

How to Find Out.

Fill a bottle or common water glass with your water and let it stand twenty four hours; a sediment or settling indicates an unhealthy condition of the kidneys; if it stains your linen it is evidence of kidney trouble; too frequent desire to pass it or pain in the back is also a convincing proof that the kidneys and bladder are out of order.

WHAT TO DO.

There is comfort in the knowledge so often expressed, that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, the great kidney remedy fulfills every wish in curing rheumatism, pain in the back, kidney, liver, bladder and every part of the urinary passage. It corrects inability to hold water and scalding pain in passing it, or bad effects following use of liquor, wine or beer, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At drug stores fifty cents or one dollar.

You may have a sample bottle and a book that tells more about it, both sent absolutely free by mail, if you send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing be sure and mention that you read this generous offer in THE POST.



HAIR HEALTH

Never fails to Renew Youthful Color and Life to Gray Hair.

Gives Perfect Satisfaction.

Only 50 Cents Per Large Bottle.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED

Southern Progress advertisement.

SOUTHERN PROGRESS

A monthly, sixteen-page journal containing in each number some twenty narratives of the South, chiefly descriptive and pictorial. The paper is undoubtedly the best illustrated journal in the world, and the only publication which presents glimpses of Southern life and Southern people.

FRANK A. HEYWOOD, Editor and Publisher, Philadelphia.

PATENTS OBTAINED.

J. L. Humphreys advertisement listing various ailments cured.

MOTHER FAIRCHILD'S TEA-PARTY.

BY DORA READ GOODALE.

WHEN Mrs. Sylvester Chadwick built a cottage at Palfrey and determined to spend her summers there, she had no intention of establishing herself in isolated grandeur.

Palfrey, though a plain, uncultured community, in which pride and independence luxuriated unchecked, fell promptly under her spell, and forgot to eye with suspicion the lady who liked to accept friendly services as well as she did to render them.

Mrs. Chadwick's house was a revelation in itself. Her oldest daughter, Alice, possessed artistic ability, Olivia, the second, played and sang very well, while Juliet, who was barely 15, had wonderful powers as a mimic.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! how dreadful it is to be poor!" cried Mary Fairchild, on coming home fresh from the splendors of Amity Lodge, as the new house was called.

"I don't see anything so dreadful," remarked her brother Dick, philosophically. He had been planting corn, and wore overalls and a jumper, and was eating hot doughnuts.

"You ought to look in the glass, then," returned Mary, and went on, quickly: "You'd change your mind, I guess, if you could see their piano, and splendid books, and walls just covered with pictures, and the girls with real tortoise-shell brushes—oh—dear—"

Of course the Chadwicks were not dependent upon Palfrey for their society; they entertained a succession of what Juliet called "long-haired artists, and long-tongued lawyers, and their long-suffering wives;" but they maintained their cordial attitude towards the country people, and Mary soon became a favorite with them.

But, though from time to time one and another of the Chadwicks dropped in at the farmhouse, they never penetrated beyond the somewhat chilly front parlor. Mary's tear in spite of

her Yankee good sense, was a little bit of a snob about her own way of life. People with three servants couldn't understand what it was to have grand-ma picking chickens in the back hall, and mother hurrying to get the bread kneaded up, and Dick, in a dreadful old jacket, doing—one didn't know what! But towards the end of the season she resolved, and announced to her family with due solemnity, that the Chadwicks must all be invited to tea.

"Why, of course, have them here whenever you like," said her father, with a man's fatuous disregard of details. They were all gathered in the sitting-room after evening prayers. "It isn't so simple and easy as you seem to think," returned Mary, who was anxious that the home circle should be impressed with the full seriousness of the undertaking before she began. "They have everything, and I do want them to think that we live like civilized beings, at least, I have the supper pretty well planned in my mind, and we can get Katie Foley to come over and wait on table, I guess. I've been to the Chadwicks so many times that I know just what's proper to have, and how to serve the courses and all that, and I can do the cooking as well as anyone. Of course we shall have to have the table in here."

"In here? Humbug!" interrupted Dick. "Why not have tea in the kitchen, as usual? It's the pleasantest room in the house, big and airy and comfortable, especially in summer, when you don't cook there, anyway. I say what's good enough for us—"

"Oh, of course—you'd ask Mrs. Chadwick to eat bread and cold sausage standing up in the pantry, I dare say," retorted Mary, whose temper was not proof against opposition; "however, as this is my party, not yours—"

"And the lounge, and the sewing machine, and grandma's work table, and my desk will all have to be lugged out into the shed, I suppose, and the big table squeezed in?" pursued Dick. "Exactly; now do be quiet. I shall take them up to my room when they come," she went on to her mother, giving Dick a decided cold shoulder. "It looks so nice since I stained the floor and fixed up dressing-table. Then they can amuse themselves a little while in the parlor while we get tea dished up—Kate is too stupid to be trusted with anything."

"I'll amuse 'em, never you fear," put in grandma, who was a remarkable old lady and a great conversationalist. "Goodness, grandma!" began Mary; she caught her father's eye and went on in a modified tone. "Of course I mean you to come in, and hope you'll enjoy yourself, but please don't go off into one of your endless stories about people and things that they don't know anything about. Remember they're strangers here, and not absorbingly interested in the Hawkeses and the Billingses. Now about the invitations, mother. I thought I'd have written ones, in the third person: 'Mrs. Fairchild presents her compliments—'"

"That'd be silly," she said, with the serene lack of emphasis which made her speeches very effective. "You must recollect, child, that all the trouble you take won't make it anything out of the common to them. It's proper enough, though, that it should come from me, and I'll stop in there in season to ask 'em down."

"Oh, very well, mother," replied Mary, a little taken back by this unexpected conversation with the propitiated. "I shall have to fix up my blue dress to wear, I suppose," she continued.

The following Thursday was the appointed day, and Mrs. Fairchild, who called on Monday, reported that the ladies "would come with pleasure." Meanwhile new features had developed with surprising rapidity, until one would have thought that at least a presidential visit or a wedding reception was impending.

"Seems to me it's all foolishness, her turning things upside down and wanting me to wear my Sunday clo'es," grumbled Mr. Fairchild in private, but Mrs. Fairchild only replied: "Don't you worry, William; all that young folks need is a little regulating."

When the party adjourned to the side porch and the big yard, Mary's spirits had risen with a sense that the worst was over, and she exerted herself to be so gay, gracious and charming that the idiot and the runaway pig should be blotted from memory. That she succeeded was proved by the sprightly voices and peal of laughter which shook the pendant branches of the sweet-bough tree.

"I do hope you'll invite us again," observed Juliet, like any spoiled child, as she tucked a loaf of brown bread under her arm preparatory to saying good-by; "the people about here are very pleasant, but their ideas of entertaining are so exclusive."

"Mrs. Fairchild and I have lived long enough to learn that true hospitality lies in letting people share our everyday lives; but like other best things, it's the rarest, and I'm afraid the most difficult," and Mrs. Chadwick shook hands with that simple warmth to which her fine presence lent a peculiar charm.

"Well, I don't see but things were very well enjoyed," said Mr. Fairchild, mildly, as he loosened his boots that night; "but 'twas kind of odd their making that mistake about the day, now wasn't it, mother?"

"You can't see through a stone wall any farther than other folks, can you, William?" replied his wife, with an air of quiet amusement, and not another word could she be got to say on the subject.

Mary, meanwhile, was thinking that mother would repay further study.—Youth's Companion.

REMOVING STAINS.

Paint.—Turpentine for coarse goods, benzine or naphtha for fine.

Discovery and Invention. An iron mill company in Ohio has succeeded in making a fine quality of cement from furnace slag.

Secrets of Long Life. Eight hours' sleep. Sleep on your right side.

Work for Women. Martha V. Houston has been made postmistress at Bradford, Me.

Wisdom of the Swede. Ole Yonsson tal mae "dar es reason es eferteng" bot hea wife's modder.

THE ASSYRIAN INVASION.

Sunday School Lesson in the International Lesson Series for November 13, 1898.—2 Chron. 32:1-33:27.

Scene I. The Invasion of Judah by Assyrian Hordes.—Assyria at this time was at the height of its arrogant power. Sennacherib, their king, about B. C. 701, marched from Nineveh with an immense army like the Huns and Saracens of later history.

Scene II. Around the Walls of Jerusalem.—Among the most dramatic scenes in all history were the interviews (described in Isa. 36 and 37, and also in Kings) between the rashshakel, one of the Assyrian officers, on the one hand, and on the other, Hezekiah's officers, and the people of Judah answering from the walls of Jerusalem.

Scene III. Hezekiah Praying in the Temple.—King Hezekiah rent his clothes, and put on sackcloth, and went to the house of God, while his messengers sought out the prophet Isaiah, to know what to do.

Scene IV. The Answer Sent by Isaiah.—Isaiah's reply: "Thus saith the Lord: 'I have heard.' He would have them understand deliverance was from him."

Scene V. The Destruction of the Assyrian Army.—The Assyrians had already destroyed a large part of Judah and carried away 800,000 of the people, according to Sennacherib's account.

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