

The Kidneys and Blood

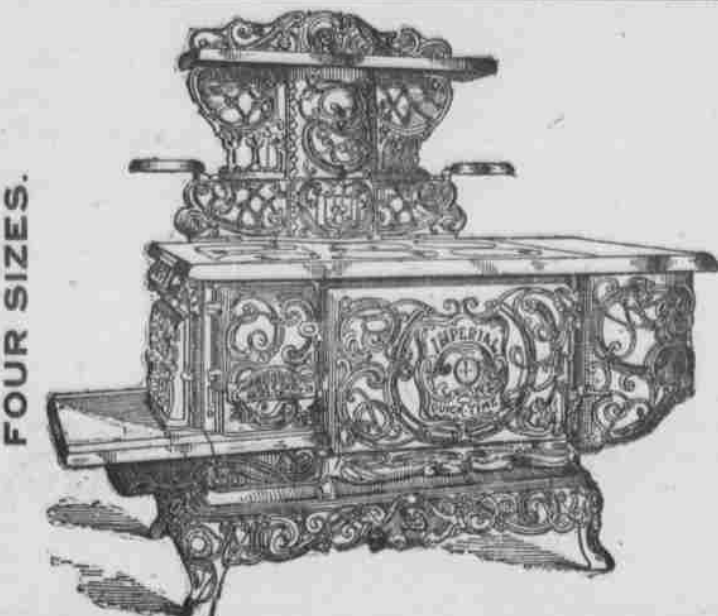
If you want to be well, see to it that your Kidneys and Blood are in a healthy condition. It is an easy matter to learn what state your Kidneys are in. Place some of your urine in a bottle or tumbler, and leave it stand one day and night. A sediment at the bottom shows that you have a dangerous Kidney disease. Pains in the small of the back indicate the same thing. So does a desire to pass water often, particularly at night, and a scalding pain in urinating is still another certain sign.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is what you need. It will cure you surely if you do not delay too long in taking it. Kidney diseases are dangerous, and should not be neglected a single moment.

Read what P. H. Kirt, of Union, N. Y., a prominent member of the G. A. R., says: "I was troubled with my Kidneys and Urinary Organs and suffered great annoyance day and night, but since using **Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy** I have greatly improved, and that dreadful burning sensation has entirely gone. I had on my lip what was called a pipe cancer, which spread most across my lip, and was exceedingly painful; now that is almost well. I also had severe heart trouble, so that it was difficult to work; that is a great deal better. I have gained nine pounds since I commenced taking the **Favorite Remedy**; am greatly benefited in every way, and cannot praise it too much."

Favorite Remedy is a specific for Kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles. In Rheumatism, Neuritis, Dyspepsia, and Skin and Blood Diseases, it has never failed where the directions were followed. It is also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females. All druggists sell it at \$1.00 a bottle.

Sample Bottle Free! If you will send your full postoffice address to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y., and mention this paper, we will forward you, prepaid, a free sample bottle of the **Favorite Remedy**, together with full directions for its use. You can depend upon this offer being genuine, and should write at once for a free trial bottle.



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And everything which pertains to an outfit for
HORSES and CARRIAGES
REPAIRING
PROMPTLY DONE.
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The Price is Right.
L. F. HAFNER, Harford St., Milford, Pa.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 30, '08.
President McKinley and Secretary Long are satisfied from information they have received, official and otherwise, that Commodore Schley has the Spanish fleet penned up in the harbor at Santiago de Cuba, but the invasion of Cuba will not be ordered until Commodore Schley has officially reported that the Spanish fleet is in Santiago harbor. This report may be made any hour. If the Spanish fleet is there it will be helpless to do us any harm and will in the end be either captured or destroyed. Although a portion of the volunteer army is still unprovided with all the needed equipments, there are more than 35,000 men, about three-fourths regulars, ready for embarkation, and they can all be landed in Cuba within twenty-four hours after orders have been issued.

DALTON OF DALTON'S TRAIL.
Exhibitions of Peito, Nerve and Generosity by a Citizen of Alaska.
A man from Harney county, Oregon who is spending a few days in San Francisco, is an old friend of Jack Dalton of Dalton's Trail fame, and knows how the Alaskan trail builder came to be called Dalton. For that was not his name in the States.

"Jack Dalton lived for several years in Harney county," said the Oregon man, "but there he was known as Jack Miller, which is his real name. He brought with him to Harney county a span of fine horses, and after a while somebody who did not like him—and he was such an independent fellow that he had a good many enemies—spread the report that the horses had been stolen, and sent word to a man in Umatilla who claimed that he had lost just such a span. The spot of it was that a warrant was issued for his arrest. All of Miller's friends—and I was one of them—believed that he could easily clear himself and prove his ownership of the team if he would submit to arrest and let the case come to trial. But he was too proud to do anything of the sort. He said that anybody who wanted to believe him a thief was welcome to think so, and would still believe it if he went through a hundred trials; but he had done nothing wrong, and didn't propose to be arrested until he had done something to be arrested for."

"Miller had killed his man, and the officers set cautiously about the business of arresting him. In fact, they showed so much caution that Miller reached the coast in safety and shipped for Alaska. There he assumed the name of Dalton, thinking it was less likely to draw trouble after him than his own name, and as Dalton has been known ever since. But nobody need ever tell me that Jack Miller didn't rightfully own those horses, even if he didn't want to be arrested. He sent for his wife, and they made their home at Juneau until the day he died."

"Miller killed a man named Egan a year before the trouble about the horses. He and Egan had a quarrel which they settled in a friendly way. They shook hands over it and took a drink together and Miller supposed that was the end of it. But an hour or so afterward, as Miller was mounting his horse, Egan stepped up and yelled, 'We'll settle it now!' Miller leaped from his horse, drew his gun, and stooped to let Egan's bullet pass over him. At the same instant he shot Egan through the head. He was exonerated by the coroner's inquest and was never even brought to trial.

"But five years afterward a friend of the dead man named Thorpe took a party of gold seekers over Dalton's Trail. He had long before sworn to avenge the murder of his friend, and proceeded to do it by destroying bridges and spoiling the trail, upon which Dalton had spent \$20,000 and no end of thought and labor. Dalton heard what he was doing and went to meet Thorpe and his party. He told Thorpe that from that point the trail was dangerous, and some one was likely to be hurt if they followed it. Thorpe and his followers took the hint and struck out over another route, in which they soon got into such difficulties, as Dalton knew they would, that they could neither go on nor retreat. Dalton then sent a party to help them out and pilot them back to his own trail, which he had thought to draw them perfectly safe. The seeker after revenge went on his way and left the trail alone after that. One of his party had both legs crushed by a fall, and Dalton took this man to his own house and nursed him for six months."

The Lobster Reached Out.
A Pittsburg real estate agent, who lives in the East End, is proud of the fact that he was born in the same month as Washington and Lincoln. So he celebrated accordingly. His wife had expressed a desire for lobster, the common canned stuff, but live lobster, the real thing. In spite of the day's exhilaration, the vendor of town loaves remembered this, and before starting for home bought two of the finest wide-spreading crustaceans that ever came out of the Atlantic. To insure their arrival in good condition, he had them put in a large market basket, half filled with ice, and covered them with a piece of paper. As soon as he got on a Fifth avenue car the trouble began. Those lobsters grew tired of their seclusion and began to get in touch with their surroundings. The car was crowded and their owner had to stand.

Suddenly a sharp-faced aptester started the car with screams of "Help! Pickpockets! Police!" at the same time clutching the real estate man's arm. "Conductor, have this man arrested! Search him! He tried to pick my pocket!" she exclaimed. Everybody looked at the supposed culprit and then those nearest the pair burst into laughter. One of the lobsters was still tugging at the lady's dress.

Not Many Blue Stockings in Egypt.
The latest census of Egypt shows that the country is about the only one in the world where the men are in a majority over the women. The male sex in the Khedive's dominions exceeds the female by 100,000, and it is curious to note that this numerical predominance of the male is very evenly spread over both upper and lower Egypt. It is only in the sparsely populated and newly recovered province of Dongola that the women are more numerous than the men. Another interesting fact is that the proportion of Egyptian women knowing how to read and write is just a little over one-half per cent.

Ugliest Animal in the World.
The ugliest animal in the whole world is at present sojourning in the London Zoo. He is a mandril. The mandril is a West African baboon. He has only a stump where the rest of his monkey relatives have long, flowing tails. On each side of the muzzle he has long swellings, which add to the hideousness of his appearance. The mandril's locks are not more ugly than his temper. He is a formidable antagonist. Among his peculiar tastes is a marked liking for all sorts of liquors.

Rapid Flying.
When the sparrowhawk is swooping down on its prey it cleaves space at the speed of 150 miles an hour.
With malice towards none, with charity for all, but with firmness, do the right, as God gives us to see the right, and all will be well.
—A. Lincoln.
Modesty is almost as invariably the concomitant of true genius as vanity is found to be the right hand comrade of folly.

"HOWDY'E" MARTIN.

THE ONLY CONGRESSMAN WHO EVER BLEW OUT THE GAS.

A Picturesque Character from Texas Who Added Much to the Galley of the National Capital During His Term—Some Episodes in His Stormy Career.

William H. Martin, of Texas, the only congressman, so far as the records extend, who ever blew out the gas, is dead. He died at Hillsboro, recently, of pneumonia. He was seventy years old. With him went one of the unique figures in public life of the decade. He had outlived his time. There is no doubt that he did blow out the gas in Willard's hotel, Washington, D. C., on the night of November 25, 1887; that the people of the hotel broke in his door, and that he was dragged into the hall utterly unconscious. He was sick for two days, but as soon as he was well enough to appear on the streets he hunted the newspaper man who had been most instrumental in spreading the tidings of his catastrophe and boxed his jaws until his ears rang. If the man had made the slightest resistance Martin would have killed him where he stood.

In person he was six feet high and broad of shoulder, but very gaunt. His hair and beard were untrimmed. His arms swung loosely and he walked with the long strides of the man who in his early life had done most of his traveling on foot. His oaths were so plentiful they ceased to be profanity. The words rolled from his mouth as unconsciously as his breath. I heard him tell once of the failure of a morning stroll after squirrels. "I rit," he said, "one-five day an' snatched hold of my—old rifle. That—son of mine had been a-wearin' of my kiltredege belt. I went into the—woods an' was walkin' down the—road when I seen a—squirrel settin' on a—tree. I pulled the—trigger and the—gun wasn't loaded. The—squirrel set that and liked to laughed his—head off. I loaded up an' the wouldn't work. I got a—45-calibre kiltredege into the—44-calibre gun and I never killed a—squirrel."

On the morning of the day when "Buck" Kilgore, also of Texas, and also dead, kicked his way to freedom by smashing one of the house doors, there had been a wordy passage between Johnson, of Indiana, Republican, and Crain, of Texas, Democrat. The two approached each other excitedly and a collision seemed imminent. At that juncture the eyes of quiescent members were transferred from the principal figures in the debate to the center aisle. Crain and Johnson were not apt to hurt each other with anything more deadly than their hands, but in the center aisle a dozen Democrats were slowly bearing back "Howdy'e" Martin to the cloakroom. His jaws were set, his face was pale with the pallor of death, and his eyes blazed. Tightly gripped in his right hand was a 6-inch clasp-knife with the blade opened. This was a knife that he carried, not for the purpose of offense, but to trim his nails with every month. He spoke only once, and then in response to a whispered word of soothing from the venerable David B. Culbertson: "D— it, let's have a settlement!" He was shouldered off, however, and taken from the capitol. It is rather a singular bit of Washington journalism that an account of this incident did not appear in any print.

"Old Howdy'e"—so called because that was his invariable salutation to man and woman, boy and girl, white and black—took out a Texas regiment in 1861 they went direct to Virginia and faced the Federal lines. The statement seems incredible, but it is strictly true that in 1863 the personnel of this regiment was entirely changed. Every man of the original recruitment was dead or incapacitated by wounds. "Howdy'e" went back to Texas and got another. Not many of them were left in 1865, when Grant's mighty and victorious host was bearing down upon the starving and disheartened legions of Lee. An old southerner has told me of meeting the Texas on the morning of "the surrender," as it is familiarly called in the south. He was five miles from Lee's headquarters and his dirty regulars were bivouacked by the side of a country road. Martin asked him of the news. He was told that General Lee had surrendered. Martin drew a pistol from his holster. "Et you say that agin," he declared, "I'll blow you're head off." He was assured that it was true. He turned to his men and said: "Boys, I'm goin' back to Texas, where a man can live an' the blacks can't run us. Who's goin' with me?" A few of them responded. The others were too weary and heart sick to move. He headed his little band due south, turning his back upon the chilly Virginia fields. He got through the scattered Federal line somehow and made his way home. It was his boast to the day of his death that he had never surrendered.

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