

HER DOUGH "RIZ" ALL RIGHT.

The Embarrassing Experience of a Kind-Hearted Woman.

A medicine bottle, a mirror and a bunch of keys, all sticking to a chunk of dough as large as your head was the sight that met a Skowhegan woman's view when she opened her satchel in the Skowhegan car en route to Lewiston.

She had wondered for some time what it was that was swelling out the sides of her satchel in such an unproportionate manner, and she opened the satchel to find out. She struggled to close it, but she could not. The man in the rear seat looked over her back to see what the matter was. The conductor stopped to look at her in her helpless state.

"What's the matter, madam," he inquired.

"Oh, nothing. Bread is rising, can't you see? Oh, get away!"

She got her fingers in the dough and then she got mad. She tried to pull them. She tried to close the satchel, but it would not close.

"Confound that thing," she said, and the satchel, comb, mirror and dough disappeared out through a window.

When she tells her friends about the case now she laughs at the horrid fellow-passenger and conductor, but she did not feel like it then.

She was coming to visit a friend in Lewiston. This friend admired her bread very much and said it was the best in the world, so, not having any bread ready to bring with her, she seized upon a large piece of dough which was rising in a pan before the fire and wrapping it in a napkin she placed it in her grip with the above result.—Lewiston Evening Journal.

Singular Plurals.

A correspondent who keeps a watchful eye on our columns wants to know what are the correct plurals of "mongoose" and phoenix. One is tempted to write "mongeese" as one is tempted to write "Musselmen," though neither man nor goose has any claim to consideration in these words. "Mongoose" is quite a fancy spelling, and you may spell it "mungous" or "mongous" or "mungoes," as you will. Therefore, we think "mongoose" is quite plural enough to cover all the specimens that are likely to come up for christening. As to the phoenix—its case may be dismissed with the swiftness of a police court magistrate. There is never more than one on the active list at the same time, so the phoenix does not require a plural at all.—London Chronicle.

The Shah's Job Lot of Wives.

The Shah of Persia, on returning home, probably still full of the visions of beauty that he had witnessed in the music halls of Paris and London, found that his harem was wanting in freshness, and he has decided to renew it.

There is a job lot of some 2,000 wives who are going to be liquidated. I understand the sale will be made by auction at some Tattersall's in Teheran.

I may mention that the Shah's harem consists of 2,700 women, that he has paid his kind address to every one of them, and that his offspring consists of 112 sons and ninety-six daughters.—Max O'Rell in Indianapolis Sentinel.

The total value of exports of animal products in 1902 was about \$3,000,000 greater than the like exports of the previous year, but there was a decrease of nearly \$8,000,000 in the value of cattle exported. This was due to the sharp demand for beef in this country



Mrs. F. Wright, of Oelwein, Iowa, is another one of the million women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A Young New York Lady Tells of a Wonderful Cure:—

"My trouble was with the ovaries; I am tall, and the doctor said I grew too fast for my strength. I suffered dreadfully from inflammation and doctored continually, but got no help. I suffered from terrible dragging sensations with the most awful pains low down in the side and pains in the back, and the most agonizing headaches. No one knows what I endured. Often I was sick to the stomach, and every little while I would be too sick to go to work, for three or four days; I work in a large store, and I suppose standing on my feet all day made me worse."

"At the suggestion of a friend of my mother's I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it is simply wonderful. I felt better after the first two or three doses; it seemed as though a weight was taken off my shoulders; I continued its use until now I can truthfully say I am entirely cured. Young girls who are always paying doctor's bills without getting any help as I did, ought to take your medicine. It costs so much less, and it is sure to cure them.—Yours truly, ADELAIDE PRAHL, 174 St. Ann's Ave., New York City."—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter showing genuineness cannot be produced.

MYNHEER JOE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHAPTER XVII.

[Continued.]

So they drift upon other subjects, of which there are plenty to discuss. During the day Mynheer Joe has met Molly's father and talked matters over, so that he knows much of their plans for the future, and can shape his own accordingly.

It is their last night in the grand old city of Cairo. When darkness again descends over Egypt they hope to be on the crack vessel of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company's fleet, heading for Port Said and the Suez Canal.

Whether Joe is conscious of the fact or not, Molly soon discovers that her companion is the observed of all. Women and men look at him secretly or openly stare. The news of the duel has permeated society in Cairo; it is a secret no longer. Nearly every one is glad the affair turned out as it did, for the baron had made few friends in Egypt. Besides, it is human nature to delight in seeing pride lowered; and ever since the Russian came to Cairo his reputation as a duellist has been noised abroad. The man who has downed him must naturally be a hero, outside of the fact of his connection with the fall of Khartoum.

Molly sees the admiring glances, and she is proud of Joe; the very fact that he seems unconscious of his exalted position raises him still higher in her estimation. As for that worthy, he thinks of nothing beyond the fact that he is in the company of the girl he loves, that her smiles raise him to the seventh heaven of exaltation, and that he would gladly bask in them forever.

It may be readily imagined that with the evil genius locked up in his room, groaning and cursing with the pain of his wound inflicted by a rival, the two young people pass a delightful evening, which neither of them will be liable to forget in time to come.

Mr. Grimes is present and keeps a watchful eye upon them, for he has a grave suspicion that further mischief will be hatched out by the ingenious mind of the baron and, under such circumstances, it behooves him to be constantly on guard in order to thwart any diabolical plans.

At last the great caravansary becomes quiet, and the square in front loses its brilliant bustling appearance. The howls of stray curs alone break the stillness of the night, as they gather here and there to hunt in packs, often rending each other.

Morning again! It is the day when the Alhambra is due at Alexandria, and the train leaves Cairo for the city at the mouth of the Nile at eight. What is an early breakfast for sojourners in Egypt is dispatched, and then the travelers are taken to the train that is in waiting.

As yet they have seen nothing of the baron. Mynheer Joe wonders if the Russian's absence is in any measure due to the machinations of Sandy. He endeavors to read the face of the little war correspondent, but it is no go. The great Napoleon could not have presented a more unruined countenance. Sandy looks as innocent as a babe.

It lacks but five minutes to eight when a carriage drives up. The baron alights from it. All notice that his right arm is in a sling, but his face has a smile upon it as he bows.

He does not go alone. Colonel Taylor and the Hindoo servant are in his company, and look after the portmanteau and various packages.

Mynheer Joe realizes that Sandy has not yet had a chance, in all probability, to put his little game into operation. Perhaps he does not desire to do so until the last hour. He wonders what sort of a scheme it may be, and how the little correspondent will manage to manipulate the wires.

Then, as the baron and his companions enter a compartment, Joe loses them, and they drop from his mind at the same time.

Our five friends occupy one carriage, and have quite an enjoyable time during the seven hours it takes them to make the hundred and thirty miles between Cairo and Alexandria.

Lunch has thoughtfully been provided, and is enjoyed en route. Mynheer Joe sees more to admire in Molly Tanner with every hour of his acquaintance, and if the thought had not come to him before, he is now fully resolved to win her for his wife.

Why not, when fate seems to have made them for each other? He has saved her life; they meet again in a peculiar fashion and are mutually attracted; she is the one who would benefit by his uncle's will in case he never turns up—all these things can mean but one result. She must be his.

He revels in the thought that the worthy old pater may return to his beloved Chicago while the young people, filled with the desire to see more of the world, visit the strange places of earth, to add to the geographical knowledge of humanity. With such a companion, it will be happiness to isolate oneself for months, if need be, in the wilderness. He only longs for the chance to try it.

Mynheer Joe is no fool, if he has spent much of his later life away from society. He does not wish to be too

abrupt. It is just as well that they get to know each other better before he attempts to assume the position of lover.

The journey becomes a trifle wearisome with such slow time, and all are really glad when Alexandria is reached, about three in the afternoon.

No steamer yet. She must be delayed.

The tourists are taken to the Hotel de l'Europe, on the grand square. If the steamer arrives, they will have to make a speedy transfer, as she will not remain more than an hour or so.

Sandy becomes all business. He asks none of them to join in his secrets, but disappears from view. Perhaps he means to get the first information concerning the coming of the steamer and has his own way of doing it.

At exactly five minutes to four he makes his appearance at the hotel. "Steamer is in sight!" he says to Mr. Grimes.

"How do you know, Sandy?" asked that worthy.

"I had a good glass and the pasha's palace afforded me a fine situation for observation. She will be in at five and leave at six. See that you are ready."

"Look here: How about that little engagement you made to keep—"

"Silence, my dear fellow! Say nothing, but keep your eyes open." And Sandy marches to find the others and communicate his news.

Mr. Grimes looks after him and smiles.

"I really suspect the sharp little fellow has been up to something or other. He has good friends here in Alexandria among the officers, who would do a good deal for him. I wonder what his game is, and if he will succeed in giving the baron his second knock-out. Perhaps it will be my turn to have a hand in the game after awhile."

Sandy cannot hope to keep the news of the approaching steamer from all others, nor does he desire to do so. All that he wants is to get his friends in readiness, so there may be no delay on their part.

He is off again as though very important business demands his attention; nor do the others see him until it is time to leave.

Amid the bustle of departure from the hotel Sandy again shows up and secures his baggage. They are soon landed at the quay. The steamer lies some little distance out, and shows signals that demand haste on the part of those coming aboard.

Then begins a din that is only equaled by the shouts of the donkey-drivers in the public square. The boatmen of Alexandria can give even a New York hackman points about bulldozing a traveler into accepting their peculiar craft. The clamor is intense, and at times it actually looks as though some of the rascals might lay violent hands upon the travelers and attempt to toss them into their boats—a proceeding that would result disastrously to the boatmen.

At length, however, they hire a couple of boats to take themselves and luggage out to the steamer; and when this point has been actually settled, the mob quiets down like a hive of bees after an eruption or else seeks fresh victims.

Mynheer Joe notices that another party is embarking near by—the baron. He has secured a boat, and, with his two followers, heads for the steamer. Then Sandy's plan has been a dead failure! Mr. Grimes turns a look that borders on the sarcastic upon the correspondent, and is immediately knocked all in a heap by the twinkle he sees in Sandy's eyes. It seems to say to him: "Wait, and you may yet see some fun, my fine fellow."

Surprised, Mr. Grimes notices that Sandy keeps one eye turned in the direction of the boat in which the baron is seated, as though he finds deep interest there. He, too, turns his eyes in that direction.

At first he sees nothing out of the way. The man rows along after the indolent fashion of these lazy Alexandria boatmen, paying no attention to the signals from the steamer that indicate a lack of time.

Looking beyond, Mr. Grimes pricks up his ears, so to speak; for a glimmer of the truth flashes into his brain when he sees a boat propelled by a couple of British soldiers and containing three others, one of them an officer, following the baron's craft and not far behind.

They come up rapidly. The Russian turns in his seat in the stern and takes one look at the other boat, but does not seem to bother his head over it a bit. In the course of two minutes, the boat containing the soldiers is alongside the other, and the officer lays his hand on the gunwale.

"What does this mean?" demands the baron, in a loud, offensive voice. "Our friends motion to the men to stop rowing, so that they may hear what passes near by."

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I am looking for Baron Popoff," says the officer.

"That is my name, sir," replies the other.

He does not look alarmed, only annoyed, as though some impetuous creditor is about to make a descent upon him at the last moment.

"I have just found you in time, baron," with a significant glance toward the waiting steamer, from whose funnel the smoke pours—she resembles some impatient animal eager to start in the race.

"Indeed, sir, do you wish with me? I have not kept my light hidden under a bushel while in Alexandria," returns the Russian.

"Pardon me, baron, I know nothing of the matter beyond the fact that I have instructions to bring you before the general."

"What?" and with a weird Russian curse bubbling from his lips, the baron springs to his feet.

"My language was plain, baron. I am sorry to break into any of your plans, but my orders allow no latitude."

"But, sir," thunders the baron, excited, "I am booked to leave on that steamer!"

"I am sorry for that, baron."

"You will not stop me now. Whatever this may be, it could easily be explained, but if I return with you to the citadel I lose the steamer!"

The officer looks his regret, but he is as firm as adamant.

"I only know my orders, baron," he says.

"You will not allow me to proceed, sir?"

"I am an English officer; I have been sent to find and convey you before the general. There my duty ceases. Not if there were a dozen steamers to sail and a thousand barons to take passage on them, would I fail to obey the orders I have received."

The baron grinds his teeth in rage.

"What if I refuse to accompany you?" he says, in a quiet tone that contrasts strangely with his excited manner.

"Much to my regret I shall be obliged to use force," replies the officer.

"Suppose I should resist?"

"I would take you, baron, if I had to call upon yonder iron-clads for help," pointing to the great British war-vessels Vesuvius and Thunderer, which lie about where the fleet opened the awful bombardment on Alexandria some half a dozen years before.

The baron seems to be weighing the chances. He hates everything English, and is peculiarly fitted for the mission to India in the interests of the White Czar. It grates upon his nerves to be thus ignominiously brought back by a British officer and compelled to give up his contemplated embarkation; but he can see no other possible outlet. The gates seem closed around him.

He looks like a baffled tiger, with its prey in full sight at the time the trap closes. Even Molly sees his face, and never forgets the look there is stamped upon it. Men glare at a fellow-human that way just before they do murder.

"There is no way out of this mess, then?"

"Only one—by accompanying me to headquarters, where you may explain matters and be back before the steamer leaves," replies the Briton.

"You know that is a false hope, sir. The Alhambra will steam away in ten minutes or so," replies the Russian, lavagely.

"Well, as a dernier ressort, try Suez."

"Eh?"

"Take the railroad to Suez and there await the coming of the steamer down the canal."

"Confusion!" It is Sandy who mutters this, as he smites his head with his hand. "Great brain that of yours, old fellow, never once to think of that. Grimes, kick me, will you?"

"Wait. Danger of upsetting the boat, and I reckon there are sharks here. When we get on board the steamer, I'll accommodate you with the greatest pleasure in the world," returns the practical Grimes.

"You try it when there are others around, and the worm will turn, sir, turn and rend you; but I am in the dumps. Think of the grand scheme I've arranged to shake that fellow, and never once thought of what that dandy officer just now so coldly informed him—that he could, even if delayed a couple of days, take the train, run to Cairo, and from there to Suez, waylaying us there. Hang the luck. I see I'll have to murder him in cold blood yet."

That was a convincing argument, and he gives in. See how sullenly he resumes his seat and orders his boatmen to pull for the shore. There! He looks this way. I wonder if he suspects. Keep a straight face, Sandy, for heaven's sake. Mynheer Joe, forward once more."

The traveler gives a short, sharp order in the Arabic tongue; oars again fall into the water, brawny arms exercise their muscles, and the boats shoot toward the steamer.

The last they see of the baron and his followers, he is landing and moving away with the officer, to whom he talks with many a gesture, while Colonel Taylor and the Hindoo watch the luggage.

Our friends board the steamer. Some little delay is brought about, during which Sandy becomes nervous, walking the deck with a quick stride, watching the quay and pulling at his diminutive mustache.

Then comes the whistles, they move away, and Alexandria is left behind.

"Look!" says Sandy to Mr. Grimes, nodding in their wake. "The baron has returned—he is in his boat—the men row madly, but no one on board notices! Ta, ta, old fellow! Wait here for the Malwa, or meet us at Suez. Adieu! Adieu!"

The steamer increases her speed, and the city of Alexandria is soon lost to sight in the gathering dusk, although her many lights remain in view for some time. Gradually these fade away, and night reigns over the great sea, whose waves wash the shores of three continents, and on board the Alhambra all seems well.

[To be Continued.]

Ask Your Dealer For Allen's Foot-Ease.

A powder to shake into your shoes; rests the feet. Cures Corns, Blisters, Swollen, Sore, Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating Feet and In-growing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes new or tight shoes easy. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25 cents. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Don't judge people by their clothes unless you see the family wash out on the line.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Call's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CENNY & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cenny for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.

WALKER, KINMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Daggers for the Judges. One of the many curious customs which mark the visits of judges to provincial assizes of England is that observed at Newcastle-on-Tyne.

The Mayor always makes the following speech to the judges on circuit: "My lords, we have to congratulate you upon having completed your labors in this ancient town, and have also to inform you that you travel hence to Carlisle, through border country, much and often infested by the Scots. We, therefore, present each of your lordships with a piece of money to buy therewith a dagger to defend yourselves."

Then the Mayor produces two ancient coins, a Jacobus and a carolus. The former he presents to the senior and the latter to the junior judge. Apparently it is intended that the senior judge shall purchase a dagger twice the size of that purchased by the junior judge.—Manchester Guardian.

Flour Matters. There are now over 700 lady university graduates in Ireland.

Floors of rubber, claimed to be as durable as asphalt, and cheaper, are being tried in Germany.

ETTS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after Mrs. day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2.00 per bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 331 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

After a man is married he begins to lose his conceit.

Mrs. Wislowsky's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Jansone's Pile Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOMAS ROSS, 2555, Maple St., Norwien, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1902.

The chronic borrower is usually out on a strike.

Money refunded for each package of PUTNAM FADELESS DYES if unsatisfactory.

Hard work is the best sort of physical culture.

Up in Natural History. Teacher—Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct.

Little Bessie—Dick.

Teacher—Dick? What sort of a bird is that?

Little Bessie—Our canary; the cat exterminated him.

Four great coal stations are about to be exploited in South Africa. The most southerly field lies between Ladysmith and the northern boundary of Natal.

These regions will in the near future supply a large part of the world's demand for coal. Natal exported 204,000 tons in 1901.

Eye started the deceptions of her sex when she began the custom of putting on clothes.

The Pious Mosquito. It was in the dear old summer time. The mosquito that did business just over the line, but who was duly incorporated under the laws of New Jersey, as are all other pestiferous things, was trying for a touch down on the skating rink of a man who frequents front rows.

A vigorous slap sent him away. Taking the full count before rising, he decided he would get out of the vicinity.

Then a thought struck him. "Ah," said he, "I must do all I can to prove the truth of the Scriptures. All our tribe is 'bred on the water.'" So he promptly returned.

Doan's Kidney Pills have leaped into Public Favor because the people can write direct to the makers and secure a trial free. Thus has been builded the greatest fame, and largest sale known to any Kidney medicine in the world.

CERTICE, O.—I had such severe pain in my back that I could not walk. I used the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills with such good results I sent to Toledo for another box, and they cured me.—SARAH E. CONNELL, Curtice, O.

FALMOUTH, VA.—I suffered over twelve months with pain in the small of my back. Medicines and plasters gave only temporary relief. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me.—F. S. BROWN, Falmouth, Va.

WEST HAVEN, CONN.—Eight months ago I took a severe pain in my back. The sample box of Doan's Kidney Pills helped me so much I purchased two boxes; am on my second box. My heart does not bother me as it used to and I feel well.—SARAH E. BRADLEY, No. 377 Elm Street, West Haven, Conn.

HORSTON, TEX.—I took the sample of Doan's Kidney Pills with such great benefit I bought a box at our druggist's. Used over half and stopped, because my urine which before had only come dribbling, now became so free. I had medicine enough. I had lumbrago and the pills rid me of it. I should have written sooner, but you know how sick a well person forgets about being sick.—MR. C. H. HOENICKE, No. 2319 McKenny Ave., Houston, Tex.

Aching backs are eased. Hip, back, and loin pains overcome. Swelling of the limbs and dropsy signs vanish.

Their correct urine with brick dust sediment, high colored, pain in passing, dribbling, frequency, bed wetting. Doan's Kidney Pills remove calculi and gravel. Relieve heart palpitation, sleeplessness, headache, nervousness, dizziness.

FREE—GRAND FOR SPRING KIDNEY ILLS. Doan's Kidney Pills.

FORREN-SMITHSON Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Please send me by mail, without charge, trial box Doan's Kidney Pills.

Name _____ Post-office _____ State _____ (Cut out coupon on dotted lines and mail to Foster-Smithson Co., Buffalo, N. Y.)

Medical Advice Free—Strictly Confidential.

Weak? "I suffered terribly and was extremely weak for 12 years. The doctors said my blood was all turning to water. At last I tried Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and was soon feeling all right again." Mrs. J. W. Fiala, Hadlyme, Ct. No matter how long you have been ill, nor how poorly you may be today, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take for purifying and enriching the blood. Don't doubt it, put your whole trust in it, throw away everything else. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

DO NOT GET WET. ABOVE ALL OTHERS TOWERS' FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING. THE HIGHEST STANDARD OF QUALITY FOR MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY.

CAPUDINE Sour CURES Stomach AND Indigestion. 10, 25 and 50c. at Drugstores.

Cascarets CANDY CATHARTIC. Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

SWIFT CREEK Stock and Dairy Farm. Has for sale a large number of Jersey registered, A. J. C. C. Jersey Bulls and Heifers. None better bred in the South. Containing close to the standard and up-to-date blood in America. Bulls to be sold at \$25.00 each. Heifers same age \$20.00. POLAND-CHINA PIGS, \$5.00 each. Send check and get what you want. T. F. BRASWELL, Prop., Battisboro, N. C. So. 15.

Rheumacide Is the Standard Rheumatic Remedy. The ONLY compound on the market that cures this terrible disease without doing irreparable harm to the digestive organs. UNEQUALLED as a BLOOD PURIFIER. CHEERFULLY RECOMMENDS IT. PREPARED BY S. C. AUG. 18, 1902. Gentlemen—I had rheumatism for about twelve years. Great deal of the time I had to use crutches or cane. Was confined to bed, nearly helpless, three months at a time, several times. Last spring I began to take "RHEUMACIDE." I used two bottles before I noticed any benefit. Altogether I used seven bottles and the cure seems to be complete, as I have had no symptoms of rheumatism since. I can cheerfully recommend your medicine. B. F. FENIGAN. For sale by Druggists, or sent express prepaid on receipt of \$1.00. Bobbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

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