# Rheumatism.

Col. Wm. J. Harvey, a president of Wilkesbarre's city council, who will long be remembered for his great work long be remembered for his great work for the city, was once a mere physical wreck, torn in every muscle and nerve from the frightful pains caused by rheu-matism. He consulted the best phy-sicians, went abroad, took mud baths, and almost every known treatment for the disease. One of the city officials had had a very similar experience and Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy had cured him, so he recommended this great kidney medicine to his friend, and Col. Harvey is today a well man, hale and hearty. In his own abrupt he states his case DR. DAVID KENNEDY.

DR. DAVID KENNEDY. Dear Sir:--This to certify that I was permanently cured of rhouma-tism by the use of Dr. David Ken-nedy's Favorite Remedy. WM. J. HARVEY. Nothing could be more direct or more to the point than this simple statement. Behumation is but another more for

Rheumatism is but another name for uric acid poisoning which is caused pri-marily by diseased kidneys. Cure your kidneys and the rheumatism disappears, For all diseases of the kidneys, liver, bladder and blood, rheumatism, dysp-blander chronic constitution, as well as Rheumatism is but another name for sia and chronic constipution, as well as siknesses peculiar to women, Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is unques-

tionably the greatest medicine known to the medical profession.

All druggists sell it at \$1 a bottle, or 6 bottles for \$5—less than a cent a dose. Sample bottle—enough for trial, free by mail Dr.D.Kennedy Corporation, Kondont, N.Y Dr. David Kennedy's Rose Jelly radieal cure Catarrh, Hay Fever and Cold in Head 500.

Dr. David Kennedy's Rose Jelly radiesi are datarch. Hay Fever and Cold in Head Ago. A Good Guesser, An elderly woman with an impedi-ment in her speech had troulles of her own at the corner of Twelfth and built streets the other day. As each are are out Walnut street she would stop it and say to the conductor, "Dud-dud-dud-dud-doc str. this juncture, and some-times before, the conductor would im-patiently exclaim, "No; take the next ar". Then he would pull the strap, and the car would go a head, leaving the woman at the crossing. There are five different. There are five different. There are five different here blocks had the datarch and the signs she before traversed he found that she had netrward. After three blocks had been traversed he found this was a bridy car. When she learned this, she benend her fog. "Twhy-uh-you're a guesgues-benend the code."

Turning a Sharp Corner.

Turning a Sharp Corner. On one occasion a great public din-town of Boston, and he was asked to sit for his picture to Gilbert Stymrt, the celebrated artist, who was h great braggart. When Ifull visited his studio, stuart took great delight in entertain-ing him with anecdotes of his English success, stories of the Marquis of This and the Baroness of That which showed which he had been accustomed. Mardure Mrs. Stuart, who did not formother Mrs. Stuart, who did not for the handker clieft from the kitch-pan direction on and her head tied up with handker clieft from the kitch-and clief out, "Did you mean to have the gamma the mided or roast-are." To which Stuart replied, with great

To which Stuart replied, with great resence of mind, "Ask your mistress."

by it. Aunt Nell has done wonders for you." "Yes, Aunt Nell and her tailor." "Well, anyway you will do your best to captivate my doctor, won't you?" "Oh, he's like all the rest-diplomatic, absolutely in good form, cultivating only those in high places, with one eye on the good Mammon, the typical phy-sician in ordinary to sweldlom. A beautiful, tactful, well gowned-wife would be of assistance to him. Would she be anything more? Has he any heart under that well grounde, well tailored exterior?" "Barbara we might just as well look upon this question dispassionately, for we both know how necessary it is for you to marry, and marry well." Barbara went to the end of the plazza and stood looking out at the bills for a moment. She returned, smilling. The Pearl Hunters' Superstition. The pearl hunters of Borneo and the adjacent islands have a peculiar super-stition. When they open shells in search of pearls, they take every alinth find, whether it be large or small, and put it into a bottle which is kept cork-ed with a dend man's finger. The marks in the state of the state of the state of the state state of the state of the state of the state of the state state of the state o put it into a locate which is kept con-ed with a local main's finger. The pearls in the vial are known as "seed pearls" or "inceding pearls," and the native Borneose firmly believes that they will reproduce their kind. For ev-ery pearl put into the vial two grains of rice are thrown in for the pearls to "feed unon." feed upon

"feed upon." Some whites in Borneo believe as firmly in the superstition as the na-tives do, and almost every hut along the coast has its "dead finger" bottle, with from nine to fifty seed pearls and twice that number of rice grains care-fully and evenly stowed away among them.

Do You Believe in Ghosts? Do You Believe in Ghosts? So you be a subject of ghosts the village is divided. Some people beg the ques-tion by a bold assertion that "ther" ben't sich things, an' them as sez they sees 'um on'y thinks 'um does." Oth-ers, more cautious, are of opinion that "ther" mod be ghostes or ther 'medn't;" they had never beheld any themselves, but they knew folks who had. The dictum of one hardy skeptic is

The dictum of one hardy skeptic is worth quoting as an example of shrewd reasoning: "I dwun't believe in ghostes an'sich," said he, "Why should I, seein' Tee niver sin nothink wusser nor meself all me life leng? I looks at it this way, luk'ee, 'If sa be as they be gone to the right place 'Its sartin sure as they wun't keer to come back year agen. If sa be as they be gone to 'toth-er, they wun't let 'um come, bless 'ee, '"-London Spectator. er, they wun't let un 'ee, "-London Spectator. 'wwas used in

The first shell was used in warfare by the sultan of Gujerat, India, in 1480.

Would you-er-take me to call up

"Would you really go?" he asked, looking at her averted face with a pas-sionate light in his eyes. "Yes, of course I would," she said

demurely. "This is good of you," he said un-steadily and turned at once into a side street crowded with tenement houses.

street crowded with tenement houses. The carriage stopped. "Serves me right," she thought, with an inward laugh, as she followed him into the small, ill smelling room. "Faith without sight should have suf-ficed for me." A walling cry greeted their ears. A young Italian woman was bending over a child. There was a heartbreak-ing look in the face she raised to them. Barbara seated herself graciously. As the doctor bent over his little patient the child held up its arms to him, and he lifted it tenderly to his breast, talk-ing in crooning tones to it. The small and feelby patted his face, and he held it there against his check. He had forgotten all clase, even the woman he loved. "Just what is true," Mrs. Ware said defiantly. "He might just as well know lit now, at the beginning of the ac-quaintance, as to be stunned by the fact later on. At all events, my con-science will be clear for having done my duty at the start." "By the way you talk, Molly, one would think that I made a practice of going about seeking whom I could de-vour," said Miss Dilman resentfully. "It's very unsisterly of you to betray one of my blood bought accomplish-ments to Der. Munn. It's downright brutal!" "Then you plead guilty to the charge Mrs. Ware has made?" said the doctor

"Then you plead guilty to the charge "Then you plead guilty to the charge Mrs. Ware has made?" said the doctor, watching her admiringly. "Never! And I warn you that my ease will be filed away among those 'not proved." "I don't know about that. I shall work hard gathering evidence." "I don't you."

loved. Barbara felt strangely isolated. Somehow a breath of tragedy had blown across her little comedy, chill-ing it and her. "Stupid-stupid-stupid!" she repeat-ed, with miscrable self reproach, as she awaited bim outside in the fresher alr. "Barbara Dilman, if you'ye a work of decomen muchenies to be for spark of decency, apologize to him for that word!"

They drove on into the woods in si-lence, he grave and she for the first time in her life all adrift from her worldly self. "Will it live?" she faltered at last,

trying not to wink lest a tear fall, "I fear not," he said sadly and look-ed at her just as the tear fell. A great

et it in fust as the said story and toos et at her just as the tear fell. A great change swept over him. He bent low-er. "Thank God for that tear, Bar-bara!" he said huskily. She struggled wildly, but hopelessly, for her usual coolness. "Stupid, but"— "My heart and soul are yours, dear-est. Is there any hope for me?" As his hand closed over hers pleadingly the other tear splashed down on his glove. His clasp tightened. "Speak to me, Barbara!" he entreated. "If you were not so-so-stupid-stu-pid, but-but"— And as she paused a beautiful color rushed over her face. "But what?" he demanded. "Dear!" she said tremulously, but with a laugh like music.

Storks Are Queer Creatures. The owner of a house near Berlin found a single egg in the nest of a pafr of storks built on the chimey and substituted for it a gosse's egg, which in due time was hatched and produced a g-sing instead of the ex-pected storking. The male bird was thrown into the gractest excitement by this event and finally flew away. The female, however, remained on the changeling as though it were her own offspring.

has done a great deal for us both, you know." The girl's face darkened with pain. "I speat such a horrible winter," she said in a low voice—'one refusal after another. Oh. Molly." In passionate protest, "if only I had some money of my own and could'marry for love, how sweet it would be!" Mrs. Ware's eyes filled with tears. "I couldn't," she said gently; then add-ed confortingly, "but I was not unhap-py in my marriage. John was a very kind husband, and I have missed him sorely since his death. Your beauty ought to be some sort of compensation to you, dear. I was fairly staggered by it. Auut Nell has done wonders for you." offspring. On the morning of the fourth day

On the morning of the fourth day the male reappeared accompanied by nearly 500 storks, which held a mass meeting in an adjacent field. The assembly, we are informed, was ad-dressed by several speakers, each ora-tor posting hismself on the same spot before beginning his harangue. These deliberations and discussions occupied nearly the neitre forenoon, when suddenly the meeting broke up and all the storks pounced upon the unfortunate female and her supposi-titious young one, killed them both and, after destroying the polluted nest, took wing and departed and were never seen there again.

never seen there again. Recognized Their Old Friend. The late Sir John Steell, who was sculptor to Queen Victoria, was model-ing a bust of Miss Nightingale wheng an officer of one of the highland regit ments which had suffered so cruelly is, the Crimea heard that the bust had just been completed and was in Sir John's studio. Many of the men in his company had passed through the hos-pital at Scutari, and he obtained per-mission from the sculptor to bring some of them to see it. Accordingly a squad of men one day marched into the studio and stood in line. They had no idea why they had been mustered in so strange a place. With-out a word of warning the bust was uncovered, and then as by one im-pulse the men broke rank and, with crises of "Miss Nightingale, Miss Night-ingale" surrounded the model and, with hats off, cheered the figure of their devoted nurse until the roof rang So spontaneous and hearty and so in-spiring was the whole scene that in after days Sir John Steell declared it to be the greatest compliment of his life.

The properties of the provided provide

work among the poor." It was brought about during one of rising tide.

UNCLE SAM TO CUBA. Well, you're goin' to be free, Little Cuby;

Little Cuby; Just as free as you can be, Ain't you Cuby? With your hand held in my own J have watched you as you've grown; Now, let's see you walk alone, Little Cuby.

You're as glad as you can be, Little Cuby, To at last get loose from me, Ain't you Cuby? But there's rocks ahead of you, And there's thickets to git through; You're a lot to learn to do, Little Cuby.

I said I'd set you free, Little Cuby, And I'm doin' it, you see, Ain't I Cuby? Oh, you laugh out loud today To be left to go your way, And I hope you always may, Little Cuby,

Yes, you're goin' to be free, Little Cuby, Just as free as you can be, Little Cuby; All aloney new, and when You come creepin' back again-Wel, we'l Little Cuby, Little Cuby, --Chicago Record-Herald.



Jimmy—My, what a awful dream! I dreamed the schoolhouse wus burnin up an' I was helpin' to put out the fire —New York Journal.

The form of the second lend you \$50, Bill. You're too go friend to lose."-Baltimore Herald. good :

## That Drend Uncertainty.

That Drend Uncertainty. A local real estate firm had occasion recently to send a large number of cir-culars throughout the country. They had no mailing list of their own, but succeeded in getting one from another firm that succeeding events showed what sail in need of revision. Among the many returned envelopes was one that was addressed to Rev. J. B. Simp-son, Kosciusko, Mo. On the face of it was stamped the usual "Returned to veriter." The name and address had been seratched off, and underneath were the following: "Party dead for eight years." "Present address unknown."-Mil-waukee Sentine.

Brilliant Idea. "Longhead has a great scheme for abating the annual pest of mosqui-"He's always thinking up some crazy

"Yes. He figures if he can only cross the mosquitoes with seventeer year lo custs they'll only put in an appearance every eight and a half years or so."

Congratulations.

Congratulations. Clara-Haif the time he says he doesn't know whether I love him or not, about one-quarter he hopes that I do, and the rest he thinks I may, and in addition he is nearly always utterly

miserable. Maud-Well, I'm glad you're making

such a success of the affair.-Life. Local Trouble.

Local Trouble. "John," said the doctor's wife. "my tongue looks very badly this morning," "Ah," exclaimed the doctor, "over work, no doubt?" "But, really, I am not overworked. You know that"-"I was not referring to you, but your tongue."-Philadelphia Press.

ing New In Functions.

Something New In Functions. "Lilly Billfers has invented another novel function." "What is it?" "She is going to give a hysteric party when the long haired planist plays here."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sickness. "There seems to be very little sick-ess in your village." "Yes; we've only one doctor, you nes

know. personally."-Life. Hiller-Are you fond of oranges? Miller-Immoderately. I have nov and then even gone to the trouble to peel one for the sake of eating it.-Bos

ton Transcript.

Sustained. She-Are you supersititous, major? Major-Well, I think it unlucky to be Fun over by a cable car.-New York Journal.



the

"I don't know about that. I shall work hard gathering evidence." "I defy you." "And I'll convict you." he retorted, haughing. Mrs. Ware and he had been sitting in a shady corner of the pinzza, she in her invalid chair and he oppo-site, when Bab strolled out and Joined them, a vision of blond loveliness in violet. As his carriage drove up to the gate for the third time he arose to take leave reluctantly-reluctantly because the sunlight of the girl's beauty had got into his eyes and dazled him. She sauntered to the edge of the pinzza. "I'd's no more than fair to warn you that as a detective I shall watch you closely." he said, smiling up at her. "As a detective only? she said, with an arch laugh. "There are untoid possibilities in the duties of a detective," he said, raising his aat. "I shall exhaust-those first." When he had gone, she resumed her low chair beside her sister. "Moly." what of that?" "Didn't you know that I had come down here to reform?" "Didn't you know that I had come down here to reform?" "Heavens, no!"

"Heavens, no?" "Your surprise is disheartening." "I intend it to be. I have set my beart upon a match between you and the doctor. He's very wealthy and has a fine practice besides. It would be an excellent thing for you, Bab, dear, and would please Annt Nell so much. She has done a great deal for us both, you know."

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"This is my sister, Miss Dilman, Mr. Dunn. She has come to spend a month or two with me. I ought to

warn you that she is a most incorrigi-

ble flirt, so that you"-"Why, Molly Ware!" her sister ex-claimed in a horrified tone, while the doctor laughed. "What are you say-

"Just what is true," Mrs. Ware said

ing?'