THOUSANDS WHO HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of this paper May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

Sl Cerrone St., Nyack, N.Y.
Jan 15th, 1908

"Ever since I was in the Army, I had been in kidney trouble, and within the past year it became so severe and complicated that I tried everything and was much alarmed. my stomach was in a terrible condition, I had no appetite, I lost flesh, I was nervous and could not sleep for days at a time. I began the use of the medicine and noticed a decided improvement after taking two bottles and only a short time.

"I continued to take it and am thankful to say that I am entirely cured and in good health. It cures all my aches and pains. I have a disease common name of my water to do and I can't do it without a good kidney medicine.

"I know that Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and I can recommend it as a harmless and wonderful medicine. Thanking you for my complete recovery, I remain, Yours truly, Respectfully recommending Swamp-Root to all sufferers, Yours truly, Sam. J. RICHARDSON.

You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test for yourself how quickly it relieves kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, pain disorder, being obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brickdust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, eczema, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, without feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or slight a disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they are aquainted in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

Swamp-Root is for sale at all drug stores in fifty cent and one dollar sizes. *Remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.*

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—If you have the slightest symptom of kidney or bladder trouble, or if there is a trace of it in your family history, send at once to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., who will gladly send you by mail, immediately, without cost to you, a sample bottle of Swamp-Root and a book containing many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from men and women cured. **Mention this paper, be sure to say that you read this generous offer in this paper.**

COUPON

Please write or tell in this coupon with your name and address and Dr. Kilmer & Co. will send you a sample bottle of Swamp-Root the great Kidney Remedy.

Name

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State

MENTION THIS PAPER

Save Your Thresh Bill

The ordinary old-style small cylinder wastes enough grain and time to pay your thresh bill.

Why not save the grain ordinarily put into the straw stack? Why not save the time which the ordinary threshing outfit wastes for you?

This can be done by equipping the RED RIVER SPECIAL.

It has the Big Cylinder, with lots of concave and grate surface.

It has the Man Behind the Gun, that does most of the separating right at the cylinder.

Besides those, it has all the separating capacity of other machines.

It runs right along, saving your grain and saving time, regardless of conditions.

There has come improvements in threshing machinery the same as in everything else.

As the most-in self-binder is ahead of the old-pattern of forty years ago, so **the Big Cylinder and Man Behind the Gun** is ahead of the small cylinder old-style threshers.

The old-style thresher with its small cylinder and limited separating capacity is to the Big Cylinder as without improvement.

The **RED RIVER SPECIAL** is fully up with the times.

It is built for modern, up-to-date work, to thresh well, to thresh clean, to save time and money for both threshermen and farmers. Just do this. There are reasons why. Send for one now look on threshing it alone grain and it is free.

Entire the **RED RIVER SPECIAL** it is the only machine which has the **Man Behind the Gun** and saves enough grain and time to pay your thresh bill.

NICHOLS & SHEPARD CO.

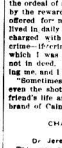
Builders of Threshers and Engines

Battle Creek, Mich.

50 YEARS IN BUSINESS. BRANCH HOUSES AND AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

FREE to WOMEN

A Large Trial Box and book of instructions absolutely Free and Prepaid, enough to prove the value of Paxline Toilet Antiseptic



Paxline is a powder to be dissolved in water and is the most powerful germicide and most superior to liquid antiseptics, disinfectants and coal tar products, killing germs in half the time, non-poisonous, non-irritating, and most healing and most powerful in the cleansing and deodorizing properties you can buy.

The formula of a noted Boston physician, and used with great success as a Vaginal Wash, for Leucorrhoea, Pelvic Catarrh, Nasal Catarrh, Sore Throat, Sore Eyes, Cuts, and all soreness of mucus membrane.

In local treatment of female life Paxline is invaluable. Used as a Vaginal Wash we challenge the world to produce its equal for thoroughness. It is an injection in cleansing and healing power; it kills all germs which cause inflammation and discharge.

All leading druggists keep Paxline, price, 50c. If your druggist does not keep it, we will send you a trial box, including a book of instructions, free. Write for the Free Box of Paxline to-day. **R. PAXTON CO., 5 Pope Bldg. Boston, Mass.**

THE FATAL REQUEST OF ONE YOU LOVED

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.

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CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

"The train started on the journey which was to end in its destruction, and mile after mile sped away in silence. Dora felt the feeling of restraint had settled down upon us, and time heavier than before.

"Then I remember a sudden, awful, never-to-be-forgotten crash followed by cries and groans such as have rung in my ears ever since.

"I found myself flung violently forward against the opposite side of the compartment amid the smashing of woodwork, and with the presentment of some awful doom upon me. I was half stunned, but recovering myself, thinks that I was not much hurt. Then I remembered my companion and turned my attention to him.

"'Bliss!' I cried. 'Are you hurt?'

"But before he could reply, another sound was added to the awful babel of cries and groans all around.

"'Fire! fire!' we heard shrieked in voices made with terror mingled with agonizing cries for help. The air grew heavy with a suffocating and supportable odor was wafted from us and clouds of thick, black, suffocating smoke to fill the place.

"'Bliss!' I shouted, in mad terror to my friend; come! exert yourself! If you lie there you instant death!'

"And I caught him round the body and tried to compel him to move, but in vain; he only gave a scream of agony.

"'Save yourself,' he groaned. 'I cannot stir; and I think my leg is broken.'

"I was almost demented, and tore at the shattered woodwork which made his prison, with my fingers; but only to increase his agony. Without forcing him from his horrible position. And already the atmosphere was like that of a furnace and hell itself seemed to be open. I could not save him, but I might save myself. I knew the door on the other side was unlocked, so that I might attempt to escape that way. The face of the revelation which had burst upon him. "My God! To think that I should have loved that face! But how marvelous! How utterly beyond the realization of my wildest dreams!"

Not for an instant did it occur to him that the conversation was too astounding and, what was more, it agreed so exactly with all the strange, and hitherto mysterious, circumstances which had attended the tragedy. And the moment he had wrecked—the man he had hunted down and would have betrayed to death, believing him to be the author of his ruin—whose whole nature he had read falsely by the light of his unjust suspicions! His eyes were closed—he seemed to be hardly breathing. Had he fainted—or was his death?

Was he to be left alone, and in the dark, with a dead or dying man?

He rushed to the door and dashed out of the house in search of a doctor.

James Ferrers was not dead, but the nearest medical man, on being summoned to the house, shook his head over the case.

"Heart!" he said briefly. "Get him to bed. I do not think he will need to get up again."

By this time the whole household was roused, and the sick man's daughter was handing in speechless grief, over her Eastern treasures, for.

At one time it was feared that he would pass away unconscious, and the untiring application of restoratives was at last productive of some effect. He died two or three hours later the dying man opened his eyes.

He saw his daughter kneeling beside his pillow; and, not far away, his old friend's son, who, by some means, had asserted and maintained a right to remain in the sick room.

The doctor, seeing that the patient had been unconscious for a while before the end, stood aside, as no doubt he was accustomed to do in such a delicate matter, and, with a sorrowful gesture, signed to the young man to approach.

"I prepared for flight, but before I had taken the door step I was stayed by my friend's voice.

"James,' he cried, in the agony of the flames almost drowned his voice, 'which is also my friend's will, horror—'put me out of my misery. Have yourself—shot me through the brain first! Quick! quick!'

"It was the most merciful death and, without a moment's delay, I obeyed, on that awful day, which have meant a human life. I drew the revolver, which I had brought with me, 'My God!' from the leather—and pulled the trigger. Even in the brief, but sharp interval, the tongue of flame curled upward through the splintered flooring and blackened the ceiling, and I thought even a glance at the face of my friend, I fervently open the door and sprang from the now burning room, and fell down smoking weapon still grasped in my right hand. In doing so I trod upon some smouldering timber and wrenched my ankle severely, so that for a time I was disabled.

"A few hours later and I was conveyed to the hospital with a company of the other survivors, and soon as I reached my destination my injuries were attended to. I was prostrated for days by a nervous illness, the result of my late terrible experience.

"When I recovered it was to find that there was a new story already after me—that the partially consumed corpse of a first class passenger had been discovered, burned through the head and that all the evidence pointed to the crime having been committed by a fellow traveler who had made his escape during the terror and confusion of the catastrophe and who was being eagerly sought for.

"Since then, I have had to submit to the ordeal of seeing myself confronted by the reward of one hundred pounds offered for my apprehension, and live lived in daily and hourly fear of being charged with the committal of this crime—for which I am called—of which I was guiltless, in thought, if not in deed. It is this which is killing me, and I do not care—now.

"Sometimes I regret nothing; not even the short while we had my best friend's life and branded me with the brand of Cain!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Dr. Jeremiah's Little Bill.

This was all. The reader drew a long shuddering breath. The words he whispered, voice and everything seeming to fall him for the moment to interfere with those last solemn moments.

The dying man's gaze rested upon the young man—he, in deadness and a gesture, approached and bent over him, with a strange intensity, and his lips moved.

"Do you forgive?" he murmured when he came close, so that the words might be heard by none but him for whom they were intended.

"I have nothing to forgive," was the broken answer. "You acted for the best and I bless you for it."

A look of peace fell upon the corpse-like countenance upon the pillow, and the lips moved again upon his daughter.

"Dora! I grieve much for me, my child," said he, "and when I am gone—"

Here a deep sigh his eyes closed, and his head fell a little to one side.

The doctor pressed forward.

"He is the real," he said, "and a very peaceful one.

"But I was not quite the end.

Once more the dying eyes opened, and fixed themselves upon the pale, concerned face of the young man who had once hoped to see him expiate his crime on the scaffold.

Then he turned them from him to the bowed head of the girl who knelt, with her face hidden, upon the other side of the bed, and back again. His lips moved for the last time, but no sound issued from them.

He tried again, and this time—though there was no sound—seemed to the other, who had his eyes fixed upon them, and his ear strained to catch the lightest whisper, that the motion of the lips might be translated into the words, "Keep my secret."

"I will—I will," he answered, and even as he uttered those words the end came.

* * * * * *

The next day Ted Burrlit returned home unexpectedly.

The first thing he did was to write a brief summary of events to Dr. Jeremiah Cartwright, who, in spite of the very short time which had elapsed since the tragic event, was waiting in appearance at Magnolia Lodge—seemingly to hear further details, but more particularly to carry out a deep laid scheme of his own.

"And what do you mean to do—eh?" I mean, about the young lady? Oh, you needn't look as though you don't understand what I mean, Burrlit! I've not forgotten what you told me about her. Will you marry her, boy?

And the little gentleman chuckled, then, all at once, became preternaturally grave. "By-the-way," he said, slowly, and with a sotto-voice tendency to avoid his friend's eye, "about that bill of mine."

Ted looked surprised

"Bill?" he repeated.

"Yes, bill," continued the doctor. "You didn't suppose I was going to let you off, did you? You haven't forgotten what I said a little while back about sending one in, have you?"

The young man looked and felt nonplussed.

"I have made up my mind to take it in kind."

"What I mean is," continued Dr. Cartwright, "that instead of receiving payment for whatever services I may have rendered, I am prepared to be willing to take it out in some other article."

And what might that article be—was the natural but still perplexed inquiry.

"Your sister," was the brief and much to the point response.

"By Jove!" was the exclamation it called forth—followed by "You don't mean it?"

"Don't I, thought" was the determined reply. "I've been meaning it ever since the first time I saw you. I've sounded the young lady—I don't talk with a stethoscope—and she wasn't half as surprised as you seem to be."

The brother of the young lady in question burst out laughing.

"I suppose I shall have to give in, and I may as well do it sooner than later.

About three months later a gentleman in the most irreproachable attire called at the residence of the late James Ferrers, Esq. of Belmont House, Hampstead, and requested to see Miss Ferrers.

That young lady, who had descended from her upper visitor quite in ignorance as to his identity, was astonished beyond measure to discover in the composed stranger, standing there that same individual whom she had first met at the Royal Academy and whose attentions had rendered her the greatest perplexity of mind by doubting the sane of her own senses, who waited at table and cleaned the plate. Only—he had grown the loveliest moustache and a beard—sufficiently impossible to imagine for a moment that he had ever done such a thing as polish the forks and knives and make himself generally useful.

Ted pulled himself at once into the object of his visit.

"I should have called much sooner," he remarked to the astonished young clearer at her deep mourning, "but was afraid of intruding upon your retirement! I have a statement to make, an explanation to give, which I cannot withhold any longer."

He came nearer to her and—oh, the presumptuous creature—actually ventured to take her hand.

"Do you remember being at the Academy, one day last June, and trying your catalogue?"

"Did I do so?" But she made no audible reply, and the entire frame thus propitiously commenced was continued without any interruption beyond an occasional stifled exclamation on the part of its recipient.

It is not necessary, however to repeat the whole of what passed during the interview, but a certain portion only of it need be referred to as being of some interest.

"I know you really mean to say," said Miss Ferrers to the young man, "you really mean to say that you fell in love with me there and then, and took the situation, and put up with everything just for the sake of being under the same roof with me?"

He looked at her strangely for a moment before replying.

"What other reason could there have been?" he asked.

She clapped her hands together in delight.

"Whatever will the girls at school say to this?"

(The End.)

Beecher's Deacon Went to Sleep.

"Few sermons appeal to me or bear hearers of preachers," said the Rev. Robert Collyer, the veteran New York minister, "but one spoke effectively from experience. On one occasion when Henry Ward Beecher asked me to go to Plymouth Church to talk to his people, he remarked—jokingly, let me hope—that some of them were hard working folk who needed plenty of rest on Sunday, and he felt that a sermon from me might be gratefully received.

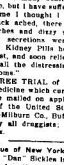
"In the course of my talk, I mentioned this, and said that I was, however, a matter upon which my feelings were hot. I spoke of the sin of the great imperviousness to Mr. Beecher himself. I told them that, one Sunday, years before, that I was attending a service at old Plymouth and Mr. Beecher was thundering forth, I saw one of his deacons asleep in a front pew.

"I went on to say that always after this, whenever I saw a man slumbering peacefully through my most stirring efforts in the pulpit, I would go to myself: Well, let him sleep; even the great Beecher can't keep 'em all awake."—Success.

The Vogue of Pantalets.

Pantalets came into vogue about 1820. They were loose, flapping frills of cloth under the dress and showing over the foot. The strings generally broke or slipped down, and one learned of a young mother's trials with those horrid things in a letter quoted by Mrs. Earle, which says: "My friend dimity pair, with real Swiss lace, is quite useless to me for I lost off one leg, and I need mean Mrs. Hemming wearing it last week for a tucker. My poor little girl cried sore at the idea of to wash more than seven pairs a week for Myrtilla."

WOMEN'S WOES.



Much of women's daily woe is due to kidney trouble. Sick kidneys cause backache, headache, dizziness, insomnia and urinary troubles. To cure yourself you must cure the kidneys. Profit by the experience of others who have been cured.

Mrs. William W. Jones, of Jackson, Michigan, nurse, of 16 Jane St., Paterson, N. J., says: "I have not only seen much suffering and many deaths from kidney trouble, but I have suffered myself. At one time I thought I could not live. My back ached, there were frequent headaches and dizzy spells, and the kidney secretions were disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first, and soon relieved me entirely of all the distressing and painful symptoms."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Brown will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggist, price **50 cents** per box.

Value of New York Aldermen.

Gen. "Dan" Sickles is coming to regard as of no consequence the New York board of aldermen. At a meeting last week he objected to hiring a new stenographer at $1,200 per year when "all the good stenographers I could can be had at thirty per." The general pointed out that aldermen only get $1,000 salary, "but they," he added reflectively, "perhaps think it is more than we are worth to the city."

K. C. S. Almanac for 1904.

The Kansas City Southern Railway Company issue their annual almanac is now ready for distribution. It contains the usual monthly calendars, many useful tables and much valuable information concerning the country in Missouri, Arkansas, the Indian Territory, Texas and Louisiana. Copies can be had of S. G. Warner, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, K. C. S. Ry., Kansas City, Mo.

Legs and Brains.

Senator Platt of New York, is about the same age as Mr. T. K. Roosevelt. Recently the Senator hotel where Senator and Mrs. Platt make their Washington home. The other evening Senator Platt came rather slowly and a bit painfully into the hotel lobby and found Mrs. Platt, silver haired and bearded, striding briskly across the floor. The two greeted each other.

Mine Host Roessle remarked apropos of nothing at all:

"Senator, I wish I had your brains."

Platt returned Senator Platt glancing at the swelling and pedal extremities of his companion. "If I can have your legs you can have my brains."

Small Pay for Preachers.

The poverty of rural clergymen is traditional in this country, but in earlier days the poverty among many they worked were as poor as they. Every body lived hard, and if the land was fertile the farm families had good and abundant food. The people in the parsonage did not and porced on poorer poorer clothes than the people of the congregation. The position of a rural parsonage was one of relative comfort, as well as of dignity and honor. But for forty years at least the general level of parsonage life has moved, while cash plays a larger part and larger and larger proportions of income go to the support of families even in the country. Yet in many cases the salaries of the country parsonages have been raised, although the money of the minister of to-day will not go nearly so far as it would have done forty or fifty years ago—Brooklyn Eagle.

SOAKED IN COFFEE

Until Too Stiff to Bend Over

When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches nervousness and biliousness and was so much worse about 2 years ago I went to visit a friend and got in the habit of drinking Postum.

"I have never touched coffee since and the headaches have been much more rarely cured of all my stomach and nervous trouble.

"My mother was just the same way, we all drink Postum now and have never had any other coffee in the house for two years and we are all well.

"A neighbor of mine a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pains in her side for years and was an invalid. She was not able to do her work and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend over. I told her I had tried for a little hard work she would get such pains in her side and have to lie down for the rest of the day.

"I persuaded her at last to stop drinking coffee and try Postum and Food Coffee and she did so and she has drunk Postum ever since. She says has been that she can now do her work can sit for a whole day and sew and can sew on the machine and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side. In fact she has got well and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trouble.

I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum and Food Coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Look for the pkg. for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."