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Most people past middle-age suffer kidney and bladder disorders which Foley's Kidney Remedy would cure. Stop the drain on the vitality and restore needed strength and vigor. Commence taking Foley's Kidney Remedy today.

Foley's Honey and Tar clears the air passages, stops the irritation in the throat, soothes the inflamed membranes and the most obstinate cough disappears. Sore and inflamed lungs are healed and strengthened, and the cold is expelled from the system. Refuse any but the genuine in the yellow package. Sold by all druggists.

The Cause of Many Sudden Deaths.

There is a disease prevailing in this country most dangerous because so deceptive. Many sudden deaths are caused by it—heart disease, pneumonia, heart failure or apoplexy are often the result of kidney disease. If kidney trouble is allowed to advance the blood will attack the vital organs or the kidneys themselves break down and waste away cell by cell.

Bladder troubles may always result from a derangement of the kidneys and a cure is obtained quickest by a proper treatment of the kidneys. If you are feeling badly you can make no mistake by taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy.

It corrects inability to hold urine and scalding pain in passing it, and overcomes that unpleasant necessity of being compelled to go often during the day, and to get up many times during the night. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and sold by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar sized bottles. You may have a sample bottle of this wonderful new discovery and a book that tells all about it, both sent free by mail. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper.

Don't make any mistake but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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For Sale by
THOMAS W. ELLISON,
CHESTERTOWN, MD

A Dreamer of Dreams.

By JANE LUDLUM LEE.
Copyrighted, 1908, by Associated Literary Press.

"I say, Charlie, do you believe in dreams?"

Thus addressed, Charlie Darlington turned slowly around to his friend. He and his friend, Billy Laughton, were seated in the window of the American club, watching the Saturday afternoon crowds pour out of the matinee.

"Well, that depends largely on the dream," announced Darlington at length. "If, for instance, you dream of finding money in the street, take my word for it, old man, there's nothing in it. But, on the other hand, dream that some distant relative has died and you are called upon to chip in and help pay funeral expenses—well, such things have been known to happen."

"As a friend in need, Charlie Darlington," declared Laughton, "you're a cipher."

"Oh, I say old man," protested Darlington. "Ask me something sensible."

Darlington rose from his chair and picked up his hat from a nearby table. "I'm off. You had better go to sleep, and I'll leave word with the boy to call you in case you wander away in one of those dreams."

Laughton did not know that his friend's sudden departure had been caused by the sight of Charlotte Comstock walking down the avenue alone. Darlington overtook her in a few minutes.

"Let's go in Balston's and get an ice," Darlington suggested as an excuse for having Charlotte to himself for awhile. And Charlotte seemed more than willing.

Once seated in the fashionable tea room, Charlotte said she preferred tea to an ice.

"You see, I'm not up to the mark today," she explained. "I had a bad night of it—had horrible dreams all night long." Then, looking up at him and opening wide her usually dreamy eyes, she suddenly asked, "Do you believe in dreams?"

Darlington repressed his mirth for the time being.

"Eh—well—that is—I was just discussing that very question," he stammered.

"Well, do you?" persisted Charlotte.

"Yes—no—that is, sometimes," began Darlington. Then he stopped and pinched his arm. "Say, do I look queer to you, Miss Comstock?" he continued. "I don't happen to be dreaming now, do I?"

"Oh, you're so funny, Mr. Darlington," cried Charlotte, much amused. "I'll not tell you another word! You're crossing your head, and his arm seemed to work like a piece of machinery in need of oiling.

His head to all intents was bound up as in a vise. His throat was parched. After a moment a knowing smile came over his face.

"Ah, I know," he said to himself. He pressed a button for his man, who answered the summons at once.

"Hall!" demanded Darlington sharply, "what time is it? How did I get here and where was I last night?"

"It's past 11, sir." Then, seeing the justified expression on his master's face, he smiled a most annoying smile. "Maybe if you shook yourself you'd recall it. Guess you're not awake yet, are you?"

"I don't know, Hall. I thought I was. But maybe I'm dreaming."

He made an effort to sit up, uttered a cry of pain and sank back on the pillow again. Without further explanation Hall disappeared. Darlington, again left to himself, tried to solve the problem, and little by little he felt an explanation dawn on him. The door opened and Billy Laughton entered.

"Well, old tenderfoot, how goes it?" greeted Billy.

"Sit down, Billy. I want to tell you



"Ah, don't pay any attention to him!"

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something," answered Darlington. "Billy, I've had a dream—a horrible realistic dream—and I'm not altogether sure that I'm awake yet."

"Forget it, Charlie," said Laughton between the puffs of his cigarette. "Was it finding money in the street or burying your relatives?" suggested Laughton, but without sarcasm.

At this moment Hall entered, bearing a tray with steaming hot coffee.

"Two ladies to see you, sir," Hall announced as he put the tray on a table at the bedside.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Darlington. "Probably Aunt Dora and Charlotte," suggested Laughton as he rose. Then, turning to Darlington, he added: "Quiet down, old man! It's all right. You're dreaming, that's all."

Charlotte and her mother were standing in the doorway, and Darlington stared at the two figures.

"One minute, Billy," said Darlington as he put forth a very stiff arm. "If I'm dreaming, and I believe I am, for the love of humanity don't wake me."

"Is he delirious?" Charlotte inquired of Billy.

"Not any more so than usual," assured Billy, with friendly brutality. "Did you bring those flowers for him?" continued Billy, nodding in the direction of the bed, where Charlotte glowered at him and Mrs. Comstock said something about "unseemly levity."

"Will you ever forgive me, Mr. Darlington?" Charlotte was saying. "I'll never forgive myself; but, you see, I thought it was safer for me to cross—and"

Darlington looked at the girl closely. He had loved her for many months, but had never had the courage to tell her so. She had always impressed him as a serious minded girl. Could she be up to some trick now with her cousin, Billy Laughton?

"When that horse knocked you down and kicked you," continued Charlotte, "well, I just thought I never wanted to speak again, but you're only just badly bruised, not seriously hurt, they tell me. You're not, are you?"

A sudden gleam as if knowing whereof she spoke came to Darlington. "I remember," he began as he took Charlotte's hand.

"Good Lord, deliver us," cried Billy. "It's going to rain!"

"Come on, Aunt Dora. I'm afraid this ordeal would be too much for a woman of your years. I'll take you in the sitting room and show you Charlotte's collection of names," said taking Mrs. Comstock by the arm, he led her into the adjoining room.

"Don't you remember," continued Charlotte, unheeding Billy's irrelevant remarks, and his kind departure, "when you and I were coming out of Balston's and were crossing the street? I darted forward, and you started to draw me back. Then the horse shied at something and kicked you?"

"And all the time," cried Darlington, "I thought it was a dream. But now it all comes back to me. I recall the sensation as I fell. Thought you an ass. I had been never to have told you that I loved you and that now maybe it was too late!"

"It's a damned sight too late for a healthy brute like you to be lying in bed," chimed in Billy as he and Mrs. Comstock returned at this inopportune moment. "Come along, Charlotte. Aunt Dora and I are starving for our luncheon. As for you, old slippery elm, I'll be back this afternoon and read aloud to you extracts from 'Pipes, the Greatest Dream Book of the Age.'"

Charlotte extended her hand to the invalid. He gave it a significant little squeeze.

"Am I too late?" he demanded in an undertone.

"You're just in time," answered Charlotte, blushing to the roots of the soft brown hair above her forehead.

"What did Charlie mean about being too late?" asked Mrs. Comstock as the trio reached the street.

"Ah, don't pay any attention to him," put in Billy. "He was dreaming—that's all."

Photographing the Deaf.

"That isn't a good picture," said the photographer, with an air of apology. "The man was deaf."

"How can that infirmity affect the picture?" asked the visitor.

"It gives his face a tense, strained look," the photographer explained. "All deaf persons have that expression when placed before a camera. They sit with their heads tilted forward and eyebrows uplifted, as if waiting for the command to look pleasant. Generally, I suppose, that is what they are waiting for, but even after I have given the order their muscles refuse to relax."

"What's that?" asks the deaf man when he sees my lips move.

"Look pleasant!" I shout again.

"Oh!" says he.

"He takes his hands from behind his ear and tries to assume a beaming countenance, but he only compromises on a fixed glare. None of the devices known to the photographic trade can dispel that. In fact, the more 'business' I introduce to charm my subject into a joyful state the more rigid his facial muscles become. He is listening always for further instructions. Whether they come or not, the look of expectancy is there. For that reason the deaf are the hardest people in the world to photograph. If an artist's reputation depended upon the pictures he makes of them he would soon be obliged to go out of business."—Philadelphia Leader.

Each to His Line.

"Do you think a man can be honest in business?"

"Matter of principle with me," said the money lender.

"Matter of policy with me," said the insurance agent.

RAW LUNGS.

When the lungs are sore and inflamed, the germs of pneumonia and consumption find lodgment and multiply. Foley's Honey and Tar kills the cough germs, cures the most obstinate cough, heals the lungs, and prevents serious results. The genuine is in the yellow package. Sold by all druggists.

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