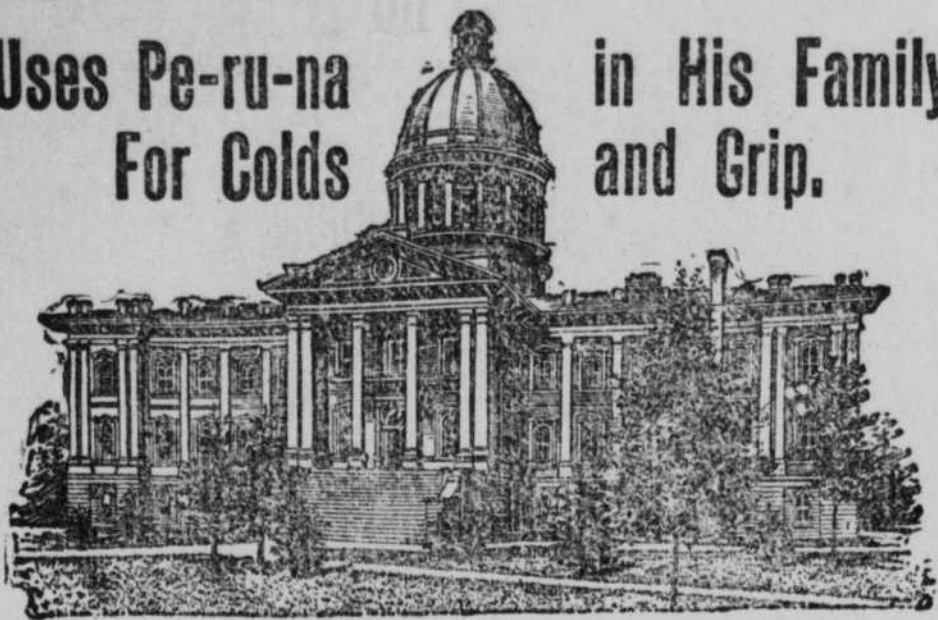


GOVERNOR OF OREGON

Uses Pe-ru-na For Colds in His Family and Grip.



CAPITOL BUILDING SALEM, OREGON.
A Letter From the Executive Officer of Oregon.

Pe-ru-na is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Letters of congratulation and commendation testifying to the merits of Pe-ru-na as a catharric remedy are pouring in from every State in the Union. Dr. Hartman is receiving hundreds of such letters daily. All classes write these letters, from the highest to the lowest.

The outdoor laborer, the indoor artisan, the clerk, the editor, the statesman, the preacher—all agree that Pe-ru-na is the catharric remedy of the age. The stage and rostrum, recognizing catharris as their greatest enemy, are especially enthusiastic in their praise and testimony.

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catharris. Catharris is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Pe-ru-na is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catharris. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catharris out of its victims. Pe-ru-na not only cures catharris, but prevents. Every household should be supplied with this great remedy for coughs, colds and sore throat.

The Governor of Oregon is an ardent admirer of Pe-ru-na. He keeps it continually in the house. In a recent letter to Dr. Hartman he says:

STATE OF OREGON,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
SALEM, May 9, 1898.

The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:
Dear Sirs—I have had occasion to use your Pe-ru-na medicine in my family for colds, and it proved to be an excellent remedy. I have not had occasion to use it for other ailments.

Yours very truly, W. M. Lord.

It will be noticed that the Governor says he has not had occasion to use Pe-ru-na for other ailments. The reason for this is, most other ailments begin with a cold. Using Pe-ru-na to promptly cure colds, he protects his family against other ailments. This is exactly what every other family in the United States should do. Keep Pe-ru-na in the house. Use it for coughs, colds, la grippe, and other climatic affections of winter, and there will be no other ailments in the house. Such families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book, entitled "Winter Catharris." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

THOUGHT HE WAS HONEST

Unkind Comment Made on Unfortunate Lawyer's Story.

A young lawyer who had only hung out his shingle some months before came into the office of a friend, who had already made some money and quite a reputation at the bar. As the elder lawyer saw the visitor enter he said inquiringly:

"Well, how are you getting along? You look sort of seedy. You don't want to get that way. No matter how much you get behind in your accounts, always put up a good bluff and dress well. A lawyer who looks seedy shows by his looks that he can't be doing much business, and so a stranger don't have any confidence in him."

"Glad you give me some frank advice," said the young barrister. "That's the reason I came around to see you. And now that you have spoken about my looking seedy, I want to tell you an experience I had this morning. I was buying some bananas here in Park Row, and standing alongside of the pushcart pedler, when a well-dressed man came up to me, and holding out a dime said:

"Here, give me a half dozen bananas quick."

"Now, what do you think of that?"

"Why," said the prosperous member of the bar, "he thought you were earning an honest living. That's all."

RARE JOY FOR A FIEND.

Mean Man Causes Mix-Up of Two Messenger Boys.

A small messenger boy ran down Fifth avenue this morning, carolling a blithesome tune, his small heart at peace with all the world. Some thirty feet behind him sped a second boy, likewise at peace with all creation and whistling as he trotted on. Upon the sidewalk stood a heartless man, nibbling a large apple, and apparently the last person in the world to pay any attention to the doings of a messenger. The boys passed him, and with a malevolent grin, he raised his hand. The half-eaten apple whizzed through the air, passed over the head of the rearward boy, and smote the leading lad full in the neck, and distributing its core, pulp and seeds over his shoulders and inside his collar.

With a yell of surprise and rage the insulted youth whirled around, and the second boy ran into him. The apple-battered one let go a fierce right jolt upon the innocent lad's visage, and then they closed. For five minutes they battered each other all over the sidewalk, while two telegrams fluttered in the trampled mud, and the heartless man, holding his ribs to prevent absolute demolition, howled with glee.—New York Exchange.

DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THE BELL

Girls Thought Someone Inside Was "Houldin' the String."

Bridget and Norah Murphy, fresh from the mosquitoes of Ellis Island, had set out to make their "return calls" on their cousins, the McGooligans, at service in an aristocratic part of the city. Upon arriving at the house, instead of being confronted by the usual bell knob, nothing but a stinging, mean apology of a knob in the shape of a little black button met them. Bridget got hold of the button and gave it a pull, but her fingers slipped before there was any audible ring from within. Again and again she tried with the same result, until she turned the job over to "Nonie." Then the latter yanked and twisted without success, until both stood on the landing gazing helplessly at each other. Then light came unto Bridget.

"I'll tell you phwat it is," she said. "They're playin' th' joke on us fur greenhorns an' th' divils are within houldin' th' string!"—New York Tribune.

Worth While.

I never could abide the pesky folks who night and morn' Kep' tellin' people that they wished they never had been born: This world is all a stage—I read that some'ers in a book

An' as fur me, I'm glad I got a chance to have a look.

The splendor of the sunshine an' the radiance of the night

Make up a scene that strikes my fancy purty nearly right.

An' I like to watch the heroes standin' in the calcium's glow.

There ain't no doubt about it; it's a Class Show.

Sometimes the scene's a joyful one, an' then again it's sad;

Some of the folks you see are good, an' some are purty bad.

I often wish that I could help the enterprise along

Instid' of simply sittin' out in the admirin' throng

But even though my part in the occasion is but small,

I'll still congratulate myself on gettin' in at all.

And when at last the lights are out an' I must homeward go,

There'll be no kick a-comin'. 'Twas a Class Show.

Heroic Army Nurse.

A recent general order issued by Gen. Chaffee in the Philippines brings to public notice a heroine in the person of Army Nurse Alice Kemmer. While on leave she learned that a nurse was needed for two smallpox patients in the isolation hospital at Manila. Though she had never had the disease she relinquished her leave and volunteered for the duty. For two months, April and May, 1902, she was shut up with these patients, living in the room with one of them, an officer's wife, while the other, an enlisted man, was in an adjoining room. In intensely hot weather, without a relief on duty day and night, she nursed them both back to health and with them was finally discharged from the hospital.

SIESTA.

Tremulous trills and quavers
And broken melodies float
Across the fields and the meadows
From the bobolink's mellow throat.

Poplars all a-flutter
When the westering wind goes by,
And the music of murmuring waters
Answers the wind's faint sigh.

Black-eyed susans nodding
Over the grasses tall,
Hill aflame with golden rod
Beyond the old stone wall.

Wings flash in the sunlight,
And insects' drowsy note,
And over all, in a golden haze,
August's red sun afloat.

Teena's Futile Quest.

BY LOUISE J. STEPHENS.

(Copyright, 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

When our friends learned that Jack had accepted the position of station agent in a comparatively new Dakota town they were all duly horrified and received the news with many expostulations. "You will die of loneliness and homesickness"; "You never can endure life there without a soul of your kind to speak to"; "What! bury yourself and your beautiful voice in a contemptible little western village!" But I had Jack and we had not been married so long but that we felt we were more to each other than all the world besides.

Jack already knows pretty nearly every one in the county, it seems, for the railway company's elevator, of which he has charge, makes this quite a market for grain. He is such a sympathetic, generous fellow, so kind-hearted naturally, that he always extends what help he can to every person he sees in trouble, and so brings to us many odd, interesting and sometimes amusing, often pathetic experiences.

One day after the regular train had passed Jack came over to the house with a very sober face: "I've a case out there for you, Dolly; a young Swedish girl who can speak scarcely a word of English. She showed me a card with Ole Larson, Fargo, N. D., written on it, and saying vehemently, 'Him—no dar,' turned the other side on which some one had written the name of our station. So I suppose the man she is looking for has come here or hereabouts from Fargo sometime or other, but there's no one of that name here now. What shall we do with her?"

"Bring her here," I replied promptly, "until we can find Ole. Good Mrs. Peterson will act as interpreter and we can soon make her comfortable."

So he called at her door and asked Mrs. Peterson to come in, and then brought the girl over. She was a scared-looking but rather pretty Swedish girl of perhaps twenty years dressed in the odd fashion of all the newcomers from her land, with a kerchief instead of a bonnet tied under her chin, soiled and travel stained, and as is the custom of emigrants, with all her worldly belongings done up in a package by means of a square cloth tied together by the four corners. She dropped me a most humble little courtesy, and when Mrs. Peterson spoke to her in her own tongue she turned to her with such pleasure in her face that I knew her answer was that a Swedish exclamation of joy. After some minutes' conversation, Mrs. Peterson explained: "Her name Christine Olson, most call Teena; she come from Gottenborg; she vas marry Ole Larson, but he come away to Ameriky an' she stay vit her granmooder, who has no odder but Teena. Her granmooder die las' vinter, den she tink she come Ameriky an' fin' Ole Larson, den dey vill marry. He write by Fargo, an' go dar, but postmaister say Ole Larson come by dis place; den she come. But dar is no Ole Larson in dis place, I know, an' iff he hass not gone by some odder place, den he vork by some farms."

Further inquiry drew out the fact that the girl had not heard from her

lover for nearly a year, and that he did not, of course, know that she had come over.

"She hass plenty money," interpreted Mrs. Peterson; "mos' hoonder dollar by her granmooder."

We then and there decide that Teena shall stay with us while we try to locate her Ole. And after much explanation and more persuasion from Mrs. Peterson, Teena consents to take her "hoonder dollar" from out of the leg of her stocking and deposit it in the village bank, whither she is at once escorted by Jack, accompanied also by Mrs. Peterson.

Teena proves a jewel about the house and can soon "spik Englis" quite intelligibly. "No—no pay!" she declares when I want to pay her for doing my work. "I no vork," she

says scornfully, "dis no vork!" spreading out her hands to indicate my small domain. "I eat an' sleep—you gif me—I no pay, den I vork liddle—no pay me!" and she shakes her head vigorously. And so she stays on, apparently content, though her large blue eyes grow larger and more pathetic, and she eats little and I fear sleeps less.

Meantime Jack makes every inquiry for Ole Larson, but learns nothing of him. This is her description of him to Jack: "He big, like—hesitating for the pronoun—"like Jack," she says finally, to our great amusement; "hair so," indicating curls, "an' so like," pointing to my own dark locks to indicate color; "eyes like Jack; good look; dwenty-fower

year." So Jack keeps in mind a well-built, good-looking young Swede with dark curly hair and blue eyes.

But the summer passed by and it was not until after the wheat harvest and threshing were over that he came in one day, somewhat excitedly, and said to me, "Dolly, I've found Ole! He lives with a farmer named Swenson some twenty miles from here, and he's at the elevator now with a load of grain; I spotted him before I spoke to him. I'm going to tell him there's a girl here from Gottenborg and bring him in to talk with her." We both thought it would be a most delightful surprise to them, and the best way to bring them together.

Their meeting brought tears to our eyes. Jack led the way to the kitchen door and stepped in with the young man following. I saw them from the dining room door. "Ole!" screamed Teena, turning red, then white, and almost falling into his arms, and I noticed that his face was whiter than hers, as he exclaimed, "O Teena!" and seemed to stagger backward.

Then we closed the door and went out. But a few moments later there was a cry of alarm from the young man and we rushed back and found him supporting Teena, who had fainted.

In the excitement of caring for her no questions were asked. We supposed her emotions upon meeting her lover so unexpectedly had simply overcome her. But the moment she revived sufficiently to open her eyes she said to me faintly, "Ole—he marry," and the tears rolled down her cheeks. Jack, too, heard, and we turned to the young man in shocked surprise. Somehow, such a possibility had never occurred to us, no more than to Teena. Larson's eyes too were wet, and he was trembling with agitation. "I loaf Teena," he said to us earnestly, "but ven I write I send money to come to marry me, she write back no, she no leave her granmooder. So I tink she vill marry some odder boy in Sveden, an' I feel bad, an' I write no more. I go from Fargo right away. I live by Mr. Svanson more den vey year, an' two, tree mon's ago I marry hees girl, hees daughter. She nice, good girl—but I feel so bad for Teena—I loaf Teena many years." And he does not try to hide the tears that fill his eyes.

In all my life nothing I have known or heard or read has seemed to me so intensely, dramatically, despairingly sad. I stroked and kiss poor Teena's bowed head, which she has pillowed on her arms on the table, and dear, soft-hearted Jack gives Larson his hand in mute sympathy. The young man says something in Swedish to Teena, who shakes her head without looking up, and throws out her hand as though to bid him go.

"O Teena," he pleads, but she again shakes her head, and he says to us: "She no spik to me—I go."

We at last persuade her to be helped to bed, and saying, "I tank you," so pathetically, she turns her face to the wall. I go to her room several times during the night, but she lies motionless and unheeding, though I am sure she is not asleep. She comes down and prepares the breakfast as usual the next morning, and performs her accustomed duties many days thereafter, but I can see that her strength is gradually going, and at last there comes a morning when she does not come down stairs.

Then the end is not far away. "Would you like to see Ole again," I ask, but she shakes her head. "He no mine—he marry," she says, and the tears flow. Larson comes often to ask Jack about her, but does not ask to see her, and when I tell her she makes no comment. When he learns that the end is near he asks Jack to let him know, and says, "I come den."

And one sad day poor Teena's broken heart is forever stilled, and as she lies in the dainty last bed in which we have tenderly placed her, Larson comes in to look upon her fair, peaceful face, and we leave him alone with the dead. When he comes out of the room I notice how pale and sad he has grown since we first saw him, and give him my hand in sympathy; he holds it a moment, too, much moved to speak for a time, then says, "My wife—she not know—I hass not tell her—she goot girl—she will be much sorry—I not tell her—she not know." And I understand that he has not told his wife because he does not wish to trouble her, and my heart goes out to the poor fellow. He does not come to the simple funeral service, for "my wife she not know," and we respect him the more because he stays away. And so we lay poor Teena in her last resting place, and feel that upon the simple stone with which we mark the spot might truthfully be engraved the words, "Died of a broken heart."

WHERE GO THE BIBLES?

More Copies Are Sold Annually Than of Any Other Book.

Along with all this talk about the modern lack of familiarity with the Bible and all the deploring of the alleged fact by scholars and preachers and editors, and with the constant evidences which are met that the allegation has a substantial basis, there comes the assertion that more copies of the Bible are sold annually than of any other book that is printed. What becomes of all of them? Frequenters of second-hand book stores know that few Bibles are to be found on their shelves, and what do appear are chiefly of curious old copies, most of which are held at a good price. It is hardly profitable to buy Bibles for use for wrapping paper, and it is not probable that the enemies of the book are purchasing copies for the sake of suppressing them. Yet in spite of all the Bibles that are sold and paid for, it is scarcely possible to find a person except the few professional students of the book, who know much about what there is in it. The suspicion must be that most of these buyers procure it because they think it is a sort of amulet for the protection of the house.—New Bedford Standard.

Oriental Finance.

"Korea hatched with corruption," said the bishop of north Queensland recently on his return from a visit to Korea. "I will give you an illustration. Some time ago a commercial traveller—who probably had something to gain by the proposal—showed the king or emperor that the intrinsic value of the nickel 5-cent coin in circulation was only half its face value. He suggested that the king might establish a mint and turn out these coins at a great personal profit. The idea was at once put into execution and the market flooded with a debased coin. Naturally, there was very soon a partial paralysis of trade. The foreign merchants refused to take the new coin; but the native trader had no remedy, except in raising prices. The king or emperor, as he now calls himself—had some ready money, but all classes of his people suffered immense losses. The yen, for instance, fell to half its regular value. Eventually, however, after about twelve months' operation, the mint ceased to turn out these nickel coins."

A Modest Philanthropist.

John M. Glenn, son of a rich philanthropist, and his bride, the daughter of J. Wilcox Brown, president of the Maryland Trust company, have returned from a honeymoon in Europe to take up their abode in Baltimore, not in the fashionable section but in the heart of the tenement district. "We decided to move down here in order to be in closer touch with the people with whom we wish to work," Mr. Glenn explains. "Many of them we have known for a long time and are very much attached to them. There is nothing in the rumor of our going in for social settlement work or of attempting any sort of organization. We will just try to do what we can in a modest way."

Travel in Tripoli.

The dangers of travel in Tripoli are thus described by United States Consul General Skinner of Marseilles: "There is always more or less risk involved in traveling. Mr. Dodson was accompanied by two Zephtas, sent by the governor-general, his own assistant, a head Arab and five others. They narrowly escaped being ambushed by a wandering tribe. This danger is more remote at Cyrene, as the authority of the government is acknowledged along the coast. However, it is always well to be provided with good, light sporting rifles."

I Crave No Crown.

I crave no crown or proud estate,
No ermine robes my form to grace—
But I would touch Love's sceptre to
The blush that lights thy dimpled face;
And we would set Love's unseined throne
Delight and Constancy between,
And rule for happiness alone,
Were I your king and you my queen.

No fawning sycophants should kneel
To rob me of thy lightest smile,
No traitor in our court should plot
The blighting of the afterwhile;
But you and I would hold Love's sway
And sweetest songs of summer sing,
And pluck life's blossoms by the way—
Were you my queen and I your king.

WINCHESTER

FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS
"New Rival" "Leader" "Repeater"

If you are looking for reliable shotgun ammunition, the kind that shoots where you point your gun, buy Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells: "New Rival," loaded with Black powder; "Leader" and "Repeater," loaded with Smokeless. Insist upon having Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, and accept no others.
ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM

FOR TWO GENERATIONS

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

HAS BEEN THE FARMER'S FRIEND AND A HOUSEHOLD NECESSITY. PAIN LEAVES WHEN MUSTANG LINIMENT ARRIVES—FOR MAN OR BEAST



W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$3.50 SHOES
W. L. Douglas's shoes are the standard of the world.
W. L. Douglas makes and sold more men's Good-year Welt (Black Sewed) shoes in the first six months of 1902 than any other manufacturer.
\$10,000 CASH REWARD will be paid to anyone who can prove this statement.
W. L. DOUGLAS'S SHOES
1000 sales, \$1,100,000; 1901 sales, \$9,900,000
1000 sales, \$1,100,000; 1902 sales, \$9,900,000
Best Importer of American Leathers, Heil's Patent Gull, Enamel, B & C Gull, Viki K'd, Corona Gull, Nat. Kanaruro, Fast Color Eyelets used.
Caution! The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS' name on the inside of the bottom.
Shoes by mail, 25c extra. This Catalog free.
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Wouldn't Ride Behind Mules.
A wedding in Winsted, Conn., was delayed for several hours because the girl refused to ride to church in a carriage drawn by mules. Finally the driver of the outfit saw a bus loaded with people bound for a cattle show and he borrowed the horses for his own rig.

Don't try to do things that will live after you are dead. It's better to live before you are dead.

It must be an awful strain on the red-nosed man who tries to look intellectual.

Cures croup, sore throat, pulmonary troubles.—Monarch over pain of any sort. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

Too much suavity makes one open to the suspicion of duplicity.

GOOD TRACK, GOOD TRAINS, GOOD TIME.

In each of these the New York Central is not surpassed, as thousands will attest. Travelers between the West and the East will find it to their advantage to use the New York Central which, in point of time, equipment, roadbed, dining car service and scenic attractions is first among the railroads of the world.

Send a one cent stamp to George H. Danfels, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York, for a copy of the illustrated Catalogue of the New York Central's "Four-Track Series."

Originality is a new flavor given to an old-fashioned cocktail.

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