

Natural Question.
Parts of the southern coast of Newfoundland near Cape Race and of the southwestern coast near Cape Ray have an unenviable reputation as the scene of many disasters. While the native of Newfoundland is keen about getting material benefit from wrecks, he is also distinguished for gallantry in saving life and for care of the dead. So says a writer in the Newfoundland Magazine.

Near Cape Ray, about 1830, an old man, a young girl and a boy of 12 saved the crew and passengers of a Canadian packet ship.

So common are wrecks that when men engage for fishery it is part of the agreement that the servant shall get his share of the "wrack." Houses in these neighborhoods are all furnished and ornamented from lost ships.

When the Rev. J. J. Curling first came to the colony he was holding service in one of these places. An old fisherman kept looking at his fine coat.

"That be a fine piece of cloth," said the old man, at last, laying his hand on the minister's arm. "Never seed a better piece of cloth in my life. Get 'e out of a wrack, sir?"

AN ENEMY TO DRINK.

One Woman Who Has Done a Great Deal to Put Down This Evil.

Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 3, 1900.—(Special.)—When the Independent Order of Good Templars of Minnesota wanted a State Organizer, they chose Mrs. Laura J. Smith of 1217 West 33d street, this city. The American Anti-Treat League also selected Mrs. Smith as National Organizer. The reason is not far to seek. This gifted woman has devoted her life to a battle against Drink and Drinking Habits. Her influence for good in Minnesota is and has been very far reaching.

About two years ago, however, it seemed as if this noble woman would have to give up her philanthropic work. Severe pains in her back and under her shoulder blades, made life a burden and work impossible. Physicians were consulted, and they prescribed for Kidney Disease. Three months' treatment, however, failed to give Mrs. Smith any relief. Her husband was much exercised, and cast about him for something that would restore his good wife to health and strength. He heard of the cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and advised her to try them, which she did. She is now a well woman and says: "Two weeks after I commenced taking Dodd's Kidney Pills I felt much better, and at the end of seven weeks was completely cured. I have had no recurrence of the trouble, but I take a pill off and on, and find that it keeps me in good health."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers at 50 cents a box. They are easily within the reach of all, and no woman can afford to suffer, when such a simple and sure remedy is at hand.

The Proper Way.
"You should never point, Johnny," said Mrs. Brown as they left the shop; "it is very rude."

"But what are you to do, ma, when you don't know the name of the thing?" "Why," she returned, "let the assistant show you everything in the shop until he comes to the right one."

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!
Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adults. All who try it like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. 1/4 the price of coffee. 15c and 25c per package. Sold by all grocers.

No Hope.
Cobble—I wish I could stop playing poker.

Stone—Why don't you swear off?
Cobble—I do. But every single time I swear off I begin to win.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Broom Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

That which we love most in men and women is faithfulness.—S. Brooke.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.
Genuine
Carter's Little Liver Pills.
Must Bear Signature of
W. D. Carter
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE, FOR DIZZINESS, FOR BILIOUSNESS, FOR TORPID LIVER, FOR CONSTIPATION, FOR SALLOW SKIN, FOR THE COMPLEXION.
CURE SICK HEADACHE.
Dr. Bull's COUGH SYRUP
Cures a Cough or Cold at once.
Conquers Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Grippe and Consumption. Quick, sure results. Dr. Bull's Pills cure Constipation. 50 pills 10c.

'Twixt Life and Death

BY
FRANK BARRETT

CHAPTER XXX.—(Continued.)

Certainly the window curtain did bulge out, taking the form of a man's shoulder; he rose sharply, resolved by a movement to dispel her fears if this were the cause. With a scream of terror she sprang up, and throwing herself before him clutched his hand, while she turned her bosom toward the man with the knife whom she knew well had taken refuge behind the curtain.

The peril was real enough, as Sweyn saw the next instant when the curtain was swept back and Anderson sprang out with the dissecting knife in his restless hand.

With the swift, decisive judgment of a man trained to meet sudden emergencies, Sweyn measured the danger and his own resources. Passing his left arm quickly round Nessa he stood between them and the knife, he swung her to his side, and taking one stride forward, with his right hand seized Anderson's arm as he raised it to strike; then with his disengaged left he grasped the man by the throat, thrust him back, and pinned him, choking, against the wall. It was done in an instant.

For a few seconds Anderson writhed and struggled furiously to free himself from the iron grip, and then exhausted by the effort, purple in the face under the garrote, he let the knife slip from his nerveless fingers. Nessa dashed forward, and flung it to the further end of the room; but the danger was past. As Sweyn relaxed his left hand, Anderson dropped to the ground like a lump of clay. Kneeling beside him, Sweyn glanced anxiously at Nessa.

"What shall I do?" she gasped.
"Fetch me the long bath towel. There's a brave woman," he added, as she brought it quickly to him. "I might have known that you wouldn't give in while your help was needed. You see, there's no danger now; the poor wretch is as feeble as a child. Double the towel; now lay it crosswise under his shoulders—a little lower—so. We must fasten his arms down for the present, in case of another outbreak. Are you there, Johnson?" he asked, catching the sound of a subdued cough in the passage.

"Yussir; I thought I heard a noise, sir."

"Quite right. You did. Come here and help me."

"You've got one of the thieves there," said Johnson, in astonishment.
"You mustn't say that of a patient. Now, then, lift him up on his feet. Have you been in the profession, Johnson, ever since you wore buttons, and not learned the symptoms of this poor fellow's disease? There, now; help him into the spare room and stay with him till I come."

He talked in this strain with a specific object—making light of the affair to give Nessa confidence until his hands were free to minister to her wants. All the time he was occupied with Anderson he kept a keen eye on her, aware that her strength would give out as the excitement abated. He saw her totter to the dressing table and rest her hands upon it for support; she was swaying to and fro with closed eyes as he turned from Anderson.

"Now it's your turn, my brave little wife," he said, and taking her in his arms he again carried her to the bed and laid her down. She opened her eyes and smiled at him faintly, but with ineffable love, from her pillow, and then covered her face with her hands. From head to foot she trembled violently. Sweyn piled on the blankets, and put hot water to her feet; but for an hour nothing availed to subdue the convulsive quivering of her frame.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Sweyn was seated at the breakfast table on the following morning when Nessa came down in her dressing gown, her hair simply gathered in a knot. He detected something unusual in her manner the moment she entered the room—a certain nervous rapidity of movement, a wavering look in the eyes, ordinarily so steadfast and calm in their regard.

"I hoped you would sleep for another hour," he said as they met.

"I am ashamed to be so late. And now I have hurried down like this because I felt so anxious to tell you what—what I did not tell you last night."

"Oh, about that poor fellow upstairs. I went in to see him just now. He hasn't woken yet, happily. Well, we can talk about him over a cup of tea."

"No, dear. I want to tell you at once—before anything. He—that man"—with her hands upon his shoulders she pressed her face close to him that he might not read the lie in it—"he is my brother!"

"Your brother?" he exclaimed, holding her from him at arm's length.

She made no reply, but dropped her head to escape his eyes in an agony of shame, believing that he had already detected her in this deliberate falsehood.

"Your brother?" he repeated, and then in a joyful accent, "why, this explains everything, my poor, tortured love! Your reticence with regard to the past, your shrinking dread, your mysterious embarrassment—everything. I understand now why you fainted in my arms; why you would not have me go into the study, or leave you in your room. Your brother has not always been in this condition?"

"I cannot say. I have only known him a few months. Oh, do not ask me to tell you any more!" she cried, impulsively, for it cut her to the heart to take advantage of his faith and generous love. "Promise me you will make me tell you no more."

"Not a word. There; sit down here and let me pour out some tea for you."

One day he came to her with delight in his eyes.

"I have good news for you, dear," he said. "Dr. Channing has been here, and we have had a long consultation over your brother. He agrees with me entirely that the primary cause of insanity in this case is accident, and that the disease has grown to its present terrible proportions through neglect if not wrong treatment. Your brother has not the appearance of an hereditary maniac; the symptoms all indicate a merely temporary derangement. I think we may confidently hope that your brother may be cured."

"I am glad of that," Nessa said, gravely, without raising her head.

"I have asked Channing to bring Dr. Hewet. He, you know, is the greatest living authority upon mental disease. If he is of our opinion, that your brother may be restored to reason, all your distress will be at an end, my poor darling."

She made no reply. She could not even pretend to feel relieved.

She would have had still less cause for relief if Sweyn had told her all that passed between him and Dr. Channing.

"We shall have to find out how long this has been coming on," Dr. Channing had said.

"I don't see how we're to do that," Sweyn replied. "My wife can give no account of him before a quite recent period, and in her present dangerously nervous condition I fear to press her for any explanation."

"Who has been his keeper?"

"I wish I knew. He's responsible for a deal. I think his name must be Hexham, or something like that; it is the only name my brother-in-law seems to remember, and he always speaks of him with fear."

"Hexham. Hexham," repeated Dr. Channing, reflectively, as he felt in his pocket for his notebook. "Why, that reminds me that a man with a name like that has been inquiring at Bartholomew's whether a man of unsound mind has been brought in there. I made a note of it at his request. I'll hunt him up."

A few days after that Dr. Channing brought the great specialist, and they held an exhaustive consultation over Anderson. When they had come to a definite conclusion, Sweyn sought his wife.

"You have to decide a very grave question, love," he said. "Our opinion is unanimous that your brother's reason may be restored. A tumor, probably the result of a blow, has formed under the cap of the skull. Dr. Hewet has determined its exact position. It presses upon the organ of memory, and is the cause of all the terrible manifestations we have observed. If the tumor is allowed to remain, your brother must grow worse, and his sufferings be indefinitely prolonged. It is horrible to think what those sufferings may lead to before death ends them. You are his nearest relative; and it is for you to decide whether or not the operation is to be performed."

"If I refuse, he will never know me," Nessa said to herself. "If I agree to it, he will claim me as his wife."

"Shall I say that you will give your decision tomorrow?" he asked.

"No; I will give it now. The operation shall be made."

And as Sweyn left the room with this sanction she said to herself:

"There is no escape."

The operation was performed with complete success. Anderson awoke as if from a horrible nightmare. The relief from pain was instantaneous; memory slowly, surely returned.

One afternoon Sweyn came to Nessa and said:

"He remembers his sister. He has asked to see you. Come."

CHAPTER XXXII.

James Redmond was at Grahame Towers, occupied in the prudent pursuit of making his while the sun shone. As soon as it was discovered that Mrs. Redmond had failed to kill Nessa in the arena he saw the folly of relying on further hopes in that direction. Destitution, and the fear that Nessa would find friends before long to protect her interests, prompted him to return to the towers, with a view to getting what he could from the estate before the hour came when he must bolt to escape arrest and punishment for his wrong-doing.

"It's a slave life," he said to himself; "but what's the odds? It's only for a time. When I do get the money for that timber I'll make up for all this drudgery and privation."

One afternoon, having worried two pounds on account of a weak-minded wheelwright in Lullingford, with the purchases for the week in his cart, he jogged home to the Towers. When he reached the open space before the house, he found two visitors waiting for him—both seated on the low parapet of the terrace by the gate. One was his wife; the other a man he had not the pleasure of knowing.

"What have you come here for?" he asked, drawing up at the gateway.

"Because there's nowhere better to go to," answered his wife. "I suppose I've as much right to be here as you have. Anyway, I'm your wife, and I mean to stick to you while you've got anything to stick to."

"And who's that, I should like to know?" he asked, pointing his whip at Cummings, who, with less effrontery than Mrs. Redmond, was still sitting in the background, waiting for his introduction.

"That's Cummings. He's standing in with us. We've been saving up to come to see you, and it took us all we had to get to Lullingford. We've walked over."

"More fools you!" said Redmond, with a sickly grin.

"We didn't know you were there, beauty, with that lovely trap," retorted the lady.

"Well, you've come over here for nothing, and you'll have to walk back with nothing."

"We know a trick worth two of that—don't we, Cummings?"

Thus addressed, Cummings rose from the parapet, and coming forward, said: "We've come here for business, and back answers won't get us on to a pleasant understanding. If the governor will listen to reason, I'm agreeable to explain my views on the subject, and come to terms with him; if he won't, I shall do the best I can on the other side. But we don't want any bullying, you understand," he added, with a significant nod.

"What have you got to do with my affairs?" asked Redmond.

"What have I got to do with it?" exclaimed Cummings, losing his temper at once—he and his partner were both irritable and touchy with their long walk—"well, I think I've had a pretty good lot to do with it, one way and another. I've lost the best situation a man could wish for; I've risked my neck twice, spent all my savings, parted with my last shilling to bring your missus down here—without which she'd never have come; I've done five miles of a dusty road, sat jogging my heels here waiting for you over an hour, and got a back answer the moment I spoke a civil word; if that ain't enough to do in your interests I should like to know what you would have."

"Who asked you to do anything?" "That's neither here nor there," chimed in Mrs. Redmond. "We've each of us had a turn at the affair, and we're going to stand in equal for anything that's to be got out of it."

"Oh, I know what you've been at. Nichols has told me. You've bungled the business all round. You've wasted your chances, and you've lost your money, and you expect me to repay you. You've come down here as a last resource, in fact."

Both Mrs. Redmond and her partner agreed with a ready nod to this last statement of the case.

"And you want a share in whatever I've got—is that it?"

They acquiesced again with perfect unanimity.

"Wait a bit," said Redmond, jerking the reins, and giving the pony cart a cut with his broken whip.

As he disappeared with the pony and cart through the gateway, Mrs. Redmond and Cummings, exchanging a glance of intelligence, descended the terrace steps sharply, and followed through the gate-way. They suspected some treacherous maneuver on the part of Redmond, but he had gone simply to put up the pony in the court. They helped to carry the goods into the house when Redmond unlocked the door in the gatehouse.

"There," said Redmond, when they reached his filthy room, "that is all I have to share."

"Well, we'll begin on the victuals," said Mrs. Redmond.

Redmond could not prevent that; he sat with his hands in his pockets, glaring at them in sullen silence as they ate with greedy voracity.

"Now, then," said Cummings, "let's come to business. We've agreed to go shares. Now, Mr. Redmond, what's the assets?"

"I've got nothing in the world but what you see in this room," said Redmond.

"Humbly!" said Cummings.

"Rot!" said Mrs. Redmond.

(To be continued.)

Wonders of the Iceberg.

All the architecture of the world is represented in nature's iceberg designs. Sometimes a little berg will have the appearance of an Arab's white tent as it rides on a desert-looking sea; another, its sharp outlines softened in the vaporous atmosphere, will appear like a domed mosque in green marble. A cluster of Chinese pagodas comes drifting slowly down the current, followed by a stately gothic cathedral, early style. Then comes a coliseum and beyond a huge man-of-war floats down the current, its stem submerged, with foam grandly breaking over it, the stern seventy-five feet aloft.

For every cubic foot of ice above water there are seven cubic feet below. When a large berg is seen it is, therefore, quite impossible to realize its full size; the mind can hardly conceive that an object which has all the appearance of actually riding on the surface should in reality only be raising one-eighth of its bulk above the water.

Even those who have studied icebergs at close quarters find it impossible to conceive their colossal bulk. A berg that stranded in Melville Bay, for instance, weighed 2,000,000,000 tons! It was aground in water half a mile deep. Another berg was found to measure two and a half miles in length and two miles in breadth.—Pearson's Monthly.

Too Severe a Test.

An eccentric clergyman in Cornwall was much annoyed by the habit which some members of his congregation had of looking round to see late comers. After enduring it for some time he said, on entering the reading-desk one day: "Brethren, I regret to see that your attention is called away from your religious duties by your very natural desire to see who comes in behind you. I propose henceforth to save you the trouble by naming each person who comes in late."

He then began: "Dearly beloved," but paused half-way to interpolate, "Mr. S., with his wife and daughter."

Mr. S. looked greatly surprised, but the minister, with perfect gravity, resumed. Presently he again paused: "Mr. C. and William D."

The abashed congregation kept their eyes fixed on their books. The service proceeded in the most orderly manner, the parson interrupting himself every now and then to announce some late comer. At last he said, still with the same perfect gravity:

"Mrs. S., in a new bonnet."

In a moment every feminine head in the congregation was turned.

Iron in Clay.

Most kinds of clay contain a considerable proportion of iron; the red color of bricks, for example, is due to the presence of oxides of iron.

Sand registered the hours in the Middle Ages. For this purpose black marble dust, boiled nine times in wine, was a favorite recipe with learned monks.

RECORD OF THE WEEK

INDIANA INCIDENTS TERSELY TOLD.

Expect to Make Money in Ginseng Culture—Country Shows Low Death Rate—Hermit's Will Is Found—Boxcar Murderer Must Hang.

A company of Muncie men will soon embark in an entirely new business—that of raising ginseng for the market. The roots of this particular plant are in great demand for medicinal and other purposes, and the members of the Muncie company propose to go west and cultivate the plants. They report that they have been offered a big tract of government land for the purpose and that the leading drug markets have amazed them by the prices offered for the roots. This will be the first organization of the kind in the State and the venture promises to be unusually profitable.

Death Rate High in Towns.

Secretary Hurty of the State Board of Health has prepared his annual report, which shows that the average death rate in Indiana for the year ended Sept. 30, 1900, was 14.09 per 1,000. The total number of deaths in the State in the twelve months was 35,458. The population of the cities and towns of the State is 847,000 and the deaths in this class were 12,736, or 15.03 per 1,000. In the country districts the population is 1,669,100 and the number of deaths 22,722, the death rate being 13.5 per 1,000.

Old Will Is Discovered.

A will made by Judge Horace P. Biddle, author and jurist as well as hermit, in 1882, has just been found by his favorite niece and heir, Eva Peters Reynolds. At the time of his death, which was about a year ago, Mr. Biddle lived on an island in the heart of Logansport. Since that time all search for the document has been in vain. The will does away with Logansport's chances of getting the 9,000 volume library and the remaining property will be contested for in the courts.

Murderer Sentenced to Hang.

In Terre Haute, on his plea of guilty, William Radcliffe was sentenced to be hanged Feb. 15, 1901, for the murder of James Hogue in a box car of the Big Four road near that city. Daly, Radcliffe's accomplice, was sentenced to forty years in the penitentiary. Radcliffe is in a dying condition.

Boy Shot by His Father.

Amos Moore, a Martinsville carpenter, went hunting. His 7-year-old boy went out with him, and stopped in the weeds to tie his shoe. Just then a rabbit jumped up, and Moore fired, not seeing his son in range. The entire charge took effect in the boy's arm and legs, one shot plowing the skull.

Child Drinks Fatal Potion.

John Fear, the 5-year-old son of Lewis Fear of Marion, drank a quantity of concentrated lye, thinking it was water. The mother had placed the cup on a table and stepped out. When she returned the child was in the throes of death.

State News in Brief.

Brazil street car strike at an end. Whooping cough prevalent at Snyder. Big oil well struck in Madison County. The beet sugar industry did not prove a success in White County.

Martinsville may have another big brick factory, employing 100 men.

Terre Haute car works will begin building 500 coal cars for the C. & E. I. Railroad.

Peru will get its water supply from a system of wells instead of the Wabash river.

Standard Oil Company leased 2,200 acres of oil land in Adams and Wells counties.

Two-year-old son of James A. Mitchell, Noblesville, died from eating strychnine tablets.

Mrs. Hamilton Miles, aged 74 years, who resided five miles southwest of Hartford City, took strychnine because her husband contemplated moving to town. She died.

John Koon, aged 69 years, of Evansville, while walking in his sleep fell from a second-story window and his neck was broken. Koon was worth \$50,000 and was an extensive land owner.

After being closed down eight months the South rolling mill in Terre Haute of the Republic Iron and Steel Company has resumed operations in all departments. The mill gives employment to 300 men.

At Lakeville Otto Robertson, a prominent St. Joseph County farmer, aged 30, tried to board a Vandavia freight train to ride to his home, slipped and fell so that his body was literally cut to pieces by the car wheels.

The Laruche window glass factory, a 10 per cent co-operative concern at Matthews, was destroyed by fire. The owners are mostly Hartford City workers. The loss is estimated at \$25,000, partially covered by insurance.

The two constitutional amendments which were voted on at the recent general election in this State, have failed to carry, according to an official declaration of Gov. Mount. The Indiana constitution provides that the amendments shall have received a majority of the votes of the electors of the State. Owing to ignorance and carelessness on the part of many voters they did not receive such a majority.

The Indiana Legislature, which assembles Jan. 10, will be called on by Gov. Mount to enact an anti-trust law. The Governor says that in his message to the General Assembly he would recommend the passage of a bill limiting the arbitrary power of combinations in trade which affect trade and labor.

Furnace rooms of the MacBeth lamp factory, Elwood, were flooded by the stopping up of a big ditch. Work had to stop until the water was pumped out.

Mrs. Margaret Johnson, near Chester, started into a pasture to milk a Jersey cow, when she was attacked by the animal, receiving injuries which proved fatal.

Fire at the Illuminating gas plant of the Richmond Light, Heat and Power Company caused \$10,000 damage to machinery and rendered the plant useless temporarily. An explosion caused the fire.

LIEUTENANT PETERSON

Says Peruna is the Finest Tonic and Invigorator He Ever Used.

Lieutenant Charles Peterson, Hook and Ladder Co. No. 21, writes the following letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., from 827 Belmont avenue, Chicago, Ill.: "Last year I had a severe attack of la grippe which left me very weak, so that I was unable to perform my duties. Several of my friends advised me to build up on Peruna, and I found it by far the finest tonic and invigorator I had ever used. In two weeks I was strong and well, and if ever I am exposed to unusual hardship incident with my duties at fire, I take a dose or two of Peruna and find that it keeps me in good health. Charles Peterson."

The above is only one of fifty thousand letters we have on file attesting the merits of Peruna. There are a great multitude of people in all parts of the land who have entirely lost their health as a result of la grippe; who have recovered from an attack, but find themselves with weakened nerves, deranged digestion, and with but very little of their former powers. There is no disease known to man that leaves the system in such an outrageous and exasperating condition as la grippe. For this class of sufferers, Peruna is a specific. Peruna should be taken according to directions and in a few weeks the sufferer will be entirely restored to his accustomed health. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for a free copy of "Facts and Faces."



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LOSS OF APPETITE

Is an important symptom of Kidney Trouble which is frequently overlooked. Pain in the back, scalding urine, nervousness and general debility also indicate the presence of this deadly disease. If any of these symptoms are present let a quantity of urine voided in the morning, stand for 12 hours and look for sediment in bottom of vessel. Delay is fatal. Don't wait.

\$50 reward will be paid for a case of backache, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, loss of vitality, incipient kidney, bladder and urinary disorders, that cannot be cured by

MORROW'S KID-NE-IDS

The Great Scientific Discovery for Shattered Nerves and Thin, Impoverished Blood. ILLINOIS, MICHIGAN AND IOWA People cured by Kid-ne-ids. In writing them please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Hon. R. A. Higgins, 617 S. 5th St., Springfield, Ill. Miss Lou Searcy, 510 S. East St., Bloomington, Ill. W. R. Boese, Centralia, Ill. Bert Adams, 331 W. Menominee St., Belvidere, Ill. Mrs. J. McDonald, 844 Cooper St., Jackson, Mich. Henry Grove, 615 Cornelia St., Flint, Mich. M. H. Rwan, 205 Elizabeth St., Jackson, Mich. N. D. Nagle, 845 Iowa St., Duluth, Iowa. Mrs. A. Grub, 120 Francis St., Dubuque, Iowa. Elmer Davis, Blacksmith, Fort Dodge, Iowa.

Morrow's Kid-ne-ids are not pills, but Yellow Tablets, and sell at fifty cents a box at drug stores.

JOHN MORROW & CO., SPRINGFIELD, O.

DO YOU COUGH
DON'T DELAY
TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

It Cures Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages. And a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

To W. C. T. U. Workers
with usefulness devotion pouring your modest gains into the lap of a great, helpful, many-sided enterprise of noble women, send for details of OUR \$17.50 OFFER. THE DELINQUENT, 7 to 17 W. 12th St., New York.