TORTURING TWINGES

Much so-called rheumatism is caused by weakened kidneys. When the kidneys fail to clear the blood of uric acid, the acid forms into crystals like bits of broken glass in the muscles, joints and on the nerve casings. Torturing pains dart through the affected part whenever it is moved. By curing the kidneys, Doan's Kidney Pills have eased thousands of rheumatic cases, lumbago, sciatica, gravel, neuralgia and urinary disorders.

A NEW YORK CASE



John A. Gould, 74 Gatchell St., Buffalo, N. Y., says: "I was laid up for two months with inflammatory rheumatism and was in bed most of the time. My left limb swelled one-quarter again its natural size. The swelling kept getting worse and the pain nearly killed me. Two doctors failed and then I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They cured me."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, New York

Colorific the wonderful hair grower, removes dandruff, restores gray hair to youthful color. $1 per bottle. Trial size 10c. COLORIFIC COMPANY, Tampa, Fla.

125 bond note heads, bond envelopes, $1; best quality printing; sent postpaid. ADVERTISER, Mansfield, Pa.

ONE HIGH-GRADE UPRIGHT PIANO TO BE GIVEN AWAY FREE. Write for particulars. Potent Specialty Company, Dept. A, Leaksville, N. C.

Vancouver, B. C., is to have a new $350,000 opera house.

Dr. Peery's Vermifuge "Dead Shot" kills and expels Worms in a very few hours Adv.

"Some pianists play from ear; others from spite."

Sore Eyes, Granulated Eyelids and Sties promptly healed with Roman Eye Balsam. Adv.

Ceylon yearly exports tea valued at more than $25,000,000.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle. Adv

Pasedena, Cal., has a municipal nursery for the production of shade trees.

Bronchial troubles weaken the system. Pneumonia sometimes follows. Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops prevent trouble.

Nearly every man is true to his first love—himself.

Be sure that you ask for Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, and look for the signature of Wm. Wright on wrapper and box. For Constipation, Biliousness and Indigestion. Adv.

One pretty girl will inspire more feminine envy than a dozen clever ones.

For SUMMER HEADACHES

Hicks' CAPUDINE is the best remedy—no matter what causes them—whether from the heat, sitting in draughts, feverish condition, etc. 10c., 25c and 50c per bottle at medicine stores. Adv.

Lets Them Age.

"I never pay old debts."

"How about your new ones?"

"Oh, I let them get old."

The Cause.

"Isn't it strange that so many more people are reported to be insane?"

"Of course, it isn't. The alienists have to live, don't they?"

Guilty.

Wife—There must have been some punishment for King Solomon.

Hubby—There was. He had a thousand mothers-in-law.—Judge.

The Limit.

Jennie—I hear she fell overboard in her street clothes.

Minnie—Yes, and she was arrested for being in the water in an indecent costume.—Judge.

Sure Proof.

"How can a girl be sure that a young man loves her?"

"Oh, there are reliable signs. Now, my beau stands for my father's stale stories and even for an occasional touch."

In English Politics, Too.

"Well, did you discover anything in Stump's past life that we can use against him?"

Detective—Not a thing. All he ever did before he came here was to sell awnings.

Election Agent—Why, that's just what we want. We'll say that he has been mixed up in some decidedly shady transactions.—London Tit-Bits.

Breakfast Sunshine

Post Toasties

and Cream

There's a delicious smack in these crisp, appetizing bits of toasted corn that brings brightness and good cheer to many and many a breakfast table.

Toasties are untouched by hand in making; and come in tightly sealed packages—clean and sweet—ready to eat with cream and sugar.

Wholesome Nourishing Easy to Serve

Sold by grocers everywhere.

HIGH ART *or* HUSBAND?

What Broke A $35,000,000 Marriage

WILL the million-dollar estate that Robert Wilson Goelet is offering to his beautiful wife win her back to him? The members of fashionable society in this country are wondering whether "Bobby" Goelet's latest bid for his wife's favor will prove successful in the contest between her desire for freedom and an artistic career and Bobby's desire for her to return to him as his wife.

It all depends, says society, on how ardent her desire to go on with her painting and how deep and wide the chasm between them has grown during the four months that Mrs. Goelet has maintained a separate establishment at Newport. During these months her husband, loving her dearly and yearning to go with her, has divided his time between his Canadian camp and the new estate he is developing near Goshen, N. Y., always planning new ways of lavishing money on the girl he married.

On one side in this interesting contest is the husband offering his wares in the warmest tones of love, says the Washington Post.

"Take all I have, oh, my beloved. Here are my ducats, 35,000,000 of them; here is my Newport mansion; my house on Fifth avenue; my opera box, and all the jewels of the Goelet family. All this I offer you if you will but give up your art and return to me."

But the obdurate wife, whose soul yearns to express itself in high art rather than love, looks from her latest canvas and says:

"Away with your wealth! Away with your temptations! I feel within me the desire to become a great artist. I gave up my career to marry you. I have given you two children, and have been a gracious hostess for you. But now I must have freedom. I must be left to fulfill my own destiny."

The present unhappy state of affairs is not of recent growth; it is, in a way, the logical outcome of the marriage of these two young people, which took place nine years ago. And to understand it fully it is necessary to dip a bit into ancient social history.



Beauty and the Beast.

Nine years ago Elsie Whelen, daughter of the late Henry Whelen, of Philadelphia, was the most noted beauty belle in the Newport colony, as well as in Philadelphia. Her beauty was as well known in England and on the continent as in this country. She was besought by suitors of all kinds and degrees. With her great beauty and her undoubted social position, she lacked but the one thing needful, in the worldly eyes of her mother and her friends, and that was wealth.

A woman in society has, when placed as Elsie Whelen was placed, but one way to acquire wealth, and that is to marry it. Her own desires did not run toward the possession of great wealth, but her mother was keenly alive to the high financial value her world placed on such beauty and charm as her younger daughter possessed, and she made up her mind the year that Elsie came out that she should marry the richest bachelor society had to offer—Robert Goelet, son of the late Ogden Goelet, of New York.

Tremendously in Love.

Mrs. Whelen did not have a free field, but in the end the prize fell to Elsie, for the simple reason that young Goelet was tremendously in love with her. He knew that her mother was forcing the match, and also that the beautiful Elsie was very much in love with another man whose name also was Bobby; but, in spite of all, he persisted in his suit, and at last the much-beleaguered girl said yes.

Three times between the announcement of the engagement and the day of the wedding Miss Whelen broke her engagement (giving as her reason each time her desire to become an artist), but renewed it under the urgings of her mother and her lover.

The wedding took place at a little church outside of Philadelphia—St. Martin's-in-the-Field. Thousands of curious folk flocked to the place and surrounded the bride on her way to and from the church door. Peanut venders and lemonade sellers ranged themselves along the roadway, adding the last circus touch to the affair.

The old-time love story would end here: "Thus they married and lived happily ever after." But these are modern times and this is a modern story of domestic life, where the real tale begins after the wedding ceremony.

The young husband, so very much in love, began lavishing his wealth on his bride as soon as the honeymoon began. He apparently realized that, as it was his millions which won her in the first place, it would be his millions that would keep her. And he also realized that he must kill the specter of the other Bobby and her love for art.

In Europe he deluged her with gifts—jewels that made his sister, the Duchess of Roxburghe, look at him with consternation. His expenditures were so large that his mother felt constrained to rebuke him; but to all criticism he said:

"My millions are my own to do as I please with, and if it pleases me to shower them on my bride, that is my affair."

But it was a difficult honeymoon, for every time the bride looked pensive her husband would say to himself:

"Ha! ha! The artistic temperament is working again. I must fly to the jeweler's or all is lost."

This acute phase passed after a few months, and for two or three years the millionaire husband felt secure; but, to be on the safe side, he continued to lavish jewels and checks on his wife. Her dress allowance was practically unlimited.

Said one Newport matron to her one day: "My dear Mrs. Goelet, do tell me how you manage your dress allowance. I am always overdrawing mine."

And Mrs. Goelet replied:

"Dress allowance! I have none. I have never been able to spend my income during any year since my marriage."

When young Goelet vowed in the wedding service that with all his worldly goods he did his wife endow, he evidently meant it. Two children were born; the last is now two years of age. On the birth of this second child the happy husband gave his wife a new pearl necklace that cost over $100,000. And now, explains a close friend of both the young people, for the first time a gift failed to please the wife.

"Elsie just picked it up, looked at it, and said, 'I would so much rather have a studio fitted up with the money that cost.'

"'Ye gods!' cried the husband. 'Has that ghost not been completely laid?'

"'No,' replied the mother of his son and heir. 'It is very much alive. I am more determined than ever to paint a great picture, and I shall turn my library into a studio as soon as I can.'

"'Do you not love your children, if you do not love me?' sadly asked her generous husband.

"'How do I know what and whom I love? I feel that there is something within me driving me to art. I must express myself on canvas. And what right have you to kill this instinct? As for my children, of course I love them. That is but natural. But any woman can have children and love them. It is the genius among women who can paint pictures, and I know that I am cut out to do a great picture.'"

Was there ever a more trying position for any husband? Things went from bad to worse after this score, but the crucial moment was reached in June, when Mrs. Goelet arrived in Newport without her husband, but with a grim determination to pursue high art at all costs.

But just before this the husband, whose millions had been devoted to making the girl happy whom he had wed, sprang a surprise on her. It was as though he was making the one last effort to keep her. He invited her to motor with him out in the country. When they were near Goshen he slowed down the car, and, pointing to a superb view of hill and valley, with lovely woodland and meadows, he said:

Offers Her $1,000,000 Home.

"Here, my dear. Does this beautiful view appeal to you? Doesn't it make your soul throb with joy just to look at it?"

"Yes, it is very pretty; but I cannot see any picture in it."

"It is all a picture to me," replied her husband. "And because it is, I bought it for you. All this view is yours. Here I will build a house that will cost $1,000,000 if you will but give up your desire to be an artist."

"Your millions no longer have the power to kill my artistic temperament. Oh, I could live in a hut so long as I have a brush and paints!"

This episode made very clear to the husband that nothing he had to offer would now affect his wife. Sadly he returned to New York, and shortly afterward his wife and children went to Newport.

They have been there all summer, and rumor has it that Mrs. Goelet will keep her residence in that town all winter. In July Mr. Goelet went to his Canadian camp. As a last desperate appeal to his beautiful wife he sent her several salmon that he had caught with his own hands, but she could not be won even with salmon any more than with pearls.

All summer, while her friends have been making a great effort to kill her interest in art, and while her mother has been urging her anew to think of the value of the wealth she seems to be throwing aside, the would-be artist



How Mrs. "Bobby" Drew James Hazen Hyde, Our Famous Expatriate.

has been painting steadily under the tutelage of a well-known artist. She uses the studio belonging to Henry Clews, Jr., who has been in Paris, and every engagement she has made has been contingent upon the progress of her great painting.

No one knows what the subject is—whether it is a portrait, a landscape, or a real life study. The Crews studio is secluded from general view, and no one can go near enough to peek in without being discovered.

But all this time this has been in progress the work on the "Picture Estate," as the Goshen place is called, goes merrily on. The house is built on plans once drawn by Mrs. Goelet when she was a girl, and used to dream of the kind of a house she wanted some day to have. The grounds are being copied from those of a chateau in France, which she once said were the most lovely in the world.

Was there ever a more lavish, a more devoted husband?

"All this I give to you. Already have I given you houses and lands, jewels, and ducats. But to all these I add this, last gift—a thousand acres and more picture land, a house that fulfills your girlish dreams, and a garden that may, if you say so, be the Garden of Eden for me. Do you refuse all this just for art?"

What will the answer be? Will the bride who was won by millions, who was kept by millions, and who was lost because of these same millions, be rewon by them?

"Mending Slowly."

She—And how is your bachelor friend?

He—When I saw him last he was mending slowly.

She—Indeed! I didn't know he'd been ill.

He—He hasn't been; he was sewing some buttons on his clothes.

To Clean the Serpentine.

It is estimated that it would cost £30,000 thoroughly to cleanse the Serpentine, where, now that the school holidays have begun, boys may bathe at all hours of the day, yet it cost only £6,000 to construct. This was in 1730, when Queen Caroline had it formed from ten separate ponds, fed by the River Westbourne, which then ran across the park into the Thames at Chelsea. After this river became polluted by the increase of population on its banks it was turned underground, and the Serpentine water has since been drawn from wells, which also supply the Round Pond and the lakes in Buckingham palace grounds and St. James' park.—London Chronicle.

Gifted.

"I am convinced," said Mr. Meekton, "that women are especially qualified for the duties of statesmanship."

"Why?"

"Because most of the women I have known were natural born lecturers."

Equal to the Occasion.

The eminent traveler who was giving an illustrated lecture threw a picture of a celebrated Japanese upon the screen.

"This," he said, "is a portrait of Admiral Togo, I wonder if any little boy or girl in the audience has ever heard of him or can tell me what made him famous."

Bobby Shortall raised his hand.

"Well, my son?"

"He's the man they named the Sairey Toga trunk after."

THE REAL FRA DIAVOLO

DESERTED BY MEN, BETRAYED BY HIS PHYSICIAN.

Memoirs of Gen. Hugo Tell Story of Campaign Against the Brigand Who Fought for Bourbons Against Napoleon.

General Hugo's memoirs tell the story of his campaign against Fra Diavolo, alias Michael Pezza, the Italian brigand who fought for the Bourbons against Napoleon. The general transforms his adversary into a kind of hero and puts his personal prowess in such a dramatic light that his son, the poet Victor Hugo, found it necessary to add little or nothing to the account to raise it to the level of an epic.

However, M. Jacques Rambaud publishes in the Revue de Paris some new documents which reduce this campaign to more prosaic proportions. These documents are the very letters written by Commandant Hugo, the future general, to Caesar Berthier, his commander-in-chief, as well as the formal report of his operations drawn up at Naples on November 4, 1808.

In his memoirs Hugo from the outset affects a wonderful confidence; his letters prove that he was mightily perplexed how to deal with an enemy with whom the whole population was in sympathy, and he frankly confesses that in the work of conquest he looks rather to bribery and treachery than to force of arms.

His memoirs describe a real battle, the fight at Bojano, in which his soldiers are represented as making 30 prisoners after killing or drowning hundreds of brigands. His letters are more modest and speak only of a skirmish in which "several" brigands were killed and only six were taken prisoners. There is, too, in these letters nothing about the shot in his right leg which he afterward mentions in his memoirs; on the contrary, he seems to have moved about with remarkable agility.

This does not mean that the campaign against the famous brigand was not decidedly strenuous, but the military operations would have been singularly fruitless and Fra Diavolo would have continued to range the country for many years had he not been deserted by his men and in his solitary condition recognized by a village doctor, who won his confidence and betrayed him.

Hugo assures us in his memoirs that he interceded with King Joseph to grant Fra Diavolo a pardon. There is no evidence of this and it is not very likely. How could he have had the face to claim that this captured brigand should be treated as a prisoner of war when from his own showing he was a man more celebrated for crimes than for deeds of military daring, more accustomed to take a flight than to stand his ground and fight? He compared him, indeed, with Mandrin and Cartouche. That means that the hangman's rope was too good for him.

The Ready Cody.

The late Col. Samuel F. Cody, England's once successful aviator, was an American; and Cody in his youth led an eventful life as showman, sharpshooter, circus tumbler and what-not.

Cody once exhibited, as a side-show feature of a circus, a Tartary wild horse. "Here you are, gents," he shouted from his side-show platform. "Here you are—the only genuine wild horse of Tartary. A purse of $10 is offered to anybody who can stick on his back."

There were no aspirants for the purse, and Cody continued:

"If any gentleman here can stick on his back thirty seconds I'll give him the ten-dollar purse and the wild horse besides, by jingo. The animal's unridable. I've had years of equestrian practice, and he shakes me off in ten seconds."

"Ever try gittin' inside 'im?" shouted a yokel.

"Yes, I've tried that, friend," Cody replied, "but his mouth ain't quite as big as yours."

"The Cut-Flower Express."

American railway trains often bear amusing or picturesque names, but no American "special" or "limited" bears such a poetic name as that of a train that runs every day in the year between Toulon and Paris. This train is called the "rapide des fleurs"—which we may translate "the cut-flower express."

The train carries nothing but cut flowers, which are shipped in baskets and pasteboard boxes for the Paris market. You can buy the violets of Hyeres, the roses and carnations of Antibes and the Roman hyacinths of Olhoules and Carquieronnes at the flower stalls of Paris eighteen hours after they were gathered on the shores of the Mediterranean.

A considerable quantity of these flowers go also to Germany and Belgium, and some are sent as far as Vienna and St. Petersburg. A special train crew handles the packages and sorts them as mail clerks sort the mails. The "cut-flower express" runs at high speed and is nearly always on time.—Youth's Companion.

New Tribe in New Guinea.

Having returned to England after an expedition into the heart of New Guinea, Rev. Cecil Hall, formerly of Jamaica, described to a reporter some of his discoveries in a hitherto unexplored country.

"After several days' journey," he said, "I came into the region of the cannibal tribes, who seemed very fierce. Particularly was this the case with the Ki-ki tribe, who make a practice of preserving their enemies heads. After this we came to mountain slopes, and after climbing some distance—we estimated it at about three thousand feet—we came upon a tribe, the men of which were more fully clad than the ordinary native of the country, while the women were completely clothed in a texture woven from cocoanut fiber."

Mr. Hall added that the completely clad tribe was found about three hundred miles inland from Monorki. No one in the lowlands knew of their existence

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Elixir Babek 50 cents, all druggists or by Parcels Post prepaid from Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

The less a man knows about women the more wisdom he has.

SKIN TROUBLE ITCHED BADLY

Glenns P. O., Va.—"My baby's trouble began with an itching and then a little bump would come and she could not rest day or night. The trouble affected her whole body. The bumps festered and came to a head and the corruption looked like thick matter, kind of a yellow color. The sores itched so badly until it seemed to me she would scratch herself to pieces and then a sore would form and her clothes would stick to her body and pull off the little scab. In some places she would scratch and irritate the sores until they seemed to be large. She was affected about a year.

"I wrote for a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment. I bathed her body in warm water and Cuticura Soap and then I applied the Cuticura Ointment, and they afforded relief after twice using. I bought some more Cuticura Soap and Ointment and inside of two weeks she was cured." (Signed) Mrs. J. R. Greggs, Nov. 21, 1912.

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are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment. Lay it on—no rubbing. Try it.

Ankle Sprain and Dislocated Hip.

"I sprained my ankle and dislocated my hip by falling out of a third story window. Went on crutches for four months. Then I started to use your Liniment, according to directions. I must say it is helping me wonderfully. We will never be without Sloan's Liniment anymore."—*Chas. Johnson, Lawton Station, N. Y.*

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Kills Pain

Splendid for Sprains.

"I fell and sprained my arm a week ago and was in terrible pain. I could not use my hand or arm until I applied your Liniment. I shall never be without a bottle of Sloan's Liniment."—*Mrs. H. B. Springer, Elizabeth, N. J.*

Fine for Stiffness.

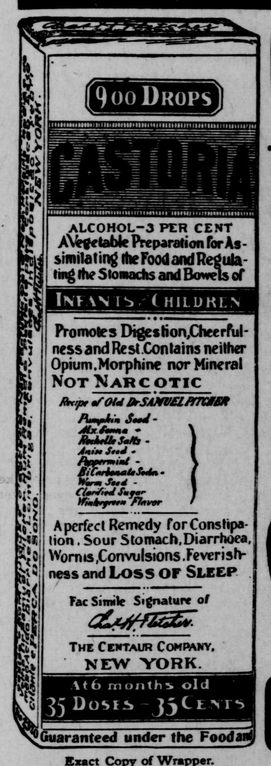
"Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busiest time of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand."—*Wilson Wheeler, Morris, Ala.*



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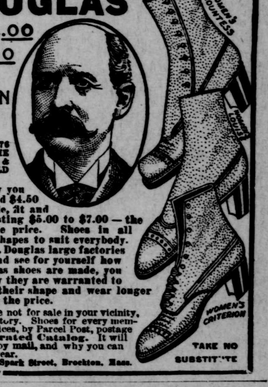
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