


# Weak Kidneys

Weak Kidneys, surely point to weak kidney Nerves. The Kidneys, like the Heart, and the Stomach, find their weakness, not in the organ itself, but in the nerves that control and guide and strengthen them. Dr. Shoop's Restorative is a medicine specifically prepared to reach these controlling nerves. To doctor the Kidneys alone, is futile. It is a waste of time, and of money as well.

If your back aches or is weak, if the urine scalds, or is dark and strong, if you have symptoms of Bright's or other distressing or dangerous kidney disease, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative a month—Tablets or Liquid—and see what it can and will do for you. Druggist recommend and sell.

# Dr. Shoop's Restorative

ELK LICK PHARMACY.



**S-D DROPS**

TRADE MARK

**A PROMPT, EFFECTIVE REMEDY FOR ALL FORMS OF RHEUMATISM**

*Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble and Kindred Diseases*

**GIVES QUICK RELIEF**

Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while permanent results are being effected by taking it internally, purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

**DR. S. D. BLAND**

Of Brewton, Ga., writes: "I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could get from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave me the relief I desired from 'S-DROPS.' I shall prescribe it in my practice for Rheumatism and Kindred Diseases."

**DR. C. L. GATES**

Hancock, Minn., writes: "A little girl here had such a weak back caused by Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble that she could not stand on her feet. The moment they put her down on the floor she would scream with pain. I treated her with 'S-DROPS' and today she runs around as well and happy as can be. I prescribe 'S-DROPS' for my patients and use it in my practice."

**FREE**

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "S-DROPS."

**PURELY VEGETABLE**

"S-DROPS" is entirely free from opium, cocaine, morphine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle 50c. 100c. 200c. Doses 4 to 10. For Sale by Druggists.

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The Sanitary Water Purifier, CALVANIZED

## Steel Chain Pump

It is the Best Pump on the Market.

Operated over cisterns and wells where depth does not exceed 20 feet. It will not Freeze, Rust or Rot. It is the most beautiful, strongest and serviceable, and will produce more water. It is entirely sanitary. The water coming up the first tube into the pump, the over production into the wheel box, draining through the center tube. The base is so constructed that the water never splashes through the sides. We have used this pump in the finest homes in the city in kitchens, porches and yards and it has always proven satisfactory. It is Sanitary because it is clean. It purifies the water by the action of the chain which agitates the water, there being enough air ventilation in the pump, when in action, to keep the water pure and tasteless. Ask your dealer to show it to you. Manufactured by

**EVANSVILLE PUMP & MFG. CO., EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.**

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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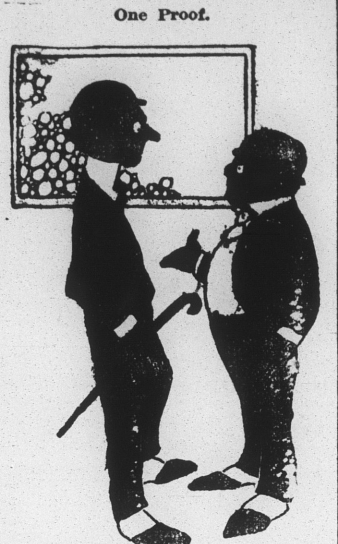
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## FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right

**Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar** Cures all Coughs, and expels Colds from the system by gently moving the bowels.



One Proof.  
A. Hamm—I never was cut out for society parts, any way.  
R. Otten—But you had your appendix removed.



Saucy Little Puss!  
Ellis (loftily)—I don't think much of girls anyway. Still, I'd rather be a girl than a goose.  
Alice—Very likely you would, at I don't see how you're going to make the change.—Ally Sloper's Lull-Holiday.

Preempted.  
Mr. Grooby is confessedly stupid, but he is kind-hearted, and a great lover of children.  
"Come, here, Mabel," he said to his little niece one day. "Come sit on Uncle Charlie's lap."  
"I can't," said Mabel, eyeing him critically. "Your stomach's sitting on your lap."—Youth's Companion.



Excusable.  
Tricks—The Flyhigh Brothers haven't made any balloon ascensions of late, have they?  
Bricks—No. You know the last time they went up they had a falling out.  
True Western Despatch.  
\* In some parts of the West, no time is lost in the process of "giving in marriage." A couple once came before the Justice of the Peace when, according to Lippincott's the following ensued:  
"Link," he said. (They joined hands.)  
"Have him?" (To the woman.)  
"Yep!"  
"Have her?" (to the man.)  
"Yes."  
"Married! Two dollars."



Prosecuting Attorney (to witness)—How old are you, madam?  
Female Prisoner—Call the trial off, judge. I'll plead guilty.  
A Bore.  
The man who talks about his own motor car when you want to talk about yours.—Punch.

# The Finding of the Flames . . .

By M. M. Wells.

"And this?"  
Jack Lawrence glanced up quickly, then almost snatching the package from the reach of the white hand, outstretched to grasp it, exclaimed hastily, if not rudely: "I'll not show you that; it is nothing to you."  
"What is it, Jack?" a soft voice asked.  
"Only two pictures, only a summer's dream now ten years ago; its very distance lends it its only enchantment."  
Ruth Howell and Jack Lawrence, though less than kin were more than kind. Tried comrades in youth, "co-eds" during their college days, in later years with an understanding patience, which few possessed and no other exercised, it had been Ruth's pleasure to aid and encourage the eccentric genius, who loved and esteemed her as his best friend.

Knowing of his struggle with a relentless foe, the fiercest, hardest, in life to subdue, an inherited taste for that which steals away men's brains and makes them mad, she had watched the never ending fight from day to day, never reproaching him when he succumbed to temptation, ever spurring him to renewed effort, helping over many a dangerous shoal where none save herself suspected danger.  
Important business had kept her down town rather late this afternoon and wishing Lawrence's advice she had stopped at his office. One glance at her friend as she entered his sanctum told her that her business must wait. He was busily engaged sorting papers at his private desk, and after exchanging greetings, remarked in a would-be jocular tone:  
"I was just wishing to see you. I have long wanted to ask you, should anything happen to me to come here immediately, take away the papers I will show you and destroy them. Here is a duplicate key."

"Would it not be wiser for you to do it yourself, and do it now?"  
"I cannot—dare not—I need them for my own protection. Promise what I ask; it is not too much to do for your old chum. I can trust you as I can no one else."  
"I promise, Jack," she said unhesitatingly, and would have dismissed the matter had he not insisted on telling the history of the numerous papers in his hands, revealing quite as much of the tragedy, as of the comedy of his own and other lives, until he reached the package he had so jealously guarded.  
"Only a summer's dream," Jack went the woman's thoughts through the vista of the years, to a quaint old college town nestled among the New England hills, recalling a rosy cheeked, rollicking maiden among the blossom-laden apple boughs, chattering merrily with—heightened! That was long ago. She, too, has had her dream—but Jack is another woman's husband and this another and a very different dream—quickly changed the subject.

"By George! I must leave for New York to-night. Just forty minutes to catch the train; help me out; that's a good girl." Ruth's nimble fingers, messenger boys and telephone wires soon accomplished the work, and before many minutes the two stood on the pavement in a pouring rain, bidding one another good-night and good-bye.  
The following morning dawned bright and cold. As Ruth ran gayly down the steps of her home and started cityward a protege of hers, a ragged newsboy, accosted her.  
"Here's your mornin' paper, miss—'redful ax-ident, miss—last night, on the New York Central."

With the arch's voice ringing in her ears, and a strange foreboding at her heart, Ruth hastily scanned the columns of the daily as she walked along until she found the death list.  
"No. Thank God!" Then her eye fell on the last line: "John E. Lawrence, a prominent citizen of Albany, instantly killed."  
She stood as if stunned for many minutes, heedless of the curious or sympathetic glances of the passers-by. Hailing a passing cab she was driven directly to the office; no one was there save a frightened office boy, who knew her well and who confirmed the sad news. Passing on to the inner room she quickly possessed herself of the papers; then, with a consoling word and tip to the youngster, regained the street, drove rapidly home and was soon in her own room.

With feverish haste she locked the door, not stopping to remove her wraps, ran straight to the fireplace, threw in the package and stood with clasped hands and tearful eyes watching it burn. Suddenly the blue envelope which Jack had refused to open fell upon the fender. As she stooped to replace it and thrust it deeper into the glowing coals, it burst apart. For an instant the contents were revealed. Ruth gave a start, bent closer and yet closer till the flames nearly licked her face and scorched her hair, then sank on her knees, and with a glad, almost triumphant, expression, watched the fire complete its work of destroying a tiny water color sketch of a girl under a blossoming apple tree—and—the latest photograph of—herself.

# THE EVE OF HER WEDDING.

By Hortense E. Wales.

Helen Workman sat in her own room, her head bent forward on the writing desk, sobbing bitterly. Near by was a trunk nearly packed, and on the bed carefully spread out a beautiful dress of filmy white and bridal veil. To-morrow was to be her wedding day. The rehearsal over, she had, with excuses of weariness, escaped from the merry company of bridesmaids and ushers, and was at last alone.  
"Take the paper with you," her sister had said gayly, kissing her good-night. "Read the description of your approaching nuptials."  
She still held the paper attentively, though she had not looked at the paragraph concerning the wedding. Some headlines, unnoticed by her sister, had caught her eye and it seemed as if she should always see them. "Brother of Supposed Forger Confesses His Guilt on Deathbed. Richard McLellan in Town. Innocence Proved."

"Oh, why did I ever believe him guilty?" she cried aloud. It was all so clear now. How vividly she remembered when he had bravely told her the charge against him of forging his uncle's signature. "I could not deny it," he said, as he released her from her engagement. Then, despite his manly dignity, her love for him, and her previous confidence in his absolute honesty of character, she, like those who knew him only by sight or not at all, had at once judged him guilty.  
"He thought I would have faith in him," she wept.  
That had happened nearly two years ago. The matter was somehow settled. Richard had quietly left the city, and Helen, angry, mortified at the publicity which their well-known engagement had given her, had determined to efface him from her mind as completely as he had effaced himself from her life. Never in all the weary days since then had she realized as she did to-night how thoroughly she had failed.

After Richard's departure she had entered with more zest than ever into the social life of her set and engaged in various kinds of church and settlement work, trying to keep from her mind the one subject that really interested her—Richard McLellan. "How bravely she bears it," her friends had remarked. "How shallow, how faithless I was," she now sobbed in agony.  
She raised her head and the wedding dress caught her eye, forcing upon her anew the irrevocableness of the situation. It was too late to draw back. To-morrow by this time she would be the wife of Gerald Lawrence, the wealthy clubman. She shuddered, at the thought, wondering how she could have consented.  
Her humiliation was unbearable. The big room with its costly fire in the grate seemed stifling. Hastily slipping on a long cloak she glided down the back stairs and out of doors. From within she could hear the sound of voices and laughter as the wedding party still discussed final arrangements.

The house faced a park where she had often walked and where she and Richard had wandered that last night. She hastened across the street and through the broad entrance. Here alone under the light of the stars in the cool air of the September night she might arrive at conclusions. Absorbed in memories she had sunk upon the bench before she saw the figure of a man emerging from the shadow by her side. "He would have passed on, but her evident distress made him pause uncertainly. The light shone full on his face.  
"Richard!" she exclaimed faintly.  
"Helen, can this be you?" he asked, dropping into the seat by her side.

With hysterical sobbing she fell into his arms. "Oh, can you ever forgive me for having so little faith in you?"  
They sat there, regardless of time, unconscious even of the horseman who passed on the bridge-path behind them and then slowly returned. With a sense of relief and of reliance upon his stronger nature, Helen related all that had happened, and told of her coming marriage of which he had already heard. That her fate was inevitable she was fully convinced, since any escape would only bring unhappiness to others. Richard encouraged her, praising the kind, generous nature of Lawrence, whom he had formerly known in a business way.

It was only when they finally rose to go that he betrayed his own feelings. "May I not have one kiss, Helen, to carry with me through the years—just for the sake of what was not to be?"  
She lifted her face to his and clasped her arms about his neck. He held her tenderly in a long embrace, while each read the love in the other's eyes. "Good-by," he murmured, kissing her again and again.  
When Helen re-entered her room she found at the door a note written on a page torn from a memorandum. It began abruptly as follows:  
"Having been an unintentional listener to your conversation in the park, I release you from your engagement. I have telegraphed your father that I am called South by the death of a near relative. I will cancel arrangements for the wedding by telephone from New York. All happiness to you and the man you love."  
"Gerald Lawrence."

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We try to please our patrons, and we would thank you for a share of your buying.  
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Catalog of each or both.  
THE MOST MODERN PLANT IN THE WORLD. ASSURES THE PRICE.

# FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE

WILL CURE YOU

of any case of Kidney or Bladder disease that is not beyond the reach of medicine. Take it at once. Do not risk having Bright's Disease or Diabetes. There is nothing gained by delay.

50c. and \$1.00 Bottles. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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For many years it has been supposed that Catarrh of the Stomach caused indigestion and dyspepsia, but the truth is exactly the opposite. Indigestion causes catarrh. Repeated attacks of Indigestion inflames the mucous membranes lining the stomach and exposes the nerves of the stomach, thus causing the glands to secrete mucus instead of the juices of natural digestion. This is called Catarrh of the Stomach.

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