Thousands Have Kidney Trouble and Never Suspect It

Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Suitable to the Part.

"How was the heroine dressed in that screen drama?" "Oh, in a gown of some filmy stuff."

COUNT FIFTY! PAINS AND NEURALGIA GONE

Instant relief! Rub this nerve torture and misery right out with "St. Jacobs Liniment."

Rub this soothing, penetrating liniment right into the sore, inflamed nerves, and like magic—neuralgia disappears. "St. Jacobs Liniment" conquers pain. It is a harmless "neuralgia relief" which doesn't burn or discolor the skin.

Don't suffer! It's so needless. Get a small trial bottle from any drug store and gently rub the "aching nerves" and in just a moment you will be absolutely free from pain and suffering.

No difference whether your pain or neuralgia is in the face, head or any part of the body, you get instant relief with this old-time, honest pain destroyer—it can not injure.—Adv.

An Ohio minister objects to skating on the ground that it has a tendency to promote backsliding.

BOSCHEE'S SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies when Boschee's Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles? It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Made in America and sold for more than half a century.—Adv.

After all, a probe simply locates the shot in the wound.

Weekly Health Talks

A Single Remedy Often Cures Many Diseases

BY VALENTINE MOTT, M. D.

It is almost impossible to give a list of the endless diseases that follow indigestion. Perhaps a whole column in this newspaper would be required to print them all. You eat to keep alive—to supply blood and flesh and bone and muscle and brain. It is easy to see that if your food is not digested and taken up by the delicate organs and distributed where it is needed, a disease of some sort is sure to come. Dyspepsia is a common symptom, and so are liver complaint, loss of flesh, nervousness, bad memory, dizziness, sleeplessness, no appetite. Many times, when neglected, indigestion results in coughs, throat diseases, catarrh, bronchitis and even more dangerous things. And all these disorders arise because the food is not properly digested in the stomach. It is plain even to a child that relief and cure are to be had only by setting up a healthy condition in the stomach. Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., many years ago combined a number of vegetable growths into a temperance remedy for indigestion, and called it Golden Medical Discovery. It is probably the most efficacious discovery ever made in medicine, for the list of people all over the world who have had their countless ills overcome by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes an amazing total of thousands.

I know of no advice better than this: Begin a home treatment today with this good vegetable medicine. It will show you better than I can tell you what it will do. When taking Golden Medical Discovery, you can rest assured of one very important thing—it contains neither alcohol nor opiates. There is nothing in it but standard roots and herbs that possess curative properties of a high order. A safe medicine is the only kind you can afford to take.

Rheumacide

GETS AT THE JOINTS FROM THE INSIDE

Have you RHEUMATISM Lumbago or Gout?

Take RHEUMACIDE to remove the cause and drive the poison from the system.

"RHEUMACIDE ON THE INSIDE PUTS RHEUMATISM ON THE OUTSIDE"

At All Druggists

Jas. Baily & Son, Wholesale Distributors Baltimore, Md.

AVOID INFLUENZA! and Its Dreaded Ally Pneumonia by using

GOWANS Ruf-It-On FOR COLDS, CROUP, PNEUMONIA

25c, 50c and $1.00. THE ORIGINAL excellent external remedy. Keep the organs in good condition using Gowan's Laxative Kidney Pills—25c. Satisfaction guaranteed if directions are followed. Gowan's reduces fevers and helps the heart. Send for sample. GOWAN MEDICAL CO., Concord, N. C.

Old Folk's Coughs

will be relieved promptly by Piso's. Stops throat tickle; relieves irritation. The remedy tested by more than fifty years of use is

PISO'S

THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING

A TALE OF THE NORTH COUNTRY IN THE TIME OF SILAS WRIGHT

By

IRVING BACHELLER

AUTHOR OF EBEN HOLDEN, D'RI AND I, DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES, KEEPING UP WITH LIZZIE, ETC., ETC

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BARTON GETS NEW INSPIRATION FROM THE THE WORDS OF THE GREAT SILAS WRIGHT.

Synopsis.—Barton Baynes, an orphan, goes to live with his uncle, Peaboy Baynes, and his Aunt Deel on a farm on Rattleroad, in a neighborhood called Lickitysplit, about the year 1826. He meets Sally Dunkelberg, about his own age, but socially of a class above the Bayneses, and is fascinated by her pretty face and fine clothes. Barton also meets Roving Kate, known in the neighborhood as the "Silent Woman." Amos Grimshaw, a young son of the richest man in the township, is a visitor at the Baynes home and Roving Kate tells the boys' fortunes, predicting a bright future for Barton and death on the gallows for Amos. Reproved for an act of boyish mischief, Barton runs away, intending to make his home with the Dunkelbergs. He reaches Canton and falls asleep on a porch. There is he is found by Silas Wright, Jr., a man prominent in public affairs, who, knowing Peabody Baynes, takes Barton home after buying him new clothes. Silas Wright evinces much interest in Barton and sends a box of books and magazines to the Baynes home. A short time later the election of Mr. Wright to the United States senate is announced. Barton learns of a wonderful power known as "Money," and how through its possession Grimshaw is the most powerful man in the community. Grimshaw threatens to take the Baynes farm if a note which he holds is not paid.

CHAPTER V—Continued.

—6—

To Aunt Deel wagon grease was the worst enemy of a happy and respectable home.

We hitched our team to the grasshopper spring wagon and set out on our journey. It was a warm, hazy Indian-summer day in November. As we passed "the mill" we saw the Silent Woman looking out of the little window of her room above the blacksmith shop—a low, weather-stained, frame building, hard by the main road, with a narrow hanging stair on the side of it.

"She keeps watch by the winder when she ain't travelin'," said Uncle Peabody. "Knows all that's goin' on—that woman—knows who goes to the village an' how long they stay. When Grimshaw goes by they say she hustles off down the road in her rags. She looks like a sick dog herself, but I've heard that she keeps that room o' hers just as neat as a pin."

Near the village we passed a smart-looking buggy, drawn by a spry-footed horse in shiny harness. Then I noticed with a pang that our wagon was covered with dry mud and that our horses were rather bony and our harness a kind of lead color. So I was in an humble state of mind when we entered the village.

There was a crowd of men and women in front of Mr. Wright's office and through its open door I saw many of his fellow townsmen. We waited at the door for a few minutes. I crowded in while Uncle Peabody stood talking to a villager. The Senator caught sight of me and came to my side and put his hand on my head and said:

"Hello, Bart! How you've grown! and how handsome you look! Where's your uncle?"

"He's there by the door," I answered.

"Well, le's go and see him."

Mr. Wright was stouter and grayer and grander than when I had seen him last. He was dressed in black broadcloth and wore a big beaver hat and high collar and his hair was almost white. I remember vividly his clear, kindly, gray eyes and ruddy cheeks.

"Baynes, I'm glad to see you," he said heartily. "Did ye bring me any jerked meat?"

"Didn't think of it," said Uncle Peabody. "But I've got a nice young doe all jerked an' if you're fond o' jerk I'll bring ye down some to-morrer."

"I'd like to take some to Washington, but I wouldn't have you bring it so far."

"I'd like to bring it—I want a chance to talk with ye for half an hour or such a matter," said my uncle. "I've got a little trouble on my hands."

The Senator took us into his office and introduced us to the leading men of the county.

"Here," said the Senator as he put his hand on my head, "is a coming man in the Democratic party."

The great men laughed at my blushes and we came away with a deep sense of pride in us. At last I felt equal to the ordeal of meeting the Dunkelbergs. My uncle must have shared my feeling, for, to my delight, he went straight to the basement store above which was the modest sign: "H. Dunkelberg, Produce."

"Well I swan!" said the merchant in the treble voice which I remembered so well. "This is Bart and Peabody! How are you?"

"Pretty well," I answered, my uncle being too slow of speech to suit my sense of propriety. "How is Sally?"

The two men laughed heartily, much to my embarrassment.

"He's getting right down to business," said my uncle.

"That's right," said Mr. Dunkelberg. "Why, Bart, she's spry as a cricket and pretty as a picture. Come up to dinner with me and see for yourself."

Uncle Peabody hesitated, whereupon I gave him a furtive nod and he said "All right," and then I had a delicious feeling of excitement. I had hard work to control my impatience when they talked.

By and by I asked, "Are you 'most ready to go?"

"Yes—come on—it's after twelve o'clock," said Mr. Dunkelberg. "Sally will be back from school now."

So we walked to the big house of the Dunkelbergs and I could hear my heart beating when we turned in at the gate—the golden gate of my youth it must have been, for after I had passed it I thought no more as a child. That rude push which Mr. Grimshaw gave me had hurried the passing.

I was a little surprised at my own dignity when Sally opened the door to welcome us. My uncle told Aunt Deel that I acted and spoke like Silas Wright, "so nice and proper." Sally was different, too—less playful and more beautiful with long yellow curls covering her shoulders.

"How nice you look!" she said as she took my arm and led me into her playroom.

"These are my new clothes," I boasted. "They are very expensive and I have to be careful of them."

I behaved myself with great care at the table—I remember that—and, after dinner, we played in the dooryard and the stable, I with a great fear of tearing my new clothes. I stopped and cautioned her more than once: "Be careful! For gracious sake! be careful o' my new suit!"

As we were leaving late in the afternoon she said:

"I wish you would come here to school."

"I suppose he will some time," said Uncle Peabody.

A new hope entered my breast, that moment, and began to grow there.

"Aren't you going to kiss her?" said Mr. Dunkelberg with a smile.

I saw the color in her cheeks deepen as she turned with a smile and walked away two or three steps while the grown people laughed, and stood with her back turned looking in at the window.

"You're looking the wrong way for the scenery," said Mr. Dunkelberg.

She turned and walked toward me with a look of resolution in her pretty face and said:

"I'm not afraid of him."

We kissed each other and, again, that well-remembered touch of her hair upon my face! But the feel of her warm lips upon my own—that was so different and so sweet to remember in the lonely days that followed! Fast flows the river to the sea when youth is sailing on it. They had shoved me out of the quiet cove into the swift current—those dear, kindly, thoughtless people. Sally ran away into the house as their laughter continued and my uncle and I walked down the street. How happy I was!

I observed with satisfaction that the village boys did not make fun of me when I passed them as they did when I wore the petticoat trousers. Mr. and Mrs. Wright came along with

"I'm Not Afraid of Him."

the crowd, by and by, and Colonel Medad Moody. We had supper with the Senator on the seat with us. He and my uncle began to talk about the tightness of money and the banking laws and I remember a remark of my uncle, for there was that in his tone which I could never forget:

"We poor people are trusting you to look out for us—we poor people are trusting you to see that we get treated fair. We're havin' a hard time."

My uncle told him about the note and the visit of Mr. Grimshaw and of his threats and upbraidings.

"Did he say that in Bart's hearing?" asked the Senator.

"Ayes!—right out plain."

"Too bad! I'm going to tell you frankly, Baynes, that the best thing I know about you is your conduct toward this boy. I like it. The next best thing is the fact that you signed the note. It was bad business but it was good Christian conduct to help your friend. Don't regret it. You were poor and of an age when the boy's pranks were troublesome to both of you, but you took him in. I'll lend you the interest and try to get another holder for the mortgage on one condition. You must let me attend to Bart's schooling. I want to be boss about that. We have a great schoolmaster in Canton and when Bart is a little older I want him to go there to school. I'll try to find him a place where he can work for his board."

"We'll miss Bart but we'll be tickled to death—there's no two ways about that," said Uncle Peabody.

The Senator tested my arithmetic and grammar and geography as we rode along in the darkness and said by and by:

"You'll have to work hard, Bart. You'll have to take your book into the field as I did. After every row of corn I learned a rule of syntax or arithmetic or a fact in geography while I rested, and my thought and memory took hold of it as I plied the hoe. I don't want you to stop the reading, but from now on you must spend half of every evening on your lessons."

As I was going to bed the Senator called me to him and said:

"I shall be gone when you are up in the morning. It may be a long time before I see you; I shall leave something for you in a sealed envelope with your name on it. You are not to open the envelope until you go away to school. I know how you will feel that first day. When night falls you will think of your aunt and uncle and be very lonely. When you go to your room for the night I want you to sit down all by yourself and open the envelope and read what I shall write. They will be, I think, the most impressive words you ever read. You will think them over but you will not understand them for a long time. Ask every wise man you meet to explain them to you, for all your happiness will depend upon your understanding of those few words in the envelope."

In the morning Aunt Deel put it in my hands.

"I wonder what in the world he wrote there—ayes!" said she. "We must keep it careful—ayes!—I'll put it in my trunk an' give it to ye when ye go to Canton to school."

"Has Mr. Wright gone?" I asked rather sadly.

"Ayes! Land o' mercy! He went away long before daylight with a lot o' jerked meat in a pack basket—ayes! Yer uncle is goin' down to the village to see 'bout the mortgage this afternoon, ayes!"

It was a Saturday and I spent its hours cording wood in the shed, pausing now and then for a look into my grammar.

What a day it was!—the first of many like it. I never think of those days without saying to myself: "What a God's blessing a man like Silas Wright can be in the community in which his heart and soul are as an open book!"

As the evening came on I took a long look at my cords. The shed was nearly half full of them. Four rules of syntax, also, had been carefully stored away in my brain. I said them over as I hurried down into the pasture with old Shep and brought in the cows. I got through milking just as Uncle Peabody came. I saw with joy that his face was cheerful.

"Yip!" he shouted as he stopped his team at the barn door, where Aunt Deel and I were standing. "We ain't got much to worry about now. I've got the interest money right here in my pocket."

We unhitched and went in to supper. I was hoping that Aunt Deel would speak of my work but she seemed not to think of it.

I went out on the porch and stood looking down with a sad countenance. Aunt Deel followed me.

"W'y, Bart!" she exclaimed, "you're too tired to eat—ayes! Be ye sick?"

I shook my head.

"Peabody," she called, "this boy has worked like a beaver every minute since you left—ayes he has! I never see anything to beat it—never! I want you to come right out into the wood-shed an' see what he's done—this minute—ayes!"

I followed them into the shed.

"W'y of all things!" my uncle exclaimed. "He's worked like a nailer, ain't he?"

There were tears in his eyes when he took my hand in his rough palm and squeezed it and said:

"Sometimes I wish ye was little again so I could take ye up in my arms an' kiss ye just as I used to. Horace Dunkelberg says that you're the best-lookin' boy he ever see."

I repeated the rules I had learned as we went to the table.

"I'm goin' to be like Silas Wright if I can," I added.

"That's the idee!" said Uncle Peabody. "You keep on as you've started an' everybody'll milk into your pail."

I kept on—not with the vigor of that first day with its new inspiration—but with growing strength and effectiveness. Nights and mornings and Saturdays I worked with a will and my book in my pocket or at the side of the field and was, I know, a help

One Day Mr. Grimshaw Came Out in the Field to See My Uncle.

of some value on the farm. My scholarship improved rapidly and that year I went about as far as I could hope to go in the little school at Leonard's Corners.

"I wouldn't wonder if ol' Kate was right about our boy," said Aunt Deel one day when she saw me with my book in the field.

I began to know than that ol' Kate had somehow been at work in my soul—subconsciously as I would now put it. I was trying to put truth into the prophecy. As I look at the whole matter these days I can see that Mr. Grimshaw himself was a help no less important to me, for it was a sharp spur with which he continued to prod us.

CHAPTER VI.

My Second Peril.

One day Mr. Grimshaw came out in the field to see my uncle. They walked away to the shade of a tree while the hired man and I went on with the hoeing. I could hear the harsh voice of the money-lender speaking in loud and angry tones and presently he went away.

"What's the rip?" I asked as my uncle returned looking very sober.

"We won't talk about it now," he answered.

In the candle-light of the evening Uncle Peabody said:

"Grimshaw has demanded his mortgage money an' he wants it in gold coin. We'll have to git it some way, I dunno how."

"W'y of all things!" my aunt exclaimed. "How are we goin' to git all that money—these hard times?—ayes! I'd like to know?"

"Well, I can't tell ye," said Uncle Peabody. "I guess he can't forgive us for savin' Rodney Barnes."

"What did he say?" I asked.

"Why, he says we hadn't no business to hire a man to help us. He says you an' me ought to do all the work here. He thinks I ought to took you out o' school long ago."

"I can stay out o' school and keep on with my lessons," I said.

"Not ah' please him. He was mad when he see ye with a book in yer hand out there in the corn-field."

What were we to do now? I spent the first sad night of my life undoing the plans which had been so dear to me but not so dear as my aunt and uncle. I decided to give all my life and strength to the saving of the farm. I would still try to be great, but not as great as the Senator.

Barton passes through what are looked upon as the second and third of the four perils predicted for him by "Rovin' Kate." Don't fail to read of his experiences in the next installment.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

PEOPLE IN EARTH'S INTERIOR?

Man of Science Believed There Were, and Sought Funds to Make an Investigation.

On November 19, 1822, one of the most peculiar petitions ever presented to congress was brought before that body of lawmakers, which was none other than a request from John Cleves Symmes, asking that aid be given him to make a voyage to the interior of the globe, which he believed to be inhabitable. He was permitted to lecture before Union college, at which he expounded his theory, which, however, was met with universal ridicule.

Notwithstanding which he was greatly respected as a man. He held that all planetary bodies, including the earth, are composed of concentric spheres, open at their poles. In one of his memoirs he thus illustrates his conception: "With dividers describe a plane of matter of loose texture, and in the center add a very small circle; draw a line through the center. It is evident that either half of the inner circle, being almost equally surrounded by matter, must be very little gravitated centerwise, so being suspended, only a rotary motion is needed to throw it compactly toward the outer circle. This being admitted it follows that half way from the outlet to the inner side of this circle of matter thus thrown out, a like rarity, suspension or balance of gravity should prevail, and hence a disposition to concentric circles; therefore it follows that successive similar subdivisions should exist, gradually lessening in force and quantity. By applying this principle to the earth I find the necessity of hollow concentric spheres."

Some Tables Priceless.

There is a tremendous demand today for old mahogany or oak tables. If there are any historic associations attached to these tables they bring fabulous prices. There are plenty of tables in the country possessing real historic interest, but none of them is in the least likely at the moment to come on the open market. The table on which Napoleon signed his abdication may be said to be priceless. In England there is a mahogany table which tradition says was washed up on the coast of Clare after the wreck of the Spanish armada.

Only Left It a Comb.

"Mamma," said Bobby, "when you told the new cook to dress the chicken, she started to undress it."—Boy's Life.

Spring Suit of Plain Cloth

One may choose a straight-line suit or a belted suit, or one of the always popular semi-fitted models, with equal assurance this spring. But there is a youthfulness in straight-lines that is very engaging. The added length of fashionable skirts compels designers to cast about for means of softening these uncompromising straight lines and here is one clever solution of this difficulty. The skirt is slightly draped at the back so that it inclines toward the ankles, hanging in, from the hips down. At the back a row of bone buttons, set several inches apart, accentuate the long line.

The coat has a panel-back, and is longer at the back than at the sides. It is open to the waistline. The designer has introduced pleasing curves at the bottom and called attention to them with a silk braid that follows their lines on the side panels and is extended to the back in an attractive arrangement. Patch pockets, outlined with braid, also have curved flaps at the top, bound with braid and finished with a bone button.

This coat fastens with two buttons and loops at the front, over one of those smart silk vests that play so important a part in spring fashions. As summer comes in, these may be replaced with vests of thinner materials or be left off, with light blouses taking their place in supplying the note of crispness and freshness which is the glory of tailored suits.

For a suit of this kind substantial weaves in wool are to be selected, as tricot, gabardine, serge or broadcloth. Men's wear serge, for the business woman, or any one else who is on the street much of the time, is as good a selection as can be made.

Taking Out Fullness.

It is surprising to the amateur to see how much fullness can be coaxed out of the tops of sleeve seams by a little careful easing of the full edge along the scant one. Don't get discouraged if your neckline bulges or your sleeve puffs. Just rip it apart, and, holding the full side to you, baste it to the under one, allowing the material to lie, not puffed up between stitches, but just easily. The machine stitching will distribute the fullness so it is scarcely noticeable.

Group of Hats for Young Women

Facetious husbands speak of it as "spring millionary," with a spice of malice, and cartoonists are indulging in their annual pastime of poking fun at new spring hats. They jibe but they admire, and leave no room for doubt that they take notice. Meantime the milliner, with more assurance and serenity than ever, places such gems of the millinery art as are pictured here in her shop windows. There, after a brief triumph, they pass on to crown fair heads.

The hat at the top reveals a transparent crown of malines, that is blocked like a braid crown. At its side there are semicircles joined by bands of piping braid. This is set on to a milan brim faced with georgette and edged with a falling fold of this soft material. At the side one of the numerous small ornaments made of ostrich flues is posed, and a stitched band of ribbon lies about the crown.

A hat of piping braid is shown faced with satin, with a crushed sash of wide satin ribbon about the crown, with roses set against it at intervals. More flowers bloom on spring hats than for many seasons.

The third hat has a crown of chrysanthemum braid and a milan brim that rolls up at the edge. A gay wreath of flowers and fruit is posed against the crown and narrow ribbon is tied about it. This ends in a bow that lies flat to the brim. There are a great many black hats in the spring displays, of lustrous straws, brightened with ribbons and flowers. Field flowers are popular on them, and occasional short lace veils falling from the back help out in producing quaint effects and bringing to mind millinery of long ago.

Julia Bottomley

Taking Out Fullness.

It is surprising to the amateur to see how much fullness can be coaxed out of the tops of sleeves, necklines and sleeve seams by a little careful easing of the full edge along the scant one. Don't get discouraged if your neckline bulges or your sleeve puffs. Just rip it apart, and holding the full side to you, baste it to the under one, allowing the material to lie not puffed up between stitches, but just easily. The machine stitching will distribute the fullness so it is scarcely noticeable.

Trimming Hints.

Enormous braided buttonholes with buttons at one end form the trimming of some of the new dresses put out by Premet. On one there are three of these, forming the entire trimming of the bodice, the topmost one being at least six inches in length, the center one perhaps five inches and the one nearest the waistline possibly four inches. Four graded buttonholes of similar construction trim the upper part of the front panel of the skirt.

Coats and Skirts.

Several of the famous houses in Paris are exploiting tailored coats that are only four inches shorter than the skirt. This is exceedingly new, and may bring a revolution in tailored costumes in this country in the spring. True, the coats need not be very long in Paris even if they are as long as the skirts, for never in the history of modern civilization have women worn such short skirts as the best French women are doing today. Even a ceremonial gown is cut off five inches below the knees in front. Street skirts merely sweep the top of the highest laced boot; but the Parisienne nearly always leaves off the boot and wears a pump. It looks as though France has determined to show the legs, even if the government has insisted upon its not showing the shoulders. It is a queer and topsy-turvy world!

Black chantilly lace over straw is smart for an afternoon hat. The edge of the lace is allowed to fall over the brim like a canopy.

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