

PERUNA PROTECTS THE LITTLE ONES

Against Winter Catarrh In Its Many Phases.

Neglected Colds in Children Often Bring Disastrous Results.

Peruna should be kept in the house all the time. Peruna should be kept in every household, both as a preventative and cure of catarrhal affections.

Peruna Protects the Entire Household Against Catarrhal Diseases.

As soon as the value of Peruna is fully appreciated by every household, both as a preventative and cure of catarrhal affections, less of thousands of lives will be saved, and hundreds of thousands of chronic, lingering cases of disease prevented.



ALICE SCHAFER.



ANNA R. BROWN

Mrs. J. M. Brown, Dunegan Springs, Mo., writes: "My little daughter three years old was troubled with a very bad cough which remained after an attack of catarrhal fever. She has taken one bottle of Peruna through which she has obtained a complete cure."

In a later letter she says: "Our little daughter continues to have good health."

Mrs. Schaffer, 436 Bope Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "In the early part of last year I wrote you for advice for my daughter Alice, four years of age. She has been a puny, sickly, ailing child since her birth. She had convulsions and catarrhal fevers. I was always doctoring until we commenced to use Peruna. She grew strong and well. Peruna is a wonderful tonic; the best medicine I have ever used."

"I was in a very wretched condition when I commenced to take Peruna. I had catarrh all through my whole body, but thank God, your medicine set me all right. I would not have any other medicine."

"Peruna cured my baby boy of a very bad spell of cold and fever. He is a big healthy boy fifteen months old. I have given him Peruna off and on since he was born. I think that is why he is so well. I cannot praise Peruna enough. We have not had a doctor since we began to use Peruna--all praise to it.--Mrs. Schaffer.

Be Sure to Have Peruna on Hand During the Inclement Months of Fall and Winter.

Croup, capillary bronchitis, and articular rheumatism are the special bane of childhood. These all alike result from catching cold. One child catches cold and scores its mother into hysterics by leaving it in the dead of night.

Peruna Kept in the House for Five Years.

Mr. Albert Lietzman, 1506 Milwaukee Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes: "I am only too glad to inform you that I am feeling splendid and have never felt better in my life. Through the advice of a friend I tried Peruna, and am glad to say it cured me to perfection. I began to try a friend about 17 years ago and had no sooner commenced than he told me his folks have kept Peruna in the house for the last five years. I am sure I wouldn't be without it. Mother also uses it to keep herself in good health."

Ask Your Druggist for free Peruna Almanac for 1904.

Looking for a Home?

Western Canada. FREE Homestead Land. The most fertile soil in the world. Write to the Superintendent of the Public Land Office, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada.

The very height of human intelligence is to know just what things are actually worth.

Ekonomy is nothing more than good sense applied to the affairs of everyday life. Dyeing is as easy as washing when PUTNAM FADE-LESS DYES are used.

This is the season when we get off that famous lie that it is pleasanter to give than to receive.

Hungary will make an extensive exhibit of wines at the World's Fair. Sixty thousand exhibits have been collected in the Philippine Islands for the World's Fair.

The most generous men we have are often the hardest ones to collect a debt of.

I find Piso's Cure for Consumption the best medicine for croupy children.--Mrs. F. Callahan, 114 Hall Street, Parkersburg, W. Va., April 16, 1901. If you take the rheumatism out of old age, there isn't much of envy thing else to brag on.

It is a grate art to play the fool well; good fools are the skaresiest things in the market.

Obs'vancy looks well enuff in a male or a gatepost, but it is neither ornamental nor usefuhl in a man.

St. Jacobs Oil. The old surety, through its penetrating power, promptly cures. Rheumatism. Price, 25c. and 50c.

True lov dares all things and fears nothing.

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cure coughs and colds.

PISSEMIERE FOR CONSUMPTION.

H. N. L. 803-52 YORK N.E.B.

A fool may live with cultivated people all his life and never learn anything.

We have been closely identified with church work for many years, and never yet saw a preacher presented with a pair of embroidered slippers. When we go to a church supper, we long to go into the kitchen and see what faithful sister of Israel is doing the dishwashing, away from the lights, the good times and the pretty clothes.

The Philippine reservation at the World's Fair is a busy place these windy days.

An army of men are reproducing the walled city of ancient Manila and many replicas of noted Philippine buildings. The Filipino workmen stand the cold weather much better than they anticipated and they are able to work out of doors nearly every day. Sum people are n happy unless they are in pursuit of sumthing impossible.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year. THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE. Carex. CANDY CATHARTIC. THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP. BEST FOR THE BOWELS.

Old Blazer's Hero. By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER I. On a winter night half a dozen children, romping in a typical coal-mining 'flage, made a noise like the confusion of Babel. They were all well-to-do in aspect, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed and wholesome. Within certain conditions a jossanter sight than they afforded could hardly be asked for, though their presence and the noise they made gave but poor assistance to the study of the higher mathematics. A bearded young fellow of six-and-twenty or thereabouts, with a pebbler between his teeth, and a heap of papers scattered loosely before him, sat with both hands in his hair at a big table by the window, and looked about him occasionally with an air of abstraction which always melted more or less quickly into a smile. The smile was invariably followed by a momentary relaxation from study, while the young man watched the jocos gambols of the children, who shouted all together with a wild hilarity, and seemed to acquire fresh vigor from the mere fact of remaining unrelaxed. Always in a little time the young man's smile grew abstracted, and faded slowly away as his thoughts gradually drew back to their own refuge.

A great fire with a solid core of red seat burned on the hearth, and on one side of it sat an elderly woman in a widow's cap and a gown of respectable black. With all the diversity of feature and expression which marked the group of children, there was so strong a likeness between the elderly woman in the chimney corner and every individual member of the noisy little assembly that a stranger would have had no difficulty in deciding their relationship. Like the children, the woman was plump, blue-eyed and rosy, but her countenance, for all its rosy plumpness, was drawn to an expression of complaining resignation. Facing her sat a woman of a different pattern--bent upright, lean, and full of nervous energy. Her knitting needles, which in the light of the glowing coal and a quite startling look of being hot at moments, clicked with an amazing swiftness and determination. Her evening dress of clean-washed and primly starched light print fitted snugly and gave to her ungainly figure something of the look of an unsymmetrically poked pin cushion into which the hair has been jammed too hard.

shook them delicately into order. "I am going out for a while, mother," he said as he bestowed the papers in a drawer below the table. "I shan't be long."

He stooped over her and kissed her and said good night. He left the room, and a moment later the front door was heard to close behind him. The widow dispatched Hepzibah for a candle, and on its arrival made the domestic and the visitor good night and withdrew. "Well," said Hepzibah in a bitter whisper when her mistress's back was turned, "of all the wool-gathering fools as ever wool-gathered I do believe as you're the king and captain."

CHAPTER II. In an upper room in the Pittville Hotel on this same night of wind and snow there sat an assemblage of vocal amateurs whose use and wont it was to gather for their own amusement, and the practice of their favorite art, on Wednesday nights throughout the winter. The party consisted mainly of the younger tradesmen of the town, with here and there a mechanic whose musical loves had lifted him a rung or two on the social ladder.

Down below sat the oldsters of the place, whose tastes ran rather for politics than music. To them, as they sat arranging the affairs of the nation, entered with something of a noisy swagger a young man of handsome but dissipated appearance, who bestowed a general salute upon the company. He was received with cordiality and a touch of respect not accorded to every comer, and whilst he stood sipping and chatting with the host there rose in the upper room a clatter of glasses and stamping of feet which communicated a sensible vibration to the floor. Then a piano began to tinkle, and a ventriloquist rendering of a popular song made itself faintly heard at intervals. The jingling piano filled in the pauses, and the chorus rose in a defiant howl.

"What's that?" asked the latest comer. "Why," said one, "it's held to pass for music with some on 'em upstairs." "It's well to know what it's meant for," said another. "Ah," said a third, "if Mr. Hackett did go upstairs 'n' show 'em what it means to sing a song! It's a goodish while, Mr. Hackett, since that counter-tenor of yours was heard here."

"Come now," said Hazeltine, the job-master, who had first ventured to broach the topic. "You might do a thing as ad please the present company a good deal less than by singing a song for us, Mr. Hackett."

"I'm in no great voice to-night," said Mr. Hackett, swaggering. "I'll see how I feel by and by perhaps."

"Come," cried the landlord, "that's as good as a promise." "Well, Warden," said Mr. Hackett, with an easy air of lordship, "let us go upstairs and see what the piano's like." The landlord threw open the door. The owner of the counter-tenor passed out and the company streamed after him. The young fellow's appearance in the upper room was hailed with a mighty shouting and beating of tables, and like a man to whom this sort of reception was customary and commonplace, he nodded here and there about him, and seated himself in a chair which one of his admirers had obsequiously vacated. The landlord had carried up Mr. Hackett's glass, and the young man sat sipping its contents and chatting with affability and condescension to those about him. All but the more important people stood in an admiring and expectant circle.

"Oh," said the landlord, "you see how the public opinion runs, sir. Now we've got you here, if you happen to be in a yielding temper, it'll be some time afore you get away again."

"The One Exception. "I have noticed," said the off-hand philosopher, "that a woman will get a golf dress when she has no intention to play golf." "That's so," agreed the man with the incandescent whiskers. "And," continued the off-hand philosopher, "she will get a ball gown when she cares nothing about dancing, and a tennis dress when she wouldn't play tennis for fear she will freckle, and a bathing suit when she has no thought of going into the water, and a riding habit when the very thought of climbing on a horse gives her the chills, and--" "Yes," interrupted the man with the incandescent whiskers, "but when she gets a wedding dress she means business. Ever notice that?"--Judge. Making the Point Clear. "I'm thinking of a trip to California this winter," said Smartie. "Really, old man," remarked Peppery, "you can't afford that. You're not accustomed to that sort of thing." "I merely said I was thinking of it. I can afford to think, can't I?" "No; that's what I meant. You're not accustomed to thinking."--Philadelphia Press. Uncle Eben. "Educatin' some men," said Uncle Eben, "is a good deal like givin' a Fiji Islander a check on de national bank. He's got it, but what is he gwine to do wif it?"--Washington Star. A man uses flowery language when he calls another a blooming idiot.