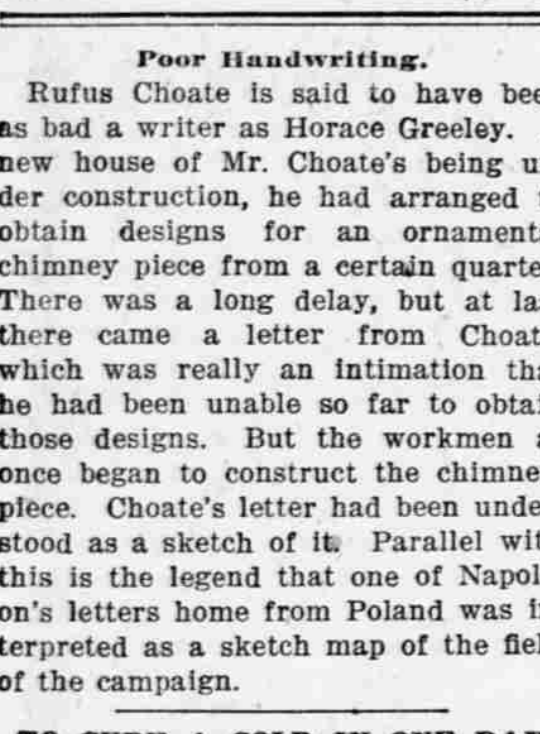


### KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Ten Years—Relieved in Three Months Thanks to PE-RU-N-A.



C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., says: "I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past. Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since nor have I felt a pain."

**TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY**  
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. BROWN'S signature is on each box. 2c.

### CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

Never Would Do.  
"Little girl," said the oculist, "your eyes are in an exceedingly bad condition. You ought to be wearing glasses."  
"And have to trim these beautiful long eyelashes of mine?" responded the little girl. "Niti!"

Impossible to Find Anything Better for Soreness, Itches or Stitches than *Ferry Davis' Zynolite*. Get the large size, it is the cheapest. At all druggists, 25c. and 50c. bottles.  
Scrip-tural Carving.  
A Scriptural method of carving fowls when in secular company was claimed by a witty clergyman who, having been asked to carve one day, said, "Inasmuch as you demand it, I will carve the fowl according to Biblical principles." "Yes," exclaimed the hostess, "act according to the Scriptures." The theologian therefore began the carving. The baron was tendered the head of the fowl, the baroness the neck, the two daughters a wing apiece and the two sons a first joint, the carver retaining the remainder.

"According to what interpretation do you make such a division?" inquired the host of his guest as he regarded the clergyman's heaping plate and the scant portions doled out to the family.

"From an interpretation of my own," replied the cleric wit. "As the master of your house the head belongs to you by right; the baroness being the most near to you, should receive the neck, which is nearest the head; in the wings the young girls will recognize a symbol of their noble thoughts, that fly from one desire to another; as to the young barons, the drumsticks they have received will remind them that they are responsible for supporting your house, as the legs of the capon support the bird itself."—London Standard.

**DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS**  
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES  
FOR RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE DIABETES BACKACHE  
No. 375 "Guaranteed"

## The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

By the Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Etc.

CHAPTER VI.  
Maurice returned home after a somewhat stormy interview with Mrs. Dallas. For once the mother of Isabella was roused out of her habitual indifference, and she refused absolutely to accept Aylmer as her son-in-law.

"It is because that black woman distrusts me that you object," he said. "I wonder that an educated person should be dominated by that uncivilized creature."  
"Dido has nothing to do with my refusal!" said the widow, coldly; "and although I take her advice in some things, I do not in this. I don't wish Isabella to marry you, and I request you to leave my house."

"As a gentleman I must accept your dismissal, but I decline to give up Isabella."  
"And I," cried the girl, "swear to remain true to Maurice!"  
"You'll do nothing of the sort," said her mother, violently. "I forbid you even to think of that young man. You shall marry whom I choose!"

"Dr. Etwald, I suppose?"  
"No! Mr. Sarby."  
"David!" ejaculated Maurice, in an astonished tone. "You wish Isabella to marry him!"  
"Yes! He loves Isabella much more than you do, and he asked permission—which you didn't—to pay his addresses to her. I consented, and so," Mrs. Dallas raised her voice, "he shall marry her."

"I refuse to marry Mr. Sarby," said Isabella, vehemently. "I hate him!"  
"That is no matter!" replied her mother, coldly. "You must marry him!"  
"Must!" repeated Maurice, with great indignation.  
"Yes, Mr. Aylmer! Must! Must! Must! If you want an explanation of that you can ask Major Jen!"  
"The Major! My guardian!" cried Aylmer, quite thunderstruck. "Is he against me?"  
"Ask him! I want no further speeches from you. Go to your room, Isabella."

Resigning himself to the inevitable, Maurice gave one glance at Isabella, and went outside with a heavy heart. Dido was standing upon the veranda, with her eyes glowing like two coals. Yet there was an ill-concealed expression of triumph in her gaze which Maurice, in his then disturbed and angered state of mind, could ill brook. He paused abruptly as he passed by her, and asked a direct question:  
"Why do you hate me, Dido?"  
"Voodoo!" said she in a harsh voice.  
"Bah! you black parrot!" muttered Maurice, scornfully, and turned upon his heel. As he vanished down the walk Dido clasped her hands together with great satisfaction, and began to sing in low tones. Her song was barbaric in words, and strange beyond all telling in the music. It rose and fell, and moaned and drewled in a curious, painful manner. In the drawing-room Mrs. Dallas had risen to her feet at the first deep contralto note, and now stood rocking herself to and fro with an expression of alarm on her face. Isabella was terrified in her turn. She shrieked and ran out of the room. Then Dido, still singing, appeared at the window, and looked at Mrs. Dallas with an expression of triumph.

"Why do you sing the death song?" asked Mrs. Dallas, opening her eyes.  
"Because de master hab doomed dat yaller-hair!" said Dido, and continued her song.  
In the meantime, Maurice walked slowly homeward, puzzling out his own mind as to what could be the meaning of these strange things. He could not understand why Mrs. Dallas objected to him as a son-in-law; nor could he surmise the meaning of the mysterious word "Voodoo," pronounced so significantly by Dido. However, he saw plainly that the negroess was the disturbing element in the Dallas household, and by a half-hypnotic control over the weak will of her mistress, she could act as she pleased.  
Maurice, simple and upright in conduct and character, was no match for the unscrupulous machinations of Dido. She hated the young man, and was determined that he should not marry her nursing. But whether she had, like Mrs. Dallas, a preference for David over Dr. Etwald, Maurice could not determine. The more he thought over affairs, the more incoherent and complicated did they become; so Aylmer gave up the task in despair. Then it occurred to him that Mrs. Dallas had referred him to Major Jen; so to his guardian Maurice went the moment he arrived at the big house.  
"Major gone out, sir," explained Jaggard, to whom Maurice applied for information. "He got a message from Dr. Etwald, and went to see him. Be back to dinner, sir, I believe."  
"Where is Mr. Sarby?"  
"Gone over to Branch Hall, sir."  
"Ho, ho!" thought Maurice, as he turned away. "So David had gone to see Meg. Now if he is in love with Isabella, and Mrs. Dallas favors his suit, I wonder why he acts in that way."  
The question he could not answer, so dismissing it from his memory, he retired to the smoking-room with a novel. When Jen and David returned, he intended to question both, and is possible, get to the bottom of these sickening mysteries.

"Hang it!" soliloquized Maurice over his book; "since yesterday everything seems to have gone wrong. That negroess and Dr. Etwald are at the bottom of affairs. But I can't see their reasons for mixing up things so."

servants had been in the smoking-room that evening.  
"Who lighted the lamp?" demanded Jen, sharply.  
"We found the window open when we came in," said Maurice. "Did you open it?"  
"Yes, sir, The Major told me to always air the room during dinner."  
"Do you think that someone has stolen the stick, Maurice?" said the Major. "Someone from outside, I mean."  
"I am sure of it," replied Aylmer, with decision. "Jaggard, did you notice that negroess of Mrs. Dallas' about the grounds, since 5 o'clock?"  
"Why, no, Mr. Maurice, I can't say as I did."  
"The tramp, then; Battersea!"  
"No, sir. Haven't set eyes on him for a week."

"Very good, Jaggard," broke in the Major, "you can go, Maurice!" he turned to the young man when Jaggard had left the room. "What do you mean by all these questions and examinations? Do you suspect anyone?"  
"Yes," replied Maurice, deliberately. "I suspect Dido, the negroess."  
"Why?" asked Jen, with military brevity.  
"It's a long story," returned Maurice. "Look here, Uncle Jen, I went to dress at half-past six; you did also. When we left the stick was in the room on the wall. Now we are here again at half-past eight; it is gone. In these two hours Dido had had time to cross the lawn yonder and steal it."  
"But why do you suspect Dido? She was never in this room."  
"No, but Dr. Etwald was."  
"Dr. Etwald! Do you think he has anything to do with it?" queried Jen, perplexed, and a trifle startled.

"I am certain of it," replied Maurice. "He employed Dido to steal it from you, as you refused to sell it. Listen, uncle, and I'll give you my reasons for this belief; and then Maurice told succinctly all that had taken place at "The Wigwag" during the afternoon.  
Major Jen listened quietly, and waited until Maurice ended his story before he spoke. The information about Mrs. Dallas and her reference to himself did not surprise him so much as Aylmer expected it would do. In fact, he only made one brief remark upon this point.  
"I am sorry Mrs. Dallas said that," he remarked, when Maurice paused in his narrative.

"But what does she mean by it, Uncle Jen? Didn't you wish me to marry Isabella?"  
"I am neither for nor against," replied Jen, enigmatically. "As I said before, let the girl marry whom she loves best."  
"She loves me best!"  
Major Jen wrinkled uneasily in his seat. He disliked telling what appeared to him to be a silly story, but as such story bore strongly upon the present position of things, and as Maurice was impatiently waiting to be enlightened, Jen was forced to put his scruples on one side and speak out.  
"If what I relate appears impossible, don't blame me," he said abruptly, "and I feel certain that you will laugh when I tell you about Voodoo!"  
"That word again!" cried Maurice, in a puzzled voice. "Dido used it when we met Etwald; she repeated it to me before I left. Voodoo! Voodoo! What does it mean, Uncle Jen?"  
"African witchcraft! Oh! Fetish-worship! The adoration of the bad spirit who catches mortals by the hair. One of these things explains the meaning of the term."  
"Him!" said Maurice. "It is a devil-worship pure and simple."  
"Yes, and Mrs. Dallas knows more about it than is good for her. My boy," Jen laid his hand upon the arm of the young man, "when you reach my age you will find that there is no limit to the credulity and folly of human beings. When I was stationed in the Barbadoes many years ago I met Mrs. Dallas."

"Oh! so she is an old friend of yours!"  
"Yes, I knew her in the West Indies shortly before Isabella was born. It was through knowing me," explained the Major, "that she came to this neighborhood and rented The Wigwag. You see, Maurice, I was one of the few people she knew here, and she remained near me for company's sake, and because she was afraid of herself."  
"I don't quite understand."  
(To be continued.)

**A Star Right Away.**  
"I'd like to become an actor."  
"I suppose you have something to fit you for a career?"  
"Oh, yes. I've got two boxes of grease paint, a wig and a false nose."  
"Good. Buy yourself a couple of slapsticks and we'll star you in musical comedy."—St. Louis Star.

**Its Weakness.**  
"Now, the house of lords has come to a bridge it must cross."  
"I am afraid it is not a very strong bridge."  
"Why not?"  
"On account of the weakness of its peers."—Baltimore American.

**Spellbound.**  
"Why don't you go on writing my speech?" said the orator.  
"I'm spellbound," replied the typist. "Has my eloquence such an effect?"  
"Yes, sir. I never worked for a man who used so many words I can't spell."—Washington Star.

**There, Little Lamb.**  
There, little lamb, don't cry!  
We have sheared your wool, we know;  
But we've let you go,  
And the fleece will grow,  
And you will come again by and by.  
—New York World.

**Modest Ambition.**  
Kicker—"Wouldn't you like to be so famous that people would restore your birthplace?"  
Bocker—"I'd be content if I could make the landlord repair my present flat."—The Sun.



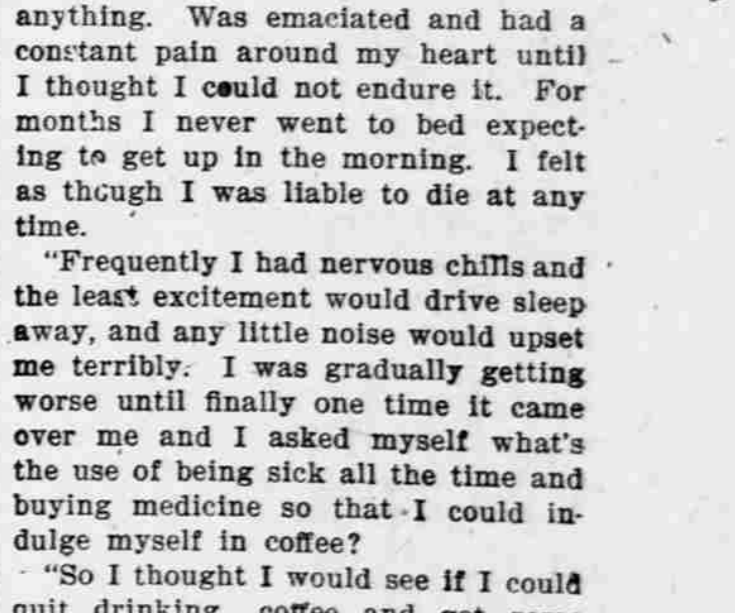
**MONARCH IN "THE CITY."**  
London's Lord Mayor is Only Next to King Edward Himself.  
Within the limits of the city the lord mayor is a little sovereign. His only troops are 1,000 policemen, but no royal troops may enter the city without his permission. He receives the password of the Tower every three months, under the sign-manual of the king. But other things are more precious to him than this, for he is the recognized fountain-head of hospitality in the united kingdom. The city of London is the only city in the world which royalty officially recognizes. The mayor of London recently received the Emperor of Germany, the President of France and many lesser potentates. The city of Berlin attempted to assume a similar distinction during the recent visit of King Edward to Germany.

Within the city the lord mayor takes precedence of all persons save the king, Frederic C. Howes says in Scribner's. Even the Prince of Wales falls behind him on official occasions.  
Prior to the creation of the Thames conservancy board, in 1857, for the care and preservation of the shipping of London, the lord mayor rode to parliament immediately after his election in a splendid medieval barge, with tapestried canopies and banks of rowers, like an oriental prince. Since the control of the Thames has been taken away from the city, the barge has never been used.

**But It Was a Hard Pull.**  
It is hard to believe that coffee will put a person in such a condition as it did an Ohio woman. She tells her own story:  
"I did not believe coffee caused my trouble, and frequently said I liked it so well I would not, and could not quit drinking it, but I was a miserable sufferer from heart trouble and nervous prostration for four years."  
"I was scarcely able to be around, had no energy and did not care for anything. Was emaciated and had a constant pain around my heart until I thought I could not endure it. For months I never went to bed expecting to get up in the morning. I felt as though I was liable to die at any time."  
"Frequently I had nervous chills and the least excitement would drive sleep away, and any little noise would upset me terribly. I was gradually getting worse until finally one time it came over me and I asked myself what the use of being sick all the time and buying medicine so that I could indulge myself in coffee?"  
"So I thought I would see if I could quit drinking coffee and get some Postum to help me quit. I made it strictly according to directions and I want to tell you, that change was the greatest step in my life. It was easy to quit coffee because I had the Postum which I now like better than the old coffee."  
"One by one the old troubles left, until now I am in splendid health, nerves steady, heart all right and the pain all gone. Never have any more nervous chills, don't take any more medicine, can do all my housework and have done a great deal besides."  
"Read 'The Road to Wellville,' in pkgs. 'There's a Reason.'"  
"Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest."

**SEE QUIT.**  
But It Was a Hard Pull.  
"After you've been two weeks in the house with one of these terrible handy men that ask their wives to be sure to wipe between the tines of the forks and that know just how much raising bread ought to have and how to hang out a wash so each piece will get the best sun it's a real joy to get back to the ordinary kind of man. Yes, 'tis so!" Mrs. Gregg finished with much emphasis. "I want a man who should have sense about the things he's meant to keep house I like him real helpless, the way the Lord planned to have him!"—Youth's Companion.

**FASHION HINTS**  
For solid playtime comfort the "mid-dy" suits are about perfection. They are made of serge, flannel, or of any wash material with sufficient body, as linen for instance.  
The Vujella wash flannels would be ideal.  
The little top of the sketch has on a pink gingham with white dots, made baby waist fashion and the neck band in white.



MONARCH IN "THE CITY."  
London's Lord Mayor is Only Next to King Edward Himself.  
Within the limits of the city the lord mayor is a little sovereign. His only troops are 1,000 policemen, but no royal troops may enter the city without his permission. He receives the password of the Tower every three months, under the sign-manual of the king. But other things are more precious to him than this, for he is the recognized fountain-head of hospitality in the united kingdom. The city of London is the only city in the world which royalty officially recognizes. The mayor of London recently received the Emperor of Germany, the President of France and many lesser potentates. The city of Berlin attempted to assume a similar distinction during the recent visit of King Edward to Germany.

Within the city the lord mayor takes precedence of all persons save the king, Frederic C. Howes says in Scribner's. Even the Prince of Wales falls behind him on official occasions.  
Prior to the creation of the Thames conservancy board, in 1857, for the care and preservation of the shipping of London, the lord mayor rode to parliament immediately after his election in a splendid medieval barge, with tapestried canopies and banks of rowers, like an oriental prince. Since the control of the Thames has been taken away from the city, the barge has never been used.