

Some Pointed Questions

Does your urine contain any sediment? Is the lower part of your back sore, weak and lame? Does your urine have a whitish, milky color? Is there a smarting or scalding sensation in passing it? Does it pain you to hold it? Do you desire to urinate often, especially at night?

If you have any of these symptoms, your kidneys are diseased and your life is in danger. More people die of such disorders than are killed in wars.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is a direct and sure cure. It goes straight to the seat of diseases in the Kidneys, Bladder and Blood. It hunts out and drives from the system all the impurities that cause pain in the back, Stone in the Bladder, Bright's Disease, Urinary Troubles, and diseases of the Stomach and Liver. It acts at once. There is no long waiting to see if it will help.

"For years I suffered with my kidneys," writes THOMAS QUACKENBUSH, of Pittsfield, Mass. "The pain in my back was so severe at times that I was obliged to keep to my bed. I suffered awfully when passing water, which was often discolored with blood. I tried almost everything in the shape of medicine, but nothing seemed to help me. One day I got a bottle of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and used it but a little while when it braced me right up. My back became all right, no pain at all; my water cleared up and passed from me without pain, and I grew better in every way. I consider it a great medicine, as it has done wonders for me. My wife uses it for female complaint, and thinks it's the finest medicine in the world."

Sample Bottle Free.

Every man and woman who reads this paper and is in need of medicine, is invited to send full postoffice address for a free trial bottle of Favorite Remedy to the Dr. David Kennedy Corporation, Rondout, N. Y. Our offer is genuine, and the fact that it appears in this paper is a guarantee that the trial bottle will be sent prepaid. Don't delay in writing, and mention this paper. A large bottle costs \$1.00 at all drug stores.



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Loaves of Bread Baked in Seven Hours
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PIMPLES

"My wife had pimples on her face, but she has been taking CASCARETS and they have all disappeared. I had been troubled with constipation for some time, but after taking the first CASCARETS I have had no trouble with this ailment." FRED WATKINS, 208 Germantown Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

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HE HIRED WEBSTER.

Then He Was Sub-let to Other Little Things at a Profit.

Of course Webster was in demand by those who could afford to pay for his services. A sharp Nantucket man is said to have got the better of the great defender of the constitution in an amusing way, however. He had a small case which was to be tried at Nantucket, one week in June, and he posted to Webster's office in great haste. It was a contest with a notary over a matter of considerable local interest, and his pride as a litigant was at stake. He told Webster the particulars and asked what he would charge to conduct the case.

"Why," said Webster, "you can't afford to hire me. I should have to stay down there the whole week and my fee would be more than the whole case is worth. I couldn't go down there for less than \$1,000. I could try every case on the docket as well as one, and it wouldn't cost any more, for one case would take me time for the entire week anyway."

"All right, Mr. Webster," quickly responded the Nantucketer. "Here's your \$1,000. You come down and I'll fix it so you can try every case." Webster was so amused over this proposition that he kept his word. He spent the entire week in Nantucket, and appeared on one side or the other in every case that came up for a hearing. The shrewd Nantucketer hired Daniel Webster out to all his friends who were in litigation and received in return about \$1,500, so that he got Webster's services for nothing and made a good profit to boot.

Street Car Driver's Philosophy.
"It's not so easy as you'd suppose," remarked the driver with a jerk of the reins and a chuck that urged his team to a livelier pace. "These car horses has all the feelings of any other kind of a horse. They has to get use to their work, an' you'd be afraid to see how the young ones 'll shy at a switch."

The car just then approached a parting of tracks. Apparently there was no suggestion by reins or voice. The horses of their own accord bore off sharply to one side. There was a musical clanking of iron as the hoofs of the outside horse struck a metal plate in the pavement. Then horse and car proceeded on their appointed way.

"That's the way the old ones does it," commented the driver. "They know what they're up to. But sometimes a green horse can't be made to take the switch as he should. He'll shy and dance around it, like it was a hole in a bridge, an' you've got to eddicate him to it."

"How do we learn him wot to do? We hitch him up along of an old reliable that knows the trick an' will crowd him out onto the switch plate every time. The youngster'll start an' jump an' either tremble or try to run. But somehow, after awhile, he comes to understand that it's all right, an' there you are. No more swearin' and pulling the reins for you. The animal'd rather take the switch than not. It's a change from the plain tracks an' it's wot it occupies his mind."

Stated in a Sentence.
The game of chess is taught in all the Austrian schools.

Bank of England notes are numbered backward—from 10,000, hence the figures 000,01.

One out of every six inhabitants in France has an account at the state savings banks.

The customs authorities have decided that the Chinese tom-tom is a musical instrument.

There are said to be fewer suicides among miners than among any other class of workmen.

The average length of human life in the sixteenth century was only eighteen to twenty years.

Thirty million oysters are annually sent to England from the basin of Archachon, in the Bay of Biscay.

A single plate of armor for the turret of the battleship Kearsarge weighed thirty-three and one-third tons.

It takes, it is said the tusks of 75,000 elephants a year to supply the world's piano keys, billiard balls and knife handles.

The moon revolves from one point in the heavens to the same point in twenty-seven days, seven hours and forty-three minutes.

A SUPERNATURAL WONDER.

A Morgue Keeper Tells of a Startling Experience.

Grizzled old "Bill" Clark, the head morgue-keeper at 23 Adams street, Chicago, has been so many years engaged in the care of the dead he almost feels more at home in their company than in that of the living, at least at times. He will unbend into sociability and at such times will draw from the storehouse of his memory weird and ghastly experiences which cause the new hands at the morgue to open their eyes in wonder.

No one, however, ventures at any time to express even a grain of unbelief in any of the venerable morgue-keeper's entire accuracy of recollection and truth of narrative. "Old Bill" was never known to tell a lie in all his life and he cherishes his reputation for veracity as the very apple of his eye.

The other night he told a strange tale about the headless peregrinations of the body of Marie Grignovitz, which the police found floating in a box in the Chicago river just north of the forks. The corps was that of a girl of 18 or thereabouts and, though it was maimed and hacked with knives, traces of its unusual beauty remained perceptible to the most unobservant of the hundreds who were attracted by the curiosity or duty to view the body. It was made when found and the absence of the head seemed to add an insuperable obstacle to the difficulties of identification. Officials despaired and even the most ardent of new-fledged reporters butted their heads in vain against this stone wall of mystery. Everyone had given up hope and it had been determined to inter the poor headless corpse next day when strangely enough, out of nowhere, unheralded and by a route unknown then and equally undiscovered now, the head appeared at the morgue, exciting the wonder of all and the superstitious fears of thousands.

"I never did know how that head came to rejoin its body, and I don't suppose I ever will," said Clark, "but what I do know is just this: I was on guard at the old morgue that night. There might have been three or four bodies on the slabs, I can't exactly say, one of them being, of course, this headless girl Grignovitz. There had been a good many visitors early, but after awhile things got quiet, midnight came on and I sort of made myself comfortable in a tilted chair and, with a bit of a pipe, leaned back, thinking."

"It may be my eyes closed for just a second or so, but, anyway, a quick rush of fresh air and the shutting of the door sent me on to my feet with a start. I glanced around quickly and ran to the door and looked out. No one was in sight and all would have been still except that I heard a bell tolling midnight. Then I stepped back in doors, feeling a bit queer, somehow. I turned up the lights and the first thing I saw was that the body of the headless girl was gone. The naked slab lay there before me, but its late occupant had vanished as entirely as if she had become a spirit of air.

"Well, now, I needn't assure you this took my breath away completely. All the time I knew the body hadn't been stolen or hadn't disappeared by natural means and this made me feel more peculiar than ever. There wasn't any telephones in those days and I could do nothing by leaving the morgue, so I sat down in my chair again, feeling a little shivery. I'd been there about a minute, I guess, when I felt the same peculiar rush of damp air over my legs and I knew the door was open again. Soft footsteps came toward me. I didn't dare raise my eyes, but the tail of my glance fell on the floor and I saw stalk past me the wet, naked feet of a woman. Then I sank down in my chair and closed my eyes with my hands."

The old man stopped and with great deliberation filled his pipe from a canvas sack and this made me feel more peculiar than ever. There wasn't any telephones in those days and I could do nothing by leaving the morgue, so I sat down in my chair again, feeling a little shivery. I'd been there about a minute, I guess, when I felt the same peculiar rush of damp air over my legs and I knew the door was open again. Soft footsteps came toward me. I didn't dare raise my eyes, but the tail of my glance fell on the floor and I saw stalk past me the wet, naked feet of a woman. Then I sank down in my chair and closed my eyes with my hands."

"Well," queried his youngest auditor. "Well," said Clark, slowly, "just then the sergeant came in and together we went over to where the bodies lay. Lying on the breast of the headless girl, with her two hands holding it, was the stony, staring-eyed head she had lost, with its long yellow hair all dabbled in blood. The lips were parted and the white teeth were clenched upon a bit of parchment. It had red letters on it, printed in English capitals, which said: "This Is the Head of Marie Grignovitz Traitor."

"And we never found out a single thing more about the matter," concluded Clark. Nor could we persuade him to add a word more to what he had said.

Much in Little.
It is impossible to run at an altitude of 17,000 feet above the sea.

The finest shops in a Chinese city are those devoted to the sale of coffins.

It cost £10,000 for coal to take the British cruiser Powerful out to China.

An English woolen manufacturer has begun making clothes from old ropes.

Five ounces and a half of grapes are required to make one glass of good wine.

THE CONVICT'S STORY.

Strange Connection of a White Cat With a Burglar's Life.

"It's no secret that I've been in the penitentiary," said the old man. "I was a white cat that took me there, and a white cat that saved me and made me a better man."

"One winter, a good many years ago, I was in Houston, sick and dead broke. An old pal of mine seeking me on the street took pity on me and soon helped me out of my troubles. But not for nothing. As soon as I recovered he wanted me to join him in some burglaries that he had planned. At first I refused indignantly, for I had some rough notions of honesty; but a little talking—he was a fine talker—and a few drinks did the work and I agreed to go in with him.

"Conscience makes cowards of us all, and I guess that was why Ed trembled like a leaf when he saw a white cat flash past us as we stood shivering in the garden of a house on Harris street that night. It was an easy matter to break in, and we soon had all there was worth taking. In a little room at the end of the hall a child was sleeping. The dim light of a lamp showed the pretty cot, the fair flushed face of a little girl, her golden hair streaming over the snowy pillow, and crouching by her side a white cat, whose pink eyes glittered like stars. We had to pass through this room, and I could not for the life of me help bending down and touching that beautiful hair with my lips—it looked so like the hair of my darling who died only the year before. It was her death that drove me to drink and trouble," and the old man wiped away a tear.

"Well, I don't know exactly how it happened, but the cat gave a terrific squall, and I had only just time to seize it and stuff it in my bag when a bullet came whistling by my head. I got out of the house somehow, still carrying my bag of plunder, and ran down the road, out of town, finally taking refuge in an old barn. I was badly wounded, and to make a long story short, they arrested me and took me to jail. My partner was dead.

"They told me afterwards that in my delirium I had continually for the white cat, and when they brought the animal into my cell—they found it unharmed in my bag—I nursed it and was quiet. It was a strange fancy of a sick man, but it led me back to health. The story was told at the house which we had robbed, and the little girl and her father came to see me. He was a good man, and she was an angel—God bless her for her innocent prattle and sweet eyes of pity.

"The penitentiary was a rough place in those days, and I believe I would have died in a few months if the child had not sent me a tiny white kitten, which I was allowed to keep, and it saved me from despair and death. Every time I looked at it I thought of the little angel that gave it, and of that other little angel—my dead child—and made a new resolve to be a better man.

"Two frail atoms of life—a kitten and a child—but they were strong enough to raise me out of the very depths of hell."

An Unfortunate Linguist.
John was an ambitious Chinaman. He had made money in Chinatown, San Francisco, but had devoted himself to business so thoroughly that he remained totally ignorant of English.

He came to New York determined to avoid his fellow-Chinamen, so that he might learn to speak English during his six months' stay in the metropolis. He took a room in an East Side house, paid promptly, made himself agreeable to his landlord, who allowed him to wait on customers in his little grocery store, and he never went near Pell or Mott street. After several months' residence in New York and many hours of study, the Chinaman ventured forth among his people, where he proceeded to give an exhibition of his proficiency in the English language. What he said sounded strange to the other Chinamen, and the ambitious one nearly swooned when he discovered that he had learned German by mistake.

His New York home was in the German part of the city where English is an unknown tongue, and the poor fellow had to begin his linguistic work over again.

Paper Floors in Germany.
Paper floors are enjoying a steadily increasing popularity in Germany, which is readily explained by the many advantages they possess over wooden flooring. An important advantage consists in the absence of joints, whereby accumulations of dust, vermin, and fungi, dangerous to health, are done away with. The new paper floors are had conductors of heat and sound, and in spite of their hardness have a linoleum-like, soft feel to the foot. The costs are considerably lower than those of floors made of hard wood. The paper mass receives a small addition of cement as binder, and is shipped in bags, in powder form. The mass is stirred into a stiff paste, spread out on the floor, pressed down by means of rollers, and painted with oakwood, nutwood, or mahogany color, after drying.

Notable Centennials of the Year.
The following centennial celebrations will be held this year: The 100th anniversary of Vasco da Gama's discovery of the way to India by way of the Cape of Good Hope, at Lisbon, in May; the burning of Savonarola, at Florence, in May; the birth of Holbein, at Basle, in June; Montpelier will celebrate the 100th birthday of Auguste Comte; Ancona that of Leopardi, and Paris that of Michelet, the historian.

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