

After Thorough Trial a Detroit, Mich., Man Endorses Pe-ru-na

The following letter written from Detroit, Michigan is an endorsement expressed on the merits of Pe-ru-na, the well-known catarrh remedy, but rather a mature, sober opinion formed after a full year's trial.

This is the way Mr. Michael Fako of 808 East Palmer Avenue, in the Michigan Metropolitan, writes: "After using PE-RU-NA for about one year I have found it a very good medicine for catarrh. It has helped me a great deal and I am very well satisfied. I have gained in weight, eat and sleep well, my bowels are regular and better color in my face."



"PE-RU-NA has done wonders and to me is worth its weight in gold. I shall continue to use PE-RU-NA as long as I live and recommend it to my friends who are troubled with catarrh."

Nothing can be more convincing than an endorsement of this nature from an actual user. There are many people in every community whose experience, in using Pe-ru-na, has been identical with Mr. Fako's. It is the standard for coughs, catarrh, stomach and bowel disorders and all catarrhal conditions.

Put up in both tablet and liquid form. SOLD EVERYWHERE

LUCKY STRIKE Cigarette. "IT'S TOASTED" Flavor is sealed in by toasting. The American Cigarette Co.

Western Canada Land of Prosperity. Offers to home seekers opportunities that cannot be secured elsewhere. Fertile Land at \$15 to \$30 an Acre.

Literary Invention. "Yes, sir," said the author, "I figure I've got the one best seller of all history."

"What's the plot?" inquired the publisher, doubtfully. "Never mind the plot," said the author. "You know everybody skins and jumps about in a book. Well, I've just picked out the places they jump to and put 'em all in the first two chapters."

With a cry of joy the publisher embraced the author and threw him out the window delightedly.

Our Own Garden Hints.

Robert wants to know how to tell whether or not the little green shoots that appear in his garden are weeds. Yank them out, Robert; if they come up again they are weeds.—Boston Transcript.

Nothing Left.

Ralph—How about that \$1,000,000 will case?

Gerald—Oh, they settled that to the satisfaction of the lawyers on both sides.

"Ah! Anybody else get anything?"—London Answers.

Don't Go From Bad to Worse!

Are you always weak, miserable and half-sick? Then it's time you found out what is wrong. Kidney weakness causes much suffering from backache, lameness, stiffness and rheumatic pains, and if neglected brings danger of serious troubles—dropsy, gravel and Bright's disease. Don't delay. Use Doan's Kidney Pills. They have helped thousands and should help you. Ask your neighbor!

A Nebraska Case

Mrs. A. H. Foster, C. J. Center, Nebr., says: "I was bothered with my kidneys, as they were weak. I was sore and lame and my back was in bad condition. I had a dull aching across the small of my back. I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills and they sure helped me in a short time. Three boxes gave me permanent relief so that I have not been bothered since."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 60c a Box. DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS. FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Ups and Downs.

Two men, strangers to each other, sat side by side in a suburban train. Finally, one turned to the other and became confidential.

"I," he said impressively, "am a starter of elevators in a city skyscraper. When I signal them to go up, they go up. And your line is—?"

"I," said the other, "am an undertaker. When I signal them to go down, they go down."—The American Legion Weekly.

That's the Way With Them!

Complimenting the Boston (Ga.) Bostonian on the purchase of a new printing plant and its installation at a new location, the Tifton Gazette says:

"That is the way with these newspaper men; as soon as they lay their hands on a little money, straightway they spend it in building up the town and developing the community; that's what improving a newspaper means."

Apparently.

Knicker—What is truth? Bocker—Something which should be heard, but not said.

Fine feathers do not make fine birds for a pot pie.

POSSIBLY HER LAST CHANCE

At All Events, the Object of His Affections Perfectly Agreed With Her Fiance.

For several minutes the young man did not speak. His heart was too full. It was enough for him to know that this glorious creature loved him; that she had promised to share his fate.

With a new and delightful sense of ownership he feasted his eyes once more upon her beauty, and as he realized that henceforth it would be his privilege to provide for her welfare and happiness, he could have almost wept with joy.

His good fortune seemed incredible. Finally he whispered tenderly: "How did it ever happen, darling, that such a bright, shining angel as yourself fell in love with a dull, stupid fellow like me?"

"Goodness knows," she murmured absently; "I must have a screw loose somewhere."

Every man is afraid of the devil, no matter how often he whips that unexhausted adversary.

As a watering place, the ice cooler has advantages.

No hot cooking No trouble to serve

For breakfast or lunch, no food is quite so convenient or satisfying as

Grape-Nuts

Served from the package, with cream or milk—full of splendid body-building nutrition. Its flavor and crispness charm the taste—a splendid summer food.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by grocers



A Man for the Ages

A Story of the Builders of Democracy

By IRVING BACHELLER

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CAPTAIN LINCOLN.

Synopsis.—Samson and Sarah Traylor, with their two children, Joseph and Betsy, travel by wagon from their home in Vergennes, Vt., to the West, the land of plenty. Their destination is the Country of the Sangamon, in Illinois. At Niagara Falls they meet John McNeil, who also decides to go to the Sangamon country. Sarah's ministrations save the life of Harry Needles and he accompanies the Traylor. They reach New Salem, Illinois, and are welcomed by young Abe Lincoln, Jack Kelso and his pretty daughter Bim and others. Samson raises his cabin. Lincoln thrashes Armstrong. Harry strikes Bap McNeil. Harry is attacked by McNeil and his gang, and Bim drives off his assailants with a shot gun. McNeil is markedly attentive to Ann Rutledge. Lincoln is in love with Ann, but has never had enough courage to tell her so. Harry loves Bim. Traylor helps two slaves, who had run away from St. Louis. Eliphail Biggs, owner of the slaves, has his arm broken by Traylor. Biggs meets Bim and makes love to her.

CHAPTER VIII.

Wherein Abe Announces His Purpose to Be a Candidate for the Legislature, at Kelso's Dinner Party.

Harry Needles met Bim Kelso on the road next day, when he was going down to see if there was any mail. She was on her pony. He was in his new suit of clothes—a butternut background striped into large checks.

"You look like a walking check-board," said she.

"This—is this is my new suit," Harry answered, looking down at it.

"It's a tiresome suit," said she impatiently. "I've been playing checkers on it since I caught sight of you, and I've got a man crowned in the king row."

"I thought you'd like it," he answered, quite seriously, and with a look of disappointment. "Say, I've got that razor and I've shaved three times already."

"Don't tell anybody," he warned her. "They'd laugh at me. They wouldn't know how I feel."

"I won't say anything," she answered. "I reckon I ought to tell you that I don't love you—not so much as I did, anyway—not near so much. I only love you just a wee bit now."

Harry's face fell.

"Do you—love—some other man?" he asked.

"Yes—a regular man—mustache, six feet tall and everything. I just tell you he's purty!"

"Is it that rich feller from St. Louis?" he asked.

She nodded and then whispered: "Don't you tell."

"The boy's lips trembled when he answered. "I won't tell. But I don't see how you can do it."

"Why?"

"He drinks. He isn't respectable."

"That's a lie," she answered quickly. "I don't care what you say."

Bim touched her pony with the whip and rode away.

Harry staggered for a moment as he went on. His eyes filled with tears. It



"Do You—Love—Some Other Man?" He Asked.

seemed to him that the world had been ruined. On his way to the village he tried and convicted it of being no fit place for a boy to live in. Down by the tavern he met Abe, who stopped him.

"Howdy, Harry?" said Abe. "You look kind of sick. Come into the store and sit down. I want to talk to you."

Harry followed the big man into Offut's store, flattered by his attention. There had been something very grateful in the sound of Abe's voice and the feel of his hand. The store was empty.

"You and I mustn't let ourselves be worried by little matters," said Abe, as they sat down together by the fire. "Things that seem to you to be as big as a mountain now will look like a

mile hill in six months. You and I have got things to do, partner. We mustn't let ourselves be fooled. I was once in a boat with old Cap'n Chase on the Illinois river. We had got into the rapids. It was a narrow channel in dangerous water. They had to keep her headed just so or we'd have gone on the rocks. Suddenly a boy dropped his apple overboard and began to holler. He wanted to have the boat stopped. For a minute that boy thought his apple was the biggest thing in the world. We're all a good deal like him. We keep dropping our apples and calling for the boat to stop. Soon we find out that there are many apples in the world as good as that one. You have all come to a stretch of bad water up at your house. The folks have been sick. They're a little lonesome and discouraged. Don't you make it any harder by crying over a lost apple. Ye know it's possible that the apple will float along down into the still water where you can pick it up by and by. The important thing is to keep going ahead."

This bit of fatherly counsel was a help to the boy.

"I've got a book here that I want you to read," Abe went on. "It is the 'Life of Henry Clay.' Take it home and read it carefully and then bring it back and tell me what you think of it. You may be a Henry Clay yourself by and by. The world has something big in it for every one if he can only find it. We're all searching—some for gold and some for fame. I pray God every day that He will help me to find my work—the thing I can do better than anything else—and when it is found help me to do it. I expect it will be a hard and dangerous search and that I shall make mistakes. I expect to drop some apples on my way. They'll look like gold to me, but I'm not going to lose sight of the main purpose."

When Harry got home he found Sarah sewing by the fireside, with Joe and Betsy playing by the bed. Samson had gone to the woods to split rails.

"Any mail?" Sarah asked.

"No mail," he answered.

Sarah went to the window and stood for some minutes looking out at the plain. Its sere grasses, protruding out of the snow, hissed and bent in the wind. In its cheerless winter colors it was a dreary thing to see.

"How I long for home!" she exclaimed, as she resumed her sewing by the fire.

Little Joe came and stood by her knee and gave his oft repeated blessing:

"God help us and make His face to shine upon us."

She kissed him and said: "Dear comforter! It shines upon me every time I hear you say those words."

"Would you mind if I called you mother?" Harry asked.

"I shall be glad to have you do it if it gives you any comfort, Harry," she answered.

She observed that there were tears in his eyes.

"We are all very fond of you," she said, as she bent to her task.

Then the boy told her the history of his morning—the talk with Bim, with the razor omitted from it.

"Well, Harry, if she's such a fool, you're lucky to have found it out so soon," said Sarah. "She does little but ride the pony and play around with a gun. I don't believe she ever spun a bank of yarn in her life. She'll get her teeth cut by and by."

Then fell a moment of silence. Soon she said:

"There's a bitter wind blowing and there's no hurry about the rails, I guess. You sit here by the fire and read your book this forenoon. Maybe it will help you to find your work."

So it happened that the events of Harry's morning found their place in the diary which Sarah and Samson kept. Long afterward Harry added the sentences about the razor.

One evening Sarah and Samson, with Harry, went to a debate in the tavern on the issues of the day, in which Abe won the praise of all for an able presentation of the claim of Internal Improvements. During that evening Alexander Ferguson declared that he would not cut his hair until Henry Clay became President, the news of which resolution led to a like insanity in others and an age of unexampled hairiness on that part of the border.

For Samson and Sarah the most notable social event of the winter was a chicken dinner at which they and Mr. and Mrs. James Rutledge and Ann and Abe Lincoln and Doctor Allen were the guests of the Kelsoes. That night Harry stayed at home with the children.

Kelso was in his best mood.

"Come," he said, when dinner was ready. "Life is more than friendship. It is partly meat."

"And mostly Kelso," said Doctor Allen.

"Ah, Doctor! Long life has made you as smooth as an old shilling and nimbler than a sixpence," Kelso declared. "And, speaking of life, Aristotle said that the learned and the unlearned were as the living and the dead."

"It is true," Abe interposed. "I say it, in spite of the fact that it slays me."

"You? No! You are alive to your finger tips," Kelso answered.

"But I have mastered only eight books," said Abe.

"And one—the book of common sense, and that has wised you," Kelso went on. "Since I came to this country I have learned to beware of the one-book man. There are more living men in America than in any land I have seen. The man who reads one good book thoughtfully is alive and often my master in wit or wisdom. Reading is the gate and thought is the pathway of real life."

"I think that most of the men I know have read the Bible," said Abe.

"A wonderful and a saving fact! It is a sure foundation to build your life upon."

Kelso paused to pour whisky from a jug at his side for those who would take it.

"Let us drink to our friend Abe and his new ambition," he proposed.

"What is it?" Samson asked.

"I am going to try for a seat in the legislature," said Abe.

The toast was drunk, and by some in the tavern, after which Abe said:

"If you have the patience to listen to it, I'd like to read my declaration to the voters of Sangamon county."



"I'd Like to Read My Declaration to the Voters."

Samson's diary briefly describes this appeal as follows:

"He said that he wanted to win the confidence and esteem of his fellow citizens. This he hoped to accomplish by doing something which would make him worthy of it. He had been thinking of the county. A railroad would do more for it than anything else, but a railroad would be too costly. The improvement of the Sangamon river was the next best thing. He favored a usury law and said, in view of the talk he had just heard, he was going to favor the improvement and building of schools, so that every one could learn how to read, at least, and learn for himself what is in the Bible and other great books. It was a modest statement and we all liked it."

"Whatever happens to Sangamon, one statement in that platform couldn't be improved," said Kelso.

"What is that?" Abe asked.

"It's the one that says you wish to win the regard of your fellows by serving them."

Early in April an Indian scare spread from the capital to the remotest corners of the state. Black Hawk, with many warriors, had crossed the Mississippi and was moving toward the Rock River country. Governor Reynolds called for volunteers to check the invasion.

Abe, whose address to the voters had been printed in the Sangamon Journal, joined a volunteer company and soon became its captain. On the tenth of April he and Harry Needles left for Richland to go into training. Samson was eager to go, but could not leave his family.

Bim Kelso rode out into the fields where Harry was at work the day before he went away.

"I'm going away," the boy said, in a rather mournful tone.

"I hate to have you go. I just love to know you're here, if I don't see you. Only I wish you was older and knew more."

There was half a moment of silence. She ended it by saying:

"Ann and I are going to the spelling school tonight."

"Can I go with you?"

"Could you stand it to be talked to and scolded by a couple of girls till you didn't care what happened to you?"

"Yes; I've got to be awful careless."

"We'll be all dressed up and ready at quarter of eight. Come to the tav-

ern. I'm going to have supper with Ann. She is just terribly happy. John McNeil has told her that he loves her. It's a secret. Don't you tell."

"I won't. Does she love him?"

"Devotedly; but she wouldn't let him know it—not yet. I reckon he'll be plumb anxious before she owns up. But she truly loves him. She'd die for him."

"Girls are awful curious—nobody can tell what they mean," said Harry. "Sometimes they don't know what they mean themselves. Often I say something or do something and wonder and wonder what it means. Did you ever ride a horse sitting backwards—when you're going one way and looking another and you don't know what's coming?" she asked.

"What's behind you is before you and the faster you go the more danger you're in?" Harry laughed.

"Isn't that the way we have to travel in this world, whether we're going to love or to mill?" the girl asked, with a sigh. "We cannot tell what is ahead. We see only what is behind us. It is very sad."

Harry looked at Bim. He saw the tragic truth of the words and suddenly her face was like them. Unconsciously in the midst of her playful talk this thing had fallen. He did not know what to make of it.

"I feel sad when I think of Abe," said Harry. "He don't know what is ahead of him, I guess. I heard Mrs. Traylor say that he was in love with Ann."

"I reckon he is, but he don't know how to show it. He's never told her. I reckon he's mighty good, but he don't see how to love a girl. Did you ever see an elephant talking with a cricket?"

"Not as I remember," said Harry.

"I never did myself, but if I did, I'm sure they'd both look very tired. It would be still harder for an elephant to be engaged to a cricket. I don't reckon the elephant's love would fit the cricket or that they'd ever be able to agree on what they'd talk about. It's some that way with Abe and Ann. She is small and spry; he is slow and high. She'd need a ladder to get up to his face, and I just tell you it ain't purty when ye get there. She ain't got a chance to love him."

"I love him," said Harry. "I think he's a wonderful man. I'd fight for him till I died. John McNeil is nothing but a grasshopper compared to him."

"That's about what my father says," Bim answered. "I love Abe, too, and so does Ann, but it ain't the hope to die, marryin' love. It's like a man's love for a man or a woman's love for a woman. John McNeil is handsome—he's just plumb handsome, and smart, too. He's bought a big farm and is going into the grocery business. Mr. Rutledge says he'll be a rich man."

"I shouldn't wonder. Is he going to the spelling school?"

"No, he went off to Richland today with my father to join the company. They're going to fight the Injuns, too."

The shell sounded for dinner. Bim started for the road at a gallop, waving her hand. He unhitched his team and followed it slowly across the black furrows toward the barn.

He did not go to the spelling school, Abe came at seven and said that he and Harry would have to walk to Springfield that night and get their equipment and take the stage in the morning. Abe said if they started right away they could get to the Globe tavern by midnight. In the hurry and excitement Harry forgot the spelling school. To Bim it was a tragic thing. Before he went to bed that night he wrote a letter to her.

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