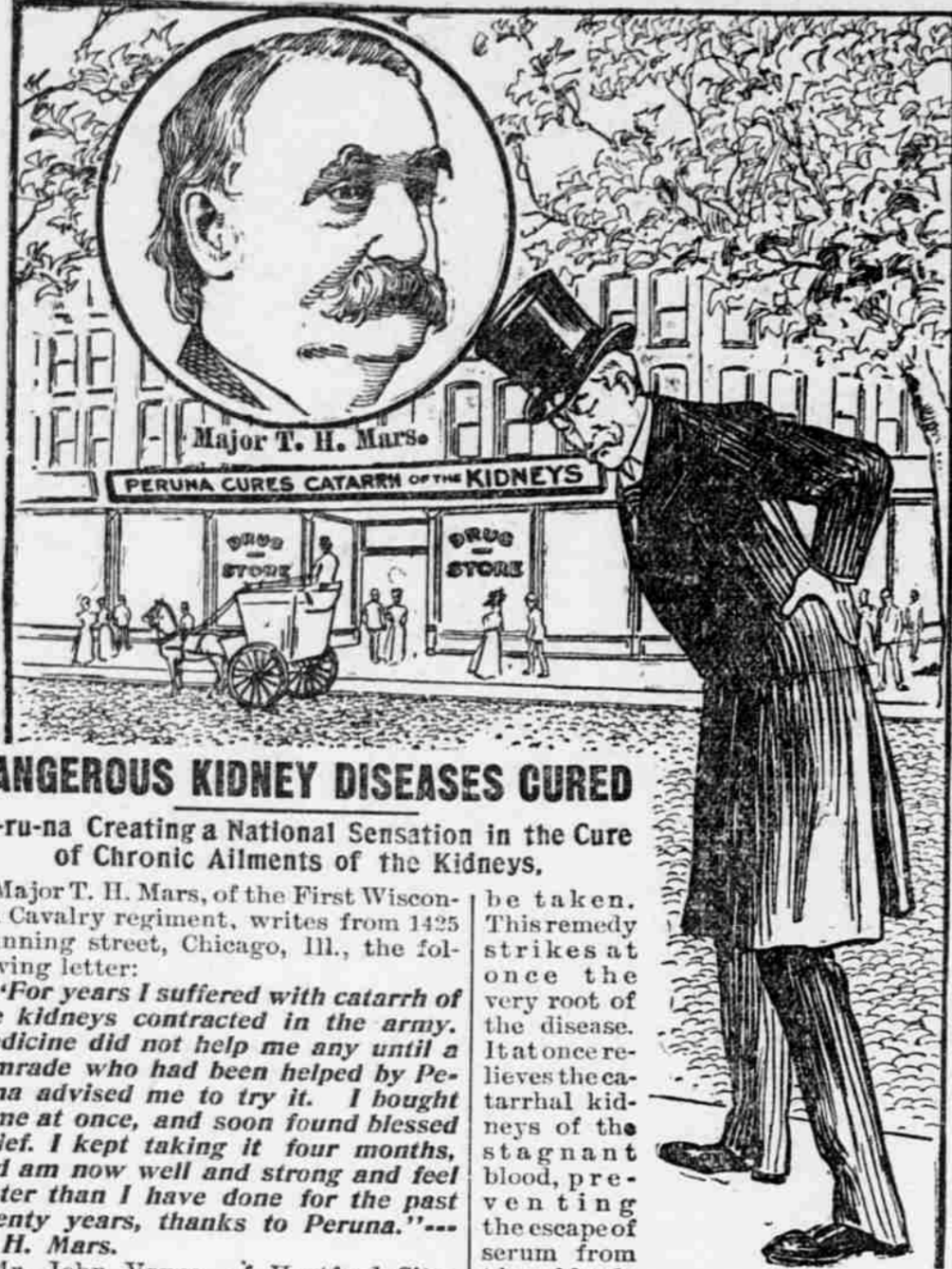


PE-RU-NA CURES CATARRH OF KIDNEYS EVERY TIME.



DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

Pe-ru-na Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Ailments of the Kidneys.

Major T. H. Mars, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the following letter:

"For years I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys contracted in the army. Medicine did not help me any until a comrade who had been helped by Peruna advised me to try it. I bought some at once, and soon found blessed relief. I kept taking it four months, and am now well and strong and feel better than I have done for the past twenty years, thanks to Peruna."—T. H. Mars.

Mr. John Vance, of Hartford City, Ind., says: "My kidney trouble is much better. I have improved so much that everybody wants to know what medicine I am using. I recommend Peruna to everybody and some have commenced to use it. The folks all say that if Dr. Hartman's medicine cures me it must be great."—John Vance.

Mr. J. Brake, of Petrolia, Ontario, Canada writes: "Four years ago I had a severe attack of Bright's disease, which brought me so low the doctor said nothing more could be done for me. I began to take Peruna and Manalin, and in three months I was a well man and have continued so ever since."—J. Brake.

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Peruna should

be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very root of the disease. It once relieves the catarrhal kidneys of the stagnant blood, preventing the escape of serum from the blood. Peruna stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumulating poison, and thus prevents the convulsions which are sure to follow if the poisons are allowed to remain. It gives great vigor to the heart's action and digestive system, both of which are apt to fail rapidly in this disease. Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys simply because it cures catarrh wherever located.

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.

Bangor Man's Joke On Western Visitor.

A man from Minneapolis who had been spending a few days at one of the Maine coast resorts came to Bangor this week and in conversation with a friend in a hotel cafe here remarked that he had enjoyed his visit to the shore, but that he had not found lobsters as plentiful there as he had expected.

"Lobsters? Why, that's queer," responded the Bangor man. "Why, the woods are full of them, so to speak. Come down to my place at Hancock Point and I'll give you your fill of them."

"Many down there?" queried the Westerner.

"Many?" The Bangor man regarded his questioner with surprise, replying: "Why, man, lobsters are so thick down there that they've got to be a nuisance. Have to go out mornings and sweep them off the paths—even climb up on the porch. Beastly nuisance when you don't care for them, you know."

The man from the West looked dazed, but promised to accompany the Bangorian to Hancock Point next day, there to help repel the invasion of lobsters. The Bangor man went to the telegraph office and sent this message to his wife at Hancock Point:

"Buy all the lobsters within ten miles, and scatter them about the lawn, paths and porches."

Next day, when the joker and his

guest arrived at the cottage, the whole place had been planted with green and squirming crustaceans, and the fun began the minute they entered the walk. The Bangor man kicked something out of his path.

"What's that?" asked the guest.

"Oh, that's one of those confounded lobsters," was the calm reply. A little further on more lobsters wriggled over the walk, and the cottager declared, in disgusted tones, that it was pretty tough when a man couldn't get into his own house without climbing over a lot of slimy lobsters. The Westerner's eyes started from their sockets, but when he got to the vine-covered porch entrance he nearly fainted.

Two enormous lobsters were clinging by their claws to the trellis, and, grabbing one of them, the host remarked:

"They'll be in my bedroom next—here, this one will make a good broil for you!"

The big lobster was broiled, and the man from Minneapolis ate it with keen delight. Next day he ate others and when he got back to Bangor he declared solemnly:

"I never would have believed it had I not seen them with my own eyes."—Bangor (Maine) Correspondence.

You may reform a man, but never a woman.

His Dignity and Hat Were Both in Collapse.

A gale was howling across the square when a large, portly man came around the corner. He was erect and his rotund figure had a military poise, an air of dignity, which was imposing.

Suddenly a wild gust seized his shining hat and whirled it off. It shot up into the air and described circles in the manner of M. Santos-Dumont's airship. Then it flew across the street and fell into a puddle of muddy water.

The dignified citizen gazed at the flight of his hat in a bewildered fashion. When it fell to the ground he cantered gently after it. As he neared it he bent eagerly forward. His hand almost touched the precious tile, when swoop came another gust and snatched the unfortunate hat, which went rolling off, churning the muddy waters of the gutter like the screw of a steamer.

The owner of the hat looked wrathfully after it and then started in pursuit on a mad gallop. Swiftly along the square rolled the hat. Suddenly in the midst of his swift course the pursuer stepped on a piece of orange

peel, grasped wildly at the air and fell with a despairing splash.

Shorn of all his dignity, the unhappy man slowly rose, looked around to see if he was observed, then carefully examined his injured raiment. From collar to waist his frock coat had split. Twenty yards ahead, peacefully reposing by the curbstone, lay the innocent cause of all his misfortunes.

With an air of grim determination he strode toward it. The hat remained coyly resting on the edge of a puddle. The portly person gazed down at the water-logged, mud-covered tile, and then at his own ruined raiment.

Just then, as if inspired by a demon of mischief, the hat began to sway with a passing gust. This was too much. Gathering himself together, the fat man made a mighty leap and landed both feet squarely on the hat. He peered anxiously around to see if he was observed, and then, turning up his coat collar, strode away, leaving the fragments of what had once been a silk hat reposing in the gutter.—The Scotsman.

Incident Too Much For Deacon's Temper.

"I never was one to talk against my neighbors," said Miss Doria Ann Pine, who had dropped in by the back way to borrow a cupful of brown sugar from Mrs. Judge Tubman, "but I can't help thinkin' that Deacon 'Gustus Stang is a little mite too hasty and sarcastic in expressin' himself for a man of his position and professions."

"Why, yesterday afternoon—I was right there, myself, passin' the time o' day with Mis Stang, and saw it all—a stand of his bees swarmed and lodged on a limb of the ox-heart cherry tree on top of the upper off-set. The Deacon went to work to hive 'em, first gettin' on an up-ended barrel and reachin' up and cuttin' off the limb with the bees all bunched up on it. At that very instant, if you'll believe me, the head of the barrel caved in and over it whopped, and fell off in the off-set with the Deacon inside, and went rollin' and bouncin' down the long stone steps, and slammed against the hitchin'-post at the foot of the stairs with a crash that busted the

barrel all to staves and wrung a great groan from the Deacon, and left him pretty near wrapped around the hitchin'-post, with the infuriated bees a-stabbin' at him like I'm-sure-I-don't-know-what. Hi Price was drivin' by with his tin-peddler's cart and blind horse, and he stopped and called out, as was natural:

"Land o' Goshen, Deacon 'Gustus! Are you hurt?"

"No, contrive ye!" roared the Deacon, as snappish, I'll be bound, as an alligator. "No, I ain't! This is the way I laugh! I'm tickled gol-rammed near to death over the joke I've just played on the bees!"

"Of course, he had a good deal of provocation, looking at it in some ways, but I contend that he'd better have restrained himself long enough to have counted a hundred before he spoke; though, of course, it ain't really for me to judge."—Puck.

Pedigree never filled a hungry man's stomach.

Our Millionaires and Britain's.

For the year 1901 only fifteen persons in all Great Britain paid tax on incomes exceeding \$250,000, and the grand total of these fifteen incomes was \$7,500,000.

As the income tax assessors make their inquest for large incomes very searching, the interesting fact is established that the fifteen richest Britons are worth \$187,500,000. This assumes that their aggregate wealth yields them 4 per cent per annum.

There are at least two American citizens—John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie—each of whom is worth more than the fifteen richest British subjects combined. And there are scores of American citizens whose incomes exceed the \$500,000 a year, which is the average income of the Britain's first fifteen.

The conclusion must not be jumped at that because of this tendency wealth is more evenly distributed in Britain than here. It sounds epigrammatic to say that millionaires and tramps multiply together, but it is not true. There are fewer millionaires and at the same time more paupers in John Bull's island than in Uncle Sam's continental anion.

The Influence of Women.

Back of every great worthy achievement of man, find the woman—mother, teacher, wife. They are there, contributing to the advancement of the race, an impetus only less than that of the divinity that did create us. I have heard atavistic male creatures in human semblance deplore the presence of the "new woman," the woman who wishes, perhaps, to earn her own bread, certainly to shape her own life and the lives of the children she will bring into the world, to take an equal part with her brothers in the government that taxes her, to broaden her mental horizon until it shall include the best thought of all lands and times. And truly enough, such women are not for such men; they have outgrown their critics. Their business is to improve the race by improving the individual—and they are hard at it.—Detroit Free Press.

Some men remain bachelors because they are unable to choose between beauty and intellect.

Many men would rather face a hungry lion than a wife after midnight.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It makes tight or New Shoes feel Easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Hot and Sweating Feet. At all Druggists and Shoe Stores, 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lenoir, N. Y.

We can always feel it when others do not like us, but the whys are never answered.

Hundreds of lives saved every year by having Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the house just when it is needed. Cures croup, boils, burns, cuts, wounds of every sort.

Watered stock is the kind you get at most wet-goods emporiums.

DEFIANCE STARCH

should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

A man who can say "No" has a tender regard for the feelings of his bank account.

DO YOUR CLOTHES LOOK YELLOW?

If so, use Red Cross Ball Blue. It will make them white as snow. 2 oz. package 5 cents.

If you lose your reputation it takes a pretty handsome reward to get it back.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

produce the brightest and fastest colors.

Some men make a specialty of being honest only because it pays better than dishonesty.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL

BURNS, SCALDS
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

BACKACHE.



Backache is a forerunner and one of the most common symptoms of kidney trouble and womb displacement.

READ MISS BOLLMAN'S EXPERIENCE.

"Some time ago I was in a very weak condition, my work made me nervous and my backache frightfully all the time, and I had terrible headaches.

"My mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound for me, and it seemed to strengthen my back and help me at once, and I did not get so tired as before. I continued to take it, and it brought health and strength to me, and I want to thank you for the good it has done me."—MISS KATE BOLLMAN, 142nd St. & Wales Ave., New York City.—\$5000 for full of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound cures because it is the greatest known remedy for kidney and womb troubles.

Every woman who is puzzled about her condition should write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., and tell her all.

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Keep the rider perfectly dry. No water can leak in on the inside, but extra wide and long in the skirt. Extra protection at shoulder seams. Warranted waterproof. If your horse has been from water, write for catalogue to H. R. SAWYER, a box, Box No. 1, East Cambridge, Mass.

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Defiance Starch is put up 15 ounces in a package, 10 cents. One-third more starch for same money.

Will Undermine Your Health.

Constipation

Mull's Grape Tonic Cures Constipation.

When the sewer of a city becomes stopped up, the refuse backs into the streets where it decays and rots, spreading disease-creating germs throughout the entire city. An epidemic of sickness follows. It is the same way when the bowels fail to work. The undigested food backs into the system and there it rots and decays. From this festering mass the blood saps up all the disease germs, and at every heart beat carries them to every tissue, just as the water works of a city forces impure water into every house. The only way to cure a condition like this is to cure the constipation. Pills and the ordinary cathartics will do no good.

MULL'S GRAPE TONIC

is a crushed fruit tonic-laxative which permanently cures the affliction. The tonic properties contained in the grape go into every afflicted tissue and creates strength and health. It will quickly restore lost flesh and make rich, red blood. As a laxative its action is immediate and positive, gentle and natural. Mull's Grape Tonic is guaranteed or money back.

Send 10c. to Lightning Medicine Co., Rock Island, Ill., for large sample bottle. All druggists sell regular sized bottles for 5c. etc.

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A Standard College for Young Ladies and Gentlemen of small means. Board, room and tuition, 1 year, \$134. College of Short-hand, Commerce, Music, Education, etc. 20 teachers. Modern buildings. Catalog free. Box M. D. S. ROBBINS, M. S., President. MISSOURI.

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SLICKERS? 7% INVESTMENT

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Capital Stock, \$2,000,000.
\$1,000,000 Preferred Stock.
\$1,000,000 Common Stock.

Shares, \$100 each. Sold at Par. Only Preferred Stock offered for sale.

W. L. Douglas retains all Common Stock.

Why invest your money at 7% or 8% when the W. L. Douglas Preferred Stock pays 7% and is absolutely safe. Every dollar of stock offered to the public is behind it more than a dollar's worth of actual assets. W. L. Douglas continues to own and operate the business, and is to remain the active head of the concern.

This business is not an undeveloped prospect. It is a demonstrated dividend payer. This is the largest business in the world producing \$100,000,000 a year. Well (than) some I process, shoes, and has always been immensely profitable. The business is safe against fierce competition or panic, making it a better investment than any other industrial stock. There has not been a year in the past twelve when the business has not earned in actual cash much more than the amount necessary to pay 7% annual dividend on the preferred stock of \$1,000,000. The factory is now turning out 200 pairs of shoes per day, and an addition to the plant is being built which will increase the capacity to 300 pairs per day. The reason I am offering the Preferred Stock for sale is to perpetuate the business.

If you wish to invest in the best shoe business in the world, which is permanent, and receive 7% on your money, you can purchase one share or more in this great business. Send money by cashier's check, certified check, express or P. O. money order, made payable to W. L. Douglas. Certificate of stock will be sent you by return mail. Prospects giving full information free.

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W. N. U.—Omaha. No. 45—1902

THE ANCIENT COPTIC FAITH.

Egypt Now the Center of This Form of Worship.

In Westminster abbey, after the coronation of King Edward, a silver votive cross was left by the Abyssinian envoy, Ras Makonnen. It represents the faith of the Coptic church, the most debased in Christendom. Egypt is the center of this faith, the patriarch of Alexandria, as he is called, living at Cairo. Not even the priests understand the language of the services, essentially the same as that used by the Pharaohs, with a mixture of the tongue of Homer. In its ritual is found an admixture of ancient Egyptian and Jewish ceremonial together with that of primitive Christianity. Here ordination is conferred not by the laying on of hands, but by breathing and the universal kiss is interchanged among the congregation. Children may act as deacons and may receive the sacrament—bread dipped in wine. In Abyssinia the Jewish and Egyptian ritual is carried still further to excess. The ark is the center of worship, which includes dancing. The Jewish Sabbath is observed. Distinction is drawn between clean and unclean animals. Polygamy also has lingered on. So extreme is their belief in external rites to wash away sin that the greatest festival of the year amounts to an annual baptism of the whole nation. They have even canonized Pilate because he washed his hands and said: "I am innocent of the blood of this just Man."

"CAPE BOYS" AND THEIR WAYS.

Nervous Passengers Would Not Enjoy Their Style of Driving.

In South Africa the mail carts convey passengers for long distances. The drivers of these vehicles are usually "Cape Boys," men of mixed parentage, Hottentots, Griqua Koranna, with a dash of the white man superadded. They are first rate drivers and manage their teams of six, eight and even ten horses with extraordinary skill and dexterity. Another colored boy sits alongside the driver, wielding an enormously long whip, which instrument he manages as deftly as a first rate fly-fisher does his rod and casting line. Nevertheless, these Cape boys are reckless folk, much addicted to drink and inordinately vain of their performances as Jehus. It is the fashion with them to start away from and make the approach to the village inns or baiting places, where they make their halts, at a hard gallop. In this way, owing to the drivers' drinking habits and the ordinary risks of bad roads, accidents often happen, the cart and its passengers are occasionally turned over, and broken bones result. The cart itself is a two-wheeled tented carriage, having two or three seats placed one behind the other, the passengers invariably looking toward the horses. Baggage and mails are strapped on behind, or, if a regular coach is used, upon the top.

If man had no curiosity private detective offices would shut up business.

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GET TO KNOW IT WHEN YOU SEE IT AND THEN NEVER BUY STARCH WITHOUT IT. DEFIANCE STARCH IS WITHOUT EQUAL. IT IS GOOD. IT IS BETTER. IT IS THE BEST AND MORE OF IT FOR TEN CENTS THAN ANY OTHER STARCH. IT WILL NOT ROT THE CLOTHES. YOUR GROCER HAS IT OR WILL GET IT IF YOU ASK FOR IT.

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