

CHEERFUL WORDS FOR SUFFERING WOMEN.

Who woman can be healthy with sick kidneys. They are often the true cause of bearing-down pains, dizziness, aches, headaches, a nervous system, etc. Keep the kidneys well and health is easily maintained. Doan's Kidney Pills make strong, healthy kidneys. Mrs. J. A. Link, 21 East Perry St., Bucyrus, Ohio, writes: "I was so terribly afflicted with kidney complaint, I could not stir out of bed. I was attended by several doctors but they all failed to help me. Doan's Kidney Pills gave me relief after I had given up all hope and soon cured me. I have had no kidney trouble in three years."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sweetest Success. "What's the sweetest kind of success?" "That which you achieve by acting contrary to the advice of your friends."

Only on Great Occasions. "Here are you, Mr. Tyte-Flynt? I hope there is nothing wrong with that set of teeth I made for you a few weeks ago?" "No, they're all right; but, great Scott, Doc, I paid you \$20 for them teeth." "You don't suppose I'm going to wear 'em for everyday use, do you?"

DISTEMPER. In all the forms of colds and influenza, as well as coughs and croup, it is almost invariably prevented from having the disease by SPHINX'S Cough Cure. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 100,000 bottles sold every day. \$1.00 and 15c. Good druggists, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contingent Business, Glendale, Ill.

Got Out of the Habit. "I see you have got a young man for a photograph?" "Yes."

"Don't you think a pretty girl stenographer adds a great deal to the attractiveness of an office?"

"I suppose she does, but I can't dictate to a woman." "I suppose it's because I have married so long."

On the Senators. The wit of Bishop Beth Ward announces Nashville frequently.

Bishop Ward, in company with two senators, came forth from a Nashville reception the other day and entered a waiting motor car.

"Ah, bishop," said one of his companions, "you are not like your mother. He was content to ride an ass."

Ward answered, "but there's no such animal to be got nowadays. They make them all senators."

Schurz Was Sure of Him. He couldn't see. Little Schurz, the teacher of the Sunday school class of which Jack was a new member. He had been told that as this was his first Sunday he must not be asked any questions but he must pay close attention just the same.

So, on the way home his father asked him who it was who killed Goliath.

"I don't know, I was sitting on the back seat and couldn't see," was the ready answer. From Norman B. Mack's National Monthly.

Carl Schurz was dining one night with a group of men who had written a book of poems, so called, and who were pleased with himself.

The poet was discoursing on the close-words topic of politics of the men who take office.

"I consider politics and politicians beneath my notice," he said. "I do not care for office. I wouldn't be a senator or cabinet officer, and I doubt if I could be tempted by the offer of the presidency. For the matter of that, I would rather be known as a third-rate poet than a first-rate statesman."

"Well, aren't you?" Schurz shouted at him.

At the One Horse. Jero L. Sullivan met the Hotel and Restaurant Employees' International alliance, said in Cincinnati, a proponent of Labor Day.

"Our American hotels are better than they used to be, and for this betterment my organization deserves no little credit."

"Who have today no such hotels as the One Horse of Tin Can, where, if you asked for a bath, they used to give you a shovel and tell you to go down to the hollow and dam the creek."

"An English earl once visited the London hotel. The landlord without ceremony led him outside, pointed to a window on the fifth floor, and said:

"That's yer room."

"Don't Argue!"

A single dish of Post Toasties with sugar and cream tells the whole story—

"The Memory Lingers"

Post Toasties

Post Toasties

Post Toasties

Post Toasties

Post Toasties

The Skeleton in the Closet A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

BY COL. H. C. WHITLEY Former Chief U. S. Secret Service

HAD MET the judge frequently and felt quite sure that he would call on him. He was a politician of note and a member of the president's cabinet. He was a man of great prominence and his one-time important connection with the government, I shall forbear the mention of his name. It would be familiar to every reader.

One day I received a message from him requesting me to call at his office at my earliest convenience. Presenting myself I was given a private interview. After a little preliminary conversation the judge said that he wanted to talk to me in regard to a personal matter. He needed my assistance in an affair of much importance. He related to me the history of his family troubles. There was a skeleton in his closet that he might be able to devise some measure of relief.

"My wife," he said, "is very much worried and quite prostrated with grief. She is afraid that she will lose her mind. I fear she will break down altogether." His eyes filled with tears as he explained the cause of their great trouble. He had been married to her for many years. He was a man of great wealth and his wife was a woman of great beauty. They had a large family and he was a man of great prominence.

"I see you have got a young man for a photograph?" "Yes." "Don't you think a pretty girl stenographer adds a great deal to the attractiveness of an office?" "I suppose she does, but I can't dictate to a woman." "I suppose it's because I have married so long."

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UNCLE CALHOUN SPOKE OUT

Answer No Doubt Trueful, but by No Means Was the Orator Deaired. Booker T. Washington, congratulated by a New York reporter on the success he has made of his life, said with a smile:

"I suppose you must be modest and declare that luck has had much to do with my progress, or otherwise I'll be Sir Senator Dash's shoe." "Senator Dash," Tallapoosa prided himself on his rise from the bottom, for Senator Dash in his youth had cotton fields.

"I saw before me old Calhoun Webster, beside whom, in the brooding southern sun, I toiled day after day. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to Uncle Calhoun. Tell us, my uncle, was I, or was I not, a good man in the cotton field?"

"You was a good man, senath," the aged negro replied; "yo was a good man, for a fack; but yo s'uffy didn't work much."

Kidding Wower Than Cutting. Talk about making good with your friends. A New Orleans man told everybody that he was going to Philadelphia for the dual purpose of seeing the world's baseball series and having a slight surgical operation performed. Reaching this city, he consulted a specialist, and was told that an operation was not necessary.

Youtful Wisdom. Father—Why did my little boy send his papa a letter with only a capital W written on the page while he was away? Little Son—Because I thought you'd go around among your friends with'd only a capital W written on the page, and I'd not make good they will die the life out of me.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

PUT 'EM TO SLEEP. A Brutal Murder and Robbery. Another of those outrageous and dastardly murders which have so recently started the public mind occurred in this city yesterday afternoon, the particulars of which are as follows: It appears that on the track of the couriers, who are supposed to be from Baltimore or Washington, as the clerk at the hotel states that he came in just after the arrival of the Washington train. The clerk is positive he can identify them.

A faithful ghost had passed and was standing in its most horrible form before the now half crazed stepson. The poor of the hangman was looming up before his eyes. He did not even take time to wash his face, so great was his anxiety to leave New York behind him. Even the very air he breathed seemed tainted with the foul odor of his crime.

"What is your favorite drink?" asked Reed. "Plain brandy," said Jones. "I will go now and bring up a bottle of it." As Reed moved away he winked slyly to the stepson. After an absence of some thirty minutes or more Reed returned with the brandy. He pulled the cork. While Jones was looking out of the window he slipped a small vial out of his pocket and, giving his partner an opportunity to see it, he turned the contents into the bottle of brandy. He gave the bottle a shake and set it down on the table.

Reed hailed from the south, had just arrived in the city and was in quest of a private lodging place. The judge's stepson was now occupying a single suite of rooms in fashionable location. He was so completely captivated by Reed's assumed manners and apparent wealth that he was delighted that he was himself engaged in questionable transactions and that New York was the place to operate in.

He had led his roommate to believe that he was himself engaged in questionable transactions and that New York was the place to operate in. "There," said he, "are chances to be made here."

more pressing for payment. A treaty between the United States and Santo Domingo turned over the customs receipts to the United States. Of the total amount collected, 45 per cent was to go to the Dominican government and 55 per cent to the creditors. The government at that time owed \$20,000,000.

Writing to the London Morning Post, a woman correspondent, advising the withdrawal of all horse-drawn cabs in London as a measure of humanity, puts in a plea for the horse-drawn cabs. "I have never heard of it," she says, "half starved, lame, has scars and is cruelly beaten and ill treated. It is quite distressing to see them."

DAILY

Thru Sleeping Car Line from CHICAGO to HOT SPRINGS, ARK. and SAN ANTONIO, TEX.

Chicago-Alton R.R. "The Only Way" Leaves Chicago 11.25 a.m. for Hot Springs Leaves Chicago 11.45 a.m. for San Antonio and all important points in Texas

Electric Lighted Cars Perfect Passenger Service W. C. MUELLER, Traveling Passenger Agent 425 Ford Building, Detroit, Mich.

The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity Now's the Time

Now's the Time to get a young man for a photograph? Yes. Don't you think a pretty girl stenographer adds a great deal to the attractiveness of an office?

The Public Parks of San Antonio surpass, in number and acreage, those of any city of similar size in the world.

Novelty—When I'm writing a novel, I lose considerably sleep over it. Critic—Oh, couriers, who are supposed to be from Baltimore or Washington, as the clerk at the hotel states that he came in just after the arrival of the Washington train.

STOMACH MISERY VANISHES Indigestion, Gas, Sourness and Dyspepsia and Your Stomach Feels Fine in Five Minutes.

The Wretchedness of Constipation Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

RAW FURS THE CHEAPEST FOR HOUSEHOLD AMERICA. JOSEPH ULLMANN, 18-20 West 20th Street, New York

W. L. DOUGLAS 3's \$3.50 & 4's SHOES FOR MEN BOY'S SHOES \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00. IN THE WOMEN

Household Lubricant THE ALL-AROUND OIL IN THE HANDY, EVER-READY TIN OILER

Standard Oil Company