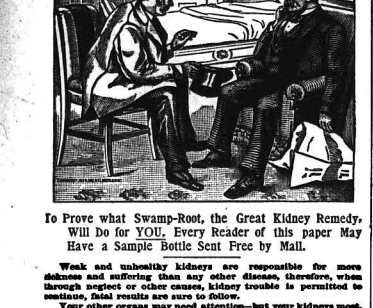
THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT



To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney Remedy, Will Do for YOU, Every Reader of this paper May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to gain ground, fatal results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and need attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

The mild and immediate effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases. Swamp-Root will set your whole system right, and the best proof of this is a trial.

14 East 12th St., New York City, Oct. 15th, 1903.

Dear Sir:— I had been suffering severely from kidney trouble. All symptoms were on hand; my former strength and power had left me. I could hardly drag myself along. Even my mental capacity was impaired and I contemplated giving up. I had seen an advertisement of yours in a New York paper, but would not have paid any attention to it had it not promised a sworn guarantee with every bottle of your medicine, asserting that your Swamp-Root is purely vegetable and does not contain any harmful drugs. I am seventy years and four months old. I feel that I owe my restoration to your Swamp-Root to all sufferers from kidney troubles. Four members of my family have been using Swamp-Root for their different kidney diseases with the same good results.

With many thanks to you, I remain,

Very truly yours,

ROBERT BERNER.

You may have a sample bottle of this famous kidney remedy, Swamp-Root, sent free by mail, postpaid, by which you may test its virtues for such disorders as kidney, bladder and uric acid diseases, poor digestion, being obliged to pass your water frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brick-dust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, diabetes, bloating, irritability, worrisome feeling, lack of ambition, loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease.

If your water, when allowed to remain undisturbed in a glass or bottle for twenty-four hours, forms a sediment or settling or has a cloudy appearance, it is evidence that your kidneys and bladder need immediate attention.

Swamp-Root is the great discovery of Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist. Hospitals use it with wonderful success in both slight and severe cases. Doctors recommend it to their patients and use it in their own families, because they recognize in Swamp-Root the greatest and most successful remedy.

Swamp-Root is pleasant to take and is for sale at drug stores the world over in bottles of two sizes and two prices—fifty cents and one dollar. *Remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.*

EDITORIAL NOTE.—So successful is Swamp-Root in promptly curing even the most distressed cases of kidney, liver or bladder troubles, that to prove its wonderful merits, you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands upon thousands of testimonial letters received from sick and women cured. The value and success of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. In sending your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in this paper.

COUPON.

Please write or fill in this coupon with your name and address and Dr. Kilmer & Co. will send you a Free Sample Bottle of Swamp-Root the Great Kidney Remedy.

Name.....

St. and No.....

City or Town.....

State.....

M'ention this paper.

THE FATAL REQUEST OR FOUND OUT

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Know me? Of course he does!" was the reply. "Didn't I buy him a drunken old Irish woman, and mend his broken leg for him? And do you think he's going to forget that, though he is only a duck?"

They remained pacing up and down the garden paths until it was quite dusk; the doctor persistently conversing on cheerful subjects, and refusing to allow the convalescent to take a morbid turn.

At nine o'clock supper was served, consisting of boiled fowl and sausages.

"You'll take a leg and a wing and a bit of the breast!" said the hospitable little man, as he piled his visitor's plate. "You've got a trying day before you to-morrow."

CHAPTER XII.

The Other Passenger.

The inquest on the death of Mr. Silas Burritt was held at the "Wheatsheaf," in the long, low room usually dedicated to the flowing bowl and the promotion of social intercourse.

The same routine having been observed as at the previous occasion, Dr. Jeremiah Cartwright was called to prove the finding of the body—its position, appearance and subsequent removal to the vestry of the old church, and his examination of the remains—resulting in the discovery of a wound, with two orifices, showing that the bullet which had caused it had traversed the head completely.

Other scientific evidence followed, which is unnecessary.

Mr. Edward Burritt was then called, and went through the form of identifying the deceased as his father. Mr. Silas Burritt, merchant, of Timber Lane, City, aged 50. He entirely negatived the theory of self-destruction, stating that his father, to his certain knowledge, had not only never possessed anything in the shape of fire-arms, but had always been remarkable for an unusual amount of nervousness, almost amounting to horror, with regard to anything of the kind, in consequence of an accident, with a tragical termination, which he had once witnessed. Dr. Jeremiah Cartwright recalled at this junction and stated his firm conviction that the wound had not been self-inflicted, which he proceeded to prove, to his own satisfaction and the entire bewilderment of everybody else present, by the aid of a many polysyllabic scientific expressions and a torrent of professional phraseology, which swept everyone off their feet, but which, on being filtered down for the benefit of the unlearned, merely amounted to the following facts, viz., that the edges of the wound, by which the bullet had made its entrance, were torn and lacerated, as if it had blackened and burnt by the action of the gunpowder, that the skin in the vicinity of the wound was blistered, the bleeding slight, and chiefly from the orifice of exit, and the two openings in the scalp nearly opposite each other.

Dr. Cartwright, having brought his evidence to a conclusion, now gave place to another witness, and one in whose power it might be to help to unravel the mystery. This last was the guard of the 4:30 train—an intelligent looking man, who, with a bandage round his head and his arm in a sling, bore tokens of the injuries he had received in jumping from the train while it was in motion.

On being questioned as to what he knew of the matter, he replied, without any hesitation, that he remembered the fourth carriage from the engine well, and the passengers that it contained in that particular compartment.

"Was he sure that there was more than one passenger in that compartment of the carriage referred to?"

Sure and certain he was! There were two of them. He could swear to it. Didn't one of them, the taller of the two, by a coincidence, ask him to see to that they might have the carriage to themselves for the journey?

"And did you look them in, and are quite sure that they were both together in the carriage when the train started?"

"Certain sure he was. He see them both together in the compartment as the train passed him, just before he swung himself into the van."

Being asked whether there was anything about either of them that helped to fix his attention upon them, he answered that "the taller and thinner of the two—though they were both of them tall and well-grown—seemed uncommon particular about picking out a carriage to his mind. He noticed him looking into several before he fixed upon that particular compartment; and when he had, he beckons to him (the guard) and says, 'Look here!' he says, 'me and my friend, we don't want nobody else getting in here. We want this here carriage to ourselves till we get to London. Take this,' he says, 'and don't you let nobody else in whatever.' So I says 'All right, sir,' and locks the door, and thinks to myself, 'Anybody would think as it was a couple of honeymooners instead of two elderly gents.'"

"Could he identify the body of the gentleman who had been shot as the companion of the other?"

He both could and would; except that there had been a sort of a smile on his face then and he looked very different now. In fact, he had known him (the guard)—in spite of the tip which the other party gave him—as being by far the superior of the two, pleasant-spoken gentleman of the two; and he had been uncommon sorry that he had, on recognizing the body, because, you see, he had quite made up his mind that he had escaped as well as the other one.

Being asked to explain himself, said he didn't see much what there was to explain. What he meant was that he thought that if one gent got off scot free, the other might have done the same.

"What did he mean by the other having got off scot free, and what was his authority for speaking as he did?"

Why, it was simple enough. Being in the rear of the train, he was conscious of nothing until he found himself thrown violently on the floor. Recovering himself, he jumped from his van and alighted on his feet, but was struck by a fragment of something and knocked down. He rose to his feet again, though suffering from wounds in the head, hand and knee, and saw a sight the like of which he had never seen before. With his keys still in his hand, he ran up and down lity well knocked out of him, he unlocked the doors of the carriages that he came to, though they were already unlocked on one side. After he had done all he could, he went and sat down by the side of the line, for he began to turn faint and dizzy. While he sat there he saw a tall, rather thin, elderly gentleman making his way slowly towards him, who limped a little as he walked. As the latter came nearer he recognised him as being the same individual who had given him the tip, and told him to keep anyone else from getting into the carriage.

Witness noticed that his face was ghastly, and that he breathed like a man who had been running hard, but naturally put it down to the terrible shock and the fright caused by the accident. As he came up to him he (the guard) spoke to him and said, "Glad to see you're safe, sir! hope the other gent's the same, too. But he only stared at him in a queer, dazed sort of way, without making any answer, and passed on down the line.

At last, after some debate, the verdict agreed upon was:

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

Ted Burritt and his friend the doctor left the place together.

"What will you next step in the matter?" asked the latter.

"First, to take my father's body home—then to look for his murderer!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Coming Home.

Early in the evening of the same day Dr. Jeremiah was bidding his new friend "good-bye" as he saw him off from the station.

The train puffed slowly out of the station, and the last view Ted had of the little man showed him standing at the end of the platform and waving his handkerchief after him. He gave him a parting salute out of the window of the carriage and then drew in his head, sank back into his seat with a sigh and began to review the events of the last few days.

"Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown!"

And he had to break this, as well as all that went before it, to those two women at home. A grewsome task!

Well, so much the worse for the man who had been the cause of it all. So much the worse for him when the day came for rendering up accounts; the day that would see him in the criminals' dock; the day that would place a noose round his neck, and the young man felt that that would be a day well worth waiting for, even though it might be indefinitely prolonged.

But he would never rest, and never give up, until he had helped to bring it about; for it seemed to him that revenge would be incomplete and robbed of half its sweetness unless it were his foot that helped to dog the murderer and his hand that helped to hurry him to a felon's doom. Oh, yes, he must be an agent, if not the chief, at any rate an important one.

He hoped among his father's letters and papers—contained in a sealed packet, which he carried about his person—to come upon something which might help to set his feet in the right track.

Then the thought struck him, if he could find that letter! The one that came less than a week ago! It it had not been destroyed! And why should it have been destroyed? He recalled that, at the time, distasteful allusion of Dr. Cartwright's—unless he had been something compromising in it!

But he rejected the idea now, as he had then. No doubt he would be able to find the letter. It was most probable that it was included among those other papers which were even now in his possession.

Meanwhile at Masonville Lodge, the days had dragged heavily along. Mrs. Burritt having once taken to her bed (a remedy—position being looked upon by her as the most proper and becoming one in which to encounter misfortune) immediately upon receipt of the sad tidings had not since sufficiently recovered herself to leave it. "Grief," she said, "was why she had a peculiar effect upon her spine, and she didn't know whether it was the blinds being down, or the sight of her widow's cap, but she couldn't help feeling that she was quite long for this world. Anyhow, they must not grieve, but be sure and bury her by the side of their dear father." All this could scarcely be said to add to her daughter's spirits, only there was so much to be done, that she had comparatively little time in which to indulge in morbid reflections on her own behalf. There were letters to be written, dressmakers to be interviewed, and a host of other things, which must be done whether the house be one of joy or mourning.

It was about half-past seven on Tuesday evening when she heard the sound of wheels. She hastened into the hall and met her brother. The first glance showed her the alteration that had taken place in him. He looked very worn and full of trouble, much older, and she thought, much sterner. She had been in the habit of regarding him as being "as near not barely three years her senior"—now he looked a man, every inch of him. A hasty greeting passed between them, and then she went to prepare her mother for his arrival.

Mrs. Burritt was dozing, and her daughter hesitated for a moment before rousing her. As she stood, waiting, she heard heavy footsteps ascending the staircase—footsteps of men, who were carrying something of great weight. She knew what it was, they came on slowly past the door of the room in which she was. Then, after a short pause, she heard them passing the stairs again; the door of the house was closed, and at the same moment her mother woke.

(To be continued.)

HIS RIGHTS IN THE CASE.

How an Aggrieved Man Might Abolish Cat Concerts.

A retired citizen in the southeast section has been particularly annoyed by the howling on his own fence and shed in the back yard on a big black cat in the neighborhood. Not being able to sleep, he called upon his attorneys the other day to discuss with them what could be done in the way of getting rid of the cats.

"There the cat sits every night on my fence," the sufferer explained, "and he yowls and yowls and yowls. Now, I don't want to get into any trouble with my neighbors, for I am a lover of peace, but I would like to know if I am not justified in putting a stop to it?"

"Certainly," replied the lawyer. "If anybody within my rights if I shoot the cat, then?"

"Um, well, I would hardly like to say that," answered the lawyer. "The cat does not belong to you, as I understand the case?"

"No."

"And the fence does?"

"Yes."

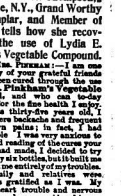
"Well, then, I think I may safely say that you have a perfect right to pull down the fence."—Washington Times.

Aged Colored Woman Dying.

Mrs. Julia Haley, aged 106 years, the oldest inhabitant of Cincinnati, is lying dangerously ill at her home. She was born in Kentucky and was a slave up to about fifty years ago, when she was liberated by her master, who considered her too old to be of further service.

Kaffirs' Enormous Stealings.

It is estimated that the Kaffirs in the diamond mines at Kimberly, South Africa, steal £250,000 worth of diamonds a year.



Mrs. Elizabeth H. Thompson, of Lillydale, N.Y., Grand Worthy Wise Templar, and Member of W.C.T.U., tells how she recovered by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I am one of the many of your grateful friends who have been cured through the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and who can be duly thank you for the fine health I enjoy. When I was thirty-five years old, I suffered severe backache and frequent bearing-down pains; in fact, I had much trouble. I was nervous and in a bad state generally. I read of the cures your Compound had made, I decided to try it. I took only six bottles, but it built me up and cured me entirely of my troubles.

"My family and relatives were naturally as gratified as I was. My niece had heart trouble and nervous prostration, and was considered incurable. She took your Vegetable Compound and it cured her in a short time, and she became well and strong, and her home to her great joy and her husband's delight was blessed with a baby. I know of a number of others who have been cured of different kinds of female troubles, and attribute the cure to your Compound as the best medicine for sick women."—Yours Gratefully H. Thompson, Box 126, Lillydale, N.Y.—*Mrs. Pinkham's advice to sick women is gratuitously given to all. Address as above. Mention this paper.*

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 relief in advanced stages. Sold by druggists in all parts of the world. Obtain relief after taking the first dose. Sold by dealers everywhere. Large bottles 25 cents and 50 cents.

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