

THE JEWELLED TALISMAN

OR
PURITAN AND CAVALIER

BY
MRS. CAROLINE ORNE

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)

She reached the closet in time to enter and close the door, though, in her haste, she made no attempt to fasten it, nor did she observe that a Persian scarf thrown carelessly over her shoulders had fallen to the floor at the moment of her entrance. It was of a light though rich fabric, with a deep embroidery of gold, the sight of which was so tempting in the eyes of her pursuer, that she stopped and picked it up. This delay, trifling as it was, saved her.

"Hold, on your peril!" exclaimed Harleigh, springing forward as the man was in the act of opening the door.

The interior of the closet, however, presented precisely the same appearance as it had the preceding evening. The look of blank astonishment depicted on the countenance of each of the ruffians might on a different occasion excite mirth; now, the predominating emotion in the mind of Harleigh, as well as of the Jew, who had described to him the retreat of Abi, now shared by Alice, though he had not mentioned the name of the latter, was one of devout thankfulness.

"I should almost believe that my eyes had played me false, if it weren't for this," said Mat, holding up the scarf.

Meanwhile Skellum was eagerly examining the closet, to ascertain by what means she had made her escape.

"Let him satisfy himself," said the Jew, seeing that Harleigh and the stranger regarded him with looks of impatience. "There is no danger of his discovering the manner of her egress."

"If I hadn't tried the thickness of these walls last night," said Skellum, who soon gave up his search as hopeless, "I would try what a few well-aimed blows would do."

"As the trial seems to have been satisfactory," said Harleigh, "you may as well go now."

"And leave that scarf behind you," said the stranger, addressing Mat, who was about to tie it round his waist.

"We shall do neither the one nor the other, unless we please," said Skellum, answering both for himself and comrade. "That's what we won't," said Mat.

The stranger's only answer to this was taking possession of the scarf, which he raised with perfect ease, a feat that evidently raised him in the estimation of all three of the wretches, who had been inclined to believe that the conciliatory manner he had previously adopted toward them was the result of timidity.

"You prefer to remain here a while longer?" said Harleigh, again addressing Skellum.

"Yes," he replied, sullenly, "and you needn't trouble yourself about it if we do."

"Very well," said Harleigh. "We will, in the meantime, see what can be done to procure an escort for you."

"He means the police," whispered Mat. "Corkle then turned to Harleigh and the stranger and said:

"There's no use in trying to frighten us—that is no easy matter; but if the gentleman will be so obliging as to let us try how we shall feel with a few of those gold pieces he showed us in our pockets, I will go away quietly myself, and use my influence to persuade the others to follow my example."

"It is too late now," said the stranger; "I'm no longer in the vein. When I offered you gold, I didn't take you for the miscreants you have proved yourselves to be. You have already annoyed these inoffensive people with your presence, much too long—longer than this gentleman and myself would have permitted, had it not been that we felt indisposed to engage in a brawl with such fellows as you, especially beneath a peaceable and respectable roof."

After having waited a minute or two, finding that they seemed disposed to maintain their ground, he made a sign to Mizar. The boy understood it, and at once prepared to obey. The ruffians, however, appeared to think it best to make good their retreat, which they did, with muttered threats, among which the words, "We shall yet have our revenge; the old Jew doesn't know what there is in store for him!" could be distinguished.

After leaving the ship, as they passed a little dark court, of which the house and an outbuilding belonging to the Jew formed two of the sides, Corkle said in a whisper: "The dumb wretch that lies there will make it go hard with the old Jew."

CHAPTER XVII.

The stranger stood in the doorway till the sound of their receding footsteps had died away. He then, having closed the door, turned to Harleigh.

"If I heard right," said he, "your name is Clarence Harleigh."

"That is my name."

"And mine is Edward Elliston."

"One that I sha'n't be likely soon to forget," said Harleigh, cordially offering him his hand, "for it is to Edward Elliston that I owe my liberation from prison."

"I imagined," said young Elliston, with some embarrassment, "that after the precaution which had been taken to prevent it, the name of the person couldn't transpire."

"I couldn't suffer myself to be the recipient of a signal favor without making an effort to discover the author of it," replied Harleigh, "though, after all, I must confess that it was revealed to me by what may be termed chance, rather than by any exertion of my own. But why should you wish to conceal what has made me so much your debtor?"

"I hardly know, were I to attempt it, I could offer any very logical reason for so doing, and will, therefore, only say that I was sincere in the wish that it should not be made known."

"You didn't care to make my acquaintance, is the only way I can interpret your reluctance," said Harleigh, smiling; "but if you had any graver reason for wishing to avoid me, chance seems to have over-

ruled your intention by bringing us together at this time. Perhaps, however, you came here with the knowledge that a young girl under the protection of a lady by the name of Elliston, whom I suppose to be your mother, found refuge here last night from a crowd of desperadoes?"

"Am I so fortunate? I had consumed the whole day in vain efforts to trace her, and was returning home, thoroughly discouraged, when, on hearing the cries of the lad, I entered."

"I am already so much a debtor to you both," said the Jew, who had thus far stood silently by, "that I can hardly venture to ask of you anything more; yet, if you could be persuaded to remain here till daybreak, we should feel comparatively safe. Will you permit me to send word to Abi, my granddaughter, and the young damsel who is with her, that I will bring with me two gentlemen, who have shown themselves to be our friends in the hour of need, to spend an hour or two in their company?"

It was a proposition which neither of them felt in a humor to decline, and Harleigh, having no suspicion that the "young damsel," by the Jew was not designating Alice Dale, was not deterred from giving his consent on account of the promise exacted by Mr. Walworth.

When the door was thrown open, which disclosed an apartment such as, in splendor, might have been supposed to compare with those of Aladdin's palace, they were both surprised. Harleigh, who was in advance of Elliston, stepped back, that he might enter before him.

"The meeting of friends should precede that of strangers," said he.

Elliston, not knowing exactly how to construe this, hesitated a moment, but finding that Harleigh still held back, he entered the room, saying, as he did so, something about the greater pleasure being reserved for the last, the meaning of which was, of course, enigmatical to Harleigh.

Alice, the moment Edward Elliston stepped inside the door, rose and went forward to meet him.

"After all my fears, then, to the contrary," said she, "your mother received the billet I sent her this morning?"

"No; we hadn't received a single word of intelligence in any shape whatever. My finding you here was entirely unexpected."

Harleigh was so surprised at seeing her, whom he thought so far distant, and in the midst of a scene of so much magnificence, that he was almost inclined to doubt the evidence of his own senses, all the doubts and misgivings which Mildred Daeres and Falkland had succeeded in inspiring him, as respected the constancy of Alice, were, for the time being, forgotten.

As he stood behind Edward Elliston, Alice did not at first see him, and when, as if suddenly roused from a dream, he stepped forward, she, too, forgot that the machinations of Falkland and Mildred must have given him cause to distrust her. Her heartfelt joy at seeing him went far to remove many of those doubts he had been unable to overcome.

When the surprise and excitement of the meeting between her and Harleigh had somewhat subsided, the thoughts of Alice reverted to the opal. Possibly, Harleigh might not know that she had lost it. At any rate, she felt determined to seek an opportunity to tell him all she herself knew respecting its loss. While these thoughts were yet in her mind, the Jew, taking it from a small casket, handed it to Harleigh.

"Your motive in calling this evening," said he, "was to examine it. You may not find a better opportunity than the present."

As Harleigh took it, he could not forbear looking towards Alice, but though her color heightened, her eyes, which for a moment met his, did not droop. Having examined it, Harleigh returned it without speaking.

"You find it to be the same once in your possession?" said the Jew.

"Yes."

Alice, who had been attentively watching him, saw that a shadow was resting on Harleigh's brow. Rising precipitately from the divan, where she was sitting by the side of Abi, she approached him.

"You knew that I had lost that opal before you came here this evening—did you not?" she inquired.

"I knew that you had parted with it," he replied, gravely.

"You couldn't think that I gave it to Falkland?"

"He said so, and publicly, too."

"And you believed him?"

Her voice faltered, for in confirmation of her words, the expression of his countenance every moment grew graver and more stern. She paused a short time to recover herself, and then with an earnest and directness that made every word tell, she related those incidents connected with the loss of the opal, as far as they were known to herself. Her voice, her countenance, her manner, all conspired to give what she said the stamp of truth.

"Are you satisfied?" said she, with a smile, when she had finished.

She hardly would have ventured to ask this question, had she not seen by the clearing away of the clouds that had darkened his brow, the import of what she might expect for an answer.

"I am not only satisfied," he replied, "but am heartily ashamed of having wronged you by paying the slightest heed to those who attempted to deceive me. I have only to ask your forgiveness."

"Which is quite unnecessary, as you know that I am not one of those who hold malice. And now I have a request to make."

"Before you name it, I promise that it shall be granted."

"It is only that you will not seek to deprive Abi, who has been very kind to me, of the rare and costly gem, which,

when you gave it to me, I thought to retain as long as I lived; for her claim to it is stronger and still more sacred than mine."

"It was my intention," he replied, "to purchase it of the Jew and restore it to you."

"You cannot doubt the pleasure its restoration would give me under different circumstances; but the opal belonged to Abi's mother. It was her last gift to her child."

"And for this reason she values it?"

"I cannot describe to you how much." "It would be next to sacrilege, then, to take it from her."

In the meantime, the Jew and Edward Elliston, who were seated at too great a distance from Harleigh and Alice to hear what passed between them, were busily engaged in conversation. Elliston's attention, however, was not so entirely absorbed as to prevent him from seeing that Abi was not only very beautiful, but that she bore a striking resemblance to a gentleman he once saw at his mother's residence, some six or seven years previously. Had it been twice that time, the impression his looks and appearance made on his mind was so deep and vivid that it still must have remained in all its original freshness.

Her eyes, he particularly noticed, had not the "dazzling sparkle of the Jewish, or Italian black." When she raised them suddenly he saw that they were full of the same brilliant, glorious light of those of the gentleman in question, and made him seem to his youthful imagination as if belonging to a superior order of beings.

Edward Elliston had never till now seen a young girl who appeared to him at all comparable with Alice. He even imagined that he fell in love with her at first sight. The truly noble and generous traits of his character were, hence, placed in a strong light, when, to save her from the pain and anxiety which a knowledge of Harleigh's imprisonment would have caused her, he secretly effected his release. He now began strongly to suspect that he had been deceived as to the nature of his sentiments towards Alice, and that, compared with those with which the beautiful and fascinating Abi had inspired him, they might with more propriety be placed in the category with those that bear a closer affinity to what may be termed a brotherly regard.

Before Alice had resumed her seat on the divan, Elliston found opportunity to inquire of her if she had heard Abi mention her father.

"Several times," was her answer. "He is not now living."

"Did she tell you his name?"

"Yes; Charles Rushton."

"And that was all she said about him?"

"No; she told me that he wasn't a Jew, and that, after her mother's decease, he lived mostly on the continent."

Elliston repeated the name to himself. He was certain that he had heard his mother mention it more than once, though she had always refused to tell him the name of the handsome stranger who had so strongly excited his curiosity and made so deep an impression on his mind.

Time passed away so pleasantly that when, after an absence of a few minutes, the Jew returned to the room and told them that the morning was breaking, all present heard the announcement with as much surprise as regret. Harleigh and Elliston rose. They must no longer delay their departure.

"Your uncle," said Harleigh, addressing Alice, "will forgive us this involuntary meeting."

"Which must not be made a pretext," said she, "to break the promise he exacted of me."

Before Harleigh had time to reply they were joined by Edward Elliston.

"I will hasten home," said he to Alice, "and will return in my mother's carriage by the time it is light, as far as the next street, to which, as the Jew informs me, you can obtain ready access, by means of a gate back of the house."

(To be continued.)

GROWS LIKE UNTO A GOURD.

Rapid Development of Oklahoma in Wealth and Industry.

Really no State or territory can show a record of growth in the past decade that compares in any way with that of Oklahoma. That territory came into being one fine spring day eleven years ago, when at a signal that the promised land was open there was a rush of boomers that has never been equaled or surpassed. Eastern visitors who were in the southwest at the time found everybody talking Oklahoma, and thousands making their way thither, some in trains, others in wagons and not a few on foot. There was such an Oklahoma fever on that conservative Easterners were prepared to accept the prediction often heard in Texas at that time that Oklahoma, born in a boom, would collapse with the inevitable subsidence of the excitement.

But Oklahoma did nothing of the kind. It has now a population of 398,245, which is 55,000 more than Vermont has and more than double Delaware's population. There are 79,000 more people in Oklahoma than there are in North Dakota. New Hampshire has but 13,000 more inhabitants than Oklahoma. Oklahoma remains a territory, while Idaho, with 161,771 inhabitants, is a sovereign State. Oklahoma has 155,000 more inhabitants than Montana and more than nine times as many people as Nevada. Moreover, Oklahoma has a very "solid" population which goes in for public schools and banks, which is industrious and thrifty. Oklahoma's claim to admission as a State cannot much longer be denied. Probably the delay is in some measure due to Oklahoma's own desire for some agreement with Indian territory by which the two shall be consolidated as a State of powerful proportions in area, population and resources.—Boston Transcript.

Interesting.

"Did you have an interesting literary club meeting, Alice?"

"Oh, yes; every woman there was working on a new pattern of Battenberg lace."—Indianapolis Journal.

In many nations it has been believed that an individual bitten by a dog may cure himself by placing three of the dog's hairs on the wound. The idea is expressed in the English proverb, "The hair of the dog is good for the bite."

GOOD Short Stories

In his "Story of the Cowboy," Emerson Hough gives the following quarterly report of a foreman on an Eastern ranch owner, which constituted his most serious labor of the year: "Dear Sir, we have brand 800 caves this roundup we have made sum hay potatoes is a fare crop. That Englishman yu lef in charge at the other camp got to fresh an' we had to kill him. Nothing much has happened sence yu lef. Yurs truly, JIM."

One day at a rehearsal, W. S. Gilbert observed a girl crying, and asked her the cause of it. Between her sobs, she declared she had been insulted by one of the costumers, who had said to her: "You are no better than you ought to be." Gilbert immediately looked very sympathetic, and said: "Well, you are not, are you, my dear?" To which she replied, promptly: "Why, of course not, Mr. Gilbert." "Ah, that's all right," he said, and she went away perfectly comforted.

The other day a Sunday school superintendent, in talking to his pupils about cruelty to animals, said: "Only a coward would abuse a creature that has no way of protecting itself. Why, children, I once knew a little boy who cut off a calf's tail! Think of it—took a knife and cut the tail right off! Can any one tell me a verse in the Bible that would have taught this cruel boy that he should not have cut off the calf's tail?" After a moment's silence, a small boy held up his hand, and when asked to quote his verse, ventured: "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

One of the packages of seed provided by the Department of Agriculture was recently returned to a member of Congress by one of his constituents, with the following modest request: "I appreciate your good-will in sending the seeds but my eldest daughter, Matilda, is going to marry the doctor down to the village next month, and wife and I think of giving up the farm and going there to live. If we do, the seeds won't be much good, as we sha'n't have a garden, so if you could change them for some stockings, No. 9, and some handkerchiefs or a nice spring bonnet for Matilda, I would be much obliged."

When Dion Boucicault was playing "The Vampire" at the Princess Theater, London, the opening scene represented the highest regions of the Alps by moonlight, while a thunder storm raged in the distance. One night, in the height of the season, a tremendous clap of thunder startled the audience, and interrupted Mr. Boucicault in the middle of a speech. Lowering his voice so that it could be heard only by the property man, he said: "Very well, Mr. Davids, you are making more mistakes. That clap of thunder came in the wrong place." Mr. Davis replied in stentorian tones, which could be plainly heard all over the auditorium: "No fault of mine, sir; it wasn't my thunder. Thunder's real out of doors; perhaps you can stop it there."

RICHES, RANK AND MISERY.

These Three Are Inseparable to the Life of Some Titled Englishmen.

We have in our midst a millionaire who has never been reconciled to her husband's ill-gotten wealth, says the London Empire. On her countenance one traces a look of bemused bewilderment that has become her habitual expression. Dimly and dumbly she has realized that such colossal wealth, dishonestly acquired, must necessarily constitute a curse. She roams through her barulike mansion with an affrighted air which betrays a haunting obsession.

One occasion she was found weeping on the doorstep—a victim of hysterical grief. The insolence and extravagance of the costly crudities with which her husband has encumbered his "palace" cause her simple soul to imagine weird things. What are they for? Why is she surrounded by these objects, so foreign to her lowly, primitive nature? She lives in constant and nervous dread of some impending calamity.

To alleviate her haunting misery she has engaged four detectives to guard her and her treasures. They are dressed as footmen. The principal pleasure now indulged in by this pathetic creature is to peer through the halls and passages to make sure that her guardians do not relax their vigilance. This pleasure itself is beginning to pall and there is every fear that her millions will ultimately crush her and deprive her of her reason.

Haunted by the ghastly specter of her wealth, she starts up at night in a feverish perspiration, consumed by a horrible dread of some frightful disaster which she is powerless to avert.

And her husband? He is tired of her, of her miserable whining, her haunting white face and generally depressing temperament. He is cynical, jovial, and never suffers from any qualms of conscience. He has made what he calls a "pot of money" by the promotion of shady companies. And he intends to enjoy it.

He frequents the race course and other resorts of the pleasure-loving.

The money squeezed from the widow, the orphan and the curate is recklessly squandered among all the vile parasites which compose the fast section of London society. He is popular; the press speaks well of him; he is a welcome figure in the most exclusive society. He is so rich, he gives such good dinners, he puts his friends into

such "good things," out of which they make money.

At whose expense? They never stop to think. They need money; he puts them in the way of obtaining it. No further do they trouble. Leaving his haunted wife to roam through the corridors of his "palace," he looks on the wine while it is red, basks in the smiles of the fair, enjoys the incense of the vernal press and varies his pleasures by taking frequent trips to Paris, where his face is as well known as in London.

He is perfectly well aware that he is a swindler who has wrecked thousands of homes. But he is equally well aware that the law can not touch him, that lawyers, divines, aristocrats, officials and even judges can be bought by a portion of his ill-gotten gains. And he drains the cup of pleasure to the dregs—cynical, insouciant, a typical product of the age which invented the fl share for the better despoiling of the ignorant and the innocent. Shortly he will float another big company.

RURAL FREE DELIVERY.

Importance of This New Branch of the Postal Service.

Of all the institutions that promote the progress of the United States there is no other, to my mind, that compares in importance with free rural mail delivery. Although it is scarcely five years since the system was adopted, it has already revolutionized social, business and economic conditions in territory covering over 100,000 square miles. Its popularity is increasing at a rate exceeding that attending any improvement heretofore attempted in the post-office service and it means more in the way of personal happiness and public advancement than anything else of which I know, says a writer in Success.

The importance of this new branch of the postal service is best indicated by the rate at which it has grown. We began, in 1896, with an appropriation of \$40,000. For three years previous to that Congress had made each year an appropriation; but with declining revenues and increasing deficits the postoffice department has been loath to take any step that might involve additional burdens. As the matter of establishing rural routes had been left to the discretion of the Postmaster-General, the appropriations were unused.

In 1896, Congress, in making the appropriation, embodied a mandatory clause; and, with much misgiving, Postmaster-General William L. Wilson, in October, 1896, established the first route, which was out of Charleston, W. Va. On the first of July, 1897, only forty-three routes were in operation. To-day there are more than 6,000 routes, serving 600,000 farmhouses, in which live more than 4,000,000 people. It requires some experience of life in the country, under old conditions, to realize what it means to these people to be suddenly brought from an isolated position into daily touch with the outer world, the news and events of which had only sifted to them at haphazard. The territory covered by the rural routes is equal to about 120,000 square miles, equaling in area the New England States, New York and New Jersey. Eventually they will cover 1,000,000 square miles or more. The appropriation for the maintenance of the service advanced from \$40,000 in 1897 to \$50,000 in 1898; \$150,000 in 1899; \$450,000 in 1900; \$1,750,000 in 1901.

FELINE FEROCITY.

Are the Symptoms Meant to Simulate Serpentine Forms?

All members of the cat tribe wave their tails to and fro when provoked. I do not see how this curious habit is to be explained except as an instance of what is called "Protective Mimicry."

Among insects and other humble creatures it is common to find those which are comparatively defenseless adopting the aspects and manners of their more formidable neighbors, and thus securing immunity from attack. This defensive method is rare among the higher animals. Nevertheless, many of the cat tribe, when face to face with an enemy, apparently imitate the behavior of a venomous snake, and thus avail themselves of the instinctive horror of the serpent, which we find among the warm-blooded creatures.

The hissing and spitting indulged in by kittens (and other young creatures which have their natural nurseries in hollow trees and similar places) probably has its use in the fact that few inquisitive predatory beasts would care to risk a possible encounter with an angry snake. The front aspect of an angry cat, with its ears laid flat against its head, its eyes glaring and its fangs exposed, is very snakelike, and its explosive hissing sounds it utters are exactly similar to those uttered by some serpents when about to strike.

Against the mimicry hypothesis is the fact that a large and formidable feline, such as panthers, lions and tigers, which assuredly need no protection of this sort, wave their tails when alarmed or angry quite as much as do the small cats which stand in danger from foxes, dogs and jackals. It must be remembered, however, that all innate habits, such as those which we are discussing, and especially all habits which are common to a whole species or family, are of the extreme antiquity. And in early days of mammalian life on the earth all the ancestors of our modern cats, and, indeed, all warm-blooded creatures of every kind, were so small and defenseless that they probably needed such strategy as the above to avoid extinction.—Pearson's.

King Edward looks like such a freak with his crown on that we have lost all desire to become an angel and wear one.

When a glacier calogdes itself and sails away over the Arctic seas, it never travels alone. In the wake of every large one floats a line of smaller companions. The Eskimos call this phenomenon "the duck and ducklings," and any one who has watched the progress of the elder duck followed by her brood will appreciate the aptitude of the name.

Helen Moon's Case.

New Providence, Ia., Oct. 13th.—The wonderful case of little 3-year-old Helen Moon continues to be the talk of the neighborhood and everyone is rejoicing with Mr. and Mrs. E. V. Moon, the happy father and mother.

It will be remembered that this sweet little girl was given up by the doctors with Dropsy. She was so far gone that her eyes were closed up and her body bloated till it was purple.

After everything else had failed, Dodd's Kidney Pills were used, and to the joy and surprise of everyone she commenced to improve.

This improvement resulted in complete good health and she continues to keep strong and well and without the slightest symptom of the Dropsy left. The doctors are as much bewildered as anyone at the wonderful cure of this desperate case.

The lowest death rate in the world is that of Sweden. The annual average for the last ten years has been 16.49 per 1,000.

A boon to travelers. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Cures dysentery, diarrhoea, seasickness, nausea. Pleasant to take. Acts promptly.

Eight new theatres will be opened in New York City within the next eighteen months.

HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

Taking the world as a whole 25 per cent die before they reach the age of 17.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW? If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

Emigrants to South Africa are officially warned to wait until land can be secured for them.

Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz package 5 cents.

The population of Damascus, reputed the oldest city in the world, is calculated at 225,000 souls.

Only one remedy in the world that will at once stop itchininess of the skin in any part of the body. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50 cents.

San Francisco leads American cities with the largest ratio of suicides, of 39.1 per 100,000 of population.

I find Piso's Cure for Consumption the best medicine for croupy children.—Mrs. F. Callahan, 114 Hall street, Parkersburg, W. Va., April 16, 1901.

In a recent number of the Scottish Medical and Surgical Journal Sir Arthur Mitchell holds that dreamless sleep is a myth.

Mrs. Austin's famous Pancake flour, made from the three great staffs of life—wheat, corn and rice.

The two American cities in which the number of colored inhabitants is increasing most largely are Washington and Philadelphia.

Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP for children cething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c bottle.

"It was almost a miracle. Burdock Blood Bitters cured me of a terrible breaking out all over the body. I am very grateful." Miss Julia Filbridge, West Cornwall, Conn.

A hearty kiss on the ear of Mrs. Martha Allen, by her granddaughter fractured that lady's ear drum, and she has been taken from Binghamton to New York City for treatment. The kiss caused a puncture about the size of a pin head.

Georgia fruit growers are claiming that the peach crop of their state yields more money to the producers than does the cotton crop.

Trouble Begins.

Trouble begins with the first backache. Backache comes in many forms—sudden twinges of pain, sharp stitches, slow, exhaustive aches.

Most backache pains are kidney pains. The kidneys fail to perform the duties nature intends them to do and the warning of trouble comes through the back. Neglect the kidney warning, grave complications will surely follow.

Urinary disorders—Diabetes, Bright's Disease—are the downward steps of neglected kidneys.