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VOL. XXV. New Series Vol. 11.--6-18 SCOTLAND NECK, N. C., THURSDAY, APRIL 8, 1909. NUMBER 14.

Women as Well as Men are Made Miserable by Kidney and Bladder Trouble.

Kidney trouble preys upon the mind discourages and lessens ambition; beauty vigor and cheerfulness soon disappear when the kidneys are out of order or diseased.

Kidney trouble has become so prevalent that it is not uncommon for a child to be born afflicted with weak kidneys. If the child urinates too often, if the urine scalds the flesh, or if, when the child reaches age when it should be able to control the passage, it is yet afflicted with bed-wetting, depending upon it, the cause of the difficulty is kidney trouble, and the first step should be towards the treatment of these important organs. This unpleasant trouble is due to a diseased condition of the kidneys and bladder and not to a habit as most people suppose.

Women as well as men are made miserable with kidney and bladder trouble and both need the same great remedy. The mild and the immediate effect of Swamp-Root is soon realized. It is sold by druggists, in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a pamphlet telling all about Swamp-Root, including many of the thousands of testimonial letters received from sufferers who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy needed. In writing Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure and mention this paper. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., on every bottle.

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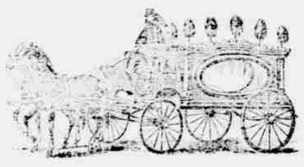

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GUARANTEED SATISFACTORY OR MONEY REFUNDED.

THE RURAL FIRE DEPARTMENT.

What Happened When Resident Sent Hurry Call to Lonelyville Fire Chief.

Billups smelled smoke, and investigation divulged the dread fact that his house was on fire.

Now, inasmuch as Billups lives off in the country, two miles away from the hose company, he became very much agitated, and ran at once to the telephone. After ringing three or four times he connected with old Si Hopkins, the fire chief of Lonelyville.

"That you, Silas?" he cried agitatedly over the wire.

"Ya-as, who's this?" came the answer.

"Why, I'm Billups. My house is on fire, and—"

"Who'd you say?"

"Billups, old man. For the love of heavens, hurry the engine over here. My house is on fire."

"Whose haouse d'ye say?"

"Mine, 'Billups'."

"Wa'al, I wanter know. Who sot it?"

"I don't know, but ring the alarm, will you? And send the boys up quick."

"Wa'al, I dunno as I kin, Mr. Billups. My wife, she's got the key to the firehouse, and she's gone daown t' Sallie's house for supper. Besides, Bill Jones, he's gone to Centerville to buy a kyow, an' Jim, he's daown to Missus Holliberry's place pickin' cherries."

"Well, for heaven's sake, do something, can't you?" roared Billups.

"Wa-al, I'd like t' oblige ye spuire, but I dunno as I kin. Leastways not till to-morrer mornin'."

"To-morrow morning be hanged, Hoskins! The house is burning now."

"Wa-al, mebbe I might git up some time this evening, Mr. Billups."

"This evening nothing! Why, the roof's ablaze at this very moment."

"Wa-al, I tell ye, squire, if it's as bad as that, what I think ye'd better do—"

"Well, go on! I'm listening."

"Got a postage stamp?"

"Yes."

"Wa-al, preaps ye'd better stick it onto an envelope and send word to th' insurance people. If it's got to th' roof they ain't much use o' my coming out. If ye want me to, I'll send my boy Willie up after the letter, an' he kin take it daown to the post-office an' mail it for ye."

"You be—" began Billups, but he didn't finish. The fire had reached the telephone wires and destroyed the connection.—New York Herald.

Brought Old Man to Time.

The young man had asked the father for his daughter and been refused.

"Then you will not give me Jane?" he hoarsely demanded.

"I didn't speak in Volapuk, did I?" sneered Jane's father.

The young man paused at the door.

"I am considered a good looking fellow," he said. "Ladies turn and stare after me as I pass along the street. Your cook smiled at me to-night as I lingered at the side door. I returned the smile. Now I will follow up this favorable impression. I will make love to the cook—in a week we will elope!"

The old man turned pale.

"Don't talk like that," he gasped "You wouldn't be cruel enough to rob us of our cook. No, no; not another word. Jane is yours!"

Tone and Tune.

When your vitality is low you need "toning up." Why not "tuning up?" Same thing. We are all pianos, just a mass of sounding boards, keys and strings. We get out of tune and tone; we run down, just like an eight-day clock, and require rewinding. Look at your wife to-morrow morning and see if she is out of tune. If she is cross you will say she got out of bed with the wrong foot foremost. Not a bit of sense in that. She simply got up from her night's rest out of tune, or tone. Tune her up! Tone her up! In her finest health she may be a G sharp; when not so well she may be at D. Have your family kit of tuning irons; give her a test; then bring her up to pitch.—New York Press.

All Join in Helping Messina.

Says the London Chronicle: "It is not only by means of ships that America has gone to the rescue of Sicilians. Visitors from the western hemisphere to Rome, albeit making no long stay, are using their wealth lavishly in the work of rescue. We hear of one family alone receiving six earthquake children into their house, and giving shelter to 16 more elsewhere. The committees of relief are composed from every nation that gathers in Rome for winter and spring. All gayeties are suspended, and the embassies have put their merely social offices aside."

Where the Bard Falls Short.

"Aren't there some rather indelicate things in Shakespeare's plays?" suggested the punctilious citizen.

"Yes," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "but they don't go quite far enough to constitute a New York success."

The Sincerest Respect.

"You people in the east don't appreciate the importance of the great middle west," said the visitor.

"We don't, eh! On the contrary, we sit up nights thinking about the great middle west. That's where most of our weather comes from."

Floodgates of Wisdom.

"Why do you sometimes discuss topics on which you are scantily informed?"

"To save time," answered the fearless public character. "It's the surest way of being immediately and voluminously enlightened."

The man who persistently sits down is sure to become hard up.

LIVE AFTER DEATH

VITAL ORGANS SLOW TO CEASE FUNCTIONS.

All Parts of the Body Do Not Simultaneously Give Up Their Work —Where Science Admits Itself at Fault.

To the unscientific citizen it is something of a surprise to learn that large parts of the body are alive and useful after the phenomenon popularly known as death has taken place.

Few of us suspect, for example, that our kidneys and hearts after we have died ourselves can in most cases be resuscitated and that if by some surgical miracle they could be transplanted into another body they would quickly resume their functions.

This, however, is a well demonstrated medical fact.

The human heart has been removed from the body more than 30 hours after death and made to beat again. Dr. Carrel of the Rockefeller institute has taken the heart from one dog and inserted it in the neck of another, connecting the aorta with the carotid artery of the new heart and the vena cava with its jugular vein. In a few moments the live dog had two hearts rhythmically beating, one recording a pulse of 88 and the other 100.

Science has yet formed no precise definition of death, says McClure's. The human body teems and quivers with life, only a small part of which becomes a part of individual consciousness.

An artery, thoroughly disinfected, placed in an ordinary culture tube and then closed to the access of all bacteria, will not putrefy. Under ordinary circumstances, however, it will undergo autolytic disintegration. Complete desiccation will preserve it against this latter process.

Autolysis does not take place except in the presence of water, this explains why Egyptian mummies, which were thoroughly dried before being placed away in the tomb, have resisted for 30 centuries the autolytic ferment. Normal blood serum is another substance which inhibits to a considerable degree autolytic degeneration.

Cold, while it does not entirely check the process, makes it exceedingly slow. It is upon refrigeration that Dr. Carrel has thus far chiefly depended for preserving arteries. In order to prevent putrefication he places them in sterilized culture tubes and then he sets away the tubes in large ice chests, which maintain a temperature just above the freezing point. Here they live in a condition of suspended animation.

Dry and shriveled as they appear, they are still living tissue, and although the animals from which they have been taken have long since gone to their final rest these fragments, if placed in a new living host, once more take up the thread of existence. That the arteries could be removed from a man recently dead and have their vitality and usefulness preserved in this same fashion is certain.

Work of Bees.

Three hundred billion bees made enough honey during last year to fill a train of cars long enough to reach from New York to Buffalo. At the low wholesale rate of ten cents a pound it was worth $25,000,000, and if the 700,000 bee-keepers of the country had worked as industriously and skillfully as did the bees, the weight of the output would have been three times as great and the value $75,000,000.

In one year the beehives sent to market a product worth nearly as much as the barley crop, three times as much as the buckwheat crop, $6,000,000 greater than the rye crop, and nearly $9,000,000 greater than the rice crop. All the the rice and buckwheat grown on an aggregated area of 2,126 1-3 square miles did not reach to the value of the honey by $151,259.

To appreciate these results, one must necessarily strive also to appreciate the number of insects at work. That is rather difficult, for 300,000,000,000 stretches a long way beyond intelligent human comprehension. The human mind doesn't work well in anything mathematically greater than thousands.

Small Scale Love.

Dr. Pierce Underhill, whose book on divorce and marriage is to appear next month in Indianapolis, delivered a lecture on divorce recently in a fashionable Indianapolis church.

"Extravagance," he began, "is one of the big causes of divorce. My cousin, a bank clerk, married a pretty girl and took her home to a nice little flat. But she frowned and bit her lip.

"'Oh, Jack,' she said, 'I can't live in a tiny flat like this!'

"'You don't love me when you say that, darling,' said my cousin.

"'Oh, yes I do, but not on such a small scale.'"

Cause of Baldness.

After considerable jocularity the pair turned to the pearly-pated stranger and one said:

"My friend and I have been discussing the cause of baldness, but we can't seem to agree. Would you mind telling us what you regard as the real cause of baldness?"

The stranger wheeled about, eyed his questioners fiercely and snorted: "Brains!"

Family Likeness.

"They say baby looks just like me."

"Well, that's just what I wanted to say, but I was afraid you might be offended."—New York Herald.

It is far easier to mend a broken heart than a broken rib.

HANGMAN WAS ALSO SURGEON.

Until 100 Years Ago Executioners Were Permitted to Practice.

Two or three centuries ago executioners not infrequently performed surgical operations, says the British Medical Journal. This seems to have been particularly the case in Denmark. July 24, 1579, a license was issued by Frederick II. to Anders Freimut, executioner of Copenhagen, granting him the right to set bones and treat old wounds; he was expressly forbidden to meddle with recent wounds. In 1609 it is recorded in the municipal archives of Copenhagen that Gaspar, the hangman, had received four rigsdalers for the cure of two sick children in the infirmary. In 1638 Christian IV. summoned the executioner of Gluckstadt in Holstein to examine the diseased foot of the crown prince. In a letter addressed to Ole Worm, a leading Danish physician of the day, Henry Koster, physician-in-ordinary to the king, complains bitterly of the slight thus put upon him. He says that for two whole months the hangman, "who is as fit to treat the case as an ass is to play the lyre," had the case in hand and the doctor was not asked his advice. . . . Again, in 1681, Christian V. gave a fee of 200 rigsdalers to the Copenhagen hangman for curing the leg of a page. In 1732, Bergen, an executioner in Norway, was authorized by royal decree to practice surgery.

Even up to the early years of the nineteenth century this extraordinary association of surgery with the last penalty of the law continued. Erik Peterson, who was appointed public executioner at Trondhjem in 1796, served as surgeon to an infantry regiment in the war with Sweden, and retired in 1814 with the rank of surgeon-major. Frederick I. of Prussia chose his favorite hangman, Coblenz, to be his physician-in-ordinary. It might be suspected that this peculiar combination of functions had its origin in a satirical view of the art of healing; but in the records we have quoted we can trace nothing of the kind. Perhaps the executioner drove a trade in human fat and other things supposed to possess marvelous healing properties; he may thus have come to be credited with skill in healing, though the association surely represents the lowest degree to which the surgeon has ever fallen in public esteem and social position.

Choosing a Vocation.

It is very certain that no man is fit for everything; but it is almost certain, too, that there is scarcely any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature plainly points out to him by giving him tendency and propensity to it. I look upon common sense to be to the mind what conscience is to the heart—the faithful and constant monitor of what is right or wrong. And I am convinced that no man commits either a crime or a folly but against the manifest and sensible representations of the one or the other. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education—for they are hard to distinguish—a peculiar bent and disposition to some particular character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation; he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way at least; whereas, if he departs from it, he will, at best, be inconsiderable, probably ridiculous.—Lord Chesterfield.

Remarkable Educated Horse.

The remarkable sagacity of Trixie, the educated horse that was killed in a railroad wreck recently, is vouched for by Mrs. Louise Culp, of Cleveland, O., who saw the animal while it was on exhibition at the Jamestown fair.

"Spell the lady's name," said Trixie's owner to the horse. "Her name is Louise"—dividing the syllables and pronouncing them "Lo-es."

The horse promptly spelled the name and spelled it phonetically—"Lo-es."

About two months later, when he had become acquainted with the name, he also conformed to the spelling and picked it out properly, L-o-u-i-s-e.

What puzzles the students of natural history is how the horse learned to spell at all.

Should Genuine Heroes Be Dead?

Real heroes are like Sherman's definition of "good Indians;" they are all dead. They commit suicide as heroes by appearing in the music halls, by qualifying as professional athletes, by giving out too many newspaper interviews, by yielding too readily to the camera, by succumbing to kissing bees, by becoming too strong to work—in one method or another by seeking to capitalize the admiration of the moment into permanent maintenance and support. If they escape suicide they are asphyxiated by the adulation of mankind or extinguished in its speedy forgetfulness.—New York Mail.

Reliable Weather.

"So you are going to the north pole next year?"

"Yes," answered the arctic explorer.

"You must like the climate."

"No. But there is some satisfaction in knowing that when a cold wave is predicted you won't make any mistake in starting a fire and putting on your heavy clothes."

Postprandial "Sticker."

"What sort of an after-dinner speaker is Bliggins?"

"One of the kind who starts in by saying they didn't expect to be called on, and then proceed to demonstrate that they can't be called off."

A man has time to do anything if he has the inclination.

DEVOTION TO RULER

KOREANS SHOW HIGH DEGREE OF PATRIOTISM.

Had Decided Freely to Give Their Lives to Warn Emperor of What They Considered Grave Danger.

Out of Korea comes a story of the fanatical devotion shown to the shadow emperor of the land by those of his subjects who still resent the rule of the Japanese and view each move of their virtual masters with deep suspicion. In this instance several patriots were willing to let themselves be run over by a railroad train if only his majesty might be warned by their death that he was flying into the trap set for his feet by Prince Ito.

A month ago the emperor announced that he was going to leave Seoul and take a trip to Fusan, the most easterly city of the peninsula and wholly a Japanese settlement. This was an unprecedented thing for the emperor to do, since for countless generations Korean kings and emperors had been content to sit in the hall of congratulations in the Mulberry palace at Seoul and let subjects from other parts of the land come to them to pay homage. Despite the protests of the patriots Prince Ito, who was engineering the trip, ruled and the emperor set out over the Seoul-Fusan railway to visit the seaport at the other terminal.

It became known by the Koreans along the route that the Japanese battleship Azuma was to anchor in the harbor of Fusan and that a part of the welcoming ceremonies that were to occur in Fusan was to be a luncheon to the emperor on board the ship. Immediately the rumor grew to the conviction that as soon as Prince Ito had the emperor safely on the Azuma's deck anchor would be hoisted and the last of the line of Korean rulers would be whisked off to Japan, there to die in a dungeon.

Perhaps the simple Koreans had some justification for believing that the crafty resident-general would like to execute a coup like that; certainly the hand of the Japanese had made such startling moves on the imperial chess board at Seoul that even a duplication of the murder that was done in the Mulberry palace some years ago at the instance of a Japanese minister would not seem improbable to the Koreans.

At any rate the emperor had his luncheon on board the battleship in Fusan harbor and was put safely back on his own territory again. During the course of the luncheon Prince Ito made conversation by telling the puppet ruler that he had learned that at Taiku, one of the large towns on the line of the railway, a party of patriots, convinced that the emperor was going to his doom, had determined to lay themselves on the rails as his train approached the station. They believed that by this act of sacrifice their monarch might be made to see that he was approaching immediate danger.

The patriots had been dissuaded by a very material Japanese policeman.

In Memory of ——

Old New England graveyards are not the only ones which contain curious epitaphs. The old-time dweller of Maine who "Died of a falling tree," as his headstone asserts, had a fellow in misfortune in far-off Australia, as is shown by W. A. Baillie-Grohman's "The Tyrol and the Tyrolese."

A wooden slab, painted with the representation of a prostrate tree under which lies a man in spread-eagle attitude, bears testimony to the violent death of "Johann Lemberger, aged 52¾. This upright and virtuous youth was squashed by a falling tree."

The record of Michael Gerstner is even more succinct and convincing. He "Climbed up, fell down, and was dead."—Youth's Companion.

Defense of Canned Products.

That foods properly canned do not deteriorate with age was a statement made at a dinner of canners in Chicago a few days ago. "Suppose a customer desired a can of corn on February 22, 1920," said one of the speakers, "and was given corn canned in 1909. It would be rejected with a demand for 'something fresher,' and, although the 1909 article would be found as fresh as that of 1920 it would be lost. At a recent banquet in London canned fruit taken from the ruins of Pompeii was found to be fresh and fine. There should be a law to compel the canning of all products in such a manner that they would keep for ages."

Telegraph Letters.

A novelty in correspondence, recently inaugurated by the French post office department, has met with such success that it might be tried all over the world. This is the telegraphic letter. The hours between 9 p. m. and 4 a. m. are not busy ones for the French telegraphic lines. So the postal authorities decided to turn these hours to some use. Therefore, if one misses the post for a provincial town in France to-day one can at the rate of 100 words for 20 cents have the letter telegraphed and delivered by the first post next morning. The scheme is very simple and is working admirably in Paris.

Quantity.

"Don't you admire the big hats that women are wearing?"

"Well," answered Mr. Meekton, "I must say they look more like the money's worth."

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.—Porteous.

GRAPES, from their most healthful properties, give ROYAL its active and principal ingredient

ROYAL Baking Powder Absolutely Pure

It is economy to use Royal Baking Powder. It saves labor, health and money.

Where the best food is required no other baking powder or leavening agent can take the place or do the work of Royal Baking Powder.

TOO AFFECTIONATE FOR MAYOR.

Dignified Official Dislikes Being Hugged in the Dark by Bruin.

When closing time came in the city hall the other afternoon Mayor Charles H. French coughed impressively, indicating a proper degree of satisfaction with the dignified progress of his administration, closed his roll-top desk with a bang, permitted the messenger to adjust his overcoat and present his hat, and then trod forth to meet his fellow townsmen, says a Concord (N. J.) dispatch to the New York Herald. Instead of going out the front door of the city hall, however, Mayor French took a short cut that led through a dark hallway past the back entrance of a theater.

While the mayor in the city hall was throwing off the shackles of official care a wrestling bear in the theater was busy throwing off the shackles of a more material nature, and as the mayor put on his overcoat the bear shed its leather collar. So it came about that as the mayor entered the dark hallway at one end, the bear entered it at another. The mayor has a great respect for bears, but this bear had no respect at all for mayors.

In the darkness the mayor felt a powerful detaining force laid upon his arm.

"Sir," he said, in chilly tones, "if you have business with me, you may call at my office in the morning."

"Urg-r-r," was the unpleasantly harsh response.

"My man—" began the mayor, but he stopped right there, for a furry arm was thrown about his neck, and a rough tongue made a demonstration, which, if it was intended for a kindly salute, failed utterly of its purpose with the mayor.

"Le' go!" commanded the mayor, but his companion showed no disposition to yield to harsh commands. The mayor had other resources. He struck out so savagely with his free hand, and with such painful precision, that the bear, smitten on the nose, loosed its hold and fell back a step.

Content with this temporary victory, the mayor sped aglilely back over the route he had just traversed, shouting: "Bear! Bear!" at every jump. In corroboration of his alarm, the bear galloped along behind, bound not to be deserted by his new friend. The mayor was the first to reach an open door, through which he sped just in time to be able to close it in the face of his pursuer.

The bear was led back into captivity by the theater employes.

All About a Pie.

Goff, the famous London barrister, has a humor peculiarly his own. He looks at the world in a half-amused, half-indulgent manner sometimes very annoying to his friends. One day, when in town, he dropped into a restaurant for lunch. It was a tidy, although not a pretentious establishment. After a good meal he called to the waitress and inquired what kind of pie she had.

"Applepiemincepieraisinpieblueberry piecustardpiepeachpieandstrawberry shortcake," the young woman repeated glibly.

"Will you please say that again?" he asked, leaning a trifle forward.

The girl went through the list at lightning rate. "Andstrawberryshortcake," she concluded, with emphasis.

"Would you mind doing it once more" he asked.

The waitress looked her disgust, and started in a third time, pronouncing the words in a defiantly clear tone.

"Thank you," he remarked, when she had finished. "For the life of me I can't see how you do it. But I like to hear it. It's very interesting—very. Give me apple pie, please, and thank you very much."—Tit-Bits.

Telegraphers' Cramp.

An interesting feature of telegraphers' cramp is that certain letters are nearly always the stumbling block. The most frequent are "C" and "Y"—that is, the code signals used for these letters. When a sender begins to be "conscious" about so common a letter as "C," his case soon becomes a hopeless one. Another form of cramp attacks the receiver of the message. It takes the form of inability to write fast enough to take down a message quickly transmitted. This is easily understood when it is remembered that a receiver often has to write continuously to code dictation, so to speak, for hours at a time. The strain is enorous, and leads fairly commonly to what is practically a form of nervous breakdown.

No matter how well mother may feel she is continually on the mend.

Reunited After Many Years.

Report says that Gen. Sickles, veteran of the civil war, and his wife are reunited after 27 years of separation. The story is that Mrs. Sickles' mother, who was an invalid, wished her to return to Spain after her marriage and reside with her. Mrs. Sickles thought she should return to her mother and remain with her till she died. Mr. Sickles did not agree with her and he refused to return to Spain to live. The couple separated, the wife returning to her mother, who has recently died. Now in their old age the couple are reunited.

The Phonograph in China.

American phonograph companies do a big business in China. The most famous Chinese bands and palace singers are engaged to make records. They are brought from all parts of the empire to the three record-making centers—Peking, Shanghai and Hongkong. Here the apparatus for making the master records is set up and the recording done under the direction of an expert. A record popular in the north of China seldom is popular in the south.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the best known pills and the best pills made, and are easy to take and act gently and are certain. We sell and recommend them. E. T. Whitehead Co.

Mr. Mildew (the undertaker)—Ah, it gives me a nawful turn, 'Enery when I went in the barn an' saw poor Swilks handing there. I turned and ran for the police like lightnin'.

Henry—But didn't you cut him down first?

Mr. M.—Course I didn't.

Henry—Why not.

Mr. M.—'Cos he warn't dead.—Tit-Bits.

Don't let the baby suffer from eczema, sores or any itching of the skin. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, cures quickly. Perfectly safe for children. All druggist sell it.

Jinks—Have you selected a trade or profession for your boy.

Winks—I shall make a plumber of him.

Jinks—Has he a bent that way?

Winks—He's born for it. Tell him to do a thing immediately and he won't think of it again for a week.—Tit-Bits.

Every Woman Will Be Interested.

There has recently been discovered an aromatic, pleasant herb cure for woman's ills, called Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf. It is the only certain regulator. Cures female weaknesses and Backache, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Troubles. At all druggists or by mail 50c. Sample free. Address, The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y.

"But," queried the dear girl's father, "do you earn enough to support two?" "Two!" echoed the would-be son-in-law in surprise. "Say, I only asked for your daughter. Are you going to try and ring her mother in on me, too?—Chicago News.

Children especially like Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup, as it tastes nearly as good as maple sugar. It not only heals irritation and allays inflammation, thereby stopping the cough, but it also moves the bowels gently and in that way drives the cold from the system. It contains no opiates. Sold by E. T. Whitehead Co.

"Mamma, may I play with Johnnie Cross?" "No, George. He's a bad boy. Let him play with the other bad boys." "Well, that's all right, mamma. His mother says I'm the worst boy on the street."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Swept Over Niagara.

This terrible calamity often happens because a careless boatman ignores the river's warnings—growing ripples and faster current. Natures warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the kidneys need attention if you would escape fatal maladies—Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see backache fly and all your best feelings return. "After long suffering from weak kidneys and lame back, one $1.00 bottle wholly cured me," writes J. R. Blankenship, of Belk, Tenn. Only 50c at E. T. Whitehead Co.