

THE SALESWOMAN

Compelled to Be on Her Feet the Larger Part of the Day Finds a Tonic in Pe-ru-na.

Miss Curtin, of St. Paul, Gives Her Experience.



Miss Nellie Curtin.

MISS NELLIE CURTIN, 646 Pearl street, St. Paul, Minn., head saleswoman in a department store writes:

"I have charge of a department in a dry goods store, and after standing the larger part of the day, I would go home with a dull ache generally through my entire body. I used Pe-ru-na and feel so much better that I walk to and from the store now. I know Pe-ru-na to be the best medicine on the market for the diseases peculiar to women."—Miss Nellie Curtin.

Nothing is so weakening to the human system as the constant loss of mucus. Catarrhal inflammation of the mucus membrane produces an excessive formation of mucus. Whether the mucus mem-

brane be located in the head or pelvic organs, the discharge of mucus is sure to occur. This discharge of mucus constitutes a weakening drain; the system cannot long withstand the loss of mucus, hence it is that women afflicted with catarrhal affections of the pelvic organs feel tired and languid, with weak back and throbbing brain. A course of Pe-ru-na is sure to restore health by cutting off the weakening drain of the daily loss of mucus.

An Admirable Tonic. Congressman Mark H. Dunnell, National Hotel, Washington, D. C., writes:

"Your Pe-ru-na being used by myself and many of my friends and acquaintances not only as a cure for catarrh but also as an admirable tonic for physical recuperation, I gladly recommend it to all persons requiring such remedies."—Mark H. Dunnell. "If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, 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, Ohio.

Won the Poet's Heart.

Passengers who go downtown on the Sixth avenue elevated train at a certain time every morning have long noticed the mutual animosity of Mr. Dolby and the man with prominent blue eyes and bushy red hair. Somehow those two always happen to find neighboring seats, and the way they used to exchange belligerent glances and sharp remarks prepared onlookers for a real battle at any stage of the game. Last week, however, the enemies appeared to fly a flag of truce. For the first time during their acquaintance they approached each other in a Christian manner. The passengers were mystified, and as they developed spirit of brotherly love, it seems the duty of those who know to volunteer a brief explanation.

In the first place, Mr. Dolby's personality must be considered. He is a poet. As he is fortunate enough to get a few of his lyrics published he also reads them. When in a jocular mood he says he does this because if he doesn't read the stuff nobody else will. One morning Mr. Dolby left his boarding house in a dispirited mood. A poem of his had appeared in a morning paper and had afforded much breakfast table comment of a caustic nature. Mr. Dolby was still wrestling with the barbs thus lodged in his sensitive bosom when he entered the train and sat down beside the red-headed

man. The red-headed man was aggressive. He gouged Dolby's side with his elbow. Dolby gouged back.

What the red-headed man said then was not intended for publication. The two men glared at each other for a few minutes, then subsided without coming to blows. The red-headed man opened his paper. Presently Dolby was astonished to hear the other fellow laugh. He laughed out loud. Dolby turned and looked at him.

The man laughed again. That time Dolby looked at the paper, and as he looked he gasped, for what he saw was the red-headed man deliberately cutting a short poem from the paper. Then he began to read it again, with an appreciative chuckle.

"Good Lord!" said Dolby. He clasped the red-headed man's hand.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I want to apologize. I have been a brute, a bear, a barbarian. Will you forgive me?"

"I don't know," said the red-headed man. "Why do you want me to?"

"Because you are one of the best fellows going. I—I wrote that—that little poem you just cut out. I want to shake hands and make up."

The red-headed man was not resentful. Having a proper awe for genius, he admired Dolby as much as Dolby admired him, and nowadays they are real cronies.—New York Press.

Man and the Hereafter.

Any one who has followed the course of practical religious thought during the last few years cannot have failed to recognize the gradual lessening of emphasis upon the resurrection both of Jesus and of men. Even hymns that speak about heaven are reserved for funerals. There has grown up a habit of treating all matters pertaining to life after death by way of allusion. We are told that the resurrection is present in the higher life, the moral uplift in human hearts. That is why we have trouble in our preaching. That is why we have preferred to turn our ministers into entertainers rather than to keep them prophets and priests. That is why men do not listen to ethical preachers unless they are "interesting." A morality that hesitates to speak of heaven and hell is a very delicate, hectic mother of saints. You cannot get a man to be good on general principles. He wants to know something definite as to the outcome of his career. For practical purposes if there is no hell we must invent one; if there is no heaven we must invent that, too.

You tell us, you writers of beautiful sentences printed on thick, cream-col-

ored paper and bound in beautiful covers, you tell us that we should sacrifice for the benefit of the people. But why? Why should not they sacrifice for us? Is it not just as much their duty to be altruistic as it is ours? You urge us to lay down our lives for the benefit of the race and for human solidarity, and tell us soul-thrilling stories borrowed from Victor Hugo. But why? Why should we sacrifice ourselves for posterity? If neither we nor they have anything more than a life here, why should we be so keen upon preserving a race of bipedal animals who wear clothes? Existence before birth and death does not seem to most of us sufficiently attractive to warrant maintaining it at all costs. And it is very difficult to discover the basis of morality in a stock farm. Convince us that the story of the gospel is true, and that death does not close the book for us and ours, and you convince us that life has its great values in the newer stage for development into which men are going. Then we have something definite to think about, some hope worth acting upon, some motive that will lead to sacrifice. That sort of gospel will not be impotent.—Christendom.

The Heart's First Love.

In the utmost beginning of things—in that time when roosters were very large, and geese were fierce, and only mother could overt the thousand perils, heal the thousand wounds—existed a mythical partner established in family annals as "Your Little Sweetheart."

"Annie?" Don't you remember Annie? Why, she was your little sweetheart. You used to play together day in and day out. It was so cute to see you.

But, no. You may catch here a bit of blue ribbon, there an echo of a laugh, yet, try as you will, you may not recall her. Evidently when your little sweetheart Annie was put away along with dresses and curls she was put away so far that she was lost forever.

What space of months, or of years, elapses you cannot tell. Nevertheless, suddenly you do witness yourself, still of age most immature (you recollect

that somewhere in this period you were miserably spelled down on "fish"), laying votive offerings upon the desk of your first love, a girl with brown eyes and rounded, rosy cheeks.

These offerings are in the shape of bright pearl buttons and carnelian pebbles. The transfer requires much breathless daring. Down the aisle of the schoolroom you march, your gift tightly clutched in your hand, which swings carelessly by your side. Past her seat you scuttle, and, without a single glance, you leave the treasure upon the oaken top, beneath her eyes. Away your hurry, affrighted, ashamed, apprehensive, but hopeful. Presently, blushing, from your seat you steal a look across at her. She smiles roguishly. The offering is gone. It is accepted; for she holds it up that you may see. And you grin back as red as a beet, while your heart, exultant, goes thumpity, thumpity, thumpity.—Century.

Bear's Fight for Life.

A desperate fight to the death took place at Notre Dame du Lans, near White Fish Lake, between two men and an enormous black bear. Olivier Pelletier and his son, employes of MacLaren & Co., lumbermen, were putting some logs into the lake when they saw the bear about to plunge into the water.

Pelletier sprang for his rifle, which was near at hand. Seeing him, the bear turned and started to run away. A bullet in the shoulder caused him to halt a moment. A second shot, which took effect near the breast, brought bruin to the ground. Half an hour later, having finished their work, the men lighted their pipes and sat down. Presently the elder got up, and, taking an axe, went to make sure that the bear was dead, for he said he could see a slight twitching of the limbs. He went over and placed a hand on bru-

in's haunch. With that the beast sprang up enraged, struck the axe from the man's hands, and attacked him viciously.

Bruin's roars startled the son, who looked up and saw the beast with open mouth closing in upon his father. Before he had reached the spot the man and beast had engaged in a death grip. The man's hand was in the bear's mouth, clutching its tongue, while the bear was lacerating his arms and legs frightfully. Just as the son arrived the man fell, but still kept his hand well thrust into bruin's mouth. A moment later and doubtless the bear would have freed itself and killed the man, but the son, with a woodman's dexterity, raised the fallen axe and struck the bear such a blow on the head that it rolled over dead. Bears are said to be unusually numerous in the backwoods this year.—Toronto (Ontario) Globe.

work on an intricate landscape, was the duke.

"Bah Jove," he ejaculated suddenly, "do you know, Miss Millyuns, I'm wrapped up in you and—"

"Huh!" interrupted the wealthy maiden with Yankee sarcasm. "I don't see why you should be wrapped up; I haven't bought you yet."

The duke sat dumfounded, wondering what there was in her remark to cause a smile to break out over his sweet visage.

Langley, Airship Man. Prof. Samuel Pierpont Langley, whose impending experiments with an airship near Washington are attracting considerable attention, is, officially, the secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. He is widely respected as a physicist and an astronomer. For many years he has been experimenting with various principles in air navigation, much of his work being in co-operation with Dr. Alexander Graham Bell. Prof. Langley was born in Boston in 1834, was educated in Cambridge and Oxford. He has written several works on astronomy, dynamics and aerodynamics.

GREATLY REDUCED RATES Via WABASH RAILROAD.

Home Visitors' Excursion to points in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, sold Sept. 1st, 8th, 15th and Oct. 6th, at very low rate, long limit returning. Little Rock, Ark., and return sold Oct. 2nd, 3rd and 4th.

HALF FARE Baltimore, Md., and return sold Sept. 17th, 18th and 19th.

Home-seekers' Excursion to many points South and Southeast, one way and round trip tickets sold the first and third Tuesdays of each month.

The Wabash is the only line passing the World's Fair Grounds, giving all a view of the buildings and grounds. Through connections. No bus transfer this route. Elegant equipment consisting of sleepers, FREE reclining chair cars and high back coaches, on all trains.

Ask your agent to route you via the Wabash. For rates, folders and all information, call at Wabash City office, 1601 Farnam street or address HARRY E. MOORES, Genl. Agt. Pass. Dept., Omaha, Neb.

Chauncey's Uncle Made 'Em. Anything to rivet the attention of the passer-by seems to be the New York merchants' motto. In a shoe store window in upper Broadway is a pair of very old, much worn shoes, above which is a placard reading: "This pair of shoes was sold in 1860 in Peekskill by Senator Chauncey Depew's uncle."

When Your Grocer Says he does not have Defiance Starch, you may be sure he is afraid to keep it until his stock of 12 oz. packages are sold. Defiance Starch is not only better than any other Cold Water Starch, but contains 16 oz. to the package and sells for same money as 12 oz. brands.

Some men don't know how much they are worth; most don't know how little.

Don't cry over spilled milk; there's enough water wasted as it is.

RED CROSS BALL BLUE Should be in every home. Ask your grocer for it. Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Japan's Slow Workmen. All mills in Japan run day and night, the change of hands being made at noon and midnight. In one mill at Osaka 26,000 workers are under 15 years of age and operate only 3,700 spindles. In this country 300 persons operate that number. In the Lowell mill of 4,000 looms and 122,000 spindles there are 700 male and 1,500 female operators. In Japan it would require 12,000 persons to do this work. The wages, however, in Japan are 15 cents per day for a man and 9½ cents for a woman.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption as an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN F. BOWEN, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 18, 1904.

A Paris School for Dogs. It seems probable that before long the dogs as well as the daughters of rich and fashionable folk will be sent to Paris to finish their education. A school for dogs has been established there. Many society women already employ a maid or a man as a dog attendant, whose duty it is to train and to accompany their pampered pets. But it is now possible to send them to a school where they can be taught to bark properly, to bow in greeting and farewell, to pick up a "fan dropped by the mistress and present it to her gracefully, and to walk with proud and prancing steps.

A New Headlight. A recent improvement in railroad locomotive headlamps is to send a beam of light vertically from the locomotive, as well as straight ahead. The column of light, rising vertically from the locomotive, can be seen from a great distance, even though a hill should intervene to hide the ordinary headlight and dull the sound of the whistle. The searchlight effect used abroad ships is thus to some extent utilized. An approaching locomotive with this device always signals its coming with a "pillar of fire" by night, producing an impressive as well as useful result.

A German Farmer's Case. Rich Fountain, Mo., Aug. 17th.—Rev. Joseph Pope of this place is a widely and favorably known as a clergyman who has done and is doing much for his people. He is very much beloved by everyone for the faithfulness of his pastoral work.

Rev. Mr. Pope has given for publication a statement made to him by a German farmer who is a member of his congregation. The man's name is George Hoellerer, and he has given Rev. Mr. Pope this letter: "Last winter I suffered very much with Rheumatism. I could neither walk nor ride on horseback nor do any farm work. "I took medicine from different doctors but they did not do me any good. Then I tried Dodd's Kidney Pills procured for me by a good friend. After I had taken the first box I felt already a heap better; I was relieved of the pain and could walk and chop wood; and the contraction of my fingers began to resolve. "Now since I have taken six more boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills I feel well again and am able to do all the work on the farm."

In a race between a man's will and a woman's won't the latter invariably wins.

More "Spoonerisms." Some more of Rev. William Archibald Spooner's transpositions are printed in M. A. P. Among them are these: "There came up grasshoppers and caterpillars innumerable," "showering leopard" for "showing shepherd," "and now I see through a dark glass," "I must return to Oxford by the town drain" (down train), "I stopped for a few minutes to boil my ticycle" (oil my bicycle).

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures whooping cough, 25c a bottle.

Give a man or woman plenty of wine and a little time and you can write their biography while you wait.

When you ride on a self-acting trolley it is sometimes hard to control the brakes.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Joe Chamberlain's Flowers. Joseph Chamberlain was showing a lady over his conservatories at Highbury. His guest remarked: "One need not ask you, Mr. Chamberlain, whether you are fond of flowers," to which the English statesman made this characteristic reply: "Oh, I don't know that I am particularly fond of them, but when I started growing them I made up my mind that no one should have better flowers than I."

Insist on Getting It. Some grocers say they don't keep Defiance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. Defiance Starch for the same money.

A father may disinheret his children, but he cannot disinherit the lawyers.

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BETTER THAN GOLD for the teeth. It prevents decay. It hardens the gums and purifies the breath and mouth.

SAVES YOUR TEETH

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER STRAIGHT 5 CIGAR ANNUAL SALE OVER 5,600,000 Your jobber or direct from Factory, Peoria, Ill.

The eyes of horses and cattle, equally with the eyes of man, are cured by

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which was favorably known in this region as far back as 1849. You may place great confidence in this remedy. CURES ALL EYE AFFECTIONS.

SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Slickers and Oiled Clothing

Keep Out the Wet. Warranted water proof and built to wear. All styles for all occupations. Look for trade-mark. If your dealer does not have them, send for catalogue to H. M. SAWYER & SON, Sole Mfrs., East Cambridge, Mass.

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To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Tissue Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are using Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ills, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleansing vaginal douche, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whitening the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do. Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box. Satisfaction guaranteed. THE R. PAXTINE CO., Boston, Mass. 314 Columbus Ave.

If you want to know all about North Dakota and where to buy good land cheap, write for our descriptive folder and map, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash and to remove tartar and whitening the teeth. Send today; a postal card will do.

WHITNEY & WHEELOCK, 23 Broadway, Fargo, N. D.

2,240 ACRE RED RIVER VALLEY NORTH DAKOTA FARM. Four miles from main line of Northern Pacific. All under cultivation but 300 acres. 210 acres fenced. Ravine runs through pasture. Rich black loam soil over clay subsoil. Excellent water. Cost \$3,000. Other buildings fair. Artesian well. Reason for selling, made enough money out of this farm to last the rest of natural life. For more particulars, send money easy. F. E. LINCOLN, FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA.

The Keeley Cure Cor. 19th and Leavenworth Sts. OMAHA, NEB.

The only positive cure for Drunkenness, Drug-Using and the Tobacco Habit. Correspondence strictly confidential.

WM. E. BURNS, Manager.

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W. N. U., Omaha. No. 34—1903.

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The Latest Scientific Discovery. Bright, sparkling, beautiful. For brilliancy they equal the genuine, standing all test and puzzle experts. One treatment the stones. Sent free with pre-lease examination. For particulars, prices, etc., address The R. Gregg Mfg. & Imp. Co., 271-273 Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.

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