



Hon. Dan. A. Grosvenor, Deputy Auditor for the War Department, in letter written from Washington, D. C., says:

"Allow me to express my gratitude to you for the benefit derived from one bottle of Peruna. One week has brought wonderful changes and I am now as well as ever. Besides being one of the very best spring tonics it is an excellent catarrh remedy." Very respectfully, Dan A. Grosvenor. catarrh remedy." Very respectfully,

John Williams, County Com-517 West Second street, regard to Peruna: "As a remedy for the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Q.



| catarrh I can cheerfully recommend Peruna. I know what it is to suffer from that terrible disease and I feel that it is my duty to speak a good word for the tonic that brought me immediate relief. Peruna cured me of disease."

Miss Mattle L. Guild, President Illi-nois Young People's Christian Temper-ance Union, in a recent letter from Chicago, Ill., says:

"I doubt if Perune has a rival is all the remedies recommended to-day for catarrh of the system. A remedy that will cure catarrh of the stomach will cure the same condition of the mucous membrane anywhere. I have found it the best remedy I have ever tried for catarrh, and believing it worthy my endorsement I gladly accord it."

Mrs. Elmer Fleming, orator of Res-ervoir Council, No. 168, Northwestern Legion of Honor, of Minneapolis, Minn., writes from 2535 Polk St., N. E.: "I have been

troubled all my life with catarrh in my head. I took Peruna for about three months, and now think I am permanently cured. I believe that for

catarrh in all Mrs. Elmer Fleming Minnespolis, Minn. its forms. Peruna is the medi-

cine of the age. It cures when all other remedies fail. I can heartily recommend Peruna as a catarrh remedy." The spring is the time to treat catarrh. Cold, wet winter weather often retards a cure of catarrh. If a course of Peruna is taken during the early spring months the cure will be prompt and permanent. There can be no failures if Peruna is taken intelligently during the favorable weather of spring. As a systemic catarrh remedy Peruna eradicates catarrh from the sys-tem wherever it may be located. It cures catarrh of the stomach or bowels with the same certainty as catarrh of the head.

If you do not derive prompt and satsfactory 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.

ada, the land of plen lilustrated pamphle

n. Department of Interior, Ottawa, 10 W. V. Bennett, 801 N. Y. Life

dared to make "Gertrude Warner" the story of a woman's life, a story of many strange phases, and of curious though incorrect, said the reviewers, insights into the workings of a young girl's mind. Westover was almost on the point of accepting the critic's dictum. He

A STROLLING SINGER.

(By Charlotte Becker.)

birds half mocked him overhead,

The shadows cooled his greenlit way.

"The earth was sweet with growing

The vintage promised full and fair; And one with eyes like larkspur buds, And garnered sunlight in her hair,

A glow, a welcome in her eyes. He sank, too tired, at her feet And smiled through wistful little sighs

'Dear love,' he said, 'I cannot live,

I shall not see the morrow's sun,

While yet my loving is not done.

'And weep no foolish tears for me, But when the vines with gold are

hung-Think, "Life was very good to him, For he had lived, and loved, and sump "'."

A Coincidence and a Recon-

sideration.

BY J. P. COUGHLIN.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

congratulate himself upon the success

of his new book. The public received

it with gratifying approval, and the

critics bestowed upon it well-tempered

commendation. Being a first-born,

however, the critics felt bound to pa-

tronize both it and its writer in their

customary paternal fashion, and while

lauding its other excellent qualities

they pointed out and dwelt upon the

un-realistic improbabilities of the

main incidents in which Mr. West-

That this should be so was only

natural: Mr. Westover was ridicu-

lously young to know anything of the

impenetrable feminine, and yet he had

over's heroine was centered.

Paul Westover had every reason to

-Ainslee's Magazine.

But I am fortunate to die

"Stood watching by the llex trees,

"He sang along the woodland paths

gay

sung.'

things,

had fancied that his portrayal of Gertrude Warner was well and clearly imagined, but after all what could he, a bachelor and impressionable, know of women. The reviewers must be right. Gertrude Warner was falsely drawn. But there was at least one person who did not think with the reviewers. The newly-fiedged author received in his mail from his publishers a long letter that was truly startling to his self possession. Its full length may not be given here but its gist is contained in a couple of paragraphs.

"You are evidently very intimately acquainted with the story of the darkand so callously. I would like to think that your story was purely a coincidence and evolved entirely from your own imagination, but the details up to ren. He tried to reason that this new the denouement, in every particular, are so carefully true to fact that I have no other course than to believe first book, and thus he tried to disthat some unworthy recipient of my confidence has in an idle moment betrayed my unhappy history. "Doubtless you will admit that I have at least the right of asking an explanation, the more especially, seeing that you have even given to your novel a title so like the name borne by her who asks it.

musically in upon his semi-absorption; "but there are some things in your book I would like to talk to you about. When all the world was warm and May I?"

Westover found himself in a quiet corner of the drawing room, anticipating a quarter of an hour's stern crossexamination at the hands of Miss Warren. Somehow the ordeal did not seem to be so terrible as it would have seemed two days previously.

Sitting in his armchair that night Paul Westover meditatively addressed the smoke-clouds from his cigar.

"She is wonderfully pretty-she has exquisitely sweet eyes and what a charming talker, even though we did talk only of the serious things of life. She is indeed an ideal heroine-in real life."

Westover pulled himself up abruptly and laughed a quick, nervous laugh. "Come, this won't do-contemplating such a thing already is making haste too quickly-but that's absurd. Why before I know it I'll be thinking of marriage. And marriage would be the ruin of a young writer. It would-" But then Westover repeated to himself all the familiar arguments against



"Yes, everything Mr. Westover has written."

matrimony until finally he went to bed convinced if not exactly pleased.

His encounter with Miss Germyn Warren, and the train of thought it prompted may have had something to do with Mr. Westover's departure for the west, but the literary journals announced his trip as taken for the purpose of acquiring local color for a new novel.

During the two years that followed Paul Westover's literary output served to increase considerably his growing reputation. He returned to New York and prepared to settle down comfortably to meet the demands made upon him by his publishers. The novel, to prepare which he left New York, was est passages in my life, but surely it a pronounced success, and though was unnecessary that the details his old friends, the critics, did not should be made public so faithfully appear to notice it, Paul himself was appear to notice it, Paul himself was conscious of a certain resemblance in type between his new heroine and his old, that is to say Miss Germyn Warheroine was simply but a development of the Gertrude Warner of his pel his lingering fears that he had drawn upon Miss Warren, his acThief Catchers as Thieves.

A Catholic priest at Kroze, a small town in Poland, was awakened at night by masked sobbers, who ordered him to produce the 1,200 roubles which he had to pay for the construction of a church. The priest pretended to be hunting in his desk for the money, but getting his hands on a revolver he turned suddenly and fired on the bandits, killing two and putting the rest to flight

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take LAXATIVE BRONG QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on the box. 25c.

Watches and rivers seldom run long without winding.

Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch con-tains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

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Ask your grocer for DEFIANCE STARCH, the only 16 oz. package for, 10 cents. All other 10-cent starch contains only 12 oz. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

New England Utopia.

Charles Francis Adams says that: Winchester, Mass., has "within its" limits more natural beauty and a higher average of civilization than any other place in that section of New England.

Try Grain-O! Try Grain-O! Ask your Grocer to day to show you a package of GRAIN-O, the new food drink that takes the place of coffee. The children may drink it without injury as well as the adult. All who try it, like it. GRAIN-O has that rich seal brown of Mocha or Java, but it is made from pure grains, and the most delicate stomach receives it without dis-tress. If the price of coffee. 15c and 25 cts. per package. Sold by all grocers.

No man is truly wise who denies that he ever made a fool of himself.

Garfield Tea, the medicine that purifies the blood and cleanses the system, brings good health to all who use it. It is made from herbs. Druggists sell it.

Success is the one crime some people refuse to forgive in their friends.

Are You Interested in the Northwest? Home and Garden, a 16-page illustrated monthly paper, tells all about the fine climate, fertile grain and fruit lands, timber, mines, fisheries, etc.,; of the wonderful Northwest, the richest undeveloped portion of North America. The regular price of the paper is 50c a year. If you will cut out and re-







Every day you clean the house you live in, to get rid of the dust and dirt. Your body, the house your soul lives in, also becomes filled up with all manner of filth, which should have been removed from day to day. Your body needs daily cleaning inside. If your bowels, your liver, your kidneys are full of putrid filth, and you don't clean them out, you'll be in bad odor with yourself and everybody else.

DON'T USE A HOSE to clean your body inside, but sweet, fragrant, mild but positive and forceful CASCARETS, that WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP, prepare all the filth collected in your body for removal, and drive it off softly, gently, but none the less surely, leaving your blood pure and nourishing, your stomach and bowels clean and lively, and your liver and kidneys healthy and active. Get a

treatment, and if not satisfied get your money back-but you'll see how the cleaning of your body is



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"GERMYN WARREN."

Westover finished the reading of this letter with a rue expression. He whistled softly to himself and looked blankly at the wall in an endeavor to collect his thoughts and adequately consider the situation presented to him. In a moment the humorous aspect of the affair dawned upon him and he laughed quizzically.

"One of the delights of novel-writing," he murmured aloud; "is to run across some hysterical woman who finds your book a mirror of her past.



A startling letter.

If I am expected to reply to all such my hands will be full. Yet what a splendid answer to the critics.

His better and more sympathetic nature, however, for as yet he was not experienced enough to be callous, asserted itself, and he penned a duly consolatory letter to Miss Germyn Warren.

A week later Paul Westover had an encounter that caused him considerable embarrassment. "Mr. Westover, our youngest nov-

elist, Miss Warren." The serenity and self-containedness of the frail pretty girl before him was in striking contrast to the blushing stammering awkwardness of the young author. The clear blue eyes, however, put him at his ease quickly and he found himself lost in amazement at how different the girl before him was from the morbid woman with a past he had pictured her.

of it-was very kind," her voice broke | then, is this M. Tennyson?"

quaintance of a single evening. Again in his career Mr. Paul Westover had an encounter which caused him to become as discomposed and nervous as he had been at his first meeting with the coincidental heroine of his first book.

It was at a literary reception.

"Permit me, Miss Warren, to introduce to you Mr. Paul Westover-you have, no doubt read his clever books." "Yes, everything Mr. Westover has written," said Germyn Warren, as she extended her hand to Faul, who stood bowing and blushing like a schoolboy. Then with a smile of gentle mischief playing around her lips as they were left alone she continued: And I cannot think that Mr. Westover has forgotten me since some of my friends would have it I am portrayed rather faithfully in your most recent novel and even in several of your magazine stories."

Westover was plainly surprised at this frank challenge, and for the second time in his life he found himself keenly observing the heroine of his fiction. He noticed the same clear, blue eyes and wondered at how closely he had remembered them all this time. He found himself on terms of old acquaintanceship with this magnetic little girl, for she was only a girl. For a moment until the presumption of the thing struck him he felt a tinge of regret being taken away from New York for so long. How that evening's reception passed he never knew. He had a very definite notion that he had spent by far the greater Miss Warren.

That night in the seculsion of his chambers, over his cigar, he came not unwillingly to the conclusion that after all:

"What is to be is to be, and it seems to me that the fates have ordained that I should create a heroine for myself. Either I am in love or am drifting relentlessly towards that happy state of mind. Of course marriage is the to-be-expected outcome of love, and for a young man struggling for fame and fortune a sympathetic wife is a great helper, a constant incentive-" and thus he proceeded to adapt his views to the altered state of his circumstances.

"Who Is This Tennyson?"

When Tennyson was nearing 60 years of age, and his fame might fairly be assumed to be world-wide, Edward Moxon, the publisher, decided to approach Gustave Dore and commission him to illustrate the "Idylls of the King." After Dore had consid-"Your letter-I suppose I may speak | ered the proposals, he asked: "Who,

turn this ad., state name of paper in which it appears, and enclose 10c in silver. Home and Garden will be sent you, postage paid, for one year. Address Home and Garden, Newspaper. Row, St. Paul, Minn.

