

Health for Everybody!



When the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs are in a healthy state, a person is practically disease-proof. Sickness can hardly find a foothold when those organs are well and strong. The Kidneys sift and strain from the blood poisonous and waste matter. When they are weak and diseased, the poisonous particles do not pass off, but remain in the system. They cause pain in the small of the back, Stone in the Bladder, and Bright's Disease.

It is easy to tell if your Kidneys are disordered. Put some urine in a bottle or glass for 24 hours. If there is a sediment, you have Kidney Disease. Other signs are a desire to urinate often, particularly at night, and a smarting, scalding sensation in passing water.

Nothing is so good for curing diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs as **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy**, that grand medicine which has been before the public for over 30 years. It should be taken without delay by men and women who have any of the above symptoms, as the disease is apt to prove fatal if not attended to.

From the Convent of the Good Shepherd, Troy, N. Y., comes this short but pointed endorsement, signed by the sisters of that famed and pious institution:

"We have used **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** for Kidney trouble, and have found it very efficacious."

Sample Bottle Free!

If you wish to test **Favorite Remedy** before buying it, send your full postoffice address to the **DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION**, Rondout, N. Y., and mention *this paper*. You will then receive a sample bottle, free, and circulars giving full directions for its use. You can depend upon the genuineness of this offer, and all sufferers should take advantage of it at once. The regular size is sold by all druggists for \$1.00 a bottle, and it is well worth the price.



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VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

Not from airy heights descending
When the lengthening shadows fall
Not with mournful accents blending
With the owl's lonely call;
But within my lowly dwelling
When I quench the glimmering light
Clearly through the silence willing
Rise the Voices of the Night.

Ah! I still my heart's quick beating,
And some prayer I mutter o'er,
Vainly for response entreating,
Vainly for their come once more:
"Henry, some one's in here, surely,
There's a smell of smoke, I think,
Did you both that door securely?"
—Papa! Papa! Want a drink?

A ROMANCE.

Chapter I.
Old Paulo Serati sat beneath the tree in his front yard during the long summer day and listened to Angela Argenti read to him. She lived on another street, but she was a firm friend of old Paulo, and there was not a day that passed that she did not come and rest to him.

She was bright and pretty, with long eyelashes and deep black eyes that looked up into the old man's face, mirroring the love she had for him in her heart. These were times, too, when she would tell him that it was no necessary to read so much, and that she would sing some of the good, old-fashioned tunes that he had sung when he was a boy on the farm.

Her laughter, too, used to lighten up the gloomy house, and old Paulo used to say:

"Ah, my lass, you must get a good husband. This always caused her to toss her head, showing two rows of pearly white teeth.

"You are already married," she would retort, and his wife would often join them in this good-natured joking.

"There is not a girl in all Italy any prettier than you," old Paulo used to tell her, "and I don't believe there is one your equal in Milan. I like you so well, my lass, that I am anxious to have you marry some good man. The good father was telling me just the other day that I must look after you."

"But my own father and mother can do that," she would answer. "You don't seem to realize that they are living and that I am very happy with them."

"I know," said Paulo, "but I don't think that they can think more of you than I do. Why, I've known you since you were a little baby lying in your mother's arms and cooling whenever I came near you."

"We are good friends," she would say.

"That we are," he would answer "and times when you don't come when I expect you, I realize how dear you are to us. Neither wife nor I think that the morning or the afternoon is perfect if you don't come in to see us. Your father told me the other day that I would spoil you; that you had begun to have ideas of marriage, as I spoke about a few minutes ago."

"There is no one I know of," she answered.

"There are many young fellows around here who would like to marry you, that I know," he answered.

"I don't love them," she would say with a shake of her head. "The man I marry must have my love."

"That's right, Angela," he said, "you must marry for love and not for wealth, but still you must be sure that your husband can support you."

"Oh, I will," she replied.

Then she took up the book she was reading aloud to him and went on while he lighted his pipe and sat looking at her. Sometimes when she read for a few minutes she would stop and the two would sit perfectly still, looking up through the trees at the sky, always the bluest in Italy.

They were occupied with their own thoughts, and once she suddenly said to him:

"How is Martino?"

"He is well," answered Paulo. "He is in St. Louis in far-away America."

The two sat for several seconds, and then he said:

"He is a good son. Yes, he's a good son," he repeated.

The girl looked at him and nodded assent.

"Yes he is good—and handsome," she added, for she had seen his photograph, although she had never seen him.

Then she sang a few lines of an old love song and, as if suddenly recollecting herself, stopped abruptly. She was blushing, and an odd light was in her eyes when she picked up the book and resumed her reading.

The old man looked at her a moment. She was conscious of his scrutiny, and held a book up in front of her face. He noticed that her little hands trembled.

Then he nodded his head and laughed and chuckled to himself. He thought that he had learned something that perhaps even she did not know.

Chapter II.
Martino Serati had prospered in America. He was a poor but hard working Italian lad when he came to this country. His knowledge of the language was limited, but he started in to learn the American ways and the American language.

"It is slow," he said to one of his friends once, "but I will learn after awhile. Others have had to learn as so will I."

"You must marry an American girl. Then you will always have some one to talk to you if the language," replied his friend.

"I will become a native of this country," Martino responded, "but I will marry an Italian girl. I don't know who it will be. As hastened to add, "for I don't intend to marry until I am prosperous; until I can support a wife in the manner in which she should be supported. You know I hope some day to have a home of my own, out in the suburbs of some city. There I can have room to sit around in and not be huddled together like

and in the crowded city streets."

"You want to sit out in the yard like the old people do in Italy, eh?" said his friend. "Do you often think of that?"

"Very often," responded Martino. "My father and mother, I warrant, are at this instant sitting out in our yard."

His voice choked, and two big tears came. But that was a dozen years ago, and he was a young man, and he was unacquainted with the country and the customs and was often homesick. But he learned rapidly. He bought a reader and he soon mastered the language, and aside from this he heard the language all the time.

Martino first lived in New York, but he did not like it there, and so he came West, finally settling in St. Louis. His fruit business prospered and he accumulated considerable wealth, which he invested in property. The city grew out and around 5,211 Shaw avenue. He lived there and owned the property. Time dragged along. He was lonely.

"You ought to be married," one of his friends told him. "I remember that you said once that when you were able to do so you would marry some Italian girl."

"But I don't know of any," he answered.

"Weren't there one in Italy?" his friend asked him.

"None," he replied.

But the subject reverted to his mind a dozen times. He thought about it much of the time. He looked ahead into the future and saw himself married, with a family around him, and spending the last days quietly and peacefully like his father was doing over in Italy.

"I will write to my father," he said.

Chapter III.
Old Paulo Serati held the letter in his hand and laughed loud and long.

"Martino wants us to find a wife for him," he said to his wife. "He likes America, but he knows where the beautiful women live; where the good wives come from. It is here in Milan; here in Italy."

"We can find him a wife," she answered.

Then Paulo laughed and laughed again.

"Here comes Angela," he said, "I will let her read the letter."

When Angela came up to them she saw that both her friends were much pleased over something.

"We have a letter from Martino," he said, "and I want you to read it. See what he says."

The girl took the letter and read it.

"Have you found him a wife?" she asked.

"Yes," said Paulo. "I think I know a girl who loves him now. She will make him a good wife. She has never met him, though."

"Who is it?" she asked, her voice behind a veil that it was with difficulty that she was understood.

"You," said Paulo.

She threw the letter down on the chair and ran out of the room and to her home. There she told her parents what her friends had decided.

"Ah, but that is a long way," said her father.

"Not for a girl to go to the man she loves," she replied, "for I do love him. I believe I've loved him ever since I was large enough to love anybody."

"He is a good man, too," said her father.

Old Paulo and his wife came over and told her parents what she had told them.

"I have written to him several times about Angela," said Paulo, "and he knows her almost as well as I do. I will tell him I have selected his wife."

"That very night the letter was written and mailed. Next day it was speeding for St. Louis.

Chapter IV.
There was great excitement in that neighborhood. It became rumored around that Angela, the prettiest girl in the vicinity, was going to St. Louis, America, to marry Martino Serati. Several of the people around knew him. They remembered when he packed up and left for the New World. They knew, too, that he was sturdy and honest and had prospered. The girls looked around Angela. It was romantic, they declared, that she was going to marry a man she had never seen; also that she was going so far.

For days they were very busy at her house. There were so many clothes to be made, and there were also friends to call on, and old adieu. But the time slipped by, and almost before she was aware of it the day had come for her departure. She went over to Paulo's house and walked about the yard and looked about the house. She knew that Martino would want to know all about it and how his parents were. She wanted to be sure that she had not overlooked anything, from the chair cover to the table in the sitting room to the trees out in the yard.

She was very happy, for she told her parents and also Martino's father and mother that she knew that she would be happy, for she did love Martino, and she believed that he would love her. Paulo was certain of this and so assured her.

Finally all the adieux were said, and she had started for America. The trip was a long and tedious one, particularly the ocean voyage. Sometimes she thought that she would never reach land again, and after reaching land she wondered how long it would take her to get to St. Louis.

There was much to interest her, and the time flew by with the train, and soon she saw the city. Her heart beat violently as the train rushed up through the yards, passing scores of cars that were being switched here and there, and then the train came to a standstill. It was such a big place that she was a bit frightened at first. There was a big crowd around, too, and she was a little afraid that Martino would not be able to find her.

She recognized him at once, from the photograph, and he knew her, too.

Then she knew that her worry was over, for she was safe, she knew, with his arm around her and his kiss still hot on her lips. The marriage was yesterday afternoon in the little Catholic church on Manchester road. Today a letter will start for Milan, and there will be four supremely happy people in that city when the letter is received.—St. Louis Republic.

Reversible Sentences.
Scandalous society and life make gossip's trantle.
This reads backward:
Frantic gossipers make life and society scandalous.
Apply the same rule to the others given below:
Dias slowly fading day; winds mournful sigh;
Bright stars are waking;
Flies owlet, hooting, holding revel high.
Night silence holding.
Solomon had vast treasures—silver and gold things precious. Happy and rich and wise was he. Faithful served he God.
She sits lamenting sadly, often too much alone.
Dear Harry—Devotedly yours remain I. Have you forgotten \$20 check? Reply immediately please, and hand to yours—Grace Darling.
Man is noble and generous often, but sometimes vain and cowardly.
Carefully boiled eggs are good and palatable.
Love is heaven and heaven is love, youth says. All beware! says age. Trying is poverty and fleeting is love. Badly governed and fearfully troubled now is Ireland.
Exercise take; excess beware; Rise early and breathe free air; Eat slowly; trouble drive away; Feet warmish keep; blend work with play.
Adieu, darling! Time flies fast; sails are set, boats are ready. Farewell!
Matter and mind are mysterious. Never mind. What is matter? Matter is—never mind. What is mind? Mind is—never matter.
Honesty and truth are good and admirable qualities, as sympathy and love are endearing traits.
Politics and religion avoid arguing in. Here is good and sound advice.

Women Smokers.
There is no doubt that the number of women who indulge in the cigarette is largely on the increase, and it is no longer true to say that the only ladies who smoke are Bohemians. There could be no better proof of the vogue which the cigarette is enjoying among women than the fact that various branches of trade have started to cater for women smokers. All the smoking implements are constructed in the coolest and prettiest fashion. The cigarettes are made up in satin cases with puffed sides, which might be used as jewel cases when empty. Cigarettes, if often used, leave a tell-tale stain on the thumb, so to protect lady's pink fingers cigarette tongs of the prettiest description are manufactured. A favorite smoking cap is the Turkish fez, which is always becoming to a pretty face, especially when worn in conjunction with a smoking coat or Japanese kimono.

Sell at the Old Stand.
A boy about 10 years old stood by the side of a penny-in-the-slot machine in one of the Chicago elevated railway stations the other morning weeping bitterly.

"What's the matter, son?" asked a man on his way to the upper platform stopping a moment at the doorway.

"I put a cent in this slot," blubbered the boy, "and it was the wrong slot. I didn't get any gum!"

"Is that all, my lad?" said the man. "Show me the right slot and I'll drop on in for you."

"I'd rather d-drop it in myself!" sobbed the urchin.

The sympathizing citizen gave him the coin and hurried up the stairway. And when the sympathizing citizen came back from downtown, ten hours later, that boy was still standing by the side of that penny-in-the-slot machine, with his pocket full of one-cent coins, and still blubbering.

Little Hunt by an Eighty-Four Fall.
Joseph Graff, aged 17, was at work on the roof of the new Herick block, at Lima, Ohio, when he slipped and fell. He turned a somersault, and when he reached the ground, about eighty feet below, he lit on his feet, but fell forward unconscious, and was picked up for dead. He regained consciousness several hours later, and it was found that he had escaped with a broken arm.

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4 in. saddle, 1-1/2 in. trace, 1 in. side straps, \$19.50

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