

"IT SAVED MY LIFE"
The Feeling Tribute of a Woman to
PE-RU-NA
READ HER LETTER—IT WILL DO YOU GOOD

"Pe-ru-na has been a Godsend to me. I feel safe in saying that it saved my life. I was all run down and miserable when I commenced taking Pe-ru-na, but am on the road to recovery now. I cannot thank you too much."
MRS. CHARLES ANSPAUGH,
R. F. D. No. 7, Lagrange, Indiana.

A letter like this brings hope and the promise of health to every sick and suffering woman. Perhaps you know what it means to have your daily duties a misery, every movement an effort, stomach deranged, pains in the head, back and loins most of the time, nerves raw and quivering—not a moment day or night free from suffering. Do as Mrs. Anspaugh did. Take Pe-ru-na. Don't wait but start right away.

TABLETS OR LIQUID SOLD EVERYWHERE

ITCH!
Money back without question if HUNT'S GUARANTEED SKIN DISEASE REMEDIES (Hunt's Salve and Soap), fail in the treatment of Itch, Eczema, Ringworm, Tetter or other itching skin diseases. Try this treatment at our risk. Sold by all reliable druggists. A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Removes dandruff, restores color and beauty to gray and faded hair. Also cures itching scalp. Sold by all druggists. H. W. Parker, Patented, N. Y.

HINDERCORNS Remove Corns, Callouses, etc., stop all pain, ensure comfort to the feet, make walking easy. No. 1, by mail or at drug stores. H. W. Parker, Patented, N. Y.

Cuticura Soap
Imparts The Velvet Touch
Soap 25c, Ointment 25 and 50c, Talcum 25c.

Red Cross BALL BLUE
used for baby's clothes, will keep them sweet and snowy-white until worn out. Try it and see for yourself. At all grocers.

Pleating-Embroidery
Buttons, Buttonholes, Hemstitching, Scallopings, Beading, and Pennants. Send for Catalogue. 1126 Walnut Street, Dept. F, Kansas City, Mo.

PUT TRUTH IN SECOND PLACE
Salesman, Like Some Oldtime Advertisers, Must Have Had a Strangle Hold on Conscience.

Frank Irving Fletcher, the New York advertising expert, said in an address to advertisers:
"Another fault that is fast disappearing is exaggeration—lying, you know. Some of the advertisements of the past remind me of a dialogue between a salesman and a patron. It runs like this:
"What's the price of the article?"
"One dollar, sir."
"Bought direct from the manufacturer, I presume?"
"No, sir, we got it at a sheriff's sale of the manufacturer's stock."
"Why did the manufacturer bust up?"
"Through selling this article at a dead loss."
"I suppose he'd paid too much for his raw material, eh?"
"Oh, no; he stole the raw material."
"Gee whizz! Wrap me up half a dozen."
Of No Use to Him.
Hewitt—"Why don't you get his goat?" Jewett—"What for? I am a vegetarian."
One of the least understood things in the world is money.
There is always room for one more oyster in the soup.

SMITHERS AND THE LIVERS

Synonymous Symposium That Resulted in a Change in the Custom of Many Years.

Smithers sat stily sipping slivers of liver into his mouth. Smithers always has livers for dinner. And he demands his livers in small slivers. Suddenly a frown came over his face. "Garçon!" he demanded. Smithers was proud of his French accent. The waiter slipped softly to his side. "These livers are not cut into small enough slivers." The waiter became confused. He was all apologies; in fact, he was one large apology. "Monsieur Smithers wants his livers in smaller livers." "No! No! I want my livers in smaller slivers." "You mean your slippers in silvered slippers?" "No! Smithers livers in silvered slippers." "Oh! Slivers of slivers smithered in silvered slippers?" "No! I say, slippers slivers in smaller slivers." "Oh, yes, smithered slippers of slippers silvered slivers." Smithers changed a custom of years. "Bring me a kidney," he croaked.—Harvard Lampoon.

Business Methods.

When the agent brought Mrs. Tarley her fire insurance policy he remarked that it would be well for her to make her first payment at once. "How much will it be?" she asked. "About \$100. Wait a minute and I'll find the exact amount." "Oh, how tiresome!" she exclaimed. "Tell the company to let it stand and deduct it from what they will owe me when the house burns down."—The American Legion Weekly.

Fatal Turn of Affairs.

"Mrs. Wiggs," said Mr. Huggins, "I asked your daughter to marry me and she referred me to you." Mrs. Wiggs—I'm sure that's very kind of Sadie, she always was a dutiful girl. Really, Mr. Huggins, I had no thought of marrying again at my age, but if you insist, suppose we make the wedding day next Thursday.

No Need of Reason.

Jack—Papa, what is reason? Fond Parent—Reason, my boy, is that which enables a man to determine what is right. Jack—And what is instinct? Fond Parent—Instinct is that which tells a woman she is right whether she is or not.—Stray Stories.

Infallible Signs.

"How far have you studied English history, John?" inquired Miss Cross, the new governess, as she and John and sundry sisters settled down to their first lesson together. "Just as far as my history book is dirty, Miss Cross," said John.

If one is incompetent, can he learn competency?

A MAN FOR THE AGES
A STORY OF THE BUILDERS OF DEMOCRACY
BY IRVING BACHELLER.
COPYRIGHT IRVING BACHELLER.

CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

He went up the steps to the platform. I saw, as he came forward, that he had taken the cross upon him. Oh, it was a memorable thing to see the smothered flame of his spirit leaping into his face. His hands were on his hips. He seemed to grow taller as he advanced. The look of him reminds me now of what the famous bronze founder in Paris said of the death-mask, that it was the most beautiful head and face he had ever seen. What shall I say of his words save that it seemed to me that the voice of God was in them? The reporters forgot to report. It is a lost speech. There is no record of it. I suppose it was scribbled with a pencil on scraps of paper and on the backs of envelopes at sundry times, agreeably with his habit, and committed to memory. So this great speech, called by some the noblest effort of his life, was never printed. I remember one sentence, relating to the Nebraska bill. "Let us use ballots, not bullets, against the weapons of violence, which are those of kingcraft. Their fruits are the dying bed of the fearless Sumner, the ruins of the Free State hotel, the smoking timbers of the Herald of Freedom, the governor of Kansas chained to a stake like a horse-thief."

In June, 1858, he took the longest step of all. The Republican state convention had endorsed him for the United States senate. It was then that he wrote on envelopes and scraps of paper at odd moments, when his mind was off duty, the speech beginning: "A house divided against itself must fall. Our government can not long endure part slave and part free."

I was among the dozen friends to whom he read that speech in the State house library. One said of those first sentences: "It is a fool utterance." Another: "It is ahead of its time." Another declared that it would drive away the Democrats who had lately joined the party. Herndon and I were the only ones who approved it.

Lincoln had come to another fork in the road. For a moment I wondered which way he would go. Immediately he rose and said with an emphasis that silenced opposition: "Friends, this thing has been held back long enough. The time has come when these sentiments should be uttered, and if it is decreed that I shall

Lincoln went in and got the trunk and carried it to the station on his back, with people laughing and throwing jokes at him as he strode along. When I think of him, his chivalry and kindness come first to mind. He read much, but his days of book study were nearly ended. His learning was now got mostly in the school of experience. Herndon says, and I think it is true, that he never read to the end of a law book those days. The study of authorities was left to the junior partner. His reading was mostly outside the law. His knowledge of science was derived from Chambers' Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.

He was still afraid of the Abolition Movement in 1852 and left town to avoid a convention of its adherents. He thought the effort to resist by force the laws of Kansas was criminal and would hurt the cause of freedom. "Let us have peace and revolutionize through the ballot box," he urged.

In 1854, a little quarrel in New York began to weave the thread of destiny. Seward, Weed and Greeley had wielded decisive power in the party councils of that state. Seward was a high-headed, popular idol. His plans and his triumphant progress absorbed his thought. Weed was dazzled by the splendor of this great star. Neither gave a thought to their able colleague—a poor man struggling to build up a great newspaper. An office, with fair pay, would have been a help in those days. But he got no recognition of his needs and talents and services. Suddenly he wrote a letter to Weed in which he said:

"The firm of Seward, Weed and Greeley is hereby dissolved by the resignation of its junior member."

When Greeley had grown in power and wisdom until his name was known and honored from ocean to ocean, they tried to make peace with him, but in vain.

Then suddenly a new party and a new Lincoln were born on the same day in 1856, at a great meeting in Bloomington, Illinois. There his soul was to come into its stateliest mansion out of its lower vaulted past. For him the fulness of time had arrived. He was prepared for it. His intellect had also reached the fulness of its power. Now his great right hand was ready for the thunderbolts which his spirit had been slowly forging. God called him in the voices of the crowd. He was quick to answer.

voice, high pitched at first, mellowed into a pleasant sound. One sentence in Lincoln's speech at Ottawa thrust "The Little Giant" of Illinois out of his way forever. It was this pregnant query: "Can the people of a United States territory in any lawful way and against the wish of any citizen of the United States exclude slavery from its limits prior to the formation of a state constitution?" He knew that Douglas would answer yes and that, doing so, he would alienate the South and destroy his chance to be President two years later. That is exactly what came to pass. "The Little Giant's" answer was the famous "Freeport Heresy." He was elected to the senate, but was no longer possible as a candidate for the presidency. I come now to the last step in the career of my friend and beloved master. It was the Republican convention of 1860 in Chicago. I was a delegate. The New Yorkers came in white beaver hats, enthusiastic for Seward, their favorite son. It was the man we dreaded most. Many in the great crowd were wearing his colors. The delegations were in earnest session the night before the balloting began. The hotel corridors were thronged with excited men. My father had become a man of wealth and great influence in Illinois. I was with him when he went into the meeting of the Michigan delegates and talked to them. He told how he came West in a wagon and saw the spirit of America in the water floods of Niagara and saw again the spirit of America in the life of the boy, Abe Lincoln, then flowing toward its manhood. When he sat down, the Honorable Dennis Flanagan arose and told of meeting the Traylor party at the Falls, when he was driving an ox-team, in a tall beaver hat; how he had remembered their good advice and cookies and jerked venison.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I am willing to take the word of a man whose name is hallowed by my dearest recollections. And believing what he has said of Abraham Lincoln, I am for him on the second ballot."

The green Irish lad, whom I remember dimly, had become a great political chieftain and his words had much effect. There was a stir among the delegates. I turned and saw the tall form of Horace Greeley entering the door. His big, full face looked rather serious. He wore gold-bowed spectacles. He was smooth-shaven save for the silken, white, throat beard that came out from under his collar. His head was bald on top with soft, silver locks over each ear. They called on him to speak. He stepped forward and said slowly in a high-pitched drawl:

"Gentlemen, this is my speech: On your second ballot vote for Abraham Lincoln of Illinois."

He bowed and left the room and visited many delegations, and everywhere expressed his convictions in this formula. Backed by his tremendous personality and influence, the simple words were impressive. I doubt not they turned scores of men from Seward to the great son of Illinois.

Then—the campaign with its crowds, its enthusiasm, its Vesuvian mutterings. There was a curious touch of humor and history in its banners. Here are three of them: "Memard County for the Tall Sucker." "We are for old Abe the Giant-Killer."

"Link on to Lincoln." Then—those last days in Springfield. He came to the office the afternoon before he left and threw himself on the lounge and talked of bygone days with Herndon.

"Billy, how long have we been together?" he asked. "Sixteen years." "Never a cross word." "Never."

"Keep the old sign hanging. A little thing like the election of a President should make no change in the firm of Lincoln and Herndon. If I live, I'm coming back some time and then we'll go right on with the practice of the law as if nothing had happened."

Then—that Monday morning in Springfield, at eight o'clock, on the eleventh of February, the train bore him toward the great task of his life. Hannah Armstrong, who had foxed his trousers in New Salem, and the venerable Doctor Allen and the Brinsteads, and Aleck Ferguson, bent with age, and Harry Needles and him and their four handsome children, and my father and mother, and Betsey, my maiden sister, and Eli Frendenberg were there in the crowd to bid him good-by.

A quartet sang. Mr. Lincoln asked his friends and neighbors to pray for his success. He was moved by the sight of them and could not have said much if he had tried. The bell rang. The train started. He waved his hand and was gone. Not many of us who stood trying to see through our tears were again to look upon him. The years of preparation were ended and those of sacrifice had begun.

Now, we are at the foot of the last hill. For a long time I had seen it looming in the distance. Those days it filled my heart with a great fear. Now, how beautiful, how lonely it seems! Oh, but what a vineyard on that very fruitful hill! I speak low when I think of it. Harry Needles and I were on our way to Washington that fateful night of April 14, 1865. We reached there at an early hour in the morning. We made our way through the crowded streets to the little house opposite Ford's theater. An officer who knew me cleared a way for us to the door. Reporters, statesmen, citizens and their families were

massed in the street waiting with unstained faces for the end. Some of them were sobbing as we passed. We were admitted without delay. A minister and the doctor sat by the bedside. The latter held an open watch in his hand. I could hear it ticking the last moments in an age of history. What a silence as the great soul of my friend was "breaking camp to go home." Friends of the family and members of the cabinet were in the room. Through the open door of a room beyond I saw Mrs. Lincoln and the children and others. We looked at our friend lying on the bed. His kindly face was pale and haggard. He breathed faintly and at long intervals. His end was near. "Poor Abe!" Harry whispered as he looked down at him. "He has had to die on the cross."

To most of those others Lincoln was the great statesman. To Harry he was the beloved Abe who had shared his fare and his hardships in many a long, weary way. The doctor put his ear against the breast of the dying man. There was

a moment in which we could hear the voices in the street. The doctor rose and said: "He is gone." Secretary Stanton, who more than once had spoken lightly of him, came to the bedside and tenderly closed the eyes of his master, saying: "Now, he belongs to the ages."

We went out of the door. The sound of mourning was in the streets. A dozen bells were tolling. On the corner of Tenth street a quartet of negroes was singing that wonderful prayer: "Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home." One of them, whose rich, deep bass thrilled me and all who heard it, was Roger Wentworth, the fugitive, who had come to our house with him, in the darkness of the night, long before. [THE END.]



"He Belongs to the Ages."

KNOW WHEN THEY HAD BITE
Traveler Tells of Rats Who Used Their Tails as Fishlines to Catch Crabs.

Captain Moncton in his "Experiences of a New Guinea Resident Magistrate," relates the following incident: "Having landed on an utterly barren island formed of coral rock and destitute of all vegetation, he found it to be the home of an enormous number of rats. There was no trace of other animal life, and it was impossible to imagine how, except by continual preying upon one another, it was possible for these rats to subsist."

"While seated at the water's edge, turning over the problem in his mind, he noticed some of the rats going down to the edge of the reef—lank, hungry-looking creatures they were, with pink, naked tails. He stopped on the point of throwing lumps of coral at them, out of curiosity to see what they meant to do. His curiosity was soon gratified. Rat after rat picked a flimsy piece and, squatting on the edge, dangled its tail in the water.

"Presently one rat gave a violent leap of a yard, landing well clear of the water, and with a crab clinging to its tail. Turning around, the rat grabbed the crab and devoured it, and then returned to the stone. Other rats were seen repeating the performance."

Many Had Idea of Velocipede.
The velocipede was the father of the bicycle. The list of those who claimed to have made the invention would fill a column, and a page would hardly accommodate all those who devised the improvements which made the velocipede a really useful means of locomotion.

Blanchard, the aeronaut, who described the innovation in detail in 1779, is believed entitled to first honors.

The Frenchman, Nicéphore Niepce, appears as a good second in 1818. Baron von Drais, a German, takes third money with his "dandy horse," or "draisienne," which he patented in the same year.

Women Athletes Too Energetic.
With women who take up athletics the tendency is to overdo it, says W. L. George, England's foremost authority on athletic sports.

The Block Signals Are Working—

In some respects, human experience is like railroading.

Every moment of the business and social day the block signals are giving right of way to keenness and alertness—while the slow and the heavy must wait on the sidetrack for their chance to move forward.

The ability to "go through" and to "get there" depends much on the poise of body, brain and nerves that comes with correct diet and proper nourishment.

That's why so many choose Grape-Nuts for breakfast and lunch. Served with cream or milk it is completely nourishing, partly pre-digested, and it supplies the vital mineral salts so necessary to full nutrition.

Grape-Nuts has a rich, delightful flavor, is ready to serve on the instant—and is distinctly the food for mental and physical alertness and speed. At all grocers.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts



He Was Built for a Tool of God in Tremendous Moral Issues.

go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth." His conscience prevailed. The speech was delivered. Douglas, the Democratic candidate, came on from Washington to answer it. That led to Lincoln's challenge to a joint debate. I was with him through that long campaign. Douglas was the more finished orator. Lincoln spoke as he split rails. His conscience was his beetle. He drove his arguments deep into the souls of his hearers. The great thing about him was his conscience. Unless his theme were big enough to give it play in noble words he could be as commonplace as any one. He was built for a tool of God in tremendous moral issues. He was awkward and diffident in beginning a speech. Often his hands were locked behind him. He gesticulated more with his head than his hands. He stood square-toed always. He never walked about on the platform. He scored his points with the long, bony, index finger of his right hand. Sometimes he would hang a hand on the lapel of his coat as if to rest it. Perspiration dripped from his face. His