



THE DIVER.

His is a life of toil. Into the dull and turbid main he plunges down. Amid conditions strenuous and cold, To undertake his task. Mayhap for gold He seeks, or hidden pearl, he toloeth on To cleanse the barnacle from crusted hull.

His is a life of faith. Down from above He draws his native air. Above him foes Forever withstand. His task is sore indeed. But on he toils, all trusting that his need Of strength will never fail, for well he knows The pledge of faith is made by faithful love.

'Twere well, my soul, when earnest life Is like unto the diver's trust and toll. 'Tis often dark, and hard to win one's way Against the odds that throng the path; But stay Thy trust upon the Power above, and all Thy striving shall result in victory. -Rev. Howard Agnew Johnston, D. D., in N. Y. Observer.

The KIDNAPPED MILLIONAIRES

A Tale of Wall Street and the Tropics By FREDERICK U. ADAMS

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CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED. There was no afternoon siesta that day. In the bright sunlight, the veranda was alive with flaming headlines and rustling newspapers. For two hours scarcely a word was spoken. Each man read in silence; intent on those items of news in which he had a personal interest. Again they lived over the events of the 18 days which had passed—this time not on the decks of a yacht, or in a tropical wilderness, but in New York.

L. Sylvester Vincent broke the spell. He had searched paper after paper and finally came upon a modest item in The New York Record announcing his disappearance.

"I don't seem to cut much ice in this mystery," he said in an aggrieved tone.

There was a roar of laughter, in which Vincent joined.

"Never mind, Vincent," said Mr. Kent, "you are the only one in the party who will quit winner on this



THERE WAS A ROAR OF LAUGHTER.

deal. If you save those beastly idols, you will be fairly rich, and your picture will be in all the papers. You will yet be famous. Did you see this, Mr. Rockwell?"

Mr. Kent read the following from The Record May 4th:

"It is a matter of sincere regret that Mr. Walter B. Hestor, the famous special correspondent of The New York Record, left this city on a cruise through the Mediterranean shortly before this outrage occurred. All westbound steamers have been requested to communicate the facts to Mr. Hestor, in order that his services may be secured at the earliest possible moment. No journalist living is better qualified to unravel a mystery of this character, and The Record hopes to be able to announce the co-operation of Mr. Hestor in a few days."

"I should say he was well qualified," remarked Mr. Kent. "I must give Hestor credit for rare talent in the selection of steaks and wines. The poor fellow is as crazy as a bug on most matters, but his mind is perfectly clear on Scotch whisky and cigars. By the way, Pence, did you read those articles about your will? One of the papers say you leave \$25,000,000 to endow an old ladies' home, and another says your entire fortune will be devoted to a socialist university. The Philadelphia papers claim that your money is left to indigent actors and race horse people. Is there any truth in it?"

Simon Pence looked up over his steel-rimmed spectacles and he smiled at his questioner in a good-natured way.

"You are too old a man, Kent, to believe everything you see in newspapers," Mr. Pence said, and returned to his reading.

"I have a suggestion to make," said Sidney Hammond, later in the afternoon. "If Hestor remains around these waters—as he is likely to do—there is no telling what he may attempt. It is evidently his intention that we remain where we are for an indefinite period. It is impossible to forecast what vagary his fancy may take. I doubt if he came near the bungalow last night. If it is his idea to keep us on the island and supply us with luxuries, he will object to the construction of such a boat as we now have under way. There is nothing to prevent his quietly coming in some night and towing 'The Jumping Jupiter' out to sea. This would be a calamity and we must run

no chances. The yawl he has given us, is not seaworthy for more than three men. If necessary, I am ready to make the trip to the mainland in the yawl, but our best plan is to remain together and finish our boat. In the meantime, we should guard it at night. I suggest that we detail two men to night work on the boat. They can work with lanterns and guard our property at the same time."

"We will do that," said Mr. Morton. "I will gladly take the night shift for a time. Who will go with me?"

All volunteered, and Mr. Morton selected Mr. Haven as his companion.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE ESCAPE FROM SOCIAL ISLAND.

The boat was rapidly nearing completion. They tested their work by weighing the hull down with rocks, but no leaks were disclosed. Each of the eight compartments seemed to be water-tight, and provision was made that in case of a leak the faulty one could be bailed out.

It had been hoped to finish "The Jumping Jupiter" by Saturday night, but this was found impossible. A heavy rain set in Saturday evening and continued all day Sunday. The day was spent in reading, and Monday morning found all much refreshed, and ready to complete the preparations for departure. There were occasional showers during the day, but it was cool. It was found possible to work without the usual afternoon respite. When six o'clock came Mr. Carmody inspected the "Jumping Jupiter" and announced that the boat was finished.

Candor compels the admission that "The Jumping Jupiter" was as ugly a craft as ever stood ready to put out to sea. In comparison, a canal boat was a model of grace, and a Hudson river raft would hesitate to recognize the prototype evolved by the builders on Social Island. The only point was that used in outlining the name on the opposite sides of the cabin. "The Jumping Jupiter" is easily described. Imagine a 40-foot scow supporting a 24-foot cabin on top of which there were two short masts. These masts supported two lateen sails made of striped window awnings, and the sail-makers made no attempt to preserve any uniformity of design in connecting the stripes. As Mr. Kent remarked, the sails looked "like two teams of convicts engaged in a football scrimmage."

There were thwarts for three oars on each side of the boat. A long oar served as a rudder and a crude windlass supported the rock anchor. But what "The Jumping Jupiter" lacked in beauty she made up in staunchness and utility. There was no chance for her to founder.

"The Jumping Jupiter is all right," said Mr. Kent, as they stood off and surveyed this marine wonder. "But I object to calling the Jumping Jupiter a 'she.' There is nothing effeminate about this boat. We will call it a 'he.' It is a wonderful boat. It is also a submarine boat, isn't it, Vincent?"

"It started out that way," said Vincent, with a grin. "I hope he won't repeat that performance."

During the evening they placed such furniture and bedding on board as was needed. For two days Vincent and Mr. Pence had been cooking in preparation for the voyage. They had provided huge joints of roast beef, and enough bread to last a week or more. They placed in the storeroom of "The Jumping Jupiter" a store of canned meats and vegetables, huge bunches of bananas, papaws and other tropical luxuries. Everything which would hold water was pressed into service. Several casks of fresh water were placed in the hold, as also were extra stores of food, in case a storm should wash the cabin overboard. In that event it was proposed that all should seek shelter below and trust to luck and a sandy beach. The new dinghy was lashed to the roof of the cabin.

There was one thought which disturbed the prospective voyagers, though none mentioned it. Where was Hestor and the "Shark," and would he interfere with their departure? Had he observed their preparations for escape? They could not hope to make any effective fight against recapture, but every man swore to himself to resist such an outrage to the last extremity. That Monday night Sidney and Mr. Kent climbed the cliffs and scanned the sea. There was no ship or craft in sight, but for all they knew the "Shark" might be anchored behind the cliffs which jettied out from the opposite horns of the crescent which limited their range of vision north and south.

At a conference it was decided to put out to sea about 11 o'clock the following forenoon, unless the wind and weather absolutely precluded such a risk. At this hour the tide was favorable, since it swung with a strong current to the north. They aimed to circle the island to the north and head straight for the mainland; which in their opinion was not more than 150 miles to the west or southwest.

"By the way," said Sidney, "have you and Vincent put your idols on board 'The Jumping Jupiter'?"

"I have made a special compartment for them in my stateroom," said Mr. Pence. "We will put them on board to-morrow morning."

"So the good ship 'Jumping Jupiter' is to be a treasure ship, is he?" said Mr. Kent. "How about that, Mr. Carmody? Who owns 'The Jumping Jupiter'?"

In my opinion, we all own an equal share. Now, this gold shipment is purely a business proposition. 'The Jumping Jupiter' was designed solely as a passenger

boat. Any one could tell that by looking at him. It is a great risk to ship 1,500 pounds of gold. We should charge heavy freight. I should say that we should be justified in charging not less than 25 per cent. of the value of the cargo as freight. If Pence and Vincent can use our boat to carry a lot of heathenish idols, I want to carry an equal weight in bananas. Hammond is also anxious to ship some rare wood he has found. Each of us is entitled to at least 750 pounds of freight. 'The Jumping Jupiter' cannot hold any such burden in addition to our common store of provisions and other necessities. What are we going to do about it?"

Mr. Kent winked solemnly at Mr. Carmody.

"I have thought of that," said Mr. Carmody. "I have found some beautiful marble, and would like to take back some of those carvings from the ruined temple. It certainly is not fair to let two men monopolize the carrying capacity of 'The Jumping Jupiter' for their private gain."

"That is right," said Mr. Morton. "We must be fair in this matter. I think that 25 per cent. is too low a rate. It should be at least 33 1-3 per cent. The gold is worth \$360,000, as near as we can estimate, and this will make the freight charges \$120,000. This will be divided equally among six of us, or \$20,000 each. Mr. Pence and Mr. Vincent will have \$240,000 to divide between them. As a matter of equity, we all have an equal share in this gold, since it was discovered by these men in the performance of a common duty. But we will waive that. I insist that \$120,000 is not too much to charge for freight."

"I think ten per cent. is enough," said Mr. Pence. "Be fair, gentlemen, be fair!"

"The Jumping Jupiter" has an absolute monopoly of this business," said Mr. Kent. "It is not customary for shippers to fix rates. If you and Vincent do not like our way of doing business, transfer your trade to some other firm. This is not a matter of sentiment. As a stockholder, and as a man who made the masts of 'The Jumping Jupiter,' I move you, Mr. President, that we accept this freight risk for 33 1-3 per cent. of the value of the gold, and retain the merchandise as security until such time as proper settlement is made."

"I second the motion," said Mr. Haven.

"All in favor say aye," said Mr. Rockwell.

Six men roared "aye!"

"Those opposed say no!"

"No! No!" shouted Simon Pence. Vincent did not vote. Mr. Kent had nudged him to keep quiet.

"It is an outrageous rate, and I will never pay it!" said Mr. Pence. "Why do you fix such an unheard-of rate?"

"The Jumping Jupiter' is a trust, and we need the money," said Mr. Kent. "I am afraid those grinning idols will hoodoo us as it is. I move that we leave them behind, Mr. President. The best we can get is a lawsuit."

"I will pay the rate! I will pay it!" exclaimed Mr. Pence. "I was only joking."

"Draw up an agreement, Hammond, and have it properly signed and witnessed," said Mr. Rockwell.

Sidney did so, and Mr. Pence and Vincent signed it. Early the following morning the idols went on board "The Jumping Jupiter."

Tuesday morning broke fair and clear, with a steady but freshening southwest breeze. Never had the island looked lovelier than on the day set for the departure of the castaways. It seemed as if the feathered denizens of the tropical forests had surmised their plans, and had gathered to bid them Godspeed with a noisy chorus. Their brilliant plumage glistened in iridescent hues through the foliage around the bungalow. The chattering banderlogs watched the preparations with curious interest. One very bold monkey ventured so near that Vincent, by a sudden rush, covered him with a large wicker basket. After much maneuvering he succeeded in clamping a chain over his neck and triumphantly led him captive to the deck of "The Jumping Jupiter."

"Here is our mascot!" he exclaimed, as he fastened the chain to the windlass. "He is ugly enough to stand off all the idols."

The monkey made a dash for Vincent's leg, but missed it by an inch. Vincent named him "Socks," on account of his white feet, and "Socks" was duly accepted as a mascot and a passenger.

There was a final survey of the bungalow to see if any necessary article had been overlooked. The windows were closed and barred and the keys deposited in the box under the tree where Hestor had found them. The big triangular sails were raised, the ropes cast off and "The Jumping Jupiter" slowly crawled away from the stone pier.

"We're off!" said Mr. Kent. "Good-by, Social Island! I have had a mighty good time, even if we were kidnapped."

"So have I," said Mr. Morton. "It has been a pleasant vacation, but an expensive one for me."

The monkey made frantic tugs at his chain, and set up a yell, which was responded to by hundreds of his brethren on shore.

"Keep quiet, you fool!" said Mr. Kent. "You will not be lonesome or homesick. You are going to New York."

But "Socks" was not to be consoled. He jabbered and fought until exhausted. Later in the day he became calmer, and seemed to be resigned to his fate.

By unanimous consent Sidney Ham-

mond was made captain of "The Jumping Jupiter." He accepted the position and promised to discharge the duties to the best of his ability. He admitted an unfamiliarity with craft of "The Jumping Jupiter" class, but was confident that "he" would prove seaworthy. Once away from shore, they caught the benefit of tide and breeze, and swept out towards the gateway. Mr. Pence took one long look towards the rock where he had spent three awful hours. As they approached the outlet of "Morton's Bay" Sidney gave his first order. He glanced at the white breakers and shouted:

"Man the oars!"

Six of the men stood at the long sweeps. A critical moment was approaching. They were headed straight for the surf. Sidney saw that there was a heavy swell rolling in. He stood by the tiller and issued his instructions in a calm voice.

"When I give the word bend to your oars and row as hard as you can," he said. "There is not any danger, but we must help counteract the force of the surf. We shall make it readily enough. All ready? Row!"

The bow of "The Jumping Jupiter" rose slightly as the first incoming roller struck the raft. Mr. Pence was the only one not at work, and he looked at the foaming combers ahead with eyes lifted in terror. There was a strong breeze between the cliffs, and to Sidney's delight the boat was under good headway. The men pulled vigorously at the sweeps. The bow of "The Jumping Jupiter" sank in a way that was sickening to Simon Pence. The next moment a green wall of water fell with a crash. "Socks" gave a shriek which was smothered as the water rolled over him. The raft groaned from end to end. There was a sound of breaking glass.

"Row! Row hard!" shouted Sidney. For an instant the boat wobbled backwards. Then a strong gust of wind filled the sails and everyone bent to the oars. The next wave did not break.

"Once again!" shouted Sidney. There was a big wave coming. It towered overhead, but broke before it reached the boat. There was a smother of foam and a roar like that of Niagara, but "The Jumping Jupiter" was not to be stopped. In a few seconds they were past the danger line and out in deep water, where the swells rolled in regular lines broken only by ripples caused by the breeze. The oars were taken in and fastened to their places.

[To Be Continued.]

THE IRISH CURSE.

An Authority Tells of the Common Belief of the Ancients Regarding Their Effect.

An Irish authority thus defines an expert the effects of a well delivered curse: "The belief among the ancient Irish was that a curse once pronounced must fall in some direction. If it had been deserved by him on whom it is pronounced it will fall on him sooner or later, but if it has not, then it will return upon the person who pronounced it. They compare it to a wedge with which a woodman cleaves timber. If it has room to go, it will go and cleave the wood, but if it has not it will fly out and strike the woodman himself, who is driving it, between the eyes."

There are three altars inside the cashel at Innismurray, Ireland, built square of rough loose stones and having on the top of them a number of curious, round, smooth stones. These have been used for cursing by turning them and the natives are very superstitious about them.

One mode of averting the curse was for the person against whom the stones were turned to have a grave dug, to cause himself to be laid in it and to have three shovelfuls of earth cast over him, the grave diggers at the same time reciting certain rhymes.

How He Chose His Calling.

A well-known politician once asked a New England clergyman what were his intentions for the future of his vigorous youngster who was playing on the lawn. "Well," he said, "my wife and I believe in natural selection and letting a boy follow the bent of his mind. To find out what that was we left him in the sitting-room one day with a Bible, a silver dollar and an apple. I said, 'If when we come back he is reading the Bible I shall train him to follow me as a preacher; if he has pocketed the dollar I shall make a banker of him; if he is playing with the apple I will put him on a farm.' When we returned he was sitting on the Bible, eating the apple from one hand and clutching the dollar in the other, and I remarked, 'Wife, this boy is a hog; we must make a politician of him.'" —Philadelphia Ledger.

An Unlucky Citizen.

"Yes, sir," said the town storyteller, "he wuz the onluckiest feller that ever drewed the breath o' life an' a week's wages."

"You don't say?"

"Fact. Clumb a pine tree once when he seen the sheriff comin' to levy on him; harricans come along, blowed the tree down, an' landed him in the only vacant seat in the sheriff's buggy; sheriff started to jail with him; met by lynchin' party, who mistook him fer 'nuther man, an' strung him up; an' he'd almost quit kickin' when some un cut him down an' hauled him home jest as his mother-in-law had finished writin' his obituary an' wuz standin' before the glass to see how well she looked in mournin'." —Atlanta Constitution.

CAPTAIN IS A DATTO.

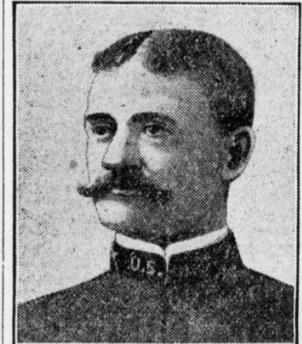
American Commander Ranks with the Princes of Sulu.

Former Chicago Society Man Occupies Peculiar Position Among Natives of Island and is Adored by Moro Belles.

After falling in love with an American girl whom he had never seen, Kiram, the sentimental sultan of Sulu, has issued a mandate and heaped honors upon the head of a Chicago man. Every day in Iligan, in the Lake Lanao district of the far away island of Mindanao, Capt. John J. Pershing calls about him the dusky inhabitants and dispenses what little law he has to guide him. Capt. Pershing is what Kiram calls a datto. A datto is a bigger man in Iligan than the mayor is in Chicago, and Capt. Pershing is the first American to become a datto.

The New York Herald says that the present datto of Iligan was formerly a well-known bachelor of Chicago, and there he led many a cotillon and created many a flutter in one of the smartest circles. He was one of the eligibles. But he went to war and now he is a datto as well as a bachelor. He was chosen by the sultan upon request of the latter's subjects, and has the same rank as the princes of Sulu enjoy.

To be a datto is almost as interesting as being the sultan himself. Datto Pershing is subject to the commands of the sultan, that is so far as is commensurate with his duty to the stars and stripes. But in spite of the fact that the sultan of Sulu is supreme in authority, Capt. Pershing is virtually an independent ruler in his own district of Lake Lanao, wielding a kind of mystic power over the Moros which not even the sultan himself may boast of. For Datto Pershing is a white man, and the pale skin of Americans is an awesome thing to Moro superstition. He has been hailed as a "prophet," as a Divine messenger, sent by Mohammed and the president of the Mo-



CAPT. JOHN J. PERSHING. (American Commander Who Has Been Made a Datto of Sulu.)

United States to teach them the ways of civilization.

Datto Pershing's councils are held each morning with Moro chiefs, are famed from corner to corner of Mindanao, and a continual procession of savages visits the white man's tent. He is counselor, guide and prophet for the entire district, and every conceivable kind of business, both private and public, is taken to him for adjustment.

When Gen. Davis, commanding the department of Mindanao and Jolo, sent Pershing to Iligan as commanding officer, he selected one of the most efficient officers in his command to preside over the turbulent district of Lake Lanao. Datto Pershing's levees are more like family councils than anything else. The swarthy, brilliant-eyed Moro belles bring gifts of tropical fruits and rare woven textures to lay at his feet. Their attitude toward him is one of worshipful adoration. Mothers carry their children to him to receive his commendation, for 'tis said that the favor of Datto Pershing will insure a brilliant future. He lives on terms of friendliness with the natives, and his very unpretentious bearing, his very apparent attitude of friendliness, won them from the beginning, and they made him their chief officer when they found that rule with him meant kindness, sympathy and understanding. Alone and unarmed he ventured into the district which he commands, establishing himself there at the very doorstep of the Moro stronghold. His very coolness won their admiration. And when they found that he had come as a friend, instead of an enemy, it won them unconditionally.

The savage Moros appreciate a genuine friendship. They know the datto is in sympathy with them, for he has paid them the compliment of respecting their customs, and they carry their grievances and their difficulties to him as children would to a parent.

That Capt. Pershing is a soldier of the first order was demonstrated by the campaign of last September under his immediate command, when he and his men gave the Macin Moros such a drubbing that no trouble has occurred since at any of the camps along the trail.

German Crown Jewels.

The value of the jewels at the disposal of the German empress is about \$1,250,000. Of these, however, only \$500,000 worth are her private property. The others belong to the crown and are simply lent to the empress. The present empress does not care to wear jewels, except on state occasions, nor does the emperor care to see them on her in daily life; hence weeks often pass without her seeing them.—London News.

referred the Hogs. They tell a good one on a prominent real estate man of Waurika. Some time ago he carried a prospector over on Beaver Creek to show him a certain claim. He told the man that it was an exceptionally fine claim; that the land did not overflow, and that he would sell it to him for \$4,000. The man looked around and discovered some red mud way up in a tree and asked the real estate man what caused that mud in the tree tops if the land did not overflow. The agent promptly replied that there was a kind of hog raised over in the Chickasaw country which used to range on the creek and that they rubbed the mud on the trees. The prospector took a look over the land, glanced up in the tree again, and told the Waurika man that he wouldn't take the claim, but that he would give him \$4,000 for a couple of those hogs.—Kansas City Journal.

After Four Months in Bed. Powersville, Ky., April 27th.—Mrs. J. J. Monson, who has been ill for over eight years, says:

"Yes, it is truly wonderful. I am 36 years of age and for the last eight years I have suffered with acute kidney trouble. I tried all the doctors within reach and many other medicines, but got no relief till I used that new remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I was confined to my bed for four months this winter and had such a pain in my side I couldn't get a good breath. I had smothering spells, was light-headed and had given up all hope, for I didn't think I could live long.

"After I had taken a few of Dodd's Kidney Pills I began to improve and I kept on till now, as you can see, I am well.

"I have been up and down doing my own work for some time now and haven't felt pain or weakness since.

"I praise the Lord for my wonderful restoration to health and will always recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Ecclesiastical.

Church.—Do you think he is a well-proportioned man?

Gotham.—No; his lungs are away out of proportion to his brains.—Yonkers Statesman.

Special Train to the Assembly at Los Angeles.

The enthusiasm which has been evidenced by Presbyterians in regard to the meeting of the General Assembly at Los Angeles in May has developed to such an extent that it is announced by the Chicago & North-Western and Union Pacific Railways that a special train will leave Chicago Wednesday, May 13th, for the accommodation of those who desire to attend the Assembly and who will be enabled thus to travel in congenial company and upon specially arranged schedules which will permit time to visit the principal points of interest en route. The special will consist of Pullman standard drawing room sleeping cars and Pullman tourist sleeping cars from Chicago, and Pullman standard sleeping cars from Pittsburgh, Columbus, Dayton, Cincinnati, Louisville and Indianapolis, through to Los Angeles without change.

"I is always sorry," said Uncle Eben, "to see a man hoardin' his pennies like a miser an' squanderin' his opportunities like a millionaire." —Washington Star.

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds, cure Feverishness, Constipation and destroy Worms. All Druggists. 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, New York.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is so busy puttin' oats in de race hoss' stable dat dey can't keep de door f'um deir own doors." —Washington Star.

I am sure Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. Thos. Robbins, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

It may be that might makes right in this wicked world, but sometimes it comes pretty near bungling the job.—Puck.

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" is the trade mark on stoves which enable you to cook in comfort in a cool kitchen.

"Perhaps."—"Is he marrying her for money?" "Well, he says she's as good as gold." —Detroit Free Press.

Money refunded for each package of Putnam Fadeless Dyes if unsatisfactory.

The cheerful life longest in years, and afterward in our regards.—Bovee.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c. Few faults are lost, yet many are found.—Chicago Daily News.

HARD TO BEAR.



When the back aches and pains so badly, can't work—can't sleep—can't eat—it's hard to bear. Thousands of aching backs have been relieved and cured. People are learning that backache pains come from disordered kidneys, that Doan's Kidney Pills cure every kidney illness—Bladder troubles, urinary derangements, Dropsy, Diabetes, Bright's disease.

Read this testimony to the merit of the greatest of kidney specifics:

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Kentucky, living on East Main Street in that city, says:

"With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys, and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition, and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief, I became almost discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the Hugh Murray Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

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