

SISTERS OF CHARITY

Use Pe-ru-na for Coughs, Colds, Grip and Catarrh--A Congressman's Letter.



In every country of the civilized world Sisters of Charity are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of the charges committed to their care, but they also minister to their bodily needs.

With so many children to take care of and to protect from climate and disease, these wise and prudent Sisters have found Peruna a never failing safeguard.

Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters from all over the United States. A recommend recently received from a Catholic institution in Detroit, Mich., reads as follows:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:

Dear Sir:—The young girl who used the Peruna was suffering from laryngitis, and loss of voice. The result of the treatment was most satisfactory. She found great relief, and after further use of the medicine we hope to be able to say she is entirely cured.

—Sisters of Charity.

The following letter is from Congressman Meekison, of Napoleon, Ohio: The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

Gentlemen: I have used several bottles of Peruna and feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head, and feel encouraged to believe that its continued use will fully eradicate a disease of thirty years' standing.

—David Meekison.

Dr. Hartman, one of the best known physicians and surgeons in the United States, was the first man to formulate Peruna. It was through his genius and perseverance that it was introduced to the medical profession of this country.

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.



David Meekison.

The young girl was under the care of the Sisters of Charity and used Peruna for catarrh of the throat with good results as the above letter testifies.

Send to The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio, for a free book written by Dr. Hartman.

VITALITY OF THE SHARK.

Nothing but the Shell of the Fish Remained, but He is Still Swimming.

On Sept. 16 last, on a ship about fifty miles from Brisbane, Australia, a huge shark about twelve feet in length was hooked on a line, which broke. A second time the big fish got on the line and escaped. Then a large shark hook with a chain was thrown out, and the ravenous brute grabbed it and was caught. All hands tugged the shark to the vessel's side. A huge hook of the anchor tackle was put through his jaw and one eye, and the fish was then hauled out of the water.

One of the crew ripped the monster open from the head to the tail. The vital organs and entrails were thrown overboard and then both jaws were hacked out for the sake of securing the teeth. Nothing but the shell of the fish remained, and the shark was lowered overboard. A rush was made to the side to see him sink, but the company was astounded to see the fish make off. First he swam about fifty yards away, returned to the steamer, then went off on another tack for about thirty yards, came back to the vessel and swam astern, and was still swimming when he was lost sight of.

That the fish should swim away with the whole of his interior from head to tail and jaw and one eye gone simply raised the hair of the pilots and crew, who had never seen or heard of the like before.

THE PROMISE TO OBEY?

Should It Remain a Part of the Marriage Service?

In ministerial circles there is a lively agitation over the question whether the word "obey" in the marriage service is not superfluous. The officiating clergyman at a marriage service represents not only the human law, but the spirit of the divine law. He is especially anxious not to require an obligation that will not be considered binding on the conscience of the party to a marriage to whom it applies. One clergyman has taken the ground that if the woman was required to promise to obey, the man should be subject to the same requirement. If this means anything, it means that the parties to a marriage should take turns in obeying each other. When an issue arises both cannot command and both obey. The advocates of the elimination of the word "obey" from the marriage service plant themselves upon the impregnable ground that a woman no more than a man should be asked to make a promise that in her heart or mind she did not intend to keep. The marriage is happy in which situations do not arise which justify a liberal construction of the promise to obey. As laws which cannot be enforced are the weak link in the chain of laws, care should be taken not to impose conditions of doubtful utility. Better not make a promise than make one and break it.—San Francisco Bulletin.

A SERMON IN RHYME.

If you have a friend worth loving,
Love him. Yes, and let him know
That you love him ere life's evening
Tinge his brow with sunset glow.
Why should good words ne'er be said
Of a friend till he is dead?

If you hear a song that thrills you,
Sing by any child of song,
Praise it. Do not let the singer
Wait deserved praises long.
Why should one that thrills your heart
Lack the joy you may impart?

If you hear a prayer that moves you
By its humble, pleading tone,
Join it. Do not let the seeker
Bow before his God alone.
Why should not your brother share
The strength of "two or three" in prayer?

If you see the hot tears falling
From a brother's weeping eyes,
Stop them, and by kindly sharing
Own your kinship with the skies.
Why should anyone be glad
When a brother's heart is sad?

If a silvery laugh goes rippling
Through the sunshine on his face,
Share it. 'Tis the wise man's saying
"For both grief and joy a place."
There's health and goodness in the mirth
In which an honest laugh has birth.

If your work is made more easy
By friendly, helping hand,
Say so. Speak out brave and truly
Ere the darkness veils the land,
Should a brother workman dear
Falter for a word of cheer?

Scatter thus your seeds of kindness,
All enriching as you go;
Leave them. Trust the Harvest Giver,
He will make each seed to grow,
So, until its happy end,
Your life shall never lack a friend.

A Boston Kitten's Adventure.

A wonderful story is told of a kitten that had fallen into one of the ventilating flues in the wall of the large sub-treasury apartment in the post-office building of Boston and had been incarcerated five days without food or water. The flue referred to is forty feet in depth from the ceiling level of the apartment. Notice of the kitten's misfortune was brought to Architect Bryant late on Saturday afternoon. The cries of the kitten could be faintly heard, and Mr. Bryant's first impulse was to cut in through the marble casing of the apartment in which the flue was located; but a suggestion being made that perhaps the prisoner, in its desperation, might seize the end of a line weighted and of bulky shape at its lower end, this experiment was tried. Strange to say the nearly starved creature almost instantly took fast hold with its claws, when it was very carefully and slowly drawn safely up the entire height of forty feet and safely delivered. No creature could be thinner than this liberated little kitten, yet, with warm milk administered at intervals, restoration soon took place.

Patience has a heart of stone.

SONG.

Long ago, long ago,
When the wind was in the barley,
And the birds sang, late and early,
All the songs that lovers know,
How we lingered in the lane,
Kissed and parted, kissed again,
Parted laggard foot and slow!
What a pretty world we knew
Dressed in moonlight dreams and dew,
Long ago, my first sweetheart,
Long ago!

Long ago, long ago,
When the wind was on the river,
Where the lights and shadows shiver,
And the streets were all aglow,
In the study, gas-lit street,
We two parted, sweet, my sweet,
And the crowds went to and fro,
And your veil was wet with tears
For the inevitable years,
Long ago, my last sweetheart,
Long ago!

GRAY GUN-HORSES

By H. S. CANFIELD

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"Gray gun-horses in the landau
And the Sergeant is married to a—"
—Kipling.

Her name was Ethel Genevieve Wynne, but her friends had shortened it to "Vieve." It seemed to suit her. She was of an exquisite sweet figure, full without fatness, slender without scragginess, and her hand and forearm and her foot and the ankle above it might have served as models to any man used to putting his dreams into marble. Golden hair crowned her small, shapely head, blue eyes looked from under level brows, and her cheeks were the hue of the sun-kissed side of the peach. Leroy Hendryx saw her and his heart and soul went out to her and were not in his keeping.

He was a poet, young, ardent, honest, gifted and poor. He looked at the world with fresh eyes and thought himself rich because his wants were few; he could not conceive of a gentleman, or gentleman who cared for money. His birth gave him entry to what are called our "upper" circles, though why "upper," since they do not contain more wit or manliness or kindness or suavity than our other circles, no man can say.

His life story began on the upper Hudson. There is a summering place there small enough and exclusive enough to warrant high prices and poor accommodations. Not more than a dozen guests were in the hotel when he reached it. In that kind of hostility the fact that you have registered at all is warrant of your social standing, and everybody knows everybody else as a matter of course. That night Hendryx dreamed of Vieve's eyes; next morning he sailed with her over a still reach of the river.

She found it pleasant enough watching the light of worship in his dark eyes. He talked with a poet's tenderness and passion; she did not understand all that he said; she did not appreciate much of it; she was of the world and her mother was a schemer; they were not rich, and the girl was in the market as much as if she had stood naked upon a block in Stamboul to be knocked down to the highest bidding Pasha; this had been drilled into her from her fourth year; she accepted her destiny complacently; that destiny was to "make a good match." She was virtuous, or thought she was, and shal-low. No one had ever told her that when she married a man for his money she would sell herself, so she had not considered this view of it. She had plenty of clothes and was happy in a light way. She was only twenty and had time enough in which to marry well; meanwhile she wished to enjoy herself, and Hendryx was about the only eligible in Raven's Nest hotel. The mother looked askance at the intimacy, but said nothing; she had learned in two seasons to trust her daughter.

It is an old and common story and hardly worth the telling. It happened yesterday; it happens to-day, it will happen to-morrow—the man, earnest and loyal, believing in himself and in her, the woman physically seductive, mentally barren, without depths in her nature, not consciously evil, but working evil.

In a month's time he asked her to marry him; not in the least intending acquiescence she answered "Yes." Thereafter he walked on air and felt strong to achieve. There came moonlight strolls and sailings, whisperings in shaded nooks, all of the sweet, nonsensical meetings and partings of a courtship and betrothal. He wrote



Then came moonlight strolls, sonnets to her eyebrows and she read them, saw that they rhymed and put them away among milliners' bills. Hendryx does not deserve sympathy, because he was happy, and many men have walked the road he was walking. He took little thought of the future. He knew, not being a fool, that he could not support himself and a wife of Vieve's kind on \$1,200 a year, but a magazine editor had accepted some verses with a kindly note. He saw fame and fortune ahead and had visions of life in a cottage, all of the world shut out from

it, only he and his pearl among women within its walls.

"Sweetheart," he said to her once, "we will be poor for awhile, but only for awhile. You will not mind, will you?"

"I could go anywhere with you," she answered, "and endure anything. And even if we go to balls and the theaters, and come here in the summer or go to Newport."

He said nothing further then; he was willing to drift.

Mr. Isaac Potter registered at Raven's Nest. He was not of the "upper circles" primarily, but had loaned money to one of its members and brought letters of introduction



"I ask you to be Mrs. Potter; name the day. I've got ten millions."

with him. Mr. Isaac Potter was a retired dealer in leathers by wholesale, fifty years old, fat, ugly, boastful and vulgar. He wore two chins and two watch chains; he fancied himself still young and wished to break into "society." He had been told that the easiest way in which to accomplish this burglary was to marry a woman of undoubted connections. He had no objection to this if the right woman could be found, and he was willing to pay the price. He regarded it as a transaction in leather. Looking at Vieve and listening to her mother, he saw that she was the woman.

When a mating of this kind is arranged in France there is a terrible amount of red tape. There is the girl's dot, and the man's dot, and interviews between the relatives and the services of lawyers and notaries, a vast amount of argument and negotiation and what not, but we do things more swiftly in America. Isaac Potter was introduced to Ethel Genevieve Wynne. At their first meeting he told her that he was a bachelor, out of business, and how much money he had. Followed two weeks of drives and walks. He escorted her clumsily but faithfully, while Hendryx raged. Then he asked permission of the mother to propose and got it, and the hardest struggle of that old woman's life was to conceal her joy. He moved upon the girl in a businesslike way.

"I'm not a youngster," he said, glancing complacently down upon his stomach and watch chains. "I'm old enough to know what I want and to pay for it. I want you, and I ask you to be Mrs. Potter; name the day. I've got ten millions; I made every dollar of it myself; I don't have to tell you that anything in the world you wish for shall be yours. I can't write poetry," he added with a snarl, "and I wouldn't if I could, but I can write checks, and that counts for more, I'm thinking."

The young woman was light, not strong morally or intellectually, but she was not vicious and possibly she may have had her girlish fancies; fancies will spring in a girl's mind though they are choked by the grind of May-fair. She looked at the red purse elderly man who held her hand, shuddered and faintly tried to withdraw it. Then she went pale and looked down and said:

"I—do you think I can make you happy?"

"Sure of it," Potter replied confidently and slipped a ring on her finger. He pondered a moment, then went on:

"There's a young fellow around here who seems sweet on you. I guess there's no harm in him, but I don't want him leaping around my girl. Just tell him you're mortgaged now, will you—tell him to take his clothes and go. Haw-haw!"

"He's not anything to me," she faltered. "Yes, I'll tell him."

Hendryx was not the man to make a scene. He looked at her steadily when she dismissed him. He had a sudden recognition of what she was, and it is possible that even then he felt a sense of escape and relief. He said only:

"We have read Kipling together. We did not read 'The Sergeant's Wedding' together, but doubtless you remember it. If not, read it again."

Then he went away. She did not remember it, and she did read it

again, and the reading added nothing to her peace of mind.

That was a marriage in St. Thomas church, New York city, which furnished the newspapers with matter for two columns each. The bride was a white statue of loveliness; the groom wore the air of a man who had just bought a hundred thousand hides at half their market value. When they entered the carriage to drive to the train a messenger boy slipped through the crowd and handed her a telegram. It contained only the words "Gray gun-horses." She let it fall into her lap and looked out of the window with unseeing eyes. Potter picked it up and glanced at it.

"What does the fool mean?" he asked. "These horses are bays."

She did not answer him, and in the freshness of her wedding gown she felt unclean.

ALL OF ONE FAMILY.

Deacon Unable to Resist the Demand of the Tramp.

While the Christian Endeavorers were in Boston recently holding their annual convention many incidents occurred provocative of mirth. Among the stories told to them was one concerning a peripatetic of the barefooted variety and a farmer, who was also a church deacon. The deacon was taking lunch under his own vine and fig tree and unto him the peripatetic said:

"Sir, I'm very hungry."
"You haven't been shaved," replied the deacon.
"No, but I'm very hungry."
"You're very dirty into the bargain."
"Yes, but I'm very hungry."
"Well, can you say the Lord's prayer?"
"No, I can't."
"Will you say it for a piece of bread?"
"I will."

The deacon started in with "Our Father," at the same time cutting off a slice as he enunciated the words. The tramp repeated "Our Father," then suddenly asked:
"Did you say 'Our Father'?"
"Yes, 'Our Father.'"
"Stop a moment," continued the dirty man. "You mean your father and my father?"
"I do," answered the deacon.
"Then we are brothers," triumphantly proceeded the unshaved.
"We are."
"Then, for our father's sake, cut that bread thicker and cut it quicker."

GIVES UP A FORTUNE.

One of England's Temperance Reformers is the Son of a Brewer.

F. N. Charrington, the English temperance reformer, who has conceived the idea of a teetotal paradise surrounded by water, has had one of the most remarkable careers in the history of the temperance movement. What situation more dramatic has any work of fiction to show than Charrington's assembly hall, where the huge canvas advertisement of temperance meetings is almost permanently hung out in the close proximity of Charrington's brewery, whence are supplied hundreds of public houses in the neighborhood. Born in 1850, a portion of his education was received at Marlborough. Rather than go to the university he preferred, after a continental tour, to take his place in the brewery of his father. Meanwhile he was "converted." After some time spent in assisting mission and evangelistic work the irony of his position overwhelmed him and he cut himself from the prospect of a vast fortune with a comparative pittance. "I wonder what you get for wearing that blue ribbon?" said a cynic to him once. "I am not certain of the exact amount," he replied, "but I know it costs me £20,000 a year."

An Author's Wrath.

An interesting copy of George Meredith's "Shaving of Shagpat" was sold in London recently. It was the copy which Frederic Locker-Lampson, the verse writer, possessed, and it bears some doggerel lines in Mr. Locker's autograph. The book had formerly belonged to a Mr. Wilde, whose name is on the flyleaf, and who had jagged the edges in the careless cutting of them. Thereon Mr. Locker-Lampson wrote in his small, neat handwriting: "Who is this Wilde—this graceless cuss, Who mutilates Meredith's pages thus? Who over his barber tales can't linger, Who cleaves its leaves with his fat forefinger? Would, O Wilde, had the luck been mine, To stick a knife in that fist of thine!"

A distinguished man who was fond of fishing tells the following about the decorations of his country home: "Our fish are all carefully weighed and those over five pounds are traced out on a cardboard, painted, and form a handsome frieze round the sitting room, the names of the sportsmen being appended underneath. As an encouragement to our guests I have had the following inscription painted large over the entrance porch of my house. The result is eminently satisfactory: "The fisherman goeth forth in the early morning, Disturbing the whole household, He returneth in the evening, when The smell of whisky is upon him, And the truth is not in him."

To Look After Soldiers' Feet.

Lord Roberts approves of the appointment of one chiropodist for each battalion.

If you analyze love you may find a motive that will take all the conceit out of you.

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