

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. Kerr, 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, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, and Skin and Blood Diseases, 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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T. ARMSTRONG & CO.,
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A TIGER TALE.

There was an ancient Grecian boy who played upon the tiddle. Sometimes high, sometimes low, Sometimes in the middle, And all day long beneath the shade He munched on prunes and marma-lade.

But what the tunes were which he played Is certainly a riddle.

Three tigers gaunt and ravenous, Came from the gloomy wood Intent to slay the tiddle bold. But his music was too good. So round about him once they fled Till, by the melody beguiled, They sat them softly down and smiled As only tigers could.

And thus beguiled, those tigers smiled Throughout the livelong day Until at length there was not left Another tune to play.

What happened then I do not know— I was not there to see— But when a man runs short of tunes Can tigers be appeased with prunes Or marmalade and silver spoons? That's what perplexes me.

BILLY'S ADVENTURE.

BY MARRIETHA M. WILLIAMS.

If there was anything under the sun Billy hated it was hauling water. Not that the work itself was hard, or that he was weary, but because he loved the spring and the spring-side, and his mother was sure to call after him as he started: "Hurry back, Billy! we can't do a thing, not even put on the pudding, until the water comes." The spring came out half way to a tall bluff and danced down over sheer rocks richly embroidered with lichen and moss and fern. Some part of the water was led into a trough hollowed from long slender logs, which were fixed in crocheted uprights some ten feet from the ground. The troughs were quite to the roadside. Billy drove his barrel underneath it and let the spouting stream go plump into the squared boughs.

So the filling was ridiculously easy; and as for driving the slide, that was as good as play. It was no load at all for Merry Tom, the chunky pony. Going springward, Billy boy nudged him; coming home, he walked beside, flourishing and cracking his plaited leather whip.

Upon a certain October Wednesday the whip cracked so loudly as the outfit reached the spring any one who knew Billy would have been certain he had a new and especially acute grievance. All the mile betwixt spring and house he had been muttering: "Think they might let me stayed to bear the last," or "Reckon they think a boy, a big boy, don't keer nothin' about bearin' nothin' in the world."

Still, he had heard something—enough, at least, to tell vaguely, so he brightened perceptibly as he drew to the spring, for other thirsty folks were there—two men in a very dusty buggy, with a trunk or two on top. As he came up one of them halted Billy: "Howdy, sonny! Dear bless my soul, but I'm glad to see you. I've been clean lost this half hour—it's good to find myself anywhere about Squire Clark's."

"Howdy, brother Amos! It's funny—you gettin' lost! Brother Amos, the colporteur, a worn-out itinerant, was a prime favorite with all the boys, he had such a kind of fetchin' exactly the books they wanted, books that had blood and fighting in them, and good boys who did not die young of their own goodness.

"It is funny, I never hit on this cross-road before—I've often heard of your spring," Brother Amos returned. "What's the good word up at the house, Billy? Any chance for travelers to stay all night?"

"Plenty—at least I reckon so," Billy answered, his sense of news to tell suddenly checking hospitality. "Reason I say that, I don't just know how things'll be when we get there. I left the sheriff there doing more men—and they were tellin' how the man they were after had stole 'bout \$1,000,000 in town last night—and gone chasin' off in a buggy this mornin' as if he hadn't done it."

"Dear me, why we came from town! We heard nothin' of all this!" Brother Amos said, turning to his companion, who yawned and shook his head. Then suddenly he sat upright and looked at Billy with very keen eyes. The barrel was with this time underneath the spout and filling very fast. The stranger got out of the buggy and went beside it, peering into its depths as though it were something out of the common.

"Here's a new style of water work—eh, Brother Amos," he said, with a gurgling laugh, then to Billy, "Tell me how you get the water out?"

"Easy enough! Don't you see the spile there at the bottom?" Billy-boy retorted, over his shoulder. He was busy cutting dog-wood boughs to shade the barrel in transit and keep the water cool. As he turned with both hands full a vicious fly made Merry Tom dance so the slide was in danger of upsetting.

"Here, give me the bushes—I'll fix them while you fetch the horse," the stranger said, fetching a hand out his pocket. There was a knife in it so keen and sharp when it was opened it awoke Billy to covetousness. By help of it, in a trice the bushes were in place, though Billy-boy could not understand why in the placing the stranger meddled so much with the wedge-shaped board that went into the bung.

"I'll tell mother what's cookin'—she'll be sure to have a place for you," he shouted to Brother Amos, determinedly taking the road ahead of him.

The sheriff, riding out of the Clark gale, almost swore at the sight of Brother Amos' condition. "The chief of ketchin' him, when we'd about give him up!" he said to the man at his elbow.

PROOF TO THE CONTRARY.

It Really Looked as Though the Bald Young Man Had Died.

The prematurely bald young man, with a downy white mustache, had been doing his best to make a profound impression on his rural relatives. There was no reason why he should do this except in obedience to a natural tendency which is second only to that of self-preservation, the desire to show off.

"Oh, if you haven't traveled much and don't know the difference, this part of the world is all right," was the answer.

"Yes, but it oughtn't to be so misrepresented. They ought not to complain that the East has gone astray, thing worth while, when the West has all the greysers and the petrified forests and the trees that you can drive a horse and wagon through, if you can find an hour big enough to make the hole," know its all truth but I've seen pictures of those things in the geographies. But this like you was telling about—I can't help thinkin' you got imposed on somehow there."

"You mean the great Salt Lake in Utah. It's there, I saw it with my own eyes.

"The lake that's so salt fish can't live in it."

"Certainly."

"An' when you went bathin' you found the water so salt that you couldn't sink if you tried."

"Yes, indeed, and what's more—"

"Hold on, I'm not doubting your veracity. I don't say you don't tell every bit of this in good faith. I've had the same kind of experiences. One time I was in a room where breakfast had just been set, and although I was a stranger in the house, I walked up and took a fried egg off the plate with a spoon and put it in my mouth. Imagine my surprise when I immediately began to raise up and toward the ceiling. It was amazing how low I floated. My wife and the girls were just as surprised as I was when they came in and saw me, and I'll never forget how funny they looked hoppin' up into the air tryin' to do the same thing. After a while I wanted to get down, but I couldn't make it. I began to get worried. I started to call for help and accidentally bit into the egg. As soon as I did so I was gently lowered till I had the use of both feet as usual. And it all seemed so real that when I got up the next morning I thought eatin' breakfast an' feedin' the pigs must be a dream."

"It's all right, I don't attach any blame to you. But you can't make me believe that anybody could bathe in water as salt as you say that was and come home so unincumbered. It couldn't be done."—Washington Evening Star.

THE OFFICER'S BALL.

A very amusing game is the woodseller, and it is capable of several variations, including the over-popular footballs. Any number of persons may join in the game.

The person who starts the game writes the name of some kind of wood on a paper, and folds the paper so that no one can see the word written upon it. He then goes around, all the rest of the players being seated and says: "I have a kind of wood to sell."

Each person in turn asks: "What kind?" The answer is: "Find out."

Then the person mentions one kind, and if it happens to be the wrong one, the woodseller goes to the next and so on, until it is finally guessed right. When the right one is named, the one naming it becomes woodseller.

All who make mistakes must pay a forfeit to overlook in naming them. A clever person can make much fun by the manner of calling out his wares, and another by witty rejoinders.

Know They Wanted Jim.
The Duke of Wellington, the great general who defeated the Emperor Napoleon at the battle of Waterloo, was very fond of children. He loved to have them as his guests, and they loved him, for he seemed to understand without being told just what little boys and girls liked.

One day when some small visitors happened to be in the nursery at Stratfieldsaye, his home, he walked up and found the youngsters at tea. He glanced at the table and noticed that there was no jam, and so he said: "Without a word he rang the bell violently. A footman appeared and stood petrified.

"Have the goodness to understand," said the Duke in a voice of thunder, "that when children are invited to my house to tea they are always to have jam!"

Then he departed, and before he was out of earshot a shout went up that must have reminded him of Waterloo.

A Pleasant Game.
A competition in picking up and carrying potatoes causes much merriment at a party. Have four rows, six in a row, of raw Irish potatoes. Four children are called out at a time and each assigned a row. The object is to pick up the small silver spoon each apple of the Emerald Isle, and walking the length of the room with it, to deposit it safely on a plate. A difficult matter, indeed! and great is the temptation in a crisis to give the potato a little shove with the finger or anything one may hold in the other hand. This, however, is not allowable. At the end of three minutes "time" is called and the four contestants give place to four others, after the potatoes have been arranged again.

Getting Some "Trimmings."
"Where is your old man this morning, Auntie?"
"He done gone down to the tavern, sah, to get some trimmin'." "Trimmings?" The tavern is a queer place to go for anything of that sort, isn't it?"
"I reckon not, sah. Da's de only place he eber goes to get de trimmin' done use; I mean de kine wha' de doctor call deltrum trimmin'."



CHILDREN'S CORNER.

LAMENT OF A LITTLE GIRL.

My brother Will, he used to be The finest kind of girl. He wore a little dress like me And had his hair in curls. We played with dolls and teasetsthen, And every kind of toy; But all those good old times are gone; Will turned into a boy.

Mamma had made him little suits, With pockets in the pants, And cut off all his yellow curls And sent them to my aunt, And Will he was so pleased, He almost danced with joy; But I must own I didn't like Will turned into a boy.

I have to wear frocks just the same, And now they're mostly white, I have to sit and just be good, While Will he carries the children, that used to be my little playmate. But I must keep my dresses nice, And wear my hair in curls; And, worse—oh, worstest thing of all—I have to stay a girl!

GEN. LEE AND THE CIRCUS.

How Going to the Show Became a Proper Amusement.
General Robert E. Lee, the famous Confederate commander, was as kind-hearted and simple-minded as he was brave and able. He was president of Washington and Lee University, Virginia, in the latter years of his life. He was greatly beloved by the children, whom he loved to return. It was his delight to give the little ones, Professor Nelson's two little girls were great favorites. The General would turn and ride with them when they met, encourage them to talk of their dolls and playthings, and then escort them home with as much gallantry as if they were young ladies. He would alight, and helping them down from the gentle old horse they both rode, he would part with a kiss from each.

Once the strict Presbyterian rule of the Nelson household was rudely shocked by the General. A circus was coming to town, and, as Professor and Mrs. Nelson left for a visit of several days, they charged the children on no account to go. So the two little girls hung over the fence, listened to the music, and envied the children that escorted them home with as much gallantry as if they were young ladies. He would alight, and helping them down from the gentle old horse they both rode, he would part with a kiss from each.

After that going to the circus was a legitimate amusement for children.

The Wood Seller Game.
A very amusing game is the woodseller, and it is capable of several variations, including the over-popular footballs. Any number of persons may join in the game.

The person who starts the game writes the name of some kind of wood on a paper, and folds the paper so that no one can see the word written upon it. He then goes around, all the rest of the players being seated and says: "I have a kind of wood to sell."

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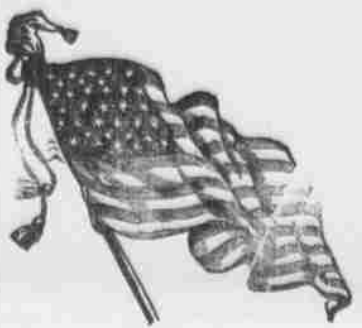
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