

Kidney Trouble Is Very Deceptive

Few Realize They're Affected Till Danger Point is Reached... Dr. Derby's Kidney Pills Work Wonders—Sample Free! Kidney disease is much more common than most people imagine...

The Genevieve Who Married to Reform Him

Genevieve cried her eyes out that night, down on the floor, head on bed; and James went back to the club and gathered together a monumental pile of money...

By the time this was over, he was truly repentant and hated the very smell of the stuff. So he drove out to see Genevieve and told her so. Genevieve had the truth, held by every well brought up girl, about what reforming by the grace-will, by prayer and such things...

When James and Genevieve came back from honeymoon, the happy bridegroom was warmly congratulated by all his friends. When he went home to Genevieve the first evening he said: "My dear, how are you tonight—ingrown—battestestuff?"

All the years that James was coming home to Genevieve perfectly well—er—that is, sober at least three evenings out of the week, Genevieve was drinking with some pride that if he would only straighten up, he would show those friends of his who had so far outlandized him in the matter of drinking...

Next morning his brother said: "Jim had a lovely soiree on last night, didn't he? But he certainly had a nerve to dance with you. You should have turned him down."

Life Insurance Solicitor—If you live 20 years you get the \$10,000—but if you don't, then your widow will get it. Cutting Hints—How will I know that she got it?

WANTED TO KNOW

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS Genuine Merit Required to Win the People's Confidence. Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten?



"Nothing wrong, Hatetastestuff." That was the person who really needed that attention. James came out in a few days, sober and in his right mind. He knew "he" had been and he supposed she did, too, so he told her he was not fit to speak to her, but he was going to be a man now, and would be the forgiver him? And Genevieve said she must be a man for her sake, and she would forgive him, because she was sure he was repentant and would never fall again.

Free trial bottle will be sent by mail, absolutely free. Address Dr. Derby, 100 West 12th Street, New York, N. Y. Send no money now. This paper, regular size bottle, sold at all druggists—50c, and \$1.00.

MADE the 300 miles journey up to David, the captain of the Province of Chiriqui, to a coasting steamer of the houseboat type, with open lower deck and galvanized iron roof over all—100 feet out of water, and only 6 feet draft with full load.

David was founded somewhat more than a century ago by the first of the Panaman Obaldias, who created a princely estate from a royal grant of land. Mangote, situated about 8 miles from the town, is now in the hands of his great-grandson.

David is an attractive place, clean and orderly as a Dutch burg and picturesque as a Tyrolese hamlet. Along the broad, drag bridges of the streets are lined modest dwellings with whitewashed walls, red-tiled roofs, and blue and green flower-painted shutters. The most pretentious residences are no more than two-story frame structures, with 10 rooms at most and a patio and a billiard table.

Although the dry season was well-nigh spent, everything looked fresh and green. The morning that I galloped out on the llano on my way to Divala. My mood, a long, lean fellow with a heavy mustache, followed at a pace which never varied, but which later revealed to me could always be depended on to bring him up with me at the end of a ride. Man never less than a least appropriate expression. "Pantaleon"—"panther"—"lion"—was, possibly bestowed upon him in a spirit of irony. He was personally self-possessed and had the commendable habit of not looking back over his shoulder.

Bare feet are stuck in the wooden stirrups. He and his steed are festooned with bags, baskets and packages, the tout ensemble suggesting a itinerant Christmas tree. Stuck under the saddle flap, or elsewhere beyond ready reach, is a rifle and a shotgun. The two pack each other until they fall, gasping and bleeding, and foaming at the mouth, still jabbing with waning strength. They were found dead, locked in each other's arms. Perhaps at the very last the spirit of comradeship returned to soothe their passing.

I put this reflection to Pantaleon, but he declared it more likely that they died cursing each other and thinking of the girl. My own conclusion pleased me better, but I felt bound to defer to the superior knowledge of the character of David, who was crying aloud for the potential clearing where the settler had cut over the ground, burned the debris where it fell, and scattered his seed with a careless, confident hand. The moleste is the crying aloud for the potential clearing where the settler had cut over the ground, burned the debris where it fell, and scattered his seed with a careless, confident hand.

Presently the road entered the monte, and we rode between wooden walls reinforced by heavy undergrowth. All long intervals we passed small clearings where the settler had cut over the ground, burned the debris where it fell, and scattered his seed with a careless, confident hand. The moleste is the crying aloud for the potential clearing where the settler had cut over the ground, burned the debris where it fell, and scattered his seed with a careless, confident hand.

All over the Pacific slope of Chiriqui is a topography of 29 feet thick, formed by the volcanic ash of the mountain side. It is rich as any land in the world, but not one-hundredthousandth part of it has been tilled to the account of man. The moleste is the crying aloud for the potential clearing where the settler had cut over the ground, burned the debris where it fell, and scattered his seed with a careless, confident hand.

The owner of Divala has worked hard and intelligently for ten years on the improvement of his property. Today he has 4,000 acres of fine land as any in Chiriqui, well stocked and furnished with all the necessary buildings. The owner of Divala has worked hard and intelligently for ten years on the improvement of his property. Today he has 4,000 acres of fine land as any in Chiriqui, well stocked and furnished with all the necessary buildings.

From abroad, the original places of its manufacture, Nottingham and Calais. But already the intelligent American help is becoming skilled and expert in the manufacture of this comparatively new product, and it is gratifying to note the success with which their efforts are attended. National Magazine.

Excitement—the effect the cause of strange telegrams, as well as of other manifestations. "Who was that man who had been one of the passengers a shipwrecked vessel was rescued almost by a miracle. On arriving at a place from which he had been rescued, he was met by a man who forwarded the following dispatch to his brother: 'I'm a saved. Try to break it to my wife.'"

Carrying It Too Far. "Ethel" said Mr. Brown, "I want you to give that young man of yours a little message from me." "Yes, father," said Ethel, blushing. "Tell mother, one or two, that don't object to big gas bills, but they object to him carrying the morning paper away with him when he leaves." "Right," said Mr. Brown.

Smart Youth. "Tommy, what did you do with the penies I gave you for taking your shoes off?" "I bought a bun with one of them, ma, and I gave Jimmy the other to drink the medicine for me."—T.M. Bits.

Overdoing It. "This is the fourth season I have met you at this waterplace. Miss Brown, do you ever think you are getting years younger?"—Flegende Blatter. "Regular as a clock. Goes on a foot every night of his life."

Lace Industry Growing

The lace industry in this country has been largely the growth of the last twelve years. Interesting American citizens spend many years studying the situation in the old lace-making town, Nottingham, England. Lace machinery was imported from that town, and although the trade is not so creditable incident to the establishment of a new industry was at times very trying to the capital invested.

There was one class of Englishman who would never have suffered the indignity of having his liquor poured down his sleeve. The agricultural laborer of the past could stand his round with the greatest of sportsmen. Richard Jefferson, one of his essays, recently mentions a proof of this quality of swallowing alive. "There is scarcely any limit to their power of absorption," he writes, "I have known reapers and mowers make it their boast that they could lie on their backs and never take the wooden boiler of a steam engine, a small barrel from their lips till they have drunk a gallon."—London Chronicle.