

# PERUINA TONIC

**GEN. JOB WHEELER**  
Says of Peruina: "I join Senators Sullivan, Roach and McEnery in their good opinion of Peruina as an effective catarrh remedy."

**HEAD OF THROAT LUNGS STOMACH**  
**KIDNEYS BLADDER FEMALE ORGANS**

PERUINA THE GREAT TONIC

HALF ACTUAL SIZE.

## THE BEST POMMEL SLICKER IN THE WORLD

BEARS THIS TRADE MARK

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND**

THOUGH OFTEN IMITATED, AS A SADDLE COAT IT HAS NO EQUAL.

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**THE WABASH**  
Has its own rails and is the shortest east line to BUFFALO AND THE FALLS.

Stopovers given at both points on all tickets.

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## W. L. DOUGLAS

WE USE FAST COLOR EYELETS

FACTORY, BROOKTON, MASS.

Real worth of W. L. Douglas shoes is \$3.50 to \$5. My \$3 Gilt Edge line cannot be equaled at any price.

It is not alone the best leather that makes the first class shoe it is the brains that have planned the best style, lasts a perfect model of the foot, and the construction of the shoe. It is mechanical skill and knowledge that have made W. L. Douglas shoes the best in the world for money. Take no substitute. Insist on having W. L. Douglas shoes with name and price stamped on bottom. Your dealer should keep them, if he does not, send for catalog giving full instructions how to order by mail.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKTON, MASS.

## VISIT THE PAN-AMERICAN AND THE EXPOSITION BUFFALO EAST

LAKE MICH. CHICAGO LOW RATES NIAGARA FALLS BUFFALO

FREQUENT TRAINS TOLEDO CLEVELAND CHAUTAUQUA LAKE

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Full particulars on application to F. M. BYRD, General Western Agent, CHICAGO

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**PISO'S CURE FOR**  
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.  
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

**CONSUMPTION**

Nature's Priceless Remedy  
DR. O. PHELPS BROWN'S  
**PRECIOUS HERBAL OINTMENT**  
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Weak Back, Sprains, Burns, Sores and all Pains.  
"Get it of your druggist, if you do not see it, send us his name, and for your trouble we will send you a trial Free."  
Cures Through the Press  
Address Dr. O. P. Brown, 98 E. 5th Way, Newburgh, N. Y.

### Why Not Go to California?

Here's a suggestion for a holiday trip:  
Buy a round-trip ticket to San Francisco at the reduced rates which will be in effect on account of the Epworth League meeting in that city in July—go west by way of Denver and Salt Lake City; pass all the glorious mountain scenery of Colorado and Utah—spend a few weeks in California—come home via Portland, Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane and Billings, Mont.  
If you have time, stop off and see Yellowstone Park. A month is sufficient for the entire trip. In that time you will see more than most people do in a lifetime.  
And the expense is almost unbelievably small.  
Write for a copy of the Burlington's Epworth League folder, which tells all about it—gives you just the information you need about rates, routes, through cars, scenery, stop-overs, etc.  
J. FRANCIS,  
General Passenger Agent,  
Omaha, Neb.

Who ties to the right will never get left.

**Private Mailing Card.**  
Private Mailing Card with colored views of scenery on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway sent on receipt of ten (10) cents in stamps. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

If you are ahead, pull. If you are behind, push.

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

A dude dressed out of sight is very apt to be out of mind as well.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.**  
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The customer doesn't always enlarge his clothes when he lets them out.

**An "Old Home" Week.**  
Following the precedent set by New Hampshire, the legislature of Vermont has set apart the seven days beginning August 11 next as Vermont's old home week. Governor W. W. Stickney has been made president of the association formed to prepare plans for the reunion festivities and to carry them out systematically.

**Carrier Pigeon Convicted Thief.**  
The expedient of allowing a carrier pigeon, alleged to have been stolen, to fly away from the court in order that its home might be known, was adopted in East Orange, N. J., the other day, with such success that Geo. Bennett was held for the grand jury on a charge of larceny. He had been accused of stealing game cocks and a homing pigeon from Robert Euraig, but the evidence was so conflicting that it was decided to send the pigeon out and see where it went. A feather was plucked from the bird and shortly after it had been released the dove was found in Euraig's loft.

**Half-heartedness means whole failure usually.**  
For weakness, stiffness and soreness in aged people use Wizard Oil. Your druggist knows this and sells the oil.

Charles Martel, or Charles the Hammer, carries a mace weighing thirty pounds.

## FRAGRANT SOZODONT

a perfect liquid dentifrice for the Teeth and Mouth

New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c  
SOZODONT TOOTH POWDER, 25c  
Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c

At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.  
**HALL & RUCKEL, New York.**

## \$50 REWARD

will be paid for a case of backache, nervousness, sleeplessness, weakness, loss of vitality, inefficient kidney, bladder and urinary disorders that can not be cured by other means.

**KID-NE-OLDS**  
the great kidney, liver and blood medicine. 50c At all Druggists. Write for free sample. Address KID-NE-OLDS, St. Louis, Mo.

### LIKES BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Emperor William's Cook Taking Lessons in American Culinary Art.

Americans will be glad to learn that a new bond of sympathy has been woven between the German emperor and the people of the great republic. It is announced that the German sovereign has added buckwheat cakes to the royal menu; also codfish cakes, hominy pancakes, oatmeal and Welsh rarebit! By his order the imperial chef took passage on an American liner, and on the voyage was instructed in the preparation of a long list of typically American dishes. The emperor capitulated to buckwheat on the occasion of a recent visit to the new Hamburg-American yacht, the Princess Victoria Louise. The chef of chefs of the Hamburg-American line is Emil Fahrenhelm of the steamship Deutschland. For the occasion he was transferred to the yacht and for the kaiser's breakfast prepared a typical American menu, which, so the story goes, so pleased the emperor that he invited himself to remain for luncheon and dinner. On his return from the theater at midnight he was regaled with a Welsh rarebit. Then it was that the kaiser capitulated. "Ach, Gott," he exclaimed fervently, "never have I tasted such delicacies as these buckwheat-pfannkuchen and hominy pfannkuchen. They are so light! So tasty! So rich! My cordon bleu shall be instructed in the art of preparing them." So Herr Voelkers, the Koeninglich-Kaiserlicher mund koch, sailed with the Deutschland and was put through a course of culinary sprouts, taking voluminous notes and upon arrival at Cherbourg graduated from the tutelage of Herr Fahrenhelm with high honors. Some day he is to make the round trip on the Deutschland and learn further of American cooking. The emperor has but just embarked upon his culinary conquest and there are still worlds to conquer. The Welsh rarebit will but give him appetite for the golden buck, the codfish cake for brown bread and baked beans, the buckwheat cake for mince pie. And after these there will still remain scrapple and fried mush.—Chicago Chronicle.

### MAN'S SPHERE IN NATURE.

**Evolution Theorists Declare He Has Attained It by Slow Degrees.**

Since Huxley's pioneer work in 1863 a host of investigators have carried forward the study of structural resemblances connecting the genus man with lower genera and orders, says Professor W. J. McGee in his address as retiring president of the Anthropological society of Washington: Today the physical similarities are among the commonplaces of knowledge, whatsoever the background of philosophical opinion concerning cause and sequence. During the last decade or two the investigators themselves, with scarce an exception, have gone one step farther and now include sequence of development from lower to higher forms as among the commonplaces of opinion, whatsoever the background of metaphysical notion as to the cause. There the strictly biologic aspect of the question as to man's place in nature may safely be considered to rest. The chief advances in anthropology have related to what men do and what men think, and the progress has been such as to indicate with fairly satisfactory clearness the natural history of human thinking, as well as that of human doing. As is shown by the latest researches, the mental workings of the human are analogous with those of the lower animals, while the range from the instinct and budding reason of higher animals to the thinking of the lowest man would seem far less than that separating the beast-fearing savage from the scientist and statesman. In short, the evident tendency of the science of anthropology is, according to Professor McGee, toward the establishment of a mental as well as a physical evolution of man from a prototype of lower rank in the animal kingdom.—Chicago Chronicle.

**Slander by Phonograph.**

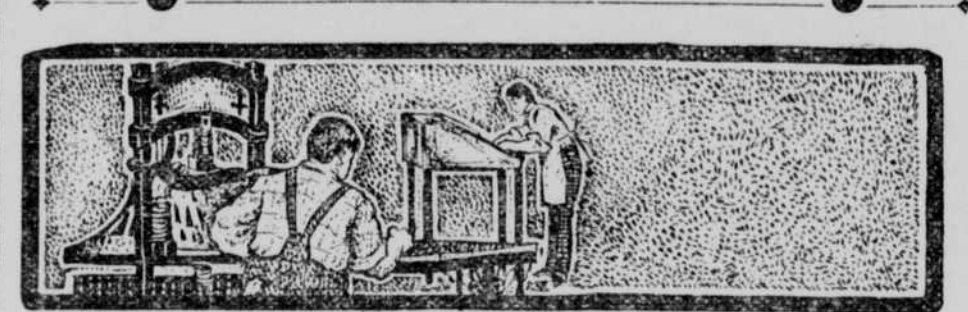
Slander by phonograph is the latest invention of malice. In a suburb of Berlin a sewing machine dealer had a squabble with one of his agents, so unable to think of another way of injuring him, he conceived the idea of slandering and defaming him in public by means of a phonograph. He confided to one of these instruments a declaration that he had denounced his enemy for forgery and embezzlement, and placed it in a conspicuous place in the beer-room of the local inn. Soon afterwards guests entered the chamber and put their pence in the slot, whereupon they were shocked at the serious charges against one of their acquaintances. A slander action followed. The phonograph was brought into court as a witness; but the instrument seemed to have got a hint of the base purpose to which it had been applied for it refused to repeat the calumnies! There were, however, a sufficient number of witnesses to prove that the remarks had been made by the instrument on the day in question, so the court found for the plaintiff; and the defendant, whose conduct was characterized by the magistrate as "malignant," was fined fifty shillings!

**Lady Leader of Cherokees.**

Mrs. Susan Sanders of the Cherokee nation, a Cherokee by blood, is a leader of her people. She lately made two trips to Washington to get a bill passed by congress to prevent intruders, citizens by marriage and reservators form sharing in the lands and annuities of the Cherokee nation. She drew up the bill and the letter to the committee on Indian affairs accompanying it. Mrs. Sanders is familiar with all the laws and treaties governing the Cherokees.



God said—Let there be light!  
Grim darkness felt his might,  
And fled away;  
Then startled seas and mountains cold  
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold.  
And cried—"Tis day! 'tis day!"  
"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed,  
The thunderous cloud, that flamed  
O'er daisies white:  
And lo! the rose, in crimson dress'd,  
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast;  
And, blushing, murmur'd—"Light  
Then was the skylark born;  
Then rose the embattled corn;  
Then floods of praise  
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;  
And then, in stillest night, the moon  
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.  
Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!  
Lo, trees and flowers all clad  
In glory, bloom!  
And shall the mortal sons of God  
Be senseless as the trodden clod,  
And darker than the tomb?  
No, by the mind of man!  
By the swart artisan!  
By God, our Sire!  
Our souls have holy light within.  
And every form of grief and sin  
Shall see and feel its fire.  
By earth, and hell, and heaven,  
The shroud of souls is riven!  
Mind, mind alone  
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!  
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,  
The night of minds is gone!  
"The Press!" all lands shall sing;  
The Press, the Press we bring,  
All lands to bless:  
O pallid Want! O Labor stark!  
Behold, we bring the second ark!  
The Press! the Press! the Press!



### The Painting of Satan.

BY ETHELYN LESLIE HUSTON.  
(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Although the rest of the guests—of the gentler sex—at the Hotel Helena sometimes said unkind things about Mrs. Weston, that lighthearted little lady was, perhaps, like a certain person not mentioned in polite society, not quite as black as she was painted. It is true she did like to talk to interesting men, whether they happened to be married or not, and the men, interesting and otherwise, liked very much to talk to her. And when Mr. Hartleigh began to show a distinct preference for her society in that lazy hour or two after dinner while digestion went comfortably on to the soothing strains of the mandolin orchestra, Mrs. Weston took it as a matter of course.

The Hartleighs had always shown their fondness for each other as much as good breeding would permit, and to the casual observer, there was no change in their mutual regard. But Mrs. Weston scented trouble through her high-bred little nose as accurately as a thoroughbred racer sniffs danger borne to his quivering nostrils on the summer breeze.

And when Hartleigh brought his indolent post-prandial revolutions to an anchorage beside her chair, she received him with the tact that questions not, but waits. And such tact is worth unmingled gold to women, if they but knew it. A few do.

So, one evening, she learned all about it. She knew that Hartleigh was not in love with her, and she knew that Hartleigh's wife, under her usual gently gracious air, was fretting about the intangible something that had thrust its Banquo-ghost into their happiness.

That evening when Hartleigh made some reckless statements to her about her irresistible attractions generally

Mrs. Weston smoothed a smile from her lips with her big black fan. "And because she doesn't," she reflected, while her eyes danced. "I am to be a sop to his lordship's vanity. Dear, dear. How very clumsy men are, to be sure. But I'll try to fix the thing up. Though I'll get no thanks for it. One never does."

So she purred a few sympathetic purrs, which are all a clever woman needs to do when a man is bothered, and the whole story came out.

Hartleigh, it appeared, had gone to his wife's desk to scribble a note one



Had seen an open letter.

evening when she happened to be out, and on pulling out a drawer for some note-paper, had seen an open letter that had been tossed carelessly in there. His sense of honor was too fine to tolerate any thought of reading what was not intended for his eyes, but the second's glance caught two or three words that had sent their sting down into his heart's core. And he had closed the drawer, and that was all.

"And you have not spoken of it to her?" asked Mrs. Weston.

"No. What's the use?" he replied drearily. "She's tired of me, I suppose, but I cannot very well go and ask her to say so. The woman must take the initiative in a thing of that sort."

Mrs. Weston nibbled the edge of her fan and the muscles around her pretty mouth twitched. Hartleigh had entirely forgotten, in the unburdening of his sick soul, that he had declared a deep and abiding passion for Mrs. Weston but five minutes before, and was plunged in gloomy reverie. Mrs. Weston pressed the fan sternly against her rebellious lips, and finally turned toward him a face of becoming gravity.

"Perhaps it is not as bad as it looks," she said seriously. "We may prove an alibi yet. Go away now, and give Mr. Stanton your seat. You have been talking to me long enough, and the tabbies are looking unutterable things my way."

Thus while she talked sweetly to the enraptured Stanton, her busy and clever brain was at work on the Hartleigh problem. She was unshaken in her belief that Mrs. Hartleigh was in love with but one man, and that man was Hartleigh. Consequently, that letter—or portion of letter—that Hartleigh had accidentally seen, must have some explanation. But how to get at it?

It is a thankless task to try and set the matrimonial misunderstandings



and his appreciation thereof, and all the rest of it, Mrs. Weston nodded her sensible little head and assumed an air of fitting gratitude for the compliment paid her, and then faltered, with a becoming touch of hesitation, and a quite fetching little quaver in her soft voice—"But—Mrs.—Hartleigh—"

Hartleigh tossed his cigar behind the gas-log of the big fireplace and said, with gloomy irritation:

"Oh, she doesn't care. The best of us are conceited beggars, you know, and I used to think she did, which shows what an ass a man is."

and unpleasantnesses of one's friends aright, and Mrs. Weston sighed as she resigned herself to the ordeal. The tabbies looked daggers and battering-rams as they saw her lift her eyebrows in Hartleigh's direction and that gentleman promptly resume the seat Stanton had just vacated at a slightly more imperative signal from Mrs. Stanton.

"My beloved Christian friend," said Mrs. Weston, gravely. "There is one thing due Mrs. Hartleigh, under all circumstances, and that is an apology."

"Because I—?"

"Exactly. It was a breach of honor, however innocent, and it is incumbent upon you, as an officer and a gentleman," to admit your indiscretion, or error, and make the amende honorable generally."

Hartleigh drew a long breath, and moved uneasily in his chair.

"Well, it will be dashed unpleasant," he said hesitatingly. "But if you think there is no other way—and it is the proper thing—"

"Assuredly, the proper thing," said his mentor, sternly. "You had no right to fumble around the private desk of anybody, and if you found something you did not want to find, that was retribution. And the penalty thereof is sack-cloth and ashes."

"But if she is permitting some black-guard to write things—"

"You do not know what she is permitting, or anything about it," said Mrs. Weston.

"But I tell you I saw—"

"Three words. Exactly. And there-by hangs a history which you have filled in with the aid of a vivid imagination—and doubtless some personal experience—" (Hartleigh again moved uneasily in his chair—"and it has never entered your head that there may be some things in the heavens above and the earth beneath, of which you are not altogether cognizant. In any case, two wrongs do not make one right. I had that in my copybook at school. You must apologize.")

The next evening the bistre shadows that had begun to deepen around Mrs. Hartleigh's soft gray eyes, were gone, and the Helene guests congratulated her on the deliverance from the dull headache that had clung to her so long. After dinner, Hartleigh drew Mrs. Weston aside for a moment.

He told her how Mrs. Hartleigh had insisted upon his reading the whole letter, which was the unwise effusion of an unwise man who had loved her long before she met Hartleigh, and had written her a stormy reproach for not even requiring his long devotion with a sign of friendly interest in his welfare.

Hartleigh was immensely relieved and a good deal ashamed of himself, and after he had explained fully, out of the gladness of his heart, and dilated upon the blessings that Heaven had bestowed upon him, and of which he was most unworthy, and bored poor Mrs. Weston almost to extinction, he took himself off to hang over the back of his wife's chair for the greater part of the evening.

And always after that Banquo-episode of the Hartleighs, Mrs. Hartleigh's demeanor toward Mrs. Weston was tinged with a chill reserve. Which Mrs. Weston received with the calm philosophy of one who knows her kind.

"Blessed is the peace-maker," she quoted to herself, with her shrewd little smile. "And I could have made all sorts of trouble, had I wished, dear, dear."

And she smiled on Mr. Stanton sweetly and plaintively asked him the secret of his perennial youth, while Mrs. Stanton glared at her icily, and presented her with a large and heavily bead-shouldered for the balance of the evening.

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