

PITY.
I pity those who wander through the streets
From fall of night until the dawn is red
A hundred of the kind the passer meets
Without a single place to lay the head.
I pity those who wander through the earth

(A hundred such one meets when once he starts)
Whose souls are strangers unto love and mirth—
Without a single place to lay their heads!
—From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Leaving the Old Farm.

By GEORGE E. WALSH.

"Hello, Phil, digging away at the old farm yet?"
The speaker, leaning languidly against the top rail of the fence, held a cigarette in the most improved style between his two forefingers and occasionally puffed slowly at it.
Phil Dryden looked up from his planting and responded: "Why, Ed, is that you? When did you come down?"
"Ran down last night on the early train. Taking a few days' vacation, and thought I'd like to see the old place." Phil glanced rather enviously at the well-dressed smoker, and then dropped his eyes a little shamefacedly to his own coarse, ill-fitting and faded clothes.
"Why do you stay down here, Phil, and use yourself up on this old farm?" Ed Spencer continued. "I should think you'd go to the city and get a better job. If you hate farming as I always did, you would."
Phil's face flushed a trifle. The contrast between his appearance and that of his old school friend made him uneasy.
"I have thought of it several times," he replied slowly, "but there's so much to do here, and then—"
"Oh, shucks! You hate to make the plunge. So did I. But after the first break it's all so much better. Clean sailing then. I just picked up my things, and made the start. And now—well, I'm going to get a raise next month, and then I'll take it easier than now."
"I suppose the work is pleasanter," Phil stammered, "and the pay is better."
"Better?" answered Ed, a little contemptuously. "Why, you get cash there for your work, but on the farm you don't. I'll bet you haven't seen as much money as this in a year."
Producing a roll of bills, the speaker flipped them carelessly through his fingers, exposing to view several of high denominations.
"That's what you get in the city," he continued. "It's cash—every week or month."
Phil said nothing, but his mind was feverishly active. Suddenly he asked anxiously: "I suppose it's hard to get a good position at first, isn't it?"
"Yes, and no. If you have influence it's dead easy; if you don't you have to hunt around a bit."
Ed Spencer flung away his cigarette, and added confidentially:
"If you're thinking of making the change, let me know. I may help you. I know the ropes a little. Just send me word when you've made up your mind."
Phil kicked a lump of dirt with the toe of his shoe. Ed seemed to comprehend the state of his mind, and asked, smilingly: "How are the crops, anyway?—slow as ever?"
A flash of resentment appeared in Phil's eyes, for he knew the question was asked in well-bred derision.
"Oh, they're pretty good," Phil replied with dignity. "I'll harvest a good crop this season if—"
"If potato bugs don't eat up everything, and cabbage worms don't finish what's left," laughed Ed, as he turned to leave. "Well, I must be going. I want to see the old place and get back to the city soon's I can. It's pretty slow here."
He consulted a handsome watch which hung at the end of a gold chain.
"Remember me to Bess," he called over his shoulder. "I suppose she's well."
When the two separated, Phil Dryden picked up his hoe and stood for several minutes staring at the retreating form. Contending emotions possessed him. The old rebellious spirit rose up to make his thoughts bitter and disquieting.
Life on the farm was dreary, he thought, and a dozen times he had secretly longed to leave it behind, to begin work in the city. The opportunity had never been presented quite so forcibly as today, and he felt that the decisive moment had come.
"I'll do it," he firmly muttered after the space of five minutes of silent thought. "I'll do it now. Uncle Ned can get along without me. He can hire someone else in my place. I've delayed too long already."
Thereafter the planting progressed slowly. Phil's mind was not on his work and several times he had to go over his hoeing to repair damages carelessly done.
It was late in the afternoon, and Phil cut the day's work short by an hour. As he trudged up to the old farmhouse his face was brightened by the thoughts of his newly-formed plans.
"Hello, Bess!" he called, as a slim girl of sixteen met him.
"You're back early, Phil," Bess replied. "You can't expect supper yet a while. Why, the sun is an hour high."
"Oh, I'm not after supper," the boy responded. "I've made up my mind to quit for good. Bess, I'm going to the city!"

His sister stared at him in amazement for a moment. Phil continued in explanation of his sudden announcement: "I'm going to get a position in the city, and leave the farm for good. I've just had a talk with Ed Spencer, and he says he can get me a position when I want it."
"Ed Spencer? Is he home again?" asked Bess.
"Only for a few days. He can't stand it here much longer than a few days at a time, it's so slow. I don't blame him, either, for it is slow—terribly slow and dull."
The boy removed his hat and wiped his forehead.
"But, Phil, if you go to the city what will become of me?" queried his sister in a weak voice.
"You? Why can't you stay here with Aunt Matty and Uncle Ned?" There was genuine surprise in the boy's voice, and this was increased when he saw that Bess had turned a shade paler than usual.
"Oh, yes, I suppose I could stay," was the quiet answer, "but did it ever occur to you that I might be lonely, and—"
There was a suspicious weakness in the voice, and when it grew husky the girl stopped and turned her face away.
"Why, Bess, I don't see—why, in time I'd take you to the city, too. I'd get a good position and work up in it and then we'd live there together."
"Yes, but how many years would I have to wait?" resentfully replied the girl. "Do you think Ed Spencer could support his sister? And if he could, why doesn't he? I'm sure he has a hard enough time to pinch along."
"But," began Phil in self-entertainment, "I'm not like Ed Spencer in some respects, and—"
"No, and I'm thankful you're not," interrupted Bess.
A glow of pride made Phil quiet and more thoughtful. He remembered now that Ed's sister worked hard at dressmaking, besides her duties on the farm, to make both ends meet. In a dim way he seemed to remember several of Ed's selfish ways when they were school companions, and he admitted that he did not treat his sister very liberally. The flash of the roll of bills appeared before his mind, and he wondered if Ed would present his hard-earned money with some of the money. Probably they were all for her—a birthday present, perhaps, for Bess was sixteen that month.
"Oh, Ed has his bad points," he replied, "and so has every fellow. But he's doing well in the city, and I don't see why I shouldn't do as well. I was always smarter in my studies than Ed."
"Yes, and in everything else," loyally responded Bess.
"Then, why shouldn't I go to the city and make something of myself? I can never do it here."
"Phil, I don't think you would do much better," protested Bess. "In a few years now, you—we will have the farm all to ourselves. Uncle Ned and Aunt Matty must turn it over to us then—they only hold it in trust until you become of age, you know—and they'll be glad to get rid of the responsibility. Then we can—"
Phil kicked viciously at a stone. This sort of argument did not please him.
"But, Bess, there's no money in farming," he interrupted. "Uncle Ned says that, and everybody else. What's the use of killing yourself on the farm for nothing?"
"But what would you do with it?" gasped Bess in surprise.
"Oh, sell it, or—let Uncle Ned run it until I become of age. Then—a new light shone in his eyes—"then the money will start me in business. I'll have the experience, and—"
"Oh, Phil," exclaimed Bess in a pained voice. "How would you sell it?"
"Why not?" stubbornly asked Phil. Bess did not reply. If he could not understand the sacredness of the associations that clustered about the old homestead, she could not make him. She turned abruptly and walked away, but not until Phil saw a tear glistening in her eyes.
"Girls are so funny and—and—un-reasoning," the discontented boy remarked aloud.
Phil was strong minded and determined in his way. Once his mind was made up, it was difficult for him to change his point of view. For three years now he had been steadily drifting toward this important decision. He longed for the city, and wished to make his mark in a wider field than farming.
"Bess will be terribly disappointed at first," he reasoned, "and she'll be lonely the first month. But she'll soon see the wisdom of my way. When I can take her to the city she will have a happier time of it than here."
Nothing further was said of his change of plans for a few days, but

Phil could not fail to notice, the change in Bess's appearance. Her face was pale and demure, and the eyes looked as if she had spent sleepless nights worrying over the matter.
"I wish she wouldn't take it so to heart," Phil reflected more than once. Then a little irritably, "Girls expect so much of brothers. They want to tie them down to their apron strings."
This sort of argument did not tend to convince Phil of his mistaken line of thought.
A week later he had fully made up his mind to carry out his long cherished plans. One afternoon he walked over to the old Spencer home to get Ed's city address. He would write to his old companion and find out what he could do for him.
The Spencer home was a tumble-down, neglected farm of some half a dozen acres. The only one of the family, in Phil's estimation in the past, was Mandy; but the odds were against her in the up-hill struggle, and today Phil's heart beat sympathetically for her.
She was pale and thin, and a worried expression marked her face. At the sight of Phil she flushed and tried to straighten out the stray locks of hair on her head and to arrange her faded dress.
"I've been so busy," she apologized, "that I've hardly had time to fix up decently."
Phil laughed and tried to make her feel at ease.
"I've come over to get Ed's address in the city," he said pleasantly, after a few moments of conversation. "I want to write to him."
"I'm not sure I have it," Mandy replied, blushing deeper than before. "Ed has changed it several times lately. He doesn't seem to stay in one place long."
"I've always heard that they move often in the city," Phil answered. "I suppose he's rising so rapidly that he has to change every little while to better quarters."
Mandy tried to laugh at this suggestion, but it was a poor attempt.
"Ed is very restless," she ventured finally. "He lost his old position, you know, and I don't know whether he will like his new one."
"No; I didn't know he had lost the old one," returned Phil slowly.
"Yes; there was something that—that—well, Ed is very restless. I wish he was nearer home, so I could look after him a little."
"I think all sisters want their brothers under their wings," replied Phil, with a laugh. "Bess, now doesn't want me to go to the city to work."
"Are you thinking of going?" quickly asked Mandy Spencer.
"Yes—that is, Ed said he could get me a position if—"
Mandy dropped her sewing, and with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes said vehemently: "Please don't go then, Phil—for Bess's sake and mine."
"Why—what—"
"Well, because—we'll miss you, and then you'll be happier here. Ed is not doing as well as you think, and—"
"I'm not so sure of that. He seemed to have plenty of money with him last week. But I suppose he gave it to you for a birthday present."
"Didn't you remember it?"
"Mandy bent over her work and made no reply. She was too loyal to make any confession that would reflect upon her brother."
When they parted a few minutes later she took Phil's hand and said earnestly: "Please do not leave Bess—and me. We should miss you so much, Phil."
Phil walked home in an uncertain state of mind. Somehow his desire to go to the city had cooled down and the sight of two anxious faces made him hesitate.
"Ed is about as selfish as ever," he acknowledged. "A fellow with all of his money who doesn't remember his only sister's birthday is a good deal of a—"
He didn't finish the sentence, but he knew pretty well in his own mind what he meant. Suddenly he stopped in his walk. A strangely unpleasant thought occurred to him. Was he also selfish and thoughtless because he ignored Bess's wishes and desires? No; he had to make his way in the world—even if he did sacrifice the old homestead.
Phil deferred writing his letter to Ed for a full week. Then something happened that made it unnecessary. In one of the city papers there was a small news item tucked away in a corner that greatly excited the people living in Greenville. It was no less than an account of the arrest of Ed Spencer for robbing his employer.
The details of the case were not given, but one could read on the surface the old story of temptation, weakness and final failure. Phil's heart nearly stopped beating. He could not show the paragraph to Bess and in his heart he hoped that no one in Greenville would see it.
But this was a foolish wish, for within twenty-four hours the news had spread all over the village and the farming section. Phil thought of Mandy. How would she take it? How would Bess take it if he were the prisoner?
"Oh, Phil, suppose it had been you!" exclaimed Bess, when she heard the news. Then, blushing deeply, she threw her arms around his neck and stammered: "But, of course, I know it couldn't have been you."
Nevertheless she sobbed rather nervously for a few minutes until Phil was tempted to say:
"I don't know, Bess. I—I might have fallen, too. Who knows?"
"No, no," protested Bess loyally. Phil picked up his hat and strode toward the door.

"Where are you going?" she asked. "I am going over to see Mandy," was the reply.
Without further explanation of his sudden resolve he walked across the fields until he reached the Spencer home. Without waiting for any formality, Phil entered and caught the girl curled up in a heap, with her sewing scattered in a hopeless mass around her.
"Mandy!" he said softly.
She raised dull, red eyes to his.
"Mandy," he repeated, "I'm going to the city."
"Oh, Phil!" she cried.
"I'm going, he continued, "to see what I can do for Ed. Then I'm coming home to stay."
"If Ed had only stayed," she moaned.
"He will come back—in time," Phil replied.
The girl raised her head and laughed hysterically. "Yes; now he will come home," she said wildly, "and nobody will have anything to do with him. He won't be able to get work again, and we—we shall have to move away."
Phil twisted his hat nervously, but his voice was clear and firm when he spoke. "He will always be the same to me, Mandy, and if—if he'll never lack employment, I'm going to stay on it, and keep Ed, too. Maybe in the end it will be a good thing for both of us. We'll make better farmers for the—the experience."
Something like a hopeful expression entered the stricken girl's eyes.
"Phil—if you could bring him home now, I—you know they're not going to prosecute him. Mr. Barrows has discharged him, but he will not have him imprisoned for the—the—"
"I understand," Phil replied. "I shall bring him home right away, and we'll run this farm together."
The door suddenly opened and Bess appeared on the threshold.
"Bess!"
"Mandy!"
And the two girls were sobbing in each other's arms. Phil looked on with wet eyes, and then whistled softly.
"I guess," he said finally, "with two such sisters, Ed and I ought to keep straight. If we don't, we deserve something worse than a thrashing, and I'll be the one to do the licking."
"Why, Phil, what are you saying?" demanded Bess wiping her eyes.
"You've been talking to yourself, while we—we were—"
"Acting like two silly school girls," prompted Phil. "But I'm off now! I'm going to the city, Bess—going at last."
"To stay?" demurely asked Bess.
"Until I can bring Ed home," responded Phil as he pulled the door softly shut behind him.—Country Gentleman.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The Canadian Pacific Railway, offers a 12,000-mile trip under one flag.

The new Japanese uniforms are the same for officers and privates, except that those of officers have small stars on the shoulders.

Two cents is the standard price for an ordinary trolley fare in Italy, France or Germany, and four cents is the London standard.

Chicago's restaurant and luncheon rooms must henceforth pay the city a license fee of \$25 a year. The fund thus created is to be used for the periodic inspection of their kitchens and to check the serving of foods that are spoiled or unwholesome.

The island of Cuba is 800 miles long and 80 miles wide. In shape it is like a scimitar, with the point of the blade extended toward Key West 80 miles to the westward, and the curved blade swinging up into the Atlantic Ocean toward the United States on the North.

A Pike county, Missouri, man has a mare that isn't in debt to him for board to any extent. He bought her when she was three years old, and since then she has raised thirteen colts, six of which sold for an average of \$100 apiece, still leaving seven which he values at \$1000. The original cost of the mare was \$55, so he thinks he has made pretty good interest on the principal.—American Farmer.

When a passenger boards a car in Copenhagen he exchanges greetings with the conductor; a gentleman, on leaving the car, usually lifts his hat in acknowledgment of a salute from that official. When a fare is paid, the conductor drops it into his cash box, thanks the passenger, and gives him a little paper receipt. He offers change with a preliminary "Be so good," and the passenger accepts with thanks.

Very remarkable is the machine which husks and shells the corn. Shuck corn is fed into it and the ears are cut from the stalks and the shucks from the ears; stalks and shucks are blown through a pipe by a revolving fan and forced into a barn loft or silo. Ears go to another part of the machine and the shelled corn to a granary or wagon and the cobs to a place where the housewife may get them for her kitchen range.

Up to Date.

"I don't know about calling in Dr. Rybold. Do you consider him a safe physician?"
"Perfectly. He shaves his face clean and he hasn't a speck of hair on his head."—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Timber in the South is of quicker growth and more harsh and brittle than timber grown in the North.

The tensile strength of catgut musical-instrument strings is 60,000 pounds per square inch, the elongation at rupture 15 to 19 per cent.

European river or lake steamers use a horizontal engine and all of them are long, low, rakish craft, much faster than American boats, in addition to being safer.

Certain butterflies have marked odors, some good, some bad. Dr. F. A. Dixey, a British entomologist, mentions a white butterfly of England that has the fragrant scent of lemon verbena, and has noted many species in Africa with such odors as those of chocolate, vanilla and various flowers. The agreeable odors belong to males, being a charm to attract females. The offensive odors, shared by both sexes, are protective, repelling enemies.

In the manufacture of denatured alcohol for power, light and fuel, any substance containing starch may be used. Even scabby or half-decayed or coarse potatoes may be used. Corn cobs, by fermentation, yield eleven gallons of alcohol from a ton, and by similar methods six gallons of alcohol may be secured from a ton of green corn stalks. The Germans use a potato too large and coarse for food in the manufacture of alcohol. In this new liquid are great possibilities through the conversion of waste materials into light, heat and power.

Sir Andrew Noble has reached the highest point of temperature in terrestrial thermometry. He has accomplished this by exploding cordite in closed vessels with a resulting pressure of fifty tons to the square inch, and a temperature of no less than 5200 degrees C. Sir William Crookes says that one incidental result of this experiment should have been the formation of diamond—that is, if his calculations were correct. On working over the residues of the explosion-chamber he has recently extracted from them small crystals that seem to be veritable diamonds.

The metal tungsten is remarkable for the great density of its alloys, and on this account since the introduction of repeating rifles of small caliber, many attempts have been made to flatten the trajectory of the bullets by augmenting their density through the addition of tungsten. This fact has led to a singular situation with regard to the tungsten deposits found in the eastern part of France that have hitherto been exploited by a German company. The question is now seriously debated whether the French government should not assume entire control of this supply of what may become an important material of war.

CARE OF DOGS.

Proper Food to Give—How Often to Wash Them—The Kennel.

Remember that a dog digests its food very slowly, so should never have more than two meals a day when in health. For a house dog that gets little exercise one meal is sufficient.

The food should be plain, wholesome and nutritious. Above all things, says Country Life in America, avoid preserves and sweetmeats of all kinds, sugar, hot toast, tea and other stuff of that kind.

Feed your dog regularly. If you give him one meal a day, let it be at midday; if two, morning and evening, and always at the same hour.

Let the animal eat until he is satisfied, for if he is fed regularly you need have no fear that he will gorge.

If your pet is to be kept in the house he will require every third day with a bone to gnaw on. A bone is a great aid to digestion and keeps the teeth in good condition.

Give bread soaked in meat gravy, biscuit soaked in milk, oatmeal or rice or potatoes, and once or twice a week green vegetables. Scraps of beef, mutton, etc., from the table are all that is needed in the way of meats. Avoid giving liver.

Dog biscuits is good for a change. Many owners feed fish now and then to their dogs, but we have had dogs that such food always caused to suffer from skin disease.

Let your dog have water as often as he wants it.

Give your dog regular exercise. Do not take him out for an airing at the end of a chain—that is not exercise. Turn him loose and let him run. Exercise either before feeding or some time afterward, for exercise on a full stomach is likely to cause fits.

Do not wash your dog more than twice a month; if you keep his coat well combed and brushed, once a month will be enough.

When washing use tepid water and some good dog soap, as in this way you will kill fleas and clean the dog at the same time. Rinse out the soap thoroughly and then douche the dog in cold water, after which rub dry.

If you keep the dog outside provide a good dry kennel with a southern exposure and with clean bedding of wheat or rye straw. Change the bedding frequently and sprinkle a little oil of peppermint over the straw now and then—just enough to let you know it is there. If you can get the dry permit use that. It will help to keep the dog clear of fleas.

Remember that if the kennel is not clean and dry and cheerful, or if your dog is pampered and overfed, he will be likely to have distemper.

If You Read This

It will be to learn that the leading medical writers and teachers of all the several schools of practice recommend, in the strongest terms possible, each and every ingredient entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery for the cure of weak stomach, dyspepsia, catarrh of stomach, "liver complaint," torpid liver, or biliousness, chronic bowel affections, and all catarrhal diseases of any or various organs of nature. It is a specific remedy for all such chronic or long standing cases of catarrhal affections and their results, as bronchitis, throat and lung disease (except consumption) accompanied with severe coughs. It is not so good for acute colds and coughs, but for lingering, or chronic cases it is especially efficacious in producing perfect cures. It contains Black Cherry bark, Golden Seal root, Bloodroot, Stone root, Mandrake root and Queen's root—all of which are highly praised as remedies for all the above mentioned affections by such eminent medical writers and teachers as Prof. Bartholow, of Jefferson Med. College; Prof. Hare, of the Univ. of Pa.; Prof. Finley, of Howard, M. D., of Bennett Med. College, Chicago; Prof. John King, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. John M. Scudder, M. D., of Cincinnati; Prof. Edwin M. Hays, M. D., of Hahnemann Med. College, Chicago, and scores of others equally eminent in their several schools of practice.

The "Golden Medical Discovery" is the only medicine put up for sale through druggists for liver purification, and such professional endorsement—worth more than any number of ordinary testimonials. Open publicity of its formula is the best possible guaranty of its merits. A glance at this published formula will show that "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no poisonous, harmful or habit-forming drugs and no alcohol. It is a pure, triple-distilled glycerine being used instead. Glycerine is entirely unobjectionable and besides is a most useful agent in the cure of such affections as well as cholera, throat and lung affections. There is the highest medical authority for its use in such cases. The "Discovery" is a concentrated glyceric extract of native medicinal roots and is safe and reliable. A booklet of extracts from eminent medical authorities, endorsing its merits, mailed free on request. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Marion Harland.

The celebrated author, who is highly esteemed by the women of America, says on pages 103 and 445 of her popular work, "Eve's Daughters; or, Common Sense for Maid, Wife and Mother," should be slow in recovering its normal strength—an Allcock's Plaster is an excellent comforter, combining the best of all remedies, and certain tonic qualities developed in the wearing. It should be kept over the seat of uneasiness for assistance in obtaining cases for perhaps a fortnight.

"For pain in the back wear an Allcock's Plaster constantly, renewing as it wears off. This will give you support when the weight on the small of the back becomes heavy and the aching incessant."

The port of London was entered in 1905 by 27,098 vessels.

AWFUL PSORIASIS 35 YEARS.

Terrible Scaly Humor in Patches All Over Body—Skin Cracked and Bleeding—Cured by Cuticura.

"I was afflicted with psoriasis for thirty-five years. It was in patches all over my body. I used three cakes of Cuticura Soap, six boxes of Ointment and two bottles of Resolvent. In thirty days I was completely cured, and I think permanently, as it was about five years ago. The psoriasis first made its appearance in red spots, generally forming a circle, leaving in the center a spot about the size of a silver dollar. These spots grew in a short time the affected circle would form a heavy dry scale of white silvery appearance, and would gradually drop off. To remove the entire scales by bathing or using oil to soften them the flesh would be perfectly raw, and a light discharge of bloody substance would flow out. This scaly crust would form again in twenty-four hours. It was worse on my arms and limbs, although it was in spots all over my body, also on my scalp. If I let the scales remain too long without removing by bath or otherwise, the skin would crack and bleed. I suffered intense itching, worse at nights after getting warm in bed, or oiled warm by exercise, when it would be almost unbearable. W. M. Chidester, Hutchinson, Kan., April 20, 1905."

St. Paul's Sinking.

The building of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, is solid, it appears, notwithstanding its age, but the whole mass is gradually sinking "about half the thickness of a sheet of note paper every three years."

\$100 Rewards.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Cuticura. Hall's Cuticura Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Cuticura being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Cuticura Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for literature at once.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Automatic Stamp Machine.

An engineer of Frankfurt has invented an automatic postage stamp selling machine which not only sells the stamps, but sticks them on the letter. The machine possesses the additional advantage of being impossible to rob.

A PUBLIC DUTY.

Montpelier, O., Man Feels Compelled to Tell His Experience.

Joseph Wilgus, Montpelier, O., says: "I feel it my duty to tell others about Doan's Kidney Pills. Exposure and driving brought kidney trouble on me, and I suffered much from irregular passages of the kidney secretions. Sometimes there was retention and at other times passages were too frequent, especially at night. There was pain and discoloration. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me relief from the first, and soon infused new life. I give them my endorsement."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.