

CONGRESSMAN BOTKIN

The Well-Known Kansas Statesman, Cured of Catarrh of the Stomach by Pe-ru-na.

AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' SUFFERING.

More Evidence of Interest to the Millions of Catarrh Sufferers in the United States.



HON. J. D. BOTKIN, CONGRESSMAN-AT-LARGE FROM KANSAS.

In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman, Congressman Botkin, of Winfield, Kan., whose fame is a national one, says of Peruna:

My Dear Doctor:—It gives me pleasure to certify to the excellent curative qualities of your medicines—Peruna and Manalin. I have been afflicted more or less for a quarter of a century with catarrh of the stomach and constipation. A residence in Washington has increased these troubles. A few bottles of your medicine have given me almost complete relief, and I am sure that a continuation of them will effect a permanent cure. Peruna is surely a wonderful remedy for catarrhal affections.—J. D. Botkin, Congressman-at-Large.

CONGRESSMAN BOTKIN is one of the most influential and best known men in the State of Kansas. Whatever he may say on any subject will be accepted by the people as the truth. So famous a remedy as Peruna could not have well escaped the attention of so famous a man. He not only has heard of the remedy, but he has used it and was relieved of an affliction of twenty-five years' standing. Peruna is the one internal remedy that cures chronic catarrh. It cures catarrh wherever located. This is a fact that the people are rapidly finding out, but there are still a large multitude who need to know it.

Mr. Frank Richter, of Winona, Minn., says in a letter to The Peruna Medicine Company:

"As a remedy for catarrh I take pleasure in recommending Peruna for catarrh of the stomach. I know what it is to be afflicted with this awful disease and consider it my duty to say a word in behalf of the remedy which gave me such relief. Peruna cured me, and I know it will cure any one else who suffers from this disease. It gives me great pleasure to testify to the curative effects of this medicine. Peruna is a well tested and frequently used remedy, and for catarrh of the stomach it is unsurpassed.

"My catarrh was principally located in my head and stomach. I tried many remedies without success. I tried several doctors but they were unable to cure me. I read of Peruna in the papers and five bottles cured me."—Frank Richter.

The gastric juice is secreted by the mucous follicles of the stomach. When this juice is normal it digests (dissolves) the food without producing any disturbance whatever. If, however, the gastric juice is not normal, digestion causes many disagreeable symptoms. This condition is known as indigestion.

Peruna will cure this. Mrs. Selma Tanner, Athens, O., writes: "I cannot find words to express my thanks for your kind advice. I never once thought I had catarrh of the stomach. I commenced taking Peruna as you directed. My stomach continued to hurt me for about two weeks after I began the medicine and then it stopped. I now have a good appetite while before I was nearly starved."

—Mrs. Selma Tanner. Mr. L. O. Marble, of Geneva, Neb., writes:

"I do believe that my catarrh is entirely cured. I have not had any trouble with my stomach for a long time. I am as well as one of my age could expect (seventy years). I have had the catarrh ever since I was a young man, and have doctored for it for years and got very little better, but thanks to you and your Peruna and Manalin I believe I am well of it. I can eat anything now and it doesn't hurt me, and Peruna is the only thing I have ever found that will cure the catarrh. I believe it is the only cure for catarrh, and I hope every one troubled with catarrh will try Peruna and be cured."—L. O. Marble.

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. Address Dr. Hartman, president of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.



Mrs. Selma Tanner.

HOW SPRING COMES



This is to tell how spring comes in a country town.

On a sunny Saturday morning in March a big bobbed comes slowly up Main street, where already many patches of thick, black mud show through the thin covering of snow. It is hard sledding and the big gray Normans strain in their collars to drag the long green box over the bare ground. The man on the street still



wears his dogskin overcoat, with the hair out, and his high felt boots.

The bob stops before the doctor's big house, sitting back a hundred feet from the street. The man takes out a basket from the straw with which the bob is filled and walks up the winding front walk to the front door. He pulls the old-fashioned bell in and out until the wires rattle.

"Good morning Mrs. Edwards," he says, as the doctor's wife opens the door. "I've brought you six dozen fresh eggs. The hens have just started laying again. I'll begin on the butter next Saturday, Mrs. Edwards. Spring's coming out our way and the chickens and the cows are the first to know it."

A day or two later, when the hot sun has been hard at work and the snow lies thick only where the shadows of the house protect it, two long gray ears show themselves at the mouth of the burrow at the edge of the board walk which bisects the big lawn. Presently the rest of the body follows. Then Mistress Molly Cottontail sits up cautiously on her hind legs and looks around her. She and her ancestors have occupied that same burrow for forty years. They are old friends of the doctor's family, but not even that long residence and those influential friends have ever been able to protect the cottontail family from the sudden onslaughts of the neighborhood dogs and cats. Therefore Molly never leaves her burrow without taking a careful look around to see if any foes are in hiding. Just now she has a special reason to be cautious, for if she failed to come back from her foraging expedition there are four small rabbits in the nest at the far end of the burrow who would know the pangs of motherless babies. All winter and spring she has been living on the bark of the young cherry trees and the branches in the back garden. Now she is going out after her first nibble of green food. She knows a spot in



MOLLY COTTONTAIL SITS UP AND LOOKS AROUND HER.

the garden where the sun beats hot all day long, and there some instinct tells her the tender green sprouts are now ready to be picked.

"Old Mrs. Jerrold has her sacque turned the spring side out," cried the doctor's wife one morning as she looked out of a window facing on Main street. "That's a safer sign than the first robin. Old Mrs. Jerrold never makes a mistake."

Everybody in town had known "old Mrs. Jerrold" for the last forty years. Time was when the Jerrolds were the richest family in all the country round. They lived in a huge stone house at the head of Main street. They had their own carriage then. It was the

first and for a time the only carriage in town. They kept two "hired girls," and, to cap the climax of luxury, a "hired man" as well. Mrs. Jerrold had all her clothes made "in the city" and was acknowledged as the leader of society and fashion. If it had not been before the era of women's clubs she would have been chosen president of every such organization in the village by a unanimous vote.

The Jerrolds began to fall into eclipse more than twenty years ago. First the mills failed. That killed the old man, and it only took the boys a few years to finish up what was left of the family fortune. They died or disappeared and early in the '80s "old Mrs. Jerrold" was left alone with a pitance on which to support the traditional grandeur of the family. She lived all alone in a little cottage "up by the burying ground." She hid her white hair under a faded and pitiful auburn wig. But chiefly she depended on her locally famous sacque. It was the most precious survival of her prosperous days. In the winter time it appeared as a dark brown garment, edged with moth-eaten fur and trimmed with ancient jet. In the spring for more than fifteen years it had been ripped apart by her own fingers and made over, the other side out. Then it shone as a dull gray creation, bordered with black satin ribbon, with a black ruche around the neck.

Mrs. Jerrold had been so regular about the semi-annual turning of her sacque for so many years that everybody in town looked out for it, recognizing that when the poor old lady minced her stately way down Main



street in her "gray spring wrap" it was time to prepare for house cleaning.

If you drive two miles out on the Howard's mill road and turn down the second road on your left after you pass the Poor Farm you strike "Old Man Beebe's woods." It is a half mile down through the east eighty and the wood lot to the Blue Creek "riffles." There, where the recently imprisoned water dashes down over the stones, is a mossy ravine, sheltered on one side by a limestone bluff and yet fairly open to the sun.

If it is the first of April or thereabouts and your eyes are keen you are likely to find there, half hidden by the dried leaves and litter of winter bunches of the little blue, purple, and pink hepaticas or wild flowers in bloom. They are the most delicate as well as the boldest and earliest of the wild flowers. It takes more than a single sunny day to coax them out from the ground, and when they blossom the townspeople take it for granted that spring is knocking at the door.

Four miles out on the Jimtown road is another place where the early heralds of spring are always found. It is a big round hill which shoulders itself up into the sunlight, and is covered with scattered bowlders and a sparse growth of grass. Here, even before the snowdrifts have altogether disappeared, bloom the rock lilies, big blue and purple blossoms. When a town girl gets a bunch of them from an admirer she is certain that the season is at hand when "a young man's fancy" begins to get the upper hand of him.

"Ma," said the doctor when he got home from the office for dinner at noon one day, "Uncle Si' Baker has got his chair out in front of the Connecticut House again. Better get ready to take the carpets up. It'll be time to make garden inside of a week."

"Uncle Si' Baker is the J. Pierpont Morgan of Springfield County farmers. He has been at the work of consolidating farms for thirty years, until he owns a great stretch of fertile country running down nearly to the town limits. In the winter time "Uncle Si" retires to the farmhouse of one of his tenants and hibernates like a bear, coming out in the spring with hair and beard long and white and shaggy.

"Uncle Si" wears coat or waistcoat, and affects a blue flannel shirt, belt, and trousers stuffed into the tops of high boots. He is past 70 years old now, and ever since he was 60 he has spent every decent day during the spring,

summer and autumn sitting in a big arm chair in front of the Connecticut House on Main street. Townspeople have come to realize that "Uncle Si" is a better weather prophet than the almanac, and when they see his old chair out on the sidewalk for the first time after its annual disappear-



"UNCLE SI' BAKER HAS HIS CHAIR OUT IN FRONT."

ance they feel justified in putting their winter overcoats away in camphor balls.

THE TIME TO APPLAUD.

Audience should Wait Until the Piece is Ended.

The time to applaud the performance of a piece of music is when it is entirely ended. There is no other proper time. To applaud in the midst of the performance is to interrupt and to inflict an unpardonable annoyance on those who desire to listen to the composition in its entirety. Music is not like a play; it can not stop until the applause is over. It must go on. Therefore, we get these special rules. At a performance of Wagnerian opera, or other opera in which there are no separate numbers, the only possible time to applaud properly is at the end of an act. That is the only time when the conductor can stop. At all other times he must go right on, and if you applaud you simply prevent people from hearing some of the music. In an old-fashioned opera, such as "Il Trovatore," you may without impropriety applaud at the end of each number. The opera was constructed with such applause in view, and it is possible for the conductor to stop and wait for you to express your enthusiasm. But at a Wagner opera this can not be done. And please bear in mind that the act does not begin when the singing begins nor end when the singing ends. It begins and ends with the orchestra, and what the orchestra plays is as much a part of the work as what the actors sing, and the audience has a right to hear it. Do not deprive any one of that right by applauding as soon as the last vocal note has been sung. Do not applaud a person playing a violin concerto every time he takes the instrument from under his chin. Do not applaud one playing a piano concerto every time he lifts his fingers from the keyboard. The only proper time to applaud a performance is at the end of a movement. You can not applaud at any other time without interrupting, and it is very rude to interrupt. —W. J. Henderson in New York Times.

EAGLE FIGHTS A MAN.

Fierce Attack on Maine Farmer by Feathered Robber.

One of the fiercest battles between man and bird of which there is any record in Maine took place the other day in a Washington county barnyard. Rufus Berry of East Machias and an eagle of great size were the combatants, says a Bangor (Maine) correspondent in the New York Sun. The eagle, whose wings measured eight feet from tip to tip, had previously visited the barnyard and carried off one of the farmer's sheep and had returned for more matton when Berry happened to be around with a gun handy. Berry's first shot knocked the bird over, and thinking the eagle was dead he ran to secure his prize. That was where farmer Berry made a great mistake. No sooner had he touched the bird than it rose upon him, clawing and pecking fiercely at his eyes and face and finally sinking its talons deep into the flesh of his arm, so that although more than willing to call it a draw he could not get out of the ring. For half an hour Berry stood the pecking and clawing and gouging and the fearful beating of the eagle's wings, and then backing up to a fence he managed to get hold of a club with which he killed the bird. The eagle was mounted by a Bangor taxidermist and sold to a Milwaukee man, who placed it in a museum. Eagles are common in the eastern and northern parts of Maine, and when attacked are very fierce.

The same emulsion is good for very dirty articles, such as jumpers, overalls, working shirts, children's trousers. Use it in conjunction with strong suds, as hot as the hand can bear, and rub a little upon the spots that are dirty and greasy spots. Let the clothes stand five minutes before washing out, and be sure to have the second suds and the rinsing water as hot as the first.

There is wun nice thing about the plan of salwashun: if you don't axsept the condishuns, and go to wun place, the condishuns will axsept you and send you too tother place.

Massage With Electricity.
The latest method of using electricity in massage is indirect. The current is not applied directly to the persons it is supposed to benefit, but to the person administering the massage. Through her nimble finger tips it passes into the subject, who in this way is supposed to receive much greater benefit from it. Certainly the results of such treatment have been most successful. Massage, without electricity, say the apostles of the new theory, and electricity without massage, would neither of them be half so efficacious. Combined they work wonders. In facial massage results are particularly notable.

A Story Tensely Told.
The decorations at the Yale alumni banquet in New York were simple enough:

1701-1901; 28-0; 29-5; 8 boat lengths.

New Zealand's Railways.
The railroad system of New Zealand all of which are under government control, embrace about 2,000 miles of track, built at a cost of \$80,000,000. The cash revenue for 1893 amounted to more than \$7,000,000, and the expenditures to less than \$5,000,000.

INDIAN MISSIONARY'S STORY.

Years of Toilsome Ministry Among the Choctaws.

Little York, Ind., April 1.—(Special).—Twenty-five years ago the Rev. C. H. Thompson left Indiana. For a time he preached in Arkansas, afterwards entering on the regular missionary work among the Choctaw Indians.

For five years he lived and labored among the full bloods of the western prairies, until on April 6th, 1855, having lost his wife, he left the circuit on which he had preached so long, and commenced traveling missionary work among the Indians of the various tribes scattered in the west.

This irregular work involved a great deal of travel over the prairies. The drinking of so much alkali water, brought on kidney troubles which terminated in Diabetes.

Finally, while laboring among the Creek Indians at Wagoner, Indian Territory, this noble man was stricken down completely. A Chicago specialist was summoned, and after a careful examination declared that there was not the slightest chance of his recovery. Besides the prescriptions of the doctors he tried many other medicines, but all to no avail. He says:

"I had concluded that my days were drawing to a close, when I picked up an almanac telling of the cures of Diabetes by the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills. I sent for two boxes. I gained strength and spirits from the time I commenced to use them, and so I sent for more. I am now completely cured, and have not the slightest symptom of my old trouble.

"I am 68 years of age. I tell everybody of the wonders Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me. I can certainly endorse them heartily, and vouch that they are all that is claimed for them. They have certainly been a God-send to me."

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only Remedy that has ever cured Bright's Disease, Diabetes or Dropsy and they never fail.

Restricted to Cannon.
As finally passed the new law in South Carolina against the pistol-carrying habit, makes it unlawful for any person, except a peace officer, to carry a deadly weapon less than twenty inches in length or four pounds in weight.

All diseased conditions of the blood and skin are benefited by the well known remedy, Garfield Tea; it purifies the blood and clears the complexion.

You can take out a patent in Belgium for \$25, in France for \$50.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O!
Ask your Grocer to-day to show you a package of GRAIN-O. The new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without distress. It is the price of coffee, and 25 cents per package. Sold by all grocers.

The gain in population made by Vienna in ten years is 293,719.

Cartor's Ink
best for school, home and office. It costs no more than poor ink. Always ask for Cartor's.

Onions are a preventive, and oftentimes a cure, for malarial fever.

FIT'S Permanent Cure. For the relief of all cases of the Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 62.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. H. H. Kline, Ltd., 921 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Only one member of the United States senate is an unde-taker.

Home-Seekers' Excursions.
On the first and third Tuesdays of each month the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will sell round-trip excursion tickets from Chicago, Milwaukee and other points on its line to a great many points in South Dakota, North Dakota and other Western and Northern States at about one fare. Take a trip west and see the wonderful crops and what an amount of good land can be purchased for a little money. Further information as to rates, routes, prices of farm lands, etc., may be obtained by addressing F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited or imposed upon.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 16-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

Hold on to your virtue; it is above all price to you in all times and places.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 16-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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Lettuce and cucumbers cool the blood. Add a few drops of ammonia to the blue water to whiten the clothes.

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FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHEETS
No black powder shells on the market compare with the "NEW RIVAL" in uniformity and strong shooting qualities. Sure fire and waterproof. Get the genuine.
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO. New Haven, Conn.

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES UNION MADE
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Our \$4.00 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price. We make and sell more \$3.00 and \$3.50 shoes than any other two manufacturers in the United States. THE REASON more W. L. Douglas \$3 and \$3.50 shoes are sold than any other make is because **WE ARE THE BEST!** Your dealer should keep them in stock. Take no substitutes! Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. If your dealer will not get them for you, send direct to factory, enclosing price and 2c. extra for carriage. Kind of leather, color and width, plain or cap toe. Our shoes will reach you anywhere. Write for catalogue showing new Spring styles. We use Fast Color. W. L. Douglas Shoe Co., Brockton, Mass.

