

WORN OUT, DRAGGED OUT,

Are Most Women in Summer.
—Per-ru-na is a Tonic of Efficiency.



Mrs. Tressie Nelson, 422 Broad St., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "As Peruna has done me a world of good, I feel in duty bound to tell of it. In hopes that it may meet the eye of some woman who has suffered as I have."
"For five years I really did not know what a perfectly well day was, and I did not have headache, bad back, or any other ailment, where and really life was not worth the effort I made to keep going."
"A good friend advised me to use Peruna and I was glad to try anything, and I am very pleased to say that six bottles made a new woman of me and I have no more pains and life looks bright again."—Mrs. Tressie Nelson.

JOSEPHINE MORRIS, 236 Carroll St., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Peruna is a fine medicine to take any time of the year, but I have found it especially helpful to withstand the wear and tear of the hot weather. I have taken it now for two summers and feel that it has kept my system free from malaria, and also kept me from having that worn-out, dragged out look which so many women have."
"I therefore have no hesitancy in saying that I think it is the finest tonic in the world."—Josephine Morris.



hot weather. Many ladies have discovered that the depression of hot weather and the rigors they have been in the habit of attributing to malaria, quickly disappear when they use Peruna. This is why Peruna is so popular with them. Peruna provides clean mucous membranes, and the clean mucous membranes do the rest. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Frequent bathing with an occasional use of Peruna is sure to mitigate the horrors of

Bathing in Missouri.
A traveling man alighted from a train, and, covered with the dirt and dust of travel, made his way to the best hotel in a southwest Missouri town the other day. As he handed the porter his grips, he told him he wanted to take a bath. The negro boy hesitated a moment, and then replied: "Sorry, sah, but we ain't got no bath in this hesh house."
"How do you people bathe?" asked the guest. "Well, sah," returned the negro, "in de summah time we all goes out to de East Fork and ducks in de creeks, and in de wintah time we jus' waits fo' de good olde summah time."—Kansas City Star.

No Labor Party There.
Senator Walker told a story during a recent debate in the upper house of the commonwealth on the policy of a "white Australia." A missionary in China was endeavoring to convert one of the natives. "Suppose me Christian, me go to heaven?" asked the native. "Yes," replied the missionary. "All right," retorted the heathen, "but what for you no let Chinaman into Australia when you let him into heaven?" "Ah," said the missionary with fervor, "there's no labor party in heaven."

Physicians to Beasts.
It is estimated that in all cases pipples are born blind. A millionaire dog fancier has two that were not only born blind, but have remained so. He values them at \$500 each. At first it was decided to send them to a veterinary surgeon for treatment. The matter was discussed pro and con. The "veterinary," it was suggested, treats only horses and cows; he knows nothing of dogs. Singularly enough, no veterinarian there was given a plenty worth \$10,000 each, we have no famous dog doctors. It is still more strange that we have many horses that are valued at from \$30,000 to \$75,000, and have never had a great veterinary surgeon. There are cows in the herds of Morton, Rockefeller, Twombly and Havenover worth \$20,000 each, but we have no celebrated cow doctors. Last year one of these animals was taken with a colic, and an ordinary, everyday physician was sent for. He cured the cow, and his fee was \$500.

Only a fool attempts to measure the enjoyment of others by his own.

"I Found It So."
McCormick, Ill., Sept. 23.—Miss Ethel Bradshaw of this place has written a letter, which is remarkable for the character of the statements it contains. As her letter will be read with interest, and probably with profit by many women, it has been thought advisable to publish it in part. Among other things Miss Bradshaw says:—
"I had Kidney Trouble with the various unpleasant symptoms which always come with that disease, and I have found a cure. I would strongly advise all who may be suffering with any form of Kidney Complaint to use Dadd's Kidney Pills, a remedy which I have found to be entirely satisfactory."
"This remedy is within the reach of all, and it is all that is recommended to be. I found it so, and therefore feel it my duty to tell others about it."
Dr. Dunaway of Boston, Ill., uses Dadd's Kidney Pills in his regular practice, and says they are the best medicine for Kidney Troubles. He claims they will cure Diabetes in the last stages.

Things Royalties Eat.
The German emperor is particularly fond of thrushes and songbirds, and made of thrushes. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland prefers roe joints, and the King of Spain likes underdone beef. Custards are the favorites of the King of Italy, while cod fried in oil finds favor with the Czar of Russia, and mutton is chosen by the president of the French republic. The grandfather of the King of Italy had a peculiar taste for a monarch—the preferred bread and cheese, and used to carry it about with him, even to the opera. King Edward has a special liking for well-cooked mutton chops.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.
By local applications or by any other means, and that by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it swells and obstructs the hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation is taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed. No case out of ten are cured by cathartics, which is nothing but a temporary relief of the symptoms. We will give you a hundred dollars for any case of deafness cured by our Catarrh Cure, which is sold by Hays' Catarrh Cure, Chicago, Ill., or by Hays' Catarrh Cure, Chicago, Ill., or by Hays' Catarrh Cure, Chicago, Ill.

It is well to know some people well enough not to know them.
Remember that difficulties are only made to be overcome.

When You Buy Starch buy Defiance and get the best, 10 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

Submission is the secret of spiritual strength.
The more chicks a hen has the more she hates the hen who has still more.

I am sure Plino's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOS. ROBINSON, Maple Street, Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1905.

There are no lazy "business" men.
Defiance Starch should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 cent more for colored than any other brand of cold water starch.

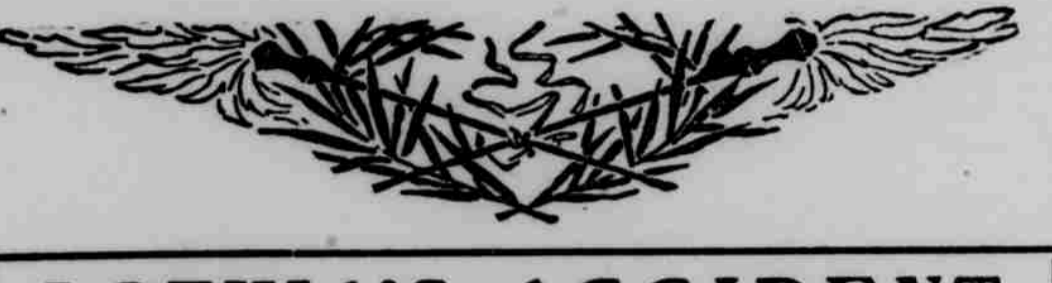
IF YOU USE BALL BLUE. Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

A life-line is better than a speaking trumpet any day.
There are no necessary evils in a righteous world.

Some men get tight because they screw up their courage with liquor.

RIDICULE.

The biting, the little ironical things, With their acid, sleek and pungent stings, Tho' couched in the form of innocent flings, Are often the things that carry. For they pierce beneath the smug veneer, And after the lines of the worldling's sneer, As they brush aside, with a careless jeer, The world's attempts to parry. Their shafts sink deep in the leathern hide Of the hypocrite garbed in blarney pride, Old folly and sham, they stand aside, When iron's shafts are speeding. For, write it down, that knave and fool, In art or mart, in church or school, Fear naught so much as the ridicule That men pass by unheeding. —William H. Greenfield.



LOTHIA'S ACCIDENT

By HELEN A. BECKWITH. Copyrighted, 1903, by The Authors Publishing Company.

Lothia was in an unpleasant mood. It caused her to forget her habit of prim, orderly neatness—a quality so deeply inculcated as to seem a part of her very self.
"Left motherless before her recollection, she had grown to womanhood under the watchful care of an indulgent father. He had never given her a pre-emptory command, but had led her nevertheless, high-strung and wayward though she was, in his own way, by sterling advice, with love and gentleness, and often a seeming acquiescence to her whims. The plans for her future were made in her early childhood, but Robert Yates had been wise enough to keep this from his headstrong daughter, while he had guarded against complications.
Of late her father had changed, and Lothia was uneasy about it. It was now two weeks since a bulky letter arrived for him, which she delivered to him, and he had read it with curiosity as to its contents. When her father saw the envelope, his face became ashen, and he lost his gentleness. Although Robert Yates had looked forward for many years to what was before him, now he wallowed in the "slough of despair" at the thought of separation ever before him, he could not regain his old cheerfulness.
To-day another letter arrived bearing the same postmark. Lothia had sent this one in, fearing a repetition of the former scene. Shortly she was summoned into her father's presence, to be addressed with sternness, and she thought, with cruelty.

"Lothia, you are grown to womanhood, and it is time that you were settled in life. In your infancy I made an arrangement for your future; now the time has arrived for the fulfillment of that plan. To-morrow a gentleman will visit us whom I desire you to treat with the greatest respect, as I esteem him highly, and—be to be your husband in the near future."
Lothia's great, blue eyes voiced her astonishment, then slowly filled with tears, but after a moment's pause her father continued: "His name is S. E. Aaron Woolbridge."
"Is he young, papa?" asked the girl with tremulous lips.
"Well, no; not extremely young; forty, or thereabouts."
"O papa, how could you!" she sobbed.
The man moved uneasily about the room. At last he stopped before her. "There is no use of becoming hysterical," he said. "You must do my bidding."
"But why, papa?"
"Because it is best—because—because I command you."
The fire of indignation flashed from her eyes. "Well, then I won't; that's flat," she cried, rushing from the room to leave her father filled with sad wonderment.
Catching her sailor hat by the brim she jammed it upon her head with vicious earnestness, not stopping, as was her wont, to brush back her rebellious rings of copper colored hair, for the breeze made sad havoc with them if left loose. She would go where no one would find her, and think it out. The narrow wagon road wound around the foot of the mountain close to its base. Now that Lothia was right above the road, the meadows seemed far below her. She glanced

down involuntarily, and thought how easily she might end it all. As she leaned forward a trifle, the better to see the bottom, the loose earth slipped beneath her feet; instinctively she grasped a root, but it gave way, and she plunged downward, clutching at vines and briars. She closed her eyes, vindictively saying, "Now, par you'll be sorry."
"Are you hurt?" anxiously asked a gentleman, bending over Lothia, she regained consciousness.
"Why did you stand there?" spitefully cried the girl, struggling to a sitting posture. "I know you stood

there just so I couldn't fall; you're a mean, hateful thing."
The man stepped respectfully aside, with a look of amused perplexity on his face. "Was this a wild deed?" he asked.
"No, no; twasn't; I slipped, and you might have stayed away so I could have been hurt; I hate the sight of you," she cried, angrily, while the tears filled her eyes.
"Do you really wish to be injured? I am sure I would be glad to assist you in any way that I can. I might accommodate you by throwing you as high as possible and letting you come down unattended. I could throw you

quite high; I am over six feet tall, and am strong, while you are but a feather's weight."
Lothia laughed gaily. "You're not such a bad sort after all," she said, "but I do wish you hadn't been there so they could have found and sent me home; I guess then papa'd be sorry."
"Wonder is a fat rock which will make a comfortable seat; let us be friends, and you tell me all about it Miss—Miss—ah—offering his hand to assist her."
"Yates, Lothia Yates; now, what is your name?"
The man seemed suddenly confused, and finally stammered out, "Silas."
"Now sit here and tell me your trouble, if you will."
"Well," she began, "you see papa is just as good as gold, but something has got hold of him lately, and he wants me to marry an old man with the horrid name. Say, haven't you another name?"
The man reddened as he replied: "Yes, Aaron."
A silvery peal of laughter floated up the mountain side. "Why, isn't that funny; that's the old man's name, too, Aaron Woolbridge; forty; just think of it. If I had been hurt maybe papa would have felt so sorry that when the old man comes to-morrow he would send him away."
"Does forty seem to you so very old?" queried the gentleman.
"O dear, yes! papa is sixty; I am twenty, and papa has been old ever since I can remember him. I wish I had been hurt just a little so I could make a fuss, but I haven't a scratch."
"Now, Miss Yates—"
"Say, Lothia, it seems as if I had killed you."
"Very well, Lothia, I am a medical man, Dr. Aaron; you are generally bruised, I will bandage your head, your ankle and your arm, and will convey you to a farm house nearby, where I will arrange for you to remain until sufficiently recovered to be removed. Of course, the length of time rests with yourself. In the meantime you can communicate with this old man and tell him your feelings; perhaps, he may release you."
"That's capital," she cried, clapping her hands.
Robert Yates was informed and came to see his daughter daily, but never mentioned her would-be suitor. Her letter, filled with bitter scorn and loathing for an old man of forty, bearing such a horrid name, was duly written and given to one of the farm hands to post.
Time flew on the wings of the wind for Lothia. Bandaged as she was—for she dared not admit the ruse—the time that passed seemed wonderfully short. The doctor's visits were awaited with feverish expectation.
"Lothia, this is my last visit."
"Your—last—visit," she gasped, while the color forsook her cheeks. She felt that the sunshine was going out of her life forever.
"Must this ruse continue, or shall we end it now?" he asked, gravely. "I hardly think Mr. Woolbridge will trouble you."
The doctor's pocket was bulging with the mail he had just received. One envelope caught the girl's eye. "Where did you get this?" she cried, taking up the letter.
"From the post; it belongs to me. Forgive me, Lothia, but I am S. E. Aaron Woolbridge. I stayed on here.

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down involuntarily, and thought how easily she might end it all. As she leaned forward a trifle, the better to see the bottom, the loose earth slipped beneath her feet; instinctively she grasped a root, but it gave way, and she plunged downward, clutching at vines and briars. She closed her eyes, vindictively saying, "Now, par you'll be sorry."
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WIVES OF A WOMAN

USELESS FOR MAN TO STRUGGLE AGAINST THEM.

Benedict of Years Gives Bachelor Friend Some Pointers on a Subject of World-Wide Interest—Supply of Tracks Inexhaustible.
The bachelor and the married man were talking of all sorts of things, and finally the conversation got around to that all-absorbing topic, woman. "I don't see why so many of you men are ruled by your wives," said the bachelor. "You are not firm enough with them. I'd like to see any woman who could make me do anything I did not want to do."
"That remark could come from a bachelor and no one else," said the married man. "I know better. A long time ago the poet sang: 'He is a fool who thinks by force or skill to turn the current of a woman's will,' and the song rings just as true to-day as it did in the seventeenth century."
"If a woman wants her own way she is bound to get it. She has a thousand tricks she may play, and not all man's acuteness or alertness will find her out. Nearly every woman is more or less of an actress, and in that lies her power to dupe the other sex. If she is flatly refused what she wants, she is not in the least discouraged. She promptly lays her plans to get what she desires by hook or by crook."
"First she tries tears, generally a most effective weapon in clearing a path to her own way. But tears become less effective the more they are used, so she next tries indifference. If that fails she tries the martyrlike pose, which consists in going about with a sweet smile, but with an injured air, and is generally enough to drive a man to buying a house and lot if the woman wants it."
"Then there is the scheme of making the man think that her way is his way. This is rather a delicate task, and can only be accomplished by a woman of rare skill, but if she understands her husband thoroughly it can generally be brought about. Sometimes a woman may drop remarks about the beautiful things which her father used to give her, then she sighs and says plaintively that of course she cannot expect to have all those things now she's married, and, after a sad pause, remarks that she has her husband, and that is enough for her. She may also say casually that some one has declared that her husband was stingy, and it is no such a thing, for he always gives her everything she wants. 'Don't you, Pat?' And then Pat does."
"But if you know all these tricks," said the bachelor, "I should think it would be pretty easy for you to get the better of your wife."
"My dear man, my wife has a new trick for every day in the year. Just as soon as I learn a few of them she discards them for fresh ones that I never dreamed of. No, I gave up long ago. I found out that if my wife wants anything she is sure to get it, so now I give in in the first place."—New York Tribune.

HAD AN AWFUL DREAM.
Robbed by a Giant Ostrich With Almost Red Legs.
Hunting yarns were in order, and it was up to the African explorer for his contribution.
"I was trekking along the southern coast of Africa a few years ago," said he, and had spent most of the day shooting aboutants, springboks, wick toks, dukerboks and the other kind of 'boks' with which the country abounds, when I was suddenly confronted by the biggest ostrich I ever saw.
"As he stood before me, intently regarding me, he looked to be six feet tall, and for the moment I lost my presence of mind. Then I backed away, intending to shoot the big bird, but to my utter dismay found that the magazine of my gun was empty."
"Then I remembered hearing that the legs of an ostrich turn pink when he is angry and I looked at his limbs. They were not only pink but almost red, and, as he started threateningly toward me, I threw myself flat on the ground, this being admittedly the best way to escape death or injury from the blows of one of these birds when infuriated."
"The ostrich came close to my side, and after intently regarding me for a moment, poked out his long neck, inserted his bill into the pocket of my waistcoat, abstracted my watch and calmly swallowed it with a look of intense satisfaction."
"Next he explored the pockets of my trousers, and finding my knife, gulped that down with an expression of gastronomic delight. My bunch of keys followed suit, as did everything in the way of metal or glass I had about me."
"Then, having made a sumptuous meal of my personal belongings, he stalked majestically away, leaving me unharmed. I got up finally and went through my pockets to see if he had left anything, when, to my utter surprise, I found my watch, knife, keys and everything else in their proper receptacles."
"Then it dawned upon me that I had dreamed a bad dream and I resolved never again to take a nap on the veldt."—New York Tribune.

HEROISM OF A WOMAN.
Proof That She is Capable of Rising to Sublime Heights.
Life constantly turns up facts which are beyond all fiction. A few days ago a case of destitution enlisted the attention of the police. The husband had stolen in order that his wife and child might have food. Sympathy was quickly enlisted and work was offered to the man.
But the police discovered a little too much. The man, who had first seemed to be a hero, was a bigamist and a thief with a record. His claim that he could find no employment was false. He is now behind prison bars.
Still there was heroism in the incident. The second wife, whom he had deceived, was an honest and honorable woman. She refused to appease her hunger from the profits of crime, however desperate the circumstances were. Her principles stood out in the face of the severest temptation and she still believed in her husband.
Heroism is fine, but it seems a bit finer when it is shown in an humble instance and when the one who shows it is a woman who trusts.—Baltimore Herald.

At a Table d'Hot.
If you should chance to stroll one night into a table d'hot, These persons, or their prototypes, you'll very likely note:
There's the gentleman who, hermitlike, The lady of uncertain years, who's laid upon the shelf,
They sit at separate tables, although approximate, And there really seems no reason why they shouldn't join their fate!
The Beau Brummel, who's elderly, with spouse just half his age, Who wishes very fervently to quit the table;
Some artists, who will talk and talk uninteresting "shop," And who will have to be content to-morrow with a chop!
Some chorus girls with dresses that you might well infer, Could not possibly be bought on fifteen dollars per;
Then you're sure to see some brokers in specious evening dress, Who, if the food is "bait" or "bear," don't care or give a guess!
The girl who doesn't eat a bit, but just picks at her food, The parvenu, who loves to ape his social brotherhood!
And then you're bound to come across the gourmand and gourmet,
The man, who's sure to make a joke on "Parlez-vous Francais?"
The friskable old gentleman, who likes just this and that, And says that "he will have them" and so-well, verum sat,
The invalid, who's suffering from dyspepsia or the grip, He abuses all the waiters and never gives a tip!
The man who gulps his coffee down and eats pie with his knife, The young and say Lothario, who thinks he's seeing life!
And, who'll prefer specimens, whose appetites denote, That they never are so happy as at a table d'hot!
—La Touche Hancock.

As Bad as That?
Everything goes in Pittsburg, except on Sunday. The injunction there is "Six days shalt thou graft, but the seventh shalt thou rest." It is said of them that "They keep the Sabbath day and everything else they can lay hands on."—Memphis (Tenn.) News.

Women Wigmakers Unite.
Female wigmakers in Paris have just formed a federation to protect themselves. Their trade soon ruins the eyesight and they work eleven hours a day.

Love's Coming.
Love, true Love, did send his way, Until he found his resting place. And there he made his home. So shy was he that when he came he scarcely knew his name; He stayed, nor cared to roam.
And of him then I saw no trace, Until he found his resting place. His true friendship was his first disguise, Which served to blind my trusting eyes. And after friendship's sweet were won, I awoke to find Love all my own. —Johnnie Angell Lee in Brooklyn Eagle.

Seemed to Be Mistaken.
The Rev. Henry Van Dyke is a very good man, but he does love his little joke, which makes him none the less valuable as an agent for the betterment of mankind. One day he went to the shoemaker with a pair of shoes which had gone clean out at the bottom, and just behind him came a friend who also was inclined to levity at times.
"Ah," smiled the friend, "I suppose you have come to the shoemaker to have your feet shod with righteous ness?"
"Well, no," responded the doctor, gravely handing the friend one of his shoes for inspection. "I have always believed in the immortality of the sole, but it looks as though I might be mistaken, doesn't it?"

For Further Particulars.
Extract from a contemporary: "We must protest with all our power against the disgusting and degrading spectacle of a prizefight which took place on Saturday between Jeffries and Corbett. Full details will be found on Page 6."

NOW DON'T FORGET

Don't forget when you order starch to get the best. Get DEFIANCE. No more "yellow" looking clothes, no more cracking or breaking. It doesn't stick to the iron. It gives satisfaction or you get your money back. The cost is 10 cents for 16 ounces of the best starch made. Of other starches you get but 12 ounces. Now don't forget. It's at your grocers.

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From the East, first and third Tuesdays of each month, also very low one-way fares for settlers and their families. Buy your ticket over the Santa Fe and see what the Panhandle has to offer.

Further information furnished on application. Correspondence solicited.

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W. N. U., Omaha, No. 40—1903.

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