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Driving All Forms of Kidney Disease, Backache and Urinary Troubles From the County of Middlesex Ont.

One after another the sufferers from the various forms of kidney diseases are testifying to being cured by Doan's Kidney Pills. No remedy has ever taken such a hold on the people of this city of London and surrounding country.

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DUDLEY BARRINGTON'S LESSON.

A Husband Who Spent All His Money on Himself.

Milly Barrington was only 18 when she came to live at Holy Lodge. Very young to be married, said the gossips of the neighborhood, still younger to assume all the cares and responsibilities of a household. And there were not lacking doleful prophecies which declared with eyes rolled up and mouths drawn down that Mrs. Barrington never would "get on" with the old gentleman.

"He is so fastidious," said one. "So difficult to suit," said another. "His ideal is so impossibly high," declared a third.

But to their surprise—perhaps a little to their disappointment—Milly and her father-in-law were the best of friends from the very first moment in which they looked upon each other's face.

Milly was anxious to learn, so eager to comprehend the ins and outs of the great roomy old house, so ambitious to excel every housekeeper in the neighborhood, that the old gentleman said, with a smile, to his son:

"Don't let your little wife undertake too much, Dudley."

And Dudley Barrington answered, with a yawn:

"There's no danger of that, sir. The ladies of Holy Lodge have always been first rate housekeepers, you know. And if a woman is at work she isn't spending money foolishly or gossiping."

Mr. Barrington's keen blue eyes regarded his son sharply for a moment.

"Do you think Milly is addicted to either of those pernicious practices?" he asked.

"They come natural to all women, don't they?" said Dudley, shrugging his shoulders.

"Not at all," said his father. And in his secret soul he wondered if Dudley was really worthy of such a jewel as Millicent.

So the weeks went on, and Milly stood bravely to her helm, until one bright October day the old gentleman, chancing to pass the low kitchen window where the vines made a screen of moving shadow, looked smilingly into where his daughter-in-law was at work.

"Have you got a glass of cool milk for me, little girl?" said he.

Milly brought the milk promptly.

"See, papa," she said, triumphantly pointing to the table, "what a baking I have done today! Three apple pies, three loaves of bread, a pan of biscuit, a cake and a dozen plum tarts."

"Bravo!" said Mr. Barrington. "But, Milly, why are you baking? Where is Hannah?"

"Hannah wanted her wages raised," said Milly rather soberly, "and Dudley said it was all nonsense keeping a girl when I was so fond of housework. So she has gone."

"But are you fond of housework?" he asked. "In itself, as an abstract thing, I mean?"

"Yes, papa," Milly answered with some hesitation. "But I'm a little tired this morning. I rose and swept the house through before breakfast so as to have time for the baking."

"You are a good little girl," said the father-in-law. "But we mustn't let you work too hard."

"Papa," said Milly, with downcast lashes and a deep pink shadow creeping over her cheek, "I've been thinking for some time that—that—"

"Well?" said Mr. Barrington encouragingly.

"That I should like to ask you for a little money," faltered Milly.

"Money?" he echoed in surprise. "Doesn't Dudley give you all you want?"

Once more Milly hesitated.

"He wants to know what everything is for," said she. "He thinks two shillings is too much for ribbon, and he says hats ought to be had cheaper than three shillings each; and he doesn't like to see me buy kid gloves when cotton will do as well. And I do need another hat since the rain spoiled my best one, but I don't like to ask him for it."

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Barrington, leaning his elbows on the sill, "that you don't have a regular allowance every week?"

"No, papa," said Milly, lifting her pretty arched brows. "Dudley says women don't know how to use money, and that a wife should always receive every halfpenny she spends from her husband. And I can tell you, papa, because you are so kind to me—I am so ashamed to have him think me extravagant, and I really need so many little things that men haven't any idea of, it's a little hard sometimes."

Mr. Barrington took his purse out of his pocket and laid it on the window sill.

"Here, little girl," he said, "you have earned the contents of that dozen times over."

Milly reached up to kiss him through the vine leaves.

"Oh, papa, you are such a darling," she said.

He only patted her cheek in reply. "Dudley don't know what a treasure he has got," he pondered as he kept on his walk up to the front veranda, where a great chestnut tree was showering its blossoms over the steps and the balcony, and sunshine slept on the painted floor. "He is making a Ocrassian slave out of that dear little woman."

And he took his book and stretched himself comfortably out in the hammock for his evening's reverie. It was the next day that his son

came to him in the library, where a little fire of rain had been kindled, for a chilly northwest rain had blown all the yellow maple leaves away, and the sunshine was obscured in driving clouds.

"Well, my boy," said his father kindly, "you are off to the city, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Barrington, Jr., a tall, straight, handsome young man, with a brown complexion and sparkling eyes. "And before I go perhaps you had better give me a check if it's convenient."

"A check?" said his father. "For what?"

"I'm about out of ready cash," said Dudley, carelessly, "and a little spending money would come very handy for current expenses."

"Ah! And what are you going to buy?"

Dudley looked at his father in amazement.

"I need a summer suit, sir," said he, "and—"

"Yes, yes," nodded the old gentleman. "And how much do you pay for a summer suit now?"

"Oh, six or seven pounds," answered Dudley.

"Six or seven pounds?" echoed Mr. Barrington. "Isn't that rather vague?"

"A fellow never knows exactly," explained Dudley.

"Ah, but you ought to know," interrupted the old gentleman. "I am on the subject, you buy your clothes of Foulie, don't you? Aren't there cheaper places?"

Dudley ignored the question and said:

"I've a little bill at the cigar shop to settle, and there are some new books I should like to read."

"Just send in the bills to me," said the old gentleman. "I'll pay them."

"The bootmaker, sir."

"You must try and not be too extravagant with your boots. Young men have so many fictitious wants nowadays. But, as I said before, let all the bills be sent to me. And as for spending money, here is enough for the present."

He drew out half a sovereign and handed it to his son. Dudley stared at it in amazement.

"I expected a check, sir," said he, somewhat discomfited.

"Did you?"

"It isn't agreeable to be put on such an allowance," went on Dudley sharply. "I'm not accustomed to it."

"Not agreeable, eh?" said his father, comfortably adjusting his feet on an embroidered rug. "Then why do you practice the system with your wife?"

"I give her all that she needs to spend," said Dudley, coloring up.

"And I have given you all that you need."

"I am a man," said Dudley.

"And she is a woman?" retorted his father.

"I am the manager of your wardrobe, and I claim my honest remuneration as such," cried Dudley. "I am no beggar. There is not a penny that I ask for that I do not earn."

"That is Millicent's case exactly," said the wise old advocate. "She does the work of the house and does it well. She is an economist in every sense of the word. Is it right that she should receive merely her board and clothes? Is she not entitled to a regular allowance to spend as she pleases?"

"I don't think a middle-aged old foggy, my son," he added, rising and placing his hand lightly on his son's shoulder. "But I have been observing all these things, and I merely wanted to give you a personal application of this lesson in economy. You see how it happens. The money that he has honestly earned—to be called upon for an account of every penny one wishes to spend. 'Don't put your wife into such a false position as this,' 'Treat her as one of the firm of Harrington & Co.'"

Dudley stood still a moment, pondering, and then said, earnestly:

"I will, sir. You are right."

And Milly was delighted that very day to receive a check for an ample sum of money from her husband.

"Is it all for me?" she cried, with glittering eyes.

"Yes, all," Dudley answered, laughing.

"But what am I to do with so much money?"

"Lock it up in your desk, dear," he answered, "and spend it for your needs as they occur. You see, it's all yours. I never had so much before all at one time!" exclaimed the amazed Milly.

"No, you never had, more shame to me," acknowledged Dudley. "But I have come to the conclusion, Milly, that you are so child to be given a few shillings at a time. You are my housekeeper and deserve your regular salary. I shall give you £5 for your own personal expenses at the beginning of every month, and you shall use and economize it as you choose. The household expenses, of course, will be paid out of the common stock."

"Oh, Dudley, I never felt so rich in my life!" said she. "Now I can dress like other women and give a little money to the church and help the poor and feel independent! And I can lay by a little, too, Dudley, every month! Oh, you shall see what an excellent manager I can be."

Dudley Barrington looked at his young wife, with a sharp prick of conscience at his heart. Why had he never made her so innocently happy before? Simply because it had never occurred to him.

And Milly ran eagerly to her father-in-law.

"Papa," she cried, "I am to have £5 a month all for my own self and never to give an account of a penny of it. Isn't it kind? It is Dudley's own offer. Isn't he kind?"

And Colonel Barrington smiled and patted her head and answered with a touch of sarcasm:

"Very kind indeed!"—Chicago Times Herald.

THE PRAIRIE GIRL.

She Seldom Takes a Wedding Trip But Goes Direct

To Her New Home—The Wedding is Nearly Always at the Bride's Home—A Few Dear Friends and the Near Relatives are the Guests

"As the prairie girl has grown up with her training along practical lines, so she asks only of her lover that he shall be mostly of true character," writes Charles Morvan Harger, of "A Girl's Life on the Prairie," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Thousands of acres of land do not make a fortune, and social degrees are practically unknown. The wedding is nearly always at the bride's home. Not one in three times is it at the church. The near relatives and a few dear friends are the guests. The bride's white wedding gown is simply made. Numbers of gold-rod or roses deck the little parlor or sitting-room, and from the organ comes the wedding march. Seldom does a groomsman or a bride's attendant take part in the ceremony, and more seldom is there a reception afterward. Fortunate indeed are the bride and groom if they can escape a voluble serenade, for the charivari and the bombardment of rice and old shoes are well-established customs on the plains. The papers usually add to the story of the marriage: 'After a wedding supper and congratulatory happy couple drove to their own home, which had already been fitted up for their occupancy.'"

Make More and More.

A good thing to do this year is to make more of our friends and to make more friends. There are limits to our charity, our helpfulness, our deeds of thoughtful kindness, but there is scarcely any limit to the love we may cherish for those around us and for all the world. And if the good feeling be kept large and living in the heart it will show itself in a thousand ways and every day. Cherish your friend and your father's friend, and open the door of your heart to the one who comes knocking. Both will be blessed, and life will be larger and happier for the sweetness of friendship.

The Importance of Sugar.

It is not generally known that sugar, usually considered as a sort of luxury by those not informed, plays a very important part on our physical organism. Some have gone so far as to claim that sugar is the only source of physical strength in man, and that other substances, such as fats, are formed into sugar before assimilation is possible. Sugar promotes digestion and bodily strength, and it has been found in Russian factories that the men work more willingly when they receive a daily allowance of sugar, which, when fused to them, is first combined with fruit pulp.

Blue Eyes Suffer Most.

It has been observed that gray and blue eyes are more likely to be seriously affected by intense electric light than brown eyes. In some of these cases total blindness has resulted. Oculists ascribe the trouble to two causes, the intensity of the light and the action of the ultra-violet rays. It is recommended, therefore, that those who are exposed to such rays should wear glasses which are yellow, or some other transparent substance that will intercept ultra-violet rays, be interposed between the eye and any powerful light.

Charged With Arson.

Chatham, Ont., July 28.—George Orman and Billy Miller, two young men, are held by the police with a charge of arson hanging over them. They will be given a hearing on Thursday.

Five Killed, Were Killed.

Brownsville, Pa., July 26.—Another body was found in the Grindstone coal mine by the searchers yesterday, making five killed and two injured in yesterday's explosion. The injured will recover.

Superstitions.

"What in creation did you call an ambulance for, Chumpley?"

"Didn't you see that fellow walk under the ladder there? He was a good three inches before something happened to him."

IN PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

Doubt—Whom does that statue represent?—(Don't you know? That is Ben Franklin, the first American joke writer.)

FANCY AND FINANCE.

He longed to greet the sunlight. He longed to feel the rain. He longed to see the violet. In beauty once again.

He longed to hear the buzzing. Of wonderful honey bees. He longed to hear the joyous song. Of birds among the trees.

His longing caused repugnance. To work of any sort. In fact, he longed so much that he was nearly always short.

—Washington Star.

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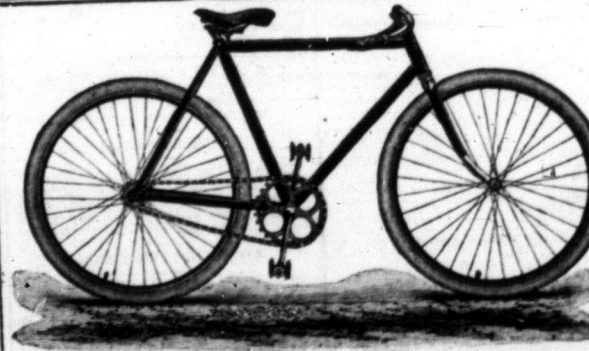
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