

Colds and Chills Bring Kidney Ills

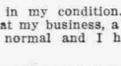
February, March and April are the backache months, because they are the months of colds, chills, grip and pneumonia, with their congesting, weakening influence on the kidneys. Colds, chills or grip strain the kidneys and start backache, urinary disorders and uric acid troubles. You feel lame, weak and tired, and have headache, dizzy feelings, achy muscles and joints; too frequent, painful urinary passages, sediment, etc. Chills hurt the kidneys. Likewise well kidneys often prevent taking cold, by helping to pass off the waste matters of cold congestion. Doan's Kidney Pills are very useful in the raw winter and spring months. They stop backache and urinary disorders, keep the kidneys well and prevent colds from setting on the kidneys. Strong testimony proves it. What better evidence could you ask?

CONVINCING PROOF FROM GRATEFUL USERS

IN BED FOR MONTHS.

Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Doctors Gave up Hope.

J. F. Thomas, 27 Roxbury St., Clifton Forge, Va., says: Uric acid had poisoned my blood and it looked as if the end were near. I had become emaciated; my complexion was pasty and my eyes hollow and sunken. I had lost the use of my limbs and had to be lifted like a baby. Large lumps as big as a goose egg had formed upon my limbs and they were as stiff as a poker, parts of them being lifeless. The muscles of my back contracted and God only knows the suffering I endured. I lay in bed for months and the more I doctored the worse I got. The physicians admitted that my case was beyond their skill. In desperation I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon noticed a great change in my condition. In less than five weeks I was back at my business, a well and happy man. My kidneys are normal and I have gained over thirty pounds."



in my condition.

COULD HARDLY STAND.

Backache and Dizziness Made Life a Burden.

Mrs. A. A. Fultz, 420 Second Ave. N. W., Roanoke, Va., says: "I feel as if I could not say enough for Doan's Kidney Pills. Kidney disease had gotten such a hold on me that I did not think I could ever be cured. The kidneys acted so frequently, especially at night that I could not rest, and I was often so dizzy I could hardly stand. The pains in my back were unbearable and did not leave me for days at a time. After everything else had failed to give me permanent relief, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and in less than a week there was a decided improvement in my condition. The symptoms from which I had so long suffered, left me by one. I gained steadily and today can say without hesitation that I am a well woman."



No. 155

ATRIAL FREE Test Doan's Kidney Pills Yourself
Cut out this coupon, mail it to Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. A free trial package of Doan's Kidney Pills will be mailed you promptly.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Sold by all dealers. Price 50 cents. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., Buffalo, N. Y., Proprietors.

WEEKLY SHORT STORY

THE WANDERING ARAB.

By Frank Howell Evans.

"Thanks, but I don't think I want any rugs today."

"Bismillah! He is a good man, an English good man," appeared to be the answer.

"Now, look here," I said, speaking very distinctly in the hope that he would understand, "I don't want your rug, and I don't want any of the Persian or Arabian bad language which I believe you are hurling at me. Will you please go?"

"I moved toward the gate and he followed, repeating a long and unintelligible sentence with occasional declarations of 'English good man.'"

"Once more," I said, "will you please go? You're a nice, picturesque person, I'll admit, but you'd suit the landscape much better if you were at the bottom of the street. Here's sixpence, and now do go."

"He clutched the sixpence and was trying to follow me up the path when my wife came up laden with parcels."

"Whoever's this?" she asked.

"Some indigent Eastern tradesman, I believe, my dear, who will not understand that there is no invitation to dine and sleep with us."

"Poor fellow! he does look cold and miserable. Haven't you got an old

overcoat you could give him?"

"She had scarcely spoken when the wanderer fell at her feet, kissed the hem of her dress and placed her foot on his head."

"The effect of this latter act was rather spoilt by Ella's fear that she was going to be upset and the imprint of her muddy boot on the prostrate one's forehead."

"Now, isn't that picturesque?" said Ella. "That's the Eastern act of homage and submission! He must have something to eat after that."

"The dark-skinned gentleman was still kneeling somewhat uncomfortably as I thought on the damp gravel, and he made another frantic grab for Ella's foot."

"Don't let him do that again, dear, will you?" she pleaded. "It's all very well in Arabia, or is it Araby, where they have sand, but I don't want to fall into a puddle."

"Bismillah! He is a good man, an English good man," came the greeting with a low salaam to Ella.

"I wonder whether that's Arabic or what. The poor fellow's evidently trying to sell that rug to pay his passage back," said Ella.

"Well, I've made a good sporting offer of twopence and now I think he'd better go. The people opposite are at their windows."

"Nonsense! We're going to give the poor man something to eat. How would you like to be in Araby, or Arabia, without knowing a word of the

language or a friend in the whole of the desert?"

"All right, send him to the kitchen; but he's not going to have any overcoats or dress clothes of mine—that's understood. Come along, Bismillah!"

Ella led the way to the back door, followed by her protegee.

"Good lord, mum, whatever's that," asked Jane. "Ere, get away and leave my feet alone, will yer?"

Bismillah rose abashed and injured, for in his anxiety to place Jane's foot on his head he hit the scraper and didn't seem to like it.

"Give him a good tea, Jane," said Ella. "Let him get quite warm and dry and then we'll hunt up some of master's old clothes and send the poor fellow away happy."

I waited to hear no more, but silently and secretly I hurried upstairs and locked all the drawers in my dressing room and hid all my boots.

By some extraordinary chance my never my wife wants to be charitable she always manages to seize upon my best clothes, declaring afterward that she thought they were rags.

When I went downstairs I found the rug displayed on a chair.

"How much did you give him for it?" I asked.

"Nothing. The poor fellow seemed so grateful for what he had had that he insisted on my taking it, and when I offered him money he refused it."

Dark, and perhaps unworthy, suspicious crossed my mind that Bismillah was a man of guile, and I decided to hint to the policeman at the corner that Arabian gentlemen with Manchester rugs were of no use to me.

"Well, I hope he's gone without the spoons, anyway," I suggested.

"Oh, we couldn't turn the poor fellow out. It's pouring with rain and I'm sure he's nowhere to sleep and he can have a rug in the attic. You don't mind, do you, dear?"

"Certainly not; but perhaps he'd prefer an outdoor pension."

After supper strange and nerve-racking sounds were waited up from the kitchen, as of some animal with a sudden and dangerous illness.

"Great Scott! Whatever's that?" I said.

"Perhaps it's the mice," replied Ella, who firmly believes that every sound in the house can be traced to these little creatures.

"Of course; I never thought of that. They always sing like that. I'll try and catch one."

I hastened down to the kitchen, followed by a respectful distance by Ella.

With a smile of idiotic happiness Jane sat entranced, while opposite to her sat Bismillah, howling away at some interminable and tuneless tune.

"Optimises me, sir," said Jane, "fair 'younises me, that's what it does. I never 'ard nothin' like it since last 'arvest 'ome."

"Stop that confounded row," I said, going up to Bismillah, who smiled up into my face and let go a note that nearly threw me backwards.

Enraged, I seized his chin and the top of his head, and brought his teeth together with a click that must have sounded in the next street.

Bismillah gave one yell of anguish, clapped his hands to his mouth, and sprang from his chair like one possessed.

Moaning terribly, he ran in circles round the kitchen, nearly knocking Jane into the fire, and finally grovelled at my wife's feet in an attitude of intense pain.

I felt a certain amount of alarm, for it was possible that I might have injured something in the roof of his mouth and should have to pay for a doctor.

"Poor fellow!" said Ella, stooping and patting his head. "He knows who is kind to him! He must have bitten his tongue, and I think you're a very unkind man indeed, James."

By now I had conceived a bitter hatred for Bismillah and when Jane amiably suggested my best brandy and a cigar as a restorative, which was agreed to by my wife, I left for the club hurriedly and did not return till midnight.

Just as I was getting into bed I remembered that I had not turned out the hall gas.

As I stepped out of the bedroom I fell over something huddled up on the rug.

In two seconds I was trying to roll with my feet, and I was evidently trying to roll me up. It seemed as if he would accomplish this apparently impossible feat, for he was strong and sinewy, when suddenly my wife appeared and shrieked loudly.

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the proceedings terminated with tears and a threat that Bismillah should stop forever!

But when I went downstairs, Bismillah, arrayed in a pair of my pajamas and a flannel tennis jacket, was standing by the table trying to cut the bread with a spoon.

"I don't think he's well, dear," said Ella. "I expect you hurt his tongue last night, and when I tried to explain that he was to go, he fell on his knees so gracefully that I hadn't the heart to turn him out. He shall stop for a few days until we have heard from his consulate, and he can make himself useful. He looks quite picturesque, doesn't he?"

I remarked that he would make a very handsome corpse if he didn't behave himself, and then looked round for my boots.

"They were nowhere to be found, and suddenly a horrid suspicion seized me. I looked at Bismillah's feet, and on them were my boots."

"Take them off!" I shrieked in a frenzy, seizing a carving knife. Bismillah dropped the coffeepot, which my wife was trying to explain was not kept in the coal-box, and fled.

After a stern chase five times round the garden I caught him near his old friend the colery bed, and with the aid of the jobbing gardener, I did my best to suffocate him in the mould, and finally recovered my boots.

I was twenty minutes late at the office, and spent most of the working hour asking people if they knew what to do with a wild Arab who wouldn't leave the house.

At last I hurried back home and demanded the instant presence of Bismillah.

"He's gone out for a little fresh air, dear," was my wife's reply, "and as I didn't want him to look conspicuous, I let him have that old blue suit of yours. You don't mind, do you, dear?"

In two minutes I was scouring the neighborhood.

At length the policeman told me that he had seen a foreign-looking gentleman enter the private bar of the Crown.

I entered the next bar, and, peeping over the partition, I saw Bismillah in my blue serge suit and second-best hat, talking bravely to the landlord, and I heard distinctly:

"Oh, yes," he was saying in very fair broken English. "I stay just a-down the road. Very old a-friend. The lady's good—very good, but the husband no good. Never mind, I stay. Yes-a, the lady likes-a me. So I stay for ever-yes."

And this was Bismillah, who didn't know a word of English.

"Hold him, landlord," I shouted over the partition. "I'm going to fetch a policeman."

But Bismillah heard, and was too quick for me. As I dashed out I saw him flying down the street as if he were followed by a host of evil geni.

I returned home, boiled and barred the door, and sat up half the night with a golf club in case of attempted entry by the window.

But Bismillah never returned and to this day local scandal credits me with having cruelly maltreated an Indian prince who sought the hospitality which every Briton ought to extend to the oppressed.

And my wife is still of the opinion that Bismillah was a stranded Arab who ought, by rights, to have been in his own country, personally conducting a caravan of camels.

YOUNG WHITE MEN ATTACK WOMEN

In the Meantime Misses Inez and Ethel Simmons and Myrtle Godsey Flew Along Middle of the Street Towards Home.

RICHMOND, Va., Special.—Misses Inez and Ethel Simmons, of The Crescent and Summer Streets, and Myrtle Godsey, of 411 West Fourth Street, South Richmond, last evening had an experience which they will not soon forget.

The young ladies—the eldest of whom is just eighteen years of age—had gone out on Hull Street to make some purchases for themselves and to get a bottle of medicine for a member of one of the families. They were returning home, and when they left Hull Street at Fourteenth they saw three young white men standing in the alley just in the rear of Moore's cafe.

The girls passed along the street and when they were opposite the alley they were met by the three young men.

FOR CATARRH, HAWKING AND SPITTING

BAD BREATH, DROPPING IN THROAT, take B. B. Cures after other remedies fail. Write Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga., for free samples and testimonials of wonderful cures. At Druggists, \$1.00 per bottle.

Pimples

Blackheads, itch, tetter, eczema and skin and scalp diseases are readily removed and permanently cooled by frequent baths with warm water and Tetterine Soap followed by the application of

Tetterine

the fragrant, soothing, healing ointment. Insures a healthy skin and scalp and a clear complexion and luxuriant growth of hair. Soap 25c, ointment 50c, at druggists or by mail from

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K. C. WOOD'S WHEAT FLOUR

For Bread, Cakes, Biscuits, etc. A valuable diet for victims of CONSTIPATION

Unlike other goods. Ask your grocer. For bags or sample, write to

W. S. Tanner Paint Co., Ashland, Va., July 11, '10.

Gentlemen: I have used several tons of your NEVADO LEAD and take pleasure in saying that I have found it satisfactory in every respect.

Yours very truly, Herbert Bumpass

ley one of the men reached out and grabbed Miss Ethel Simmons by the right arm, attempting to pull her into the alley. Miss Simmons gave a shriek, and Miss Godsey caught hold of her disengaged hand and pulled her away from the man. Only one of the men attempted to catch hold of the girl. Just as soon as she got free from the man Miss Ethel and the other two ran to the middle of the street and called loudly for help. This was near 9:15 o'clock.

When the girls began to scream the man who had attempted to pull Miss Simmons into the alley pulled his cap down over his face and beckoned to his companions to follow him. They ran down the alley in the direction of Twelfth Street.

Misses Simmons and Miss Godsey lost no time in getting to their homes, keeping in the middle of the street. The girls are employed in establishments on this side of the river.

Miss Godsey was seen at her home today by a reporter for The Evening Journal, and asked regarding the affair. She is an orphan, living with her sister, Mrs. John Ford. She said:

"We had been up to make some purchases, Misses Simmons asking me to go along with them. I did so. Just as we were coming into Fourteenth Street we saw the three men at the alley. We did not dream that the men would attempt to stop us. They did not say a word, but just as we got opposite to them, one of them made a grab for Ethel, the man with a light cap and light overcoat attempting to pull her into the alley. I was walking next to her, and when I saw the man reach out his hand I caught hold of Ethel's other hand and pulled her away. Then I began to scream. The man was tall, cleanly-shaven and of spare build. We got into the middle of the street and all of us screamed. Whatever anyone came in response to our cries I do not know, but we kept in the middle of the street and ran as fast as we could all the way home."

"When I got home, I told Mr. Ford what had happened, and he immediately went on a search for the men. He also notified the police. We were frightened nearly to death, and every time I turn around it seems that I can see those three men. The other two did not try to grab hold of us, but we did not get a good look at them."

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But Bismillah never returned and to this day local scandal credits me with having cruelly maltreated an Indian prince who sought the hospitality which every Briton ought to extend to the oppressed.

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I BELIEVE CARDUI CURED

Mrs. Chapman, of Branchland, Tells About Her Serious Troubles and How Cardui Helped Her.

Branchland, W. Va.—In a letter from this place, Mrs. Elizabeth Chapman says: "I suffered from womanly trouble for nearly five years. I tried all the doctors in the country, but they did me no good. I can say that I certainly do believe that Cardui saved my life. I took Cardui, and now I am entirely well."

I have gained 15 pounds, and feel like a new woman. I am thankful for what this medicine has done for me. I hope all who suffer from any kind of womanly trouble will give Cardui a fair trial.

I will continue to recommend this great remedy to all friends, for I cannot praise Cardui half as highly as it deserves."

You may be sure, that if Cardui will relieve and cure such serious cases as Mrs. Chapman's—and it is doing this every day—it will certainly help those women who have no serious symptoms, but are just weak and ailing.

Whether seriously sick, or simply weak, try Cardui. It will help you. In the past fifty years, Cardui has benefited more than a million women.

Why not test it for your trouble? N. B.—Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper, on request.

Woman's Department

NEWPORT CAKE. One cup butter, one and a half cups sifted flour, one level teaspoon baking powder, yolks of five eggs, one and a half cups sifted powdered sugar, whites of five eggs, one tablespoon of brandy. Cream butter and sugar. Beat yolks till thick and gradually add flour, baking powder and salt. Lastly beat in the stiffly beaten whites and brandy. Bake in a loaf one hour. The oven should be moderate at first. This cake is neither frost nor flavor, because it is rich and I like the cake taste.

GOOD GINGERBREAD. Cream a half cup of lard and two tablespoons of sugar, one egg, one cup of molasses, one teaspoon ginger, a half teaspoon nutmeg and two and a half cups sifted flour, one cup boiling water, with one good teaspoon of soda. I often bake this in gem pans and it makes nice little cakes which never fail.

SOUR MILK SPICE CAKE. One cup of sugar, two tablespoons of butter, one egg, well beaten, one cupful of sour milk or cream, one teaspoonful each of soda, allspice, cinnamon, a half teaspoon cloves, two tablespoons of cocoa or chocolate, one teaspoonful of vanilla.

CHOCOLATE SPONGE CAKE. This cake can only be made when eggs are cheap. Beat eight eggs, whites and yolks together, till they are a foaming, smooth liquid and add, with a continued beating, one and a half cups sifted sugar. By degrees add three-eighths of a pound of grated chocolate, a teaspoon each of cloves, allspice, cinnamon and baking powder; then mix in one cup of flour and a half cup of milk. Stir well, but do not beat after baking powder is added. Bake in sponge cake pan in moderate oven.

HUCKLEBERRY CAKE. Beat to a light cream one cup of butter and two cups of sugar, add the beaten yolks of five eggs, one teaspoon of grated nutmeg, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one tablespoon of hot water, one cup of sweet milk and three cups of flour. Beat thoroughly, fold in the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, and, last of all, add carefully one quart of huckleberries thickly dredged with flour. Bake in a moderate oven.

FISH TIMBALE. Flake cold cooked fish, put in buttered dish, cover with cream; Poulette or Bechamel sauce; sprinkle with buttered crumbs; bake.

COLD CHICKEN SOUP. Cook one chicken, a half bunch of celery, one-fourth cup rich in two quarts of water; cool, skim, add minced parsley, two tablespoons grated cooked ham, juice of a lemon.

SOUR MILK PANCAKES. Soak in milk overnight enough dry crumbs to make a cup when soaked. In the morning add to them a cup of sour or buttermilk, a cup of flour, one-half teaspoonful of baking soda, the same amount of salt and one egg. Beat all together and fry on a gridle.

MUSSEL OR CLAM SALAD. Wash, boil