

A TERRIBLE CONDITION.

Tortured by Sharp Twinges, Shooting Pains and Dizziness.

Hiram Cozier, 618 South Oak Street, Lake City, Minn., says: "I was so bad with kidney trouble that I could not straighten up after stooping without sharp pain shooting up my spine... I had dizzy spells, was nervous all my eyes felt sore, and the kidney secretions were very frequent. I was in a terrible condition but Don's Kidney Pills have cured me and I have enjoyed perfect health since."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Where Burglars Are Welcome

By FRED S. BROWN

When the veteran detective sergeant stepped from the force he saved \$29,000 of his savings in a roadhouse. The house was situated in the vicinity of a colony of wealthy cottagers who had horses and automobiles, and enjoyed a good meal without grumbling at the price.

The ex-sergeant's roadhouse soon gained a reputation that caused it to bring in a revenue that astonished even the proprietor himself. The prosperity of the place was so great that it is not surprising that one night a burglar made his way into the establishment.

As the burglar approached the safe he intended to rob, the light from his electric lamp revealed the fact that the safe was open. Judging from the sound and the smell of the air, he scattered about the floor, another thief had preceded him.

As the burglar cautiously swung his head about he saw a small coat scattered about the floor, another thief had preceded him.

Bloodstains and bruises showed that the man had been beaten. He was lying on his back, his head on a chair, his hands tied behind his back.

At last it occurred to the shivering burglar that if he were caught there would be accusations of murder and robbery, so he hurriedly left the scene.

As there was nothing regarding the murder in the newspapers of the next morning, the burglar surmised that news of the crime had not transpired in season for the early editions.

As the day progressed and the burglar was not in the papers, his amazement grew apace until the afternoon newspapers appeared without a mention of the case.

The burglar was so astounded that he could scarcely refrain from speaking of the crime to the persons with whom he came in contact in the summer colony.

But, even if he were one of the leading members of the colony, he knew that he could not do so without the risk of being first to mention such a crime as that which had been committed.

Unable to stand the suspense longer, the burglar drove to the roadhouse at 5 p. m. and ordered dinner. He fully expected to see the man who had been picked up the check and looked at it. He saw it for \$5,000.

As he did so, he gave a violent start and exclaimed: "What a robbery!"

"It was only a thousand—"

"I will call it \$5,000," coolly put in the detective. "I will go with you if you send me a check for \$5,000 to get the money, but you don't get out of my sight until I get five thousand."

Within two hours the man had been picked up the check and looked at it. He saw it for \$5,000.

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of a comiding robber that the street box has been rifled by a member of his own craft. Any man that is guilty of casting such a reflection on the profession deserves to get just what the stupid dolt is about to receive at my hands."

"Within a few minutes after having indulged in the above recorded self-commission, the burglar had re-entered the roadhouse, abstracted a large roll of money from the safe, and was gone from his way home, excusing himself for the commission of his crime by saying, as he always did, that it was for the sake of his lovely wife who had no suspicion of his hazardous calling."

"We will see, now, whether there will be anything said about it," said the burglar to himself, as he turned in at 2 a. m.

But there wasn't. Once more the burglar was surprised.

After waiting for the evening editions of the daily papers, and seeing no mention of the roadhouse robbery, the burglar again rove over to the detective's place for dinner.

On the day before, the business of the establishment was being conducted as usual and there was no word of the knowledge of a robbery on the part of the persons present.

But this time the proprietor was in evidence. When the burglar had finished the dinner, the landlord took a seat opposite his customer and invited him to have a cigar, at the same time saying to the burglar: "I have a cigar for you, and a lovely wife who has no suspicion of his hazardous calling."

The two men smoked and chatted about politics and other topics of the day.

"Nothing but that rip saw you got the other night."

"Notions that saw! say what you want, a whole carpenter shop! Now, gimme that saw, I'm going to fix those trees."

An admiring group of neighborhood children gathered on the front steps to watch Mr. Giggs as he came from behind the house, saw in hand.

"Now," Mr. Giggs said, "the way to trim a tree is to trim it. Guess I'll climb the tree."

"He was not in the least embarrassed, but his flushed face and disordered attire spoke ill of him, and the audience jeered."

"He held up his hands. They were silent. Then he laughed scornfully and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, when a statesman of my prominence consents to appear in such a little, one-horse town as this, he must be either drunk or crazy. I prefer to be considered as inebriate."

"Hold here, where you're swarving," Mr. Giggs urged from the porch. "If you don't, you'll—"

"Shut up, Giggs answered testily. "Who's doing this anyway? Deeper was the saw in the wood. Suddenly, there was a crackling. The limb leaned far to one side and Mr. Giggs, unprepared, went sprawling. But he didn't stop. Still clinging to the saw with one hand he went downward, through the branches of the tree to the ground, and the audience jeered."

Slowly he picked himself up and limped to the house.

"Mrs. Giggs," he began plaintively. "A feminine shriek interrupted him. "John McAnany Giggs, you've gone and killed yourself—all because of that mean hateful, poisonous old nature-of-and-just look at that tree! Rotten! Every limb broken."

"Well, look now," Giggs said plaintively, as he inspected a bleeding finger. "Serves you right. That's just what it does. Yes, sir, it does. And Mr. Giggs, I'll hold to the spending of the money after this. Do you hear? Answer me—do you hear?"

But Mr. Giggs was silent.

Profound Sagacity of Rats.

The average rat possesses extraordinary sagacity. On sailing ship bound to Calcutta from Cape Town some time ago it was decided to try to reduce the humidity of the hold by hoarding the vessel at the latter port. The end of an ordinary cask was planned perfectly smooth, coated with oil and a rat was put in it.

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The rat was left over 200 hours and caught the second night five of the three mice was caught. It was found by the marks of rats' feet in the grease and the missing ball that they had discovered the exact center, and took the bait as they liked. Half an inch on either side of the center meant death.

Anything to Get Away.

Richard Carle, the brilliant actor, being discussed popular expeditions, at a dinner party in New York with a charming young matron—Mrs. Asterik.

"As for me," said Mrs. Asterik, "I cannot understand why so many cultivated men are willing to abandon civilization and its blessings, and spend their lives in the most desolate and bleak terrors of the cold white north."

"Mr. Carle shook his blonde head and smiled. "Ah, madam, but you must remember," said he, "that all men are not blessed with such wives as Mr. Asterik."

Interruptions.

"I spoke John is still taking' life," said the woman in the spring wagon. "Yes," answered the woman who was carrying an armful of wood, "John is only two years in life. One is that he has to wake up to eat, the other is that he has to quit eat to sleep."

Two Sides.

FRUGAL MR. GIGGS

GIVES HIS WIFE A LESSON IN ECONOMY.

But a Ruined Tree and Much Discomfiture Resulted From His Efforts to Save a Few Dollars.

The rustling of an evening newspaper as it was folded hastily and laid aside came from the head of the table.

"Giggs turned toward his chair and peered at Mrs. Giggs over his glasses."

"What's that?" he asked sharply. "I was saying," Mrs. Giggs answered as she poured the coffee, "I was saying that those trees in the front of the house are ruined. They're just too ragged for anything. Now to-morrow you call—"

"That's it. That's it. Call up a tree trimmer. What else can you do? 'won't do it.' Mr. Giggs' tone was spiteful."

"But John," Mr. Giggs said, "Every time you look at it it's more expensive. Don't you know anything but the art of spending money?"

"Mrs. Giggs' answer was apologetic. "I just thought I'd mention it," she said. "Yes," Mr. Giggs replied, "that's the way you always do. Now if those trees must be pruned, I guess I'll have to do it. But I'm not going to spend \$50 for some wild-cat to come to job at those trees with a hack saw and then look wise as he takes the money. If any idiot goes to fool with those trees, I'll do it myself. Got a saw?"

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900 DROPS

ALCOHOL 3 PER CENT.

Promotes Digestion, Clears the System, and Cures all Opium, Morphine and Heroin Habits. NOT NARCOTIC.

Apert Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Dizziness, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Facsimile Signature of Dr. J. C. Williams, NEW YORK.

4 to 6 months old 35 DROPS—35 CENTS. GUARANTEED UNDER THE FOOD ACT.

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of

Dr. J. C. Williams. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving the Mother and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought In Use For Over 30 Years

THE CENTRAL OFFICE, 71 BROADWAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

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A PERFECT TERROR. NOT ONLY COULD, BUT DID.

Mr. Grandon Able to Bear Torture to Wife's Accomplishments.

Sometimes there is a drop of regret in the cup of joy served by fate to the husband of a brilliant talker. "I should think you would be privileged to sit at the table with your wife three times a day," said one of Mrs. Grandon's ardent feminine admirers. "Only twice a day," said Mr. Grandon, with a bow. "I do not go home at noon."

"Too bad!" said the admirer. "We could not get on without her at club 11 p. m. sure. Why, I believe she could talk intelligently on a thousand topics."

"She can—and does," said Mr. Grandon, with another bow he slipped out just as his wife appeared. — "Yours' Companion."

Costly Popularity. France's cruiser Leon Gambetta, 16, named after the famous politician who died on December 31, 1882, in the times of his intense popularity Gambetta had an experience which was worth to tell against himself. In Paris admirers unyoked his horses and dragged the carriage to his house. Gambetta would narrate this with an air of pride, and he would smile a smile: "But I never saw my horses again!"

CUTICURA CURED FOUR

Southern Woman Suffered with Itching, Burning Rash—Three Little Babies Had Skin Troubles.

"My baby had a running sore on his neck and nothing that I did for it took effect until I used Cuticura. My face was nearly full of tetter or some similar skin disease. It would itch and burn so that I could hardly stand it. Two cakes of Cuticura Soap and a box of Cuticura Ointment cured me. Two years after it broke out on my hands and wrists. Sometimes I would go nearly crazy for it itched so badly. I tried to make a cure of my own, but that had never failed me—one set of Cuticura Remedies did the work. One set also cured my uncle's baby whose head was a mass of sores, and another baby who was in the same fix. Mrs. Lillie Wilcher, 707 Eleventh St., Chattanooga, Tenn., Feb. 16, 1907."

There is usually some convincing argument to a question of doubt. If one is only bright enough to think of it at the time of controversy. The farmer was able to produce the indisputable without delay of circumlocution. A number of people were gathered round the bulletin board of the Reading Eagle on which was announced "Death of Frank Miller."

"Two farmers from the extreme backwoods were gazing at the various items of the obituary statement, and pointing it out to their rustic comrade remarked innocently:

"I'm not fuzzled at a cow-cure farm in connection with the literary business," says the Sweet Singer of doubt, "but I hope to have my poems published in a book and come to feed the family while you wait for the public to buy the book. I also take contracts for the digging of wells, and these little side issues will enable me to show America and the world just what I can do."—Atlanta Constitution.

But it was all decided to play a safe game, so instead of bearing the dear father's in his hair he wrote as follows: "I want your daughter to marry the flower of your family. By return mail come the old man's reply. "Your orthodoxy seems to be a fair deal. If what you want is doubtless the flour in connection with my dough and if my girl wants you I suppose I'll have to give up."

HEALTH AND INCOME Both Kept Up on Scientific Food.

Good sturdy health helps one a lot to make money. If, not entirely dwindle away.

"I am alone in the world," writes a Chicago girl, "dependent on my own efforts for my living. I am a clerk, and I have to get up at 6 o'clock, and application to work and a boarding house diet. I became a nervous wreck, and I got so bad off it was almost impossible for me to stay in the office a half day at a time."

"I tried giving up to me the idea of trying to get up at 6 o'clock, and I did, making this food a large part of it (at least two meals a day)."

"Today I am free from brain-tire, dyspepsia, and all the ills of an overworked and improperly nourished brain and body. To give Nais I owe the recovery of my health, and the ability to retain my position and income."—Given a Reason.

Name Given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-Being" in package.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

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