have to handle some people with kid gloves, other with boxing gloves, others with bare fists and the rest with an old-fashioned ax handle.

If you don't get the biggest and best it's your own fault. Defiance Starch is for sale everywhere and there is positively nothing to equal it in quality or quantity.

The only effective criticism of a poor religion is the creation of a better one.

The bill-poster acquires a great many stuck-up notions in his business.

When a man is satisfied he made a mistake by marrying, he isn't satisfied.

Goods are among the least of the rewards for goodness.

The World's Greatest Railway. Under the title of "The Great Siberian Railway," James W. Davidson, F. R. G. S., United States Consul at Antung, Manchuria, will give much valuable information in the April Century about "the greatest railway which the world has ever seen." Travelers on the great Siberian railway will find the many days on the train wonderfully comfortable. For its passengers the train de luxe plans to provide brass beds, private toilet rooms, baths, gymnasium, electric fans and lights, steam heat, and a handsomely furnished drawing room. Mr. Davidson estimates that one may enjoy all this luxury from Paris to Dainty or Peking for not over \$280, including sleeper, food and all incidental expenses.

You never hear any one complain about "Dufano's Starch." There is none to equal it in quality and quantity, 16 ounces, 10 cents. Try it now and save your money.

Before arithmetic was invented people multiplied on the face of the earth.

Physicians Use Carrier Pigeons. Country Physicians in many instances have adopted the use of pigeons as messengers. A physician raises a lot of carriers, and when he visits a patient four or five miles away he carries with him a basket containing one of his birds. If dangerous symptoms arise in the night or the following day the pigeon is released with a message. Some physicians with long country routes carry half a dozen or more of these pigeons on their rounds and leave one at each place. A daily report of the different cases can thus be obtained by pigeon service. This service has also been extended on large Western farms. Some farmers receive daily reports of the markets from the city in this way when there are no telephone or telegraph wires to send the messages. All that is required is a trip to the city once a fortnight to carry back the birds and some one in the city to write the reports and release the pigeons.

Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savage, they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points.—Chamfort.

How a woman does like to talk about the doings and the sayings of the man of whom she is fond.

In the Spring. Lowndes, Mo., April 4th.—Mrs. H. C. Harty of this place, says: "For years I was in very bad health. Every spring I would get so low that I was unable to do my own work. It seemed to be worse in the spring than any other time of the year. I was very weak and miserable and had much pain in my back and head. I saw Dodd's Kidney Pills advertised last spring and began treatment of them and they have certainly done me more good than anything I have ever used."

"I was all right last spring and felt better than I have for over ten years. I am fifty years of age and am stronger to-day than I have been for many years and I give Dodd's Kidney Pills credit for the wonderful improvement."

The statement of Mrs. Harty is only one of a great many where Dodd's Kidney Pills have proven themselves to be the very best spring medicine. They are unsurpassed as a tonic and are the only medicine used in thousands of families.

I noticed a woman chewing gum once during the progress of a mile race. The race was run in 1:43. She covered the distance in 1:40 flat.

The United Mutual Hat Ins. Ass'n is the oldest, is the strongest, is the best; has paid \$159,600.00 more for losses than the combined payments of all other companies. Paid \$53,596.10 in 1903. Has paid \$200,911.80 for losses since its organization. Wants good representatives in every precinct. Address Home Office, 116 South 10th Street, Lincoln, Neb.