

## ALL RUN DOWN.

Miss Della Stroebe, who had completely lost her health, found relief from Peruna at Once.

## Read What She Says:

MISS DELLA STROEBE, 710 Richmond St., Appleton, Wis., writes: "For several years I was in a run-down condition, and I could find no relief from doctors and medicines. I could not enjoy my meals, and could not sleep at night. I had heavy, dark circles about the eyes.

"My friends were much alarmed. I was advised to give Peruna a trial, and to my joy I began to improve with the first bottle. After taking six bottles I felt completely cured. I cannot say too much for Peruna as a medicine for women in a run-down condition."

**Peruna Did Wonders.**  
Mrs. Judge J. P. Boyer, 1211 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill., says that she became run down, could neither eat nor sleep well, and lost flesh and spirit. Peruna did wonders for her, and she thanks Peruna for new life and strength.

**Postmastering a Profession.**  
Postmasters come and postmasters go in the United States. It used to be a political scandal, this turning out of postmasters when the other party got into power or even when another faction of the same party got control of the Congressional district, says the New York Sun.

Things are better now, we are told. Efficiency counts in some cases. But there is still a deal of shifting around. In Canada they do things differently. When a postoffice is established and a postmaster appointed it is a pretty safe guess that the office remains in the same family. There are many changes of government, but officeholders are seldom disturbed.

The result has been that across the northern border postmastering, if one may coin a word, has become a profession, like the law and medicine. If by some mischance Canadian postmaster should lose his job he would be hard put to it to know what to do for a living, for he has been trained to but one thing.

To take an example: When the Dominion of Canada assumed its present political form—the act of union was passed in 1867—the town of Moncton, N. B., still had its first postmaster, who had his patent, or whatever document confirmed him in his office, direct from the Queen of England. The Dominion appointed him postmaster and he was postmaster until his death.

But long before he died he trained his son to the business of running a postoffice and his son naturally succeeded him. That son is the present postmaster and he is growing gray in the service. When he, too, passes out no doubt some other member of the family will take up the work.

**Unwise Combination.**  
To the mind of Mrs. Abigail Jennings there was a sort of disloyalty in admitting to any outsider that a native of Willow could be really eccentric. As for anything beyond eccentricity, Mrs. Jennings would never have admitted it, even in the case of Miss Rachel Gregg, who was frankly called "crazy" by the summer visitors.

"Now, Mrs. Jennings," said one of the boarders, "do you really mean that you've never known Miss Gregg to do anything that you'd call crazy?"

"No, I haven't," said Mrs. Jennings, with a firm and unyielding expression about her prominent chin.

"Why, what do you think of her sending that bag of eggs over to the Corners to Mrs. Cole, right in the box with her laundry work, and never telling the stage driver, and letting him throw the box right off?" inquired the summer boarder.

"Mrs. Cole says there's no harm in a shirt waist she'll never be able to wear again."

"Well," said Mrs. Jennings, calmly, "I should say about that as I have about a number of little things Rachel does and has done. She may lack in wisdom and forethought now and again—but then, who doesn't, I'd like to know?"

**Ancient Instance.**  
Alexander the Great was weeping because there were no more worlds to conquer.

"But what would be the use?" said his advisers. "Some day Mr. Harriman would come along and take them from you."

Whereat he smiled through his tears and asked the court astronomer if Mars was still trying to signal the earth.—Chicago Tribune.

**WONDERED WHY.**  
Found the Answer Was "Coffee."  
Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—coffee—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much sleep and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak."

# STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

## CHAPTER XIV.

Now that he was again in his native village, Walter realized how unpleasant had been his position at Mr. Drummond's from the new elasticity and cheerfulness which he felt. There had been something gloomy and oppressive in the atmosphere of his temporary home at Stapleton, and he certainly had very little enjoyment in Joshua's society. Mrs. Drummond was the only one for whom he felt the least regard.

He passed a few days quietly, renewing old acquaintances and friendships. Nancy Forbes had gone to live with a brother, who was an old bachelor, and very glad to have her with him. Her savings and the legacy left her by Mr. Conrad together amounted to a thousand dollars, or rather more—sufficient to make Nancy rich, in her own opinion. But she was not quite satisfied about the legacy.

"They say, Walter, that you'll be left poor," she said. "You'll need this money."

"No, I shan't," answered Walter. "Besides, there's a lot of mining stock that'll come to something—I don't know how much."

"But I don't feel right about taking this money, Walter."

"You needn't feel any scruples, Nancy. I can take care of myself. I can paddle my own canoe."

"But you haven't got any canoe," said Nancy, who did not comprehend the allusion. "Besides, I don't see how that would help you to a living."

"I shall get a canoe, then, and I'll steer it on to fortune."

"At any rate," said Nancy, "I will leave you my money when I die."

So the conversation ended. Nancy agreed, though reluctantly, to take the legacy, resolved some time or other to leave it to Walter. If she had known how little he really had left, she would not have consented to accept it at all.

The same evening Walter sat in the library, discussing the future.

"So you want to be a book agent, Walter?" said Mr. Shaw. "I can't say I think very highly of this plan."

"I don't mean to spend my life at it. I am more ambitious than that. But it will give me a chance to travel without expense, and I always wanted to see something of the world. You see, Mr. Shaw, that, as I am so young, even if I spend a year at this business, I shall not be too old to undertake something else afterward. In the meantime I shall see something of the world."

"Well, Walter, I won't oppose you. If I had not so much confidence in you, I should warn you of the temptations that are likely to beset your youth, left, as you will be, entirely to yourself. Of course, you will be thrown among all kinds of associates."

"Yes, sir; but I think I shall be wise enough to avoid what will do me no good."

"So I hope and believe. Now, what is the name of this publisher you were speaking of?"

"Pusher. He's of the firm of Flint & Pusher."

"I have heard of them. They are an enterprising firm."

On Monday morning Mr. Shaw handed Walter a pocketbook containing a roll of bills. "You will need some money to defray your expenses," he said, "until you are able to earn something. You will find fifty dollars in this pocketbook. There is no occasion to thank me, for I have only advanced it from money realized from your father's estate. If you need any more, you can write me, and I can send you a check or money order."

"This will be quite enough, Mr. Shaw," said Walter, confidently. "It won't be long before I shall be paying my way; at least, I hope so. I don't mean to be a burden."

"I am sure you won't be, or you will ruin your reputation. Well, good-by. Write me soon and often. You show I look upon myself as in some sort your guardian."

"I will certainly write you, Mr. Shaw. By the way, I never thought to ask you about the furniture of my room at the Essex Classical Institute."

"It was purchased by the keeper of the boarding house; at a sacrifice, it is true, but I thought it best to let it go, to save trouble."

"I should like to see Lem," thought Walter, with a little sigh as he called to mind the pleasant hours he had passed with his school-fellow. "I'll go back and pay the old institute a visit some time, after I've got back from my travels."

Walter reached New York by ten o'clock. Through his acquaintance with the city streets was very limited, as he had seldom visited it, he found his way without much trouble to the place of business of Messrs. Flint & Pusher. As they did not undertake to do a retail business, but worked entirely through agents, their rooms were not on the first floor, but on the third. Opening the door of the room to which he was guided by a servant, he found himself in a large apartment, the floor of which was heaped up with piles of books, chiefly octavos. An elderly gentleman, with a partially bald head, and wearing spectacles, was talking with two men, probably agents.

"Well, young man," said he, in rather a harsh voice, "what can I do for you?"

"Mr. Pusher?" asked Walter.

"He went out for a few minutes; he'll be back directly. Did you wish particularly to see him?"

"Yes, sir."

"Take a seat then, and wait till he comes in."

Walter sat down and listened to the conversation.

"You met with fair success, then?" inquired Mr. Flint.

"Yes, the book takes well. I sold ten in one day, and six and eight in other days."

Walter pricked up his ears. He wondered whether the book was the one recommended to him. If so, a sale of ten copies would enable the agent to realize twelve dollars and a half, which was certainly doing very well.

Just as the agents were going out, Mr. Pusher bustled in. His sharp eyes fell upon Walter, whom he immediately recognized.

"Hi, my young friend, so you have found us out," he said, offering his hand. "Yes, sir."

"Come to talk on business, I hope?"

"Yes, sir, that is my object in coming."

"Mr. Flint," said Mr. Pusher, "this is a young friend whose acquaintance I made a short time since. I told him, if ever he wanted employment, to come here and we would give him something to do."

"Mr. Flint, who was a slower and a more cautious man than Mr. Pusher, regarded Walter a little doubtfully.

"Do you mean as an agent?" he said. "Certainly I do."

"He seems very young."

"That's true, but age isn't always an advantage. He looks smart, and I'll guarantee that he is all he looks. I claim to be something of a judge of human nature, too."

"No doubt you're right," said Mr. Flint, who was accustomed to defer considerably to his more impetuous partner. "What's the young man's name?"

"My name is Walter Conrad," said Mr. Conrad.

"Very good. Well, Conrad," continued Mr. Pusher, in an off-hand manner, "what are your wishes? What book do you want to take hold of?"

"You mentioned a book the other day—'Scenes in Bible Lands.'"

"Yes, our new book. That would be as good as any to begin on. How's the territory, Mr. Flint?"

"Most of the territory nearly is taken up," he said. "Does Mr. Conrad wish to operate near home?"

"I would rather go to a distance," said Walter.

"As far as Ohio?"

"Yes."

"In that case you could map out your own route pretty much. We haven't got the West portioned out as we have the Middle and New England States."

"In other words, we can give you a kind of roving commission, Conrad," put in Mr. Pusher.

"That would suit me, sir," said Walter. "Still it would be best not to attempt to cover too much territory. A rolling stone gathers no moss, you know. There is one important question I must ask you to begin with. Have you got any money?"

"Yes, sir, I have fifty dollars."

"Good. Of course, you will need money to get out to your field of labor, and will have to pay your expenses till you begin to earn something. Fifty dollars will answer very well."

"As I don't know very well how the business is managed," said Walter, "I must ask for instructions."

"Of course. You're a green hand. Sit down here, and I'll make it all plain to you."

So Mr. Pusher, in his brief, incisive way, explained to Walter how he must manage. His instructions were readily comprehended, and Walter, as he listened, felt eager to enter upon the adventurous career which he had chosen.

**CHAPTER XV.**  
Walter, by advice of Mr. Pusher, bought a ticket to Cleveland. There was a resident agent in this city, and a depository of books published by the firm. As Walter would be unable to carry with him as large a supply of books as he needed, he was authorized to send to the Cleveland agency when he got out, and the books would be sent him by express.

"I will give you a letter to Mr. Greene, our agent in Cleveland," said Mr. Pusher, "and you can consult him as to your best line of operations."

Walter went downstairs, and emerged into the street. He had no particular motive for remaining in New York, and felt eager to commence work. So he bought a through ticket to Cleveland, via Buffalo and Niagara Falls. Though he had not much money to spare, he determined not to neglect the opportunity he would have of seeing this great natural wonder, but to stop over a day in order to visit the falls.

He selected a comfortable seat by a window, and waited till the train was ready to start. He realized that he had engaged in quite a large enterprise for a boy of fifteen who had hitherto had all his wants supplied by others. He was about to go a thousand miles from home, to earn his own living—in other words, to padlock his own canoe. But he did not feel in the least dismayed. He was ambitious and enterprising, and he felt confident that he could earn his living as well as other boys of his age. He had never been far from home, but felt that he should enjoy visiting new and unfamiliar scenes. So he felt decidedly cheerful and hopeful as the cars whirled him out of the depot, and he commenced his western journey.

Walter put his strip of railway tickets into his vest pocket, and his pocketbook, containing the balance of his money, into the pocket of his pantaloons. He wished to have the tickets at hand when the conductor came round. He sat alone at first, but after a while a lady got in who rode thirty miles or more, and then got out. A little later a young man passed through the cars, looking about him on either side. He paused at Walter's seat, and inquired, "Is this seat taken?"

"No, sir," said Walter.

"Then, with your permission, I will take it," said the stranger. "Tiresome work traveling, isn't it? I rather like it; but I never traveled much."

"I have to travel a great deal on business," said the other, "and I've got tired of it. How many times do you think I have been over this road?"

"Couldn't guess."

"This is the fifteenth time. I know it like a book. How far are you going?"

"To Cleveland."

"Got relations there, I suppose?"

"No," said Walter; "I am going on business."

He was rather glad to let his companion know that he, too, was in business.

"You're young to be in business," said his companion. "What sort of business is it?"

"I am agent for Flint & Pusher, a New York firm."

"Publishers, ain't they?"

"Yes, sir."

Walter's companion was a young man of twenty-five, or possibly a year or two older. He was rather flashy attired, with a cutaway coat and a low-cut vest, double-breasted, across which glittered a massive chain, which might have been gold, or might only have been gilt, since all that glittered is not gold. At any rate, it answered the purpose of making a show. His cravat was showy, and his whole appearance indicated absence of good taste. A cautious employer would scarcely have selected him from a crowd of applicants for a confidential position.

Walter was vaguely conscious of this. Still he had seen but little of the world, and felt incompetent to judge others.

"Are you going right through to Cleveland?" inquired the stranger.

"No; I think I shall stop at Buffalo. I want to see Niagara Falls."

"That's right. Better see them. They're stunning."

"I suppose you've been there?" said Walter, with some curiosity.

"I suppose you've met an old friend of mine—Just look at Miss De-Style's get-up! Doesn't she look out of sight?"

Said she (enviously)—Yes; and the rest of the adage, too.

**New Old Friend.**  
"I suppose you've met an old friend of mine—Just look at Miss De-Style's get-up! Doesn't she look out of sight?"

Said she (enviously)—Yes; and the rest of the adage, too.

Tommy, exercising his prerogative as general, had kicked the second into the ditch and ran away!

Willie, aiming a kick at the cat, fell off his chair at this juncture, and so

## WATCH YOURSELF GO BY.

Just stand and watch yourself go by: Think of yourself as "he," instead of "I." Note, closely as in other men you note. The bag-kneed trousers and the seedy coat. Pick flaws; find fault; forget the man is you. And strive to make your estimate ring true. Confront yourself and look you in the eye—Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

Interpret all your motives just as though You looked on one whose aims you did not know. Let undisciplined contempt surge through you when You see you shirk, O commonest of men! Despise your cowardice; condemn whatever You note of falseness in you anywhere. Defend not one defect that shames your eye—Just stand aside and watch yourself go by.

And then, with eyes unveiled to what you loathe— To sins that with sweet charity you'd clothe— Back to your self-walled tenebrous you'll go With tolerance for all who dwell below. The faults of others then will dwindle and shrink, Love's chain grow stronger by one mighty link— When you, with "he" as substitute for "I," Have stood aside and watched yourself go by.

—Success Magazine.

# A Dweller in Glass Houses

Mrs. Drew sat at the head of her breakfast table and pressed her lips firmly together. When Mrs. Drew pressed her lips firmly together things always happened. "Mrs. White ought to know," Mrs. Drew looked hard at a newspaper opposite.

"Um-hum!" came a vague assent from behind the paper barricade. "If our son did a thing like that, I should think some one to tell me," murmured Mrs. Drew.

"M-m-m!" still more vaguely from the opposite side of the table, while "our son," aged ten, kept his eyes anxiously on his plate, quite accustomed to hearing his virtues referred to.

"An insult to the aged ought to be severely punished," reasoned Mrs. Drew. "Tommy White deserves a whipping that he will remember. I, for one, believe that to spare the rod is to spoil the child. If Mrs. White held more firmly to that opinion, she'd have boys who were not a disgrace to the town."

Willie Drew, quite accustomed also to hearing the sins of his playmates reviewed, still fastening his eyes on his plate, felt with his foot for the cat's tail under the table.

At the foot of the table Mr. Drew, present in body but absent in mind, said, "Um-hum!" again, and began looking up the price of flour and kerosene. He knew that, despite his wife's convictions on the subject of child training, the long whiplike branches of the weeping willow in their back yard remained intact, while a corresponding willow in Mrs. White's yard, shorn of much of its gracefulness, suggested the ravages of time and the misdeeds of five rugged boys.

"Whenever Willie needs a whipping, rest assured he will get one," Mrs. Drew often remarked emphatically to friends—the emphasis being especially noticeable when Mrs. White was within hearing.

"I would tell her myself," continued Mrs. Drew, "were it not for the fact that she resented my reference to the mischief Tommy did on Halloween. It seems to me very strange that any mother should resent being told of her children's faults when it's for their interest that she should know. I'm sure that I should be glad to be told if our Willie did wrong."

Willie, having succeeded in locating the cat's tail, clamped it vigorously with his shoes while he regarded his mother with large, beguiling blue eyes.

There was a momentary yawning and scrambling under the table, followed by a tiger-striped streak shooting from beneath Willie's chair into the sitting room. "Dear me!" cried Mrs. Drew, in alarm. "That's the second time within three days that Tabby has had a fit. She's such a pretty cat I hate to lose her, too."

"But as I was saying," she continued, "I made up my mind then that it was the last time I would try to aid Mrs. White with those boys of hers. Still she ought to be told of this. Therefore I shall send for Anne Tupper." Her lips tightened on the resolve.

"Anne Tupper?" inquired Mr. Drew's lips, while his eyes roved over the political reports.

There was a slight change in the expression of Willie's blue eyes as he followed Tabby.

"Yes, I think I can prevail on Anne to tell her. Every one likes Anne, especially Mrs. White. She'll take it from Anne."

Consequently Anne was sent for by way of Willie. Willie went reluctantly. He whimpered and whined. He dug a fit into one eye—keeping the other innocent blue orb fixed on Mrs. Drew—and pleaded a stomach-ache.

command, who promptly kicked back again, whereupon the march turned into a riot, in which Tommy, beset by the rest of the army, got worsted.

"And yet there sits Mrs. White, looking out of the window placidly and doing nothing!" ejaculated Mrs. Drew, still more indignantly. "I never saw any one so slack with children. Now if Willie—"

The entrance of Anne cut the sentence short, and Mrs. Drew rose to meet her.

Mrs. Drew was the kindest of neighbors except where Mrs. White was concerned. She did not mean to be unkind to Mrs. White. She had simply fallen into the habit of comparing her one blue-eyed, perfect Willie with the five imperfect boys across the street—especially Tommy, who was of Willie's age.

"Of course," she often declared, "Willie has his faults!" She said it complacently, but with mental reservations—the rest of the town said the same with neither placidity nor mental reservation.

"I felt sure you'd come!" was Mrs. Drew's greeting. "I never knew you to fail a friend."

A pleased expression crept into Anne's eyes as she sat down. Along with the rest of girlhood, Anne liked praise.

Mrs. Drew seated herself, and folding her hands, looked at her guest. Then she uttered an exclamation and leaned forward. "What a becoming new coat, Anne! I've not seen it before."

fore. I like those stitched bands down the front. Certainly brown is your color."

The pleased expression in Anne's eyes deepened. "I like it myself," she answered, briefly. Anne's remarks were generally brief.

In church work Mrs. Drew was made chairman of everything, because of what she could accomplish through her committees. She had a tactfully compelling way—so her friends said. Others who were not so friendly said she could "wind people" skillfully.

Be that as it may, she proceeded succinctly to lay the case before Anne, beginning with the generally bad behavior of the five junior Whites. Anne listened attentively. That was Anne's greatest charm. Willie, sitting behind his mother, also listened attentively, not without beguilingly at Tabby meanwhile.

Narrowing her remarks down to particular misdeeds, Mrs. Drew referred to the "doings" on Halloween, especially the destruction of the picket fence in front of old Mrs. Smith's house.

"You know Tommy was in that," she ended, "and I took it on myself to tell Mrs. White. She didn't thank me for it, and I made up my mind then that no matter what that Tommy did, I would say nothing further. But this time, Anne, she ought to know."

Anne, realizing now the purport of her summons to the Drew house, moved uneasily, and began pleading her handkerchief. Willie, with Tabby almost within reach, neglected his opportunity, and picked up his ears.

While his presence complicated. His mother, out of consideration for Anne's feelings, sent him out to play.

"Of course," she remarked, "you would not like Willie to know what I am going to ask of you, although he never repeats what he hears."

"Indeed!" murmured Anne.

Mrs. Drew returned to the original subject. "Shouldn't you think, Anne, that any mother would be glad to be told if her boy did such a thing as that?"

"Indeed," assented Anne, "I should!" Into her eyes, fastened now on Mrs. Drew's face, crept an expression of relief.

"And don't you think that such an attack on an old man deserves a severe punishment?"

"Yes," assented Anne, earnestly, "I do."

"My dear," Mrs. Drew ceased tapping on the arm of the chair and sank back with the air of having settled a vexed question. "I am glad you agree, because I am going to ask you to tell Mrs. White." Anne put out a hand suddenly, dropped her handkerchief, and reached for it. "You, girl that you are, can tell her without offense, because she likes you. Every one likes you, Anne."

"But Mrs. Drew," Anne burst out, "whoever told you didn't tell straight. It wasn't Tommy! It—I was right behind them—it was Willie who did it!"

Mrs. Drew gasped once—twice—caught her breath and sat up very stiff.

"Willie!"

"Yes," Anne hastened on, the words tumbling out of her mouth. "I almost caught him. I—I think I should have shaken him well if I had!" her tone became reminiscently indignant. "I did shake him on Halloween. Tommy did help take Mrs. Smith's fence down—I was staying with her that night because she was afraid—but Willie was the leader. I caught him and boxed his ears!"

"Yes!" cried Anne, all unbegotten of the expression back of the words. "Willie is awfully naughty when he's out of your sight, and to think I never dared tell you!" her face was filled with incredulity, "when here you were really wanting to know all the time!"

Anne rose, still unobscuredly relieved and happy. It was often so hard to be a truthful confidante, and this time the path of truth had been made so easy for her!

She left a dazed Mrs. Drew struggling with her breath and her thoughts. Mrs. Drew believed Anne—every one did; and the memory of her own widespread comparisons between Willie and Tommy rushed upon her with overwhelming force.

For half an hour after Anne's departure she wrestled with her mortification. Then she turned her attention to Willie.

With lips pressed firmly together, she visited the flourishing willow in the back yard. Sternly she laid aside the natural desire to select a tiny branch. Sternly she held herself to what she required of Mrs. White, and a few moments later, armed with a tingling switch, she stood in the back door and called loudly, "William! William! Draw! Come here at once!"

—Youth's Companion.

**METHODS OF THE GERMANS.**  
Firms of Kaiser's Land Going After Business of Russia.  
A recent report from the British consul at Odessa, printed in Nottingham newspapers and supplied by Consul F. W. Mahin, describes German commercial methods in Southern Russia:

It seems that on the sale of agricultural machinery there Great Britain now leads, but German firms are pressing a dangerous competition. They have the business thoroughly organized, with a complete system of agencies, of which the head is in Odessa. In addition to agents in all agricultural centers, the Germans use many commercial travelers. They also employ commissionaires—local men, who are constantly traveling about for some purpose, perhaps buying grain, and are therefore on intimate acquaintance with the farmers. Among these they successfully press the sale of German machinery. Thus organization and persistency have created a large market for German agricultural machinery; but, in addition, the consular reports say, the Germans profit by "the introduction and advertisement of novelties. The Russian like novelties, however trifling, and even the alteration of the name, for instance, under which a machine or implement is known, or some insignificant change in construction, which the German takes good care to point out, may facilitate a purchase which might not have been made if the old designation or style of machine or implement had been offered."

This is only one instance in very many where Germany is displaying a remarkable degree of push and enterprise, indicating a systematic, aggressive movement along the whole industrial line.

**The Law of American Life.**  
The law of American life—of course it is the law of life everywhere—the law of American life, peculiarly, must be the law of work; not the law of idleness; not the law of self-indulgence or pleasure, merely the law of work. That may seem like a trite saying. Most true sayings are trite. It is a disgrace for any American not to do his duty, but it is a double, a triple disgrace for a man of means or a man of education not to do his duty. The only work worth doing is done by those men, those women, who learn not to shrink from difficulties, but to face them and overcome them. So that Americanism means work, means effort, means the constant and unending strife with our conditions, which is not only the law of nature, if the race is to progress, but which is really the law of the highest happiness for us ourselves.—Theodore Roosevelt.

There are too many people in the world who use their nest eggs to make cake of.

Wherever you see a sign, "No Credit," usually you can get it.