

Mrs. Emma Stolt, of Appleton, Wisconsin.



Mrs. Emma Stolt, 1039 Oneida St., Appleton, Wis., writes: "Peruna has done me a great deal of good since I began taking it and I am always glad to speak a good word for it. Three years ago I was in a wretched condition with backaches, bearing down pains, and at times was so sore and lame that I could not move about. I had inflammation and irritation, and although I used different remedies they did me no good. "A neighbor who had been using Peruna advised me to try it, and I am glad that I did. I began to improve as soon as I took it and I felt much better. "I thank you for your fine remedy. It is certainly a godsend to sick women."

Cataract of the Internal Organs.

Miss Theresa Bertles, White Church, Mo., writes: "I suffered with cataract of the stomach, bowels and internal organs. Everything I ate seemed to hurt me. I never had a passage of the bowels without taking medicine. It was so tired morning, and ached all over. I had a pain in my left side, and the least exertion or excitement made me short of breath. "Now, after taking Peruna for six months, I am as well as I ever was. Peruna has worked wonders for me. I believe Peruna is the best medicine in the world, and I recommend it to my friends."

Russia's Great Library.

One of the proudest monuments to the memory of that benevolent despot, Peter the Great, is the Imperial Library of Russia, established by him in 1714. Present ranking places it third among the world's great libraries, preceded only by the National Library at Paris and that of the British Museum at London. It contains a million and a half volumes and 26,000 manuscripts. The most important accession it ever received was probably at the time of the suppression of the Society of Jesus in Russia, when most of the Jesuit collections were transferred to the Imperial Library. Among them was the famous collection of Count Zaluski, consisting of 230,000 volumes and 10,000 manuscripts, which had been installed at the Jesuit college in Warsaw. The most important manuscript in the library is the "Codex Sinaiticus" of the Greek Bible, brought to Russia by Prof. Tischendorf in 1859 from the Convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai.—New York Tribune.

Where 15 Languages Are Spoken.

Winnipeg is where they do things. This is really the place where the frontier was abolished by the real estate speculators. A kingdom is sold daily in Winnipeg, an army is marched in by rail to occupy it over night. The yards of the Canadian Pacific railway alone in Winnipeg have over 120 miles of tracks, and they need it. The immigrants come by battalions—Englishmen in caps, Scotchmen in bonnets, Breton French in blue coats, Germans, Swedes, Norwegians, Austrians, Mennonites, Galicians—all manner of furtive folk and wild. There are fifteen known languages in the Winnipeg schools, and a lot too late to classify. When you see a stranger you cannot tell whether or not he is within the range of human speech. You bitterly reflect only that he is one of those who have wiped out the old frontier, lost it forever to those who love the wilderness.—Outing Magazine.

Something to Be Explained.

Gayboy—No, dear, you are mistaken about my having had too much to drink last night. Then, for mercy sake, why did you take off your shoes to go upstairs after I had gone down and let you in myself?—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A SMALL SECRET.

Couldn't Understand the Taste of His Customers. Two men were discussing the various food products now being supplied in such variety and abundance. One, a grocer, said, "I frequently try a package or so of any certain article before offering it to my trade, and in that way sometimes form a different idea than my customers have. "For instance, I thought I would try some Postum Food Coffee, to see what reason there was for such a call for it. At breakfast I didn't like it and supper proved the same, so I naturally concluded that my taste was different from that of the customers who bought it right along. "A day or two after, I waited on a lady who was buying a 25c package and told her I couldn't understand how one could fancy the taste of Postum. "I know just what is the matter," she said, "you put the coffee boiler on the stove for just fifteen minutes, and ten minutes of that time it simmered, and perhaps five minutes it boiled, now if you will have it left to boil full fifteen minutes after it commences to boil you will find a delicious Java-like beverage, rich in food value of gluten and phosphates, so choice that you will never abandon it, particularly when you see the great gain in health." Well, I took another trial and sure enough I joined the Postum army for good, and life seems worth living since I have gotten rid of my old time stomach and kidney troubles. "Postum is no sort of medicine, but pure liquid food, and this, together with a relief from coffee, worked the change. "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pages.

OLD "PINOCHELE."

Odd Character Who Is Getting Rich Of Needs of Cornell Students.

With the close of the school year at Cornell University, Aaron Wells, more widely known as "Pinochele," reaps a golden harvest. Students who are hard up go to him at this time and borrow money, sometimes on notes and frequently "on honor" only, but they one and all have to pay old Pinochele first interest. Wells began business there ten years ago practically without a dollar. Too poor to pay rent, he stood on the street offering to buy second-hand wearing apparel of any kind. Now he has a pretentious clothing store and it is as much of a landmark as the Dutch Kitchen or the office of the registrar of the university. Five men are now employed by the industrious clothier, who makes a small fortune in this business alone. His agents still hang around on the corners, but Pinochele only goes up the hill when telephoned. Every once in a while well-dressed men will summon him up to the houses and there is a grand clearance sale. Suits that have only been worn for one season, dress clothes that are a bit too small, overcoats of the most fashionable styles, all are thrown toward the little clothing man with the query, "What am I bid?" Sometimes the clothes are fairly worn out; more often the owner is pretty hard up, and in both cases they are sold for a ridiculously low price. A suit that cost \$40 will go to Pinochele for \$2, and dress coats and overcoats bring from \$5 to \$10. Sometimes the student will kick, but the best he can get out of the imperturbable dealer is: "Well, I'll match you. Five dollars or nothing." And even at this game he usually wins. He makes about 500 per cent on every article he buys, but the students need the money, so they let it go. But it is in the money-lending business that Wells has acquired the greatest celebrity. Almost any fraternity man in Ithaca with whom he has done business in clothes, or any well-to-do student who can get an introduction to him, can make a "touch" when he is hard up, and thousands of dollars are loaned out every year. Money to go home on, to bet on football, baseball and track games and crew races, to pay bills that are about to be sued on, to play poker with—in fact, money for everything can be obtained from Wells. In small sums or large, it makes little difference. Sometimes the men leave town without paying up; there have been cases of loans as high as \$500 standing out for years, but in the end they are collected. Either the borrowers themselves pay or their parents pay for them, as Pinochele keeps close watch and knows the addresses of all his clients. He is the best pinochele player in Ithaca.

MUTUAL SERVICE.

The experience of Capt. Robert Benham, during troubles with the Indians in Ohio in 1778, is one of the strangest in the history of Indian warfare. The author of "The Ohio River" gives a description of it. "Having broken through the line of Indians during a battle, Benham made his escape, though wounded by a musket-ball in both legs near the heels. He reached an immense fallen tree, crawled under it, and lay still through the ensuing night and the next day, in bitterest pain. "On the evening of the second day he shot a raccoon on a tree near by, hoping by some means to get and cook it. At the crack of his musket the sound of a human voice reached him. In a moment's time he reloaded and awaited the Indian's approach, resolved to fight to the last extremity. The voice sounded nearer. "Whoever you are, were the beseeching words, 'answer me.' And at the words a borderer, shot through both arms, came into sight. "The comrades were unhesitatingly pleased each to find the other, for between them they had a pair of arms and a pair of legs, and therefore some hope of life and escape. As best he could, Benham dressed all the wounds, and then proceeded to cook some food; all that could be done with arms and hands Benham did, cooking, loading and firing the gun. "His comrade, having the rims of a hat placed between his feet by Benham, waded into the river and secured sufficient water for their needs; he also drove wild turkeys near enough to Benham to allow him to bring some down, and then he kept tossing them with the toe of his boot toward camp until they were within Benham's reach. By the same means he kept his partner supplied with wood. "When the wounds healed and the men could travel, they camped at the mouth of Licking River in the hope of being picked up by a passing party. Near the last of November a boat was halted, and although it took some time to prove that they were not such savages as their appearance indicated, they were taken on board and carried to Louisville."

Hobson's Choice.

The phrase "Hobson's choice" originated in an English livery stable. Tobias Hobson was the first man in England to rent out hackney horses. It may have been through an unshakable sense of justice, it may have been through laziness, but at all events this eccentric stable keeper obliged all who applied to him to rent a horse to take the one which happened to be standing nearest the stable door. And so the phrase Hobson's choice came to mean no choice at all. "Didn't you get an order out of that buyer?" demanded the head of the firm. "No," replied the salesman, "you see, I didn't intend to talk business to him until I'd given him a good big dinner." "Maybe the dinner wasn't good enough." "I think it was too good. It gave him dyspepsia."—Philadelphia Press.

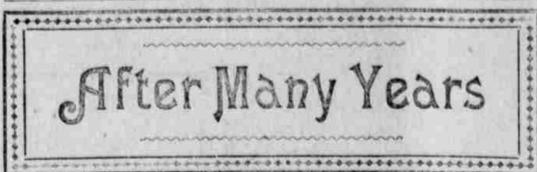
BILLY, HE'S IN TROUBLE.

I've got a letter, parson, from my son away out West. An' my ol' heart's as heavy as an anvil in my breast. To think the boy who's t'wixt I had once so proudly planned Should wander from the path o' right an' come to such an end! I told him when he left us, only three short years ago— He'd find himself a plowin' in a mighty crooked row— He'd miss his father's counsel, and his mother's prayers, too; But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know thar's big temptation for a youngster in the West, But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist; An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares That lie like hidden serpents in life's pathway everywhere. Our Bill, he promised faithful to be, keefin' an' allowed He'd build a reputation thar'd make us mighty proud; But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind, An' now the boy's in trouble of the very wustest kind!

His letters come so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed That Billy was a trampin' on a mighty rocky road; But I never once imagined he would bow his head in shame, An' in the dust would dander his ol' daddy's honored name. He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short; I just can't tell his mother; I'd crush her poor ol' heart! An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her— Billy's in the Legislature, but he doesn't say what fur.

—Anonymous.



After Many Years

The boat came forward steadily. The man on the shore of the little island shaded his eyes with his hand as he stared across the shining water. A rowan rested on his sun-browned face.

A girl was the only occupant of the boat and she was pulling at the oars with a strong and steady swing. She looked over her shoulder occasionally and kept the nose of the craft headed toward the watcher on the shore. The watcher, his frown deepening, suddenly put his hands to his mouth and called to her through the improvised megaphone. "This is private property!" he shouted, and there was a warning note in his clear voice.

The girl looked over her shoulder and smiled again, but the boat did not change its course. "You must not land here," he shouted. The girl gave no indication that she heard the warning. Her steady pull brought the boat nearer and nearer. The man took a few steps forward, but before he could utter any further protest the bow of the craft grated on the sands and the girl lightly leaped out, drew it still further up to the beach. Then she leaned back against the boat and looked at him.

She was a handsome girl, with thick masses of black hair and a clear olive complexion and big brown eyes. The man, despite his near-sighted eyes, the eyes of the scholar who had read not wisely, but too well, knew that she was beautiful, with the added charm of healthful youth, and then something about the directness of the glance she gave him vaguely troubled his mind. He ran his hand through his gray hair, as he always did when confronted with a bothersome problem, and his frown grew darker. "Didn't you hear my warning?" he asked.

She smiled, but her eyes did not leave his face. "I heard you calling," she answered. Her voice was very pleasant. The man ran his hand through his hair again. "This is private property," he said. "The island is mine. I permit no visitors to land here." "And you live here all alone?" "Yes." "They call you the island hermit. You really are a hermit?" "I suppose I am." She raised her rounded brown arm and pointed to the nearby clump of trees. "Is that your bungalow?" "Yes." "I would like to see it." He stared at her in surprise. "I have told you that I do not welcome visitors," he said.

She looked away from him and turned and drew the boat a little higher on the sands. "I rowed across from Millport," she said with a wave of her hand, "just to see you. It is three miles, they say. I am a little tired and a little hungry." The man was lothored. He twisted the corner of his short gray mustache. It was another trick that indicated perplexity. "I would rather you would go away," he said.

She shook her pretty head at him. "No," she told him, "I am quite sure you don't mean that. Anyway, I can't go. I'm too tired." He drew a long breath. "Come," he said.

She was by his side as he turned toward the bungalow. She had kept step with him as they moved along. Her hatless head came just above his shoulder. How lightly yet how firmly she walked, what beautiful embodiment of grace and strength she was. How proud a father might be of such a daughter. A sudden pain thrilled the man's heart, a sigh broke from his lips. Then he felt the tender touch of the girl's fingers on his arm, but when he turned she was looking away.

"No," she answered. There was something oddly muffled about her voice, and she did not look at him. He said no more, but when they reached the door of the bungalow he looked at her again and now her clear brown eyes met him with a smile of confidence. "Come in," he said, as he led the way.

She stopped short and made him a little courtesy. "Am I quite welcome?" "There was something winning about her smile. "You are welcome," he gravely replied to her question.

She looked at the well-filled shelves that lined the walls of his big sitting room. "You are not entirely alone?" she said.

"No," he answered, "I have many old friends here." And his eyes wore a loving expression as they regarded the long row of books. "And here is where you do your writing," she cried, as she turned to the littered table. "And here is your typewriter. Oh, I'm very clever at typewriting. I'm sure you'd find me useful." She stooped and caught up a page of manuscript. "What a clear hand you write," she said. "It would be delightful to copy it." But he had opened an inner door and disappeared through a hallway. Then the girl impulsively lifted the written page to her lips.

"This way," called the man's voice, and she dropped the sheet and followed him. "Here is where I usually eat," he said, and pointed to a smaller room that was all windows on two sides, with an outlook across the blue waters.



THE GIRL LEANED BACK AND LOOKED AT HIM.

of the bay to the distant wooded shores. "It is charming," cried the girl, "but one could scarcely eat and watch the view, too." "I have little to offer you," said the man, "once a week a boatman rows over from Millport and brings me cooked meats and bread and such other supplies as seem needful. I have my own icehouse and my wants are not many. I am here only through the warmer months. When the stormy season comes I go back to my rooms in the city."

It was the longest speech he had made. The girl accepted it as a friendly overture. "I am sure there will be something good for a hungry girl's appetite," she cried. "And now you must let me set the table and find everything as by myself. I am going to prove to you that I can be useful in more ways than one. I want your good opinion. If there was any chance I would be glad to show you how nicely I can cook. But there, please, you mustn't be here to look on. Go into the study and wait until I call you."

"I know I should have sent you away," she said. "I'm sure you don't really think so." He shook his gray head at her and turned away. "When he reached his study and seated himself and picked up a favorite book his thoughts were still on the girl. Her face smiled at him from printed pages, her words mingled with the text. What a beautiful episode this was in his lonely life. And yet he knew he should have sent her away.

"Hark! She was singing. What a tender voice it was. What was the song? Something new to him. But the song was of little account—it was the tender voice. And then suddenly she darted by the window and he saw her running toward the beach. Was she deserting him? A little pang of regret shot through his heart. No, here she was coming back with a basket swaying from one of those strong, young hands. Well, he would yield himself to her influence. There was little sunshine in his life; he would bank in these new rays for the few hours before the night obscured them.

"Come, Mr. Hermit," cried the girl from the passageway, "luncheon is served and awaits you." He arose and obeyed the summons. How attractive she had made the table. All that he had that would add to its appearance was there and a bunch of flowers adorned the center. And there were dainties that were not from his larder. Now he nodded ap-

provingly. He felt that she expected some recognition of her efforts to please him. "You have been to much trouble," he said. Her eyes danced with pleasure. "I am very glad it pleases you," she said. She looked at him curiously. "What is it?" he asked. "It will keep," she answered. Then she held up her hand. "Well?" he asked. "I think I ought to say a little grace," she said. "That is, if you approve."

He gravely bowed his head. "Dear Lord," she slowly said, "grant us the spirit to accept whatever thou givest, be it joy or be it sorrow, with perfect trust though imperfect understanding, and let us believe that joy will follow sorrow quite as surely as sorrow follows joy. Amen." The troubled look was in his eyes when he raised his head. "What do you know of sorrow?" he abruptly asked.

"Very little," she answered. "No doubt I should and shall know more." "God forbid," he hastily cried. "But you have told me nothing about yourself." "And you have shown no curiosity." "What is your name?" "Ah, what matters names? More especially on a desert island. I'm just a girl who wants to be considered useful."

"How old are you?" "She laughed merrily. "I'm a woman and quite old enough to conceal my age. But you are not eating. That's a very poor compliment for a girl who had tried to do her feeble best." "I beg your pardon," he said contritely. "Let me at once make amends."

His mood suddenly changed. His eyes brightened, his wit sparkled. He was no longer the absorbed scholar, he was the delightful raconteur, the charming companion. And the girl watched and listened with amused and admiring gaze. "How proud those who love you should be of you," she suddenly cried. His face darkened, his mood changed. "There is no one," he said. "No one?" He shook his head. "I am quite alone." Then his sorrowful gaze turned toward the blue waters of the bay. His brow wrinkled. "What is it?" she asked. "I do not like the looks of the sky," he said. "You should return at once. If a blow comes up you must be under the shelter of the headland."

She looked at him with her gently smiling eyes. "But I'm not going back," she said. He stared at her. "Not going back?" "No, I came here to stay. I have a right to stay and there is no other place for me to go."

"Wh-what do you mean?" he stammered. She arose and came toward him. He drew back a little. He was trembling. "I can't keep this play up any longer," she said, "Don't you know who I am?" He stared hard at the trembling lips and the tearful eyes. His memory flashed back along in the years. "You are Mildred," he stammered. "No, no, not Mildred, but Evelyn," she cried.

"Evelyn," he repeated. He could not comprehend the words. "Evelyn is a little child." "I am Evelyn, father." His arms slowly opened, his eyes were suffused with tears. "No, no," he murmured brokenly, "not my child!" "Father!" Her arms were around him, her head was pillowed against his breast. Then he suddenly held her away from him and fixedly looked into her tear-stained face.

"But the crowds gave you to your mother, my child," he harshly muttered. "I give myself to you, my father; I can make my own choice. I am twenty-one." "Your mother?" "I ran away, father. I was tired of it all. She is still at Carlisle. She would have me marry a man I despised. A wicked old man, father. I could not. I could not! And so I ran away, father, and came to you. There was nowhere else to go. You will protect me, father?" He gently touched her wavy hair. He patted her brown hands. It was as if the little child he had known in happier years had come back to him.

He drew himself up. His eyes sparkled. "I will protect you against all the world, my daughter." "And you will let me stay here?" "Yes, yes." "And I may live with you?" "Always." A smile irradiated her brow, face. "And do I please you, father?" Then the man smiled, too.

"You are like your mother, my child. And yet I think you are a little like me. I trust it will not make you yala, my daughter, but to my mind you seem a very splendid young woman—and I am a proud and happy father." "I am so glad," she murmured. "But I had dreamed that perhaps you would know me at once." The man sighed.

"You were three years old the last time I saw you, my child. It was in the court-room and the judge had just given you to the keeping of your mother. Your mother sailed for Europe at once. Heaven forgive me for trying to forget you both. I felt that your mother had spoiled my life. The world was hateful to me. But there—the past is gone. What of the future?" "The future, father?" "You are too fine a young woman to be immured with a sour old man." "Father?" "You must go back into the world." "Into the world, father?" He looked at her lovingly and proudly. "And I will go with you."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

Some people are like things to eat: When you get too much of them you never like them again.

Some New York Citizians.

When all has been said there is no city on earth where merit is so quickly recognized and rewarded as in New York. A boy enters the service of a railroad corporation and at the age of 25 he is general manager of a great traction system. True, he has a distinguished lawyer and statesman for an uncle, but he starts at the bottom, and his promotion is due to his own exertions. Such is the career of Oren Root.

H. H. Vreeland, a brakeman without pull, raises himself in a short period to the presidency of the Metropolitan Railway Company. Within two generations all the spectacular fortunes of New York have been made from nothing. Reward of merit comes quickly in other fields. Charles E. Hughes, a comparatively obscure lawyer, is selected to conduct an important investigation in which the whole country is interested. Without having previously held office, a very novice, he is made a governor.—Broadway Magazine.

Strange Ocean Postoffice.

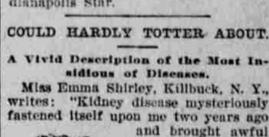
I should like to mention a postoffice on the ocean, which certainly belongs to the most primitive in the whole world, and does not boast a single official. It is in the South American continent, on the coast of Patagonia. Close to the edge of the sea is erected a strong beam, on which is written "post-office," and joined to it by a movable strong iron chain lies a barrel with a mevable cover. The ships which pass through the straits send a boat to the coast to take out those letters which are to be forwarded, and at the same time put in their own postal matter, the former being conveyed to the next port, to be sent on by means of the usual post.

A Case of Greed.

Mayor Weaver of Philadelphia was condemning the greed of a certain corporation. "Really," he said, "their greed is so enormous as to be laughable. It is like the man in the barber shop. "The barber, at the end of a shave, said to the man: "Will you have bay rum, lavender water, eau de cologne, alum, magnesium powder on your face, sir?" "Any extra charge?" the man asked. "No, sir." "Then I'll take all of them."—Indianapolis Star.

COULD HARDLY TOTTER ABOUT.

A Vivid Description of the Most Injurious of Diseases. Miss Emma Shirley, Killbuck, N. Y., writes: "Kidney disease mysteriously fastened itself upon me two years ago and brought awful headaches and dizzy spells. I was all unstrung, weak and nervous, could scarcely totter about. Trains in the saddle and back completely unnerved me. My food distressed me, I looked badly and the kidneys were noticeably deranged. I sought lower and lower until I began with Doan's Kidney Pills. Details are unnecessary. Twelve boxes cured me and I weigh 35 pounds more than ever before. They saved my life." Sold by all druggists. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



A loud laugh, an over-vivacious manifestation of a lack of breeding. Copy the name of form, the quiet poise, which is the great charm of English women while a vivacity somewhat under restraint adds that which is winning and piquante in the manner of our own countrywomen.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE

Write to-day to Allen H. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures tired, aching, hot, swollen, itching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All Druggists and Shoe Stores sell it. 25c.

Congressional Courage.

"The House must be a tremendously brave body of men." "Why?" "Because they face the Cannon's mouth every day."—Princeton Tiger.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething soothes the gum, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, etc. a bottle.

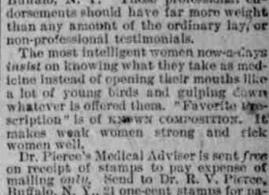
The Modesty of Women

Naturally makes them shrink from the insidious questions, the obnoxious examinations, and unpleasant local treatments, which some physicians consider essential in the treatment of diseases of women. Yet, if help can be had, it is better to submit to this ordeal than let the disease grow and spread. The trouble is that so often the woman undergoes all the annoyance and shame for nothing. Thousands of women who have been cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription write in appreciation of the cure which dispels the examinations and local treatments. There is no other medicine so sure and safe for delicate women as Favorite Prescription. It cures debilitating drains, irregularity and female weakness. It always helps. It almost always cures. It is strictly non-alcoholic, non-secret, all its ingredients being printed on its bottle-wrapper; contains no deleterious or habit-forming drugs, and every native medicinal root entering into its composition has the full endorsement of those most eminent in the several schools of medical practice. Some of these numerous and strongest of professional endorsements of its ingredients, will be found in a pamphlet wrapped around the bottle, also in a booklet mailed free on request, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. These professional endorsements should have far more weight than any amount of the ordinary lay, or non-professional testimonials. The most intelligent women now-a-days insist on knowing what they take as medicine instead of trusting their mouths like a lot of young birds and eating down whatever is offered them. "Favorite Prescription" is of known composition. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., 21 ornamental stamps for one per-covered stamp and envelope, and if sick consult the Doctor, free of charge by letter. All such communications are held sacredly confidential. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets invigorate and regulate stomach, liver and bowels.

Libby's Food Products

Libby's Corned Beef

is a mild cured and perfectly cooked corned beef, and carefully packed in Libby's Great White Kitchens. It is prepared as carefully as you would make it in your own kitchen. It has the characteristics and delicious flavor of the right kind of corned beef. For Quick Serving—Libby's Corned Beef, cut into thin slices, arranged on a platter and garnished with Libby's Chow Chow makes a tempting dish for luncheon, dinner or supper. Ask your grocer for Libby's and look for the Libby's logo. Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.



SOFTENING OF THE EYES.

Doctors and Remedies Fruitless—Suffered Ten Years—Completely Cured by Cuticura. "Small sores appeared on each of my lower limbs and shortly afterwards they became so sore that I could scarcely walk. The sores began to heal, but small scaly eruptions appeared. The itching was so severe that I would scratch the sores until the blood began to flow. After I suffered thus about two years I made a renewed effort to effect a cure. The eruptions by this time had appeared on every part of my body except my face and hands. The best doctor in my native county and many remedies gave no relief. All this was fruitless. Finally my hair began to fall out and I was rapidly becoming bald. A few months after, having used almost everything else, I thought I would try Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Soap. After using three boxes I was completely cured, and my hair was restored after fourteen years of suffering and an expenditure of at least \$50 or \$60 in vainly endeavoring to find a cure. B. Hiram Mattingly, Vermillion, S. Dak., Aug. 18, 1906."

SCALY ERUPTION ON BODY.

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S. C. N. U. - No. 29-1907.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

SPECIAL EXCURSION FARES 1907 FROM CHICAGO

Double Track	Going dates—July 9, 13, 22, 25, 27, 28, August 6, 10, 20, 24, September 10, 14, 24, and 28, 1907.	\$21.00
Jamestown Exposition, (Season tickets via New York one way, Norfolk, Va., and return (60 days	Going dates daily until Nov. 30, 1907.	\$36.80
Philadelphia, Pa., and return	Only through stopping en route via Niagara Falls. Going dates—July 12, 14, 15 and 16, 1907. Dates and fares to be named later.	\$20.00
Saratoga Springs, N. Y., and return	Going dates—July 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, 1907; also in September for Grand Army meetings (see various New England Resorts, one fare plus \$2.00 for round trip, based on one way fares in effect January 1, 1907. Going dates—July 9, 13, 22, 25, August 6, 10, 20, 24, and 28, 1907.	\$18.75
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Attractive optional trips by Lake and River, including St. Lawrence River and Rapids in some cases without additional charge, are also offered in connection with the above. Liberal stopover privileges. Full particulars can be obtained by writing GEO. W. VAUX, Assistant General Passenger and Ticket Agent 135 ADAMS ST., CHICAGO

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