



MISS GENEVIEVE MAY

Catarrh of Stomach Cured by Pe-ru-na

Miss Genevieve May, 1317 S. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind., Member Second High School Alumni Ass'n., writes: "Peruna is the finest regulator of a disordered stomach I have ever found. It certainly deserves high praise, for it is skillfully prepared. "I was in a terrible condition from a neglected case of catarrh of the stomach. My food had long ceased to be of any good and only distressed me after eating. I was nauseated, had heartburn and headaches, and felt run down completely. But in two weeks after I took Peruna I was a changed person. A few bottles of the medicine made a great change, and in three months my stomach was cleared of catarrh, and my entire system in a better condition." Write Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio, for free medical advice. All correspondence held strictly confidential.

MILLIONS USE CUTICURA SOAP



THE WORLD'S FAVORITE

For Preserving, Purifying and Beautifying the Skin, Scalp, Hair, and Hands.

Cuticura Soap combines delicate medicinal and emollient properties derived from Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients and the most refreshing of flower odors. For Soap in one at one price—name of a Medicinal and Toilet Soap for Men, Women, and Children. Cuticura Soap Co., Boston, Mass.

SICK HEADACHE

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

When writing to advertisers it will be to your interest to say that you saw their ad in this paper.

PISO'S CURE FOR BUBES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Throat Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

CONSUMPTION

THE MASTER OF APPEAL

By Francis Lynde.

XV. IN WHICH A HATCHMET SINGS A MAN TO SLEEP.

In such a coil as this I'd looped about me there was nothing for it, as it seemed, but to draw the steel and die as a soldier should. So I broke cover on the forest side of the holly thicket with a yell as fierce as theirs, and picked a tree to set my back against, and ran for it. I never reached the tree. In mid career, when all the Cherokee wolf pack was bursting through the holly tangle at my heels, two men, a white man and an Indian, ran in ahead, as I supposed to cut me off. Just then the dry roof of the hunting lodge roared aflame, reddening the forest far and near. The light was at my back and on the faces of the two who ran to meet me. A great sob swelled in my throat and choked me, but I ran the faster. For these were my dear and friendly Catawba, charging gallantly to cover my retreat.

It was a ready help in time of need. They ran in bravely, the chief ahead, twirling his tomahawk for the throw, with Dick a pace to right and rear, his two great pistols brandished and the grand sire of all the broadswords dangling by a thong at his wrist. "Follow the chief!" he shouted in passing; and at the word the Catawba stopped short, sent his hatchet whistling into the vapping packing, and swung round to run a wide and point the way for me. Left to myself, I hope I should have had the grace to stand with Jennifer. But at the turning point of indecision the quick-witted Indian read my thought, and catching the sword from my hand, gave me no choice but to follow him. So I ran with him; but as I fled I looked behind and saw a sight to put the ancient hero tales to the blush. One man against two-score my brave Dick stood, while down the underwood the mounted soldier came to make the odds still greater. He never flinched for all the hurrying missiles sent on ahead to cut him down, nor gave a glance aside to where the horsemen were deploying to surround him. As I looked, the two great pistols came to the very faces of the nearest Cherokee; and in the momentary check the frearms made, the basket-hilted claymore went to work, rising and falling like a weaver's beam.

I saw no more; but some heart-burting minutes later when Jennifer came racing on behind to share the flight his heroic stand had made a possibility, the swelling sob choked me once again; and when I thought of what this his rescue of me meant to him, I could have snubbed like a boy.

But there was little time or space to give remorse an inning. The Cherokees, checked but for the moment, were storming hotly at our heels. And as we ran I heard the shouted command of Falconnet to his mounted men: "A rescue! Right oblique, and herd them in the road! Gallop, you devils!" We ran in Indian file, I at the chief's heels and Jennifer at mine. I followed the Catawba blindly, and being as yet little better than half a man in breath and muscle, was well-nigh spent. We crashed down through a tangled briar thicket into the river road.

We were in time, but with no fraction of a minute to spare. We could hear the pad-pad-pad of the light-footed runners close upon us following now by the noise we made; and on our left the air was trembling to the thunder of the mounted men coming at a break-neck gallop down the road. "Thank God!" says Richard, with a quick exsplot to right and left in the lesser gloom of the open. "I was afraid even the chief might miss the place in the dark. Down the bank to the river—quick, man, and cautious! If they smell us now, we're no better than buzzards!" And when we reached the water's edge: "You taught me how to paddle a pirogue, Jack; I hope you haven't lost the knack of it yourself."

"No," said I; and the three of us slid the hollowed log into the stream. We were about in shortest order, holding the canoe against the current by clinging to the over hanging trees that fringed the bank; yet with paddles poised for a second dash for freedom should the need arise, should have dipped forthwith and saved the precious minute, but Jennifer stayed me.

"Hut!" he whispered. "Hold steady and listen. They cannot see us from above; mayhap we've thrown them off the scent."

I thought it most unlikely; but his guess was right and mine was wrong. Not one of these savages could lift a trail in daylight, following it at top speed like a trained bloodhound, yet now the darkness baffled them.

So there was some running to and fro in the road above our heads, by then the troopers galloped down. Followed hastily a labored cantab through the lingoletier, broken in the midst by a fury of hot oaths from Falconnet; and then the chase swept on toward the plantations, and we were left to make their losing of us sure by whatsoever means we chose.

We paddled slowly up stream in silence, keeping well within the blacker shadow of the tree fringe. When we came opposite the glowing ruins of the hunting lodge, Jennifer backed upon his paddle. "You'll go ashore?" said he. "I said I would, adding: "They have slaughtered poor old Darius, and I am loath to leave his bones for the buzzards to pick." He made no comment other than to swear in sympathy. When the pirogue grounded, the Indian was out like a cat, to vanish phantom-wise among the trees. I followed in some clumsy fashion, leaving Jennifer to keep the canoe; but half way up the hill he joined me, and would not turn back for all my urging. "No; hang me if I'll let you out of eye-grip again," was all he would say; and so we went together, and were together at the seeing of what the glowing ember-head would show us.

her when I give the word! Here he comes!" Down the sloping hillside, looking in the red glow of the ember heap, more like a flying demon than a man, came the Catawba, one hand gripping the scapular knife, the other flung aloft to flaunt his terrible trophies in sight of his pursuers. They were so close upon him that waiting promised death for all of us; so Jennifer dipped again to send the canoe a broad jump from the bank. "Ready!" he cried. "He'll take the water like a fish, and we can pick him up afterward—Now!" I heard the clean-cut dive of the Indian, and struck the paddle deep to balance Jennifer's stroke. But as I meant to put my back into it, some flying missile caught me fair behind the ear, and but for Jennifer's quick wit I should have swamped the crazy whallop. In a flash he jerked me flat between his knees and the pirogue with a mighty thrust beyond that some fire light.

At that, though all the sense was beaten out of me, I was alive enough to hear the savage yells of disappointed rage behind us; these and the spitting crackle of Jennifer's strokes. But after that in the darkness, but after that in the darkness, the rhythmic dip and drip of Jennifer's paddle, faded on the sense of hearing till, as it would seem, this gentle monody of dipping blade and tinkling drops became a lulling lullaby to blot out all the years that lay between us, and make me once again a little child sinking asleep in my young mother's arms.

XVI. HOW JENNIFER THREW A MAIN WITH DEATH.

'Tis a sure mark of healthful sleep that it never makes account of time. No odds how long the night is, but a moment from the lapse of consciousness to its recovery in the morning. But this deep sleep that crept upon me as I lay in the pirogue, listening to the tinkling drip from Jennifer's paddle, was not of healthful origins; and when I came awake from it there was a sense of troubled vista of vague and broken dreams to measure off the longest night I could ever remember.

The place of this awakening was a burrow in the earth. My bed of bearskins over fragrant pine tufts was spread upon long logs and by the dim light of a handful of fires I could see the earth walls of the burrow, which were worn smooth as if the place had been the well-used den of some wild creature. But overhead there was the mark of human occupancy, the earth-arch way sooted and blackened with the reek of many fires.

When I stirred there was another stir beyond the handful of fire, and Jennifer came to kneel beside me, taking my hand and chafing it as a tender-hearted woman might, and asking if I knew him. "Know you? Why should I not?" I said, wondering why the words took so many breaths between.

"O Jack!" was all I had in answer; but when he had found a tongue to babble out his joy, I learned the why and wherefore. Once more grim death had reached for me, by long and by the dim light of a hawk that set me dreaming of my mother's lap and lullaby. For a week I had lain here upon the bed of pine tufts, poised upon the brink of the death pit with only my dear lad to hold and draw me back.

"A week!" queried he, when he had named the interval. "And you have been here all the time?" "I've never left you, save to forage for the pot," he admitted. "I dared not leave you, Jack."

"But where are we?" I would ask. "In a den on the river's edge, a mile or more above your shackled cabin. 'Tis some dodge-hole hollowed out by the Catawbas long ago and shared since by them and the bears, judging from the stinking reek of it. Uncanoola steered me hither the night of the raid." "Then the chief came off safely?" I said, falling into a dumb and impotent rage that the saying of two words should scant me so of strength to say a third. "Right as a trivet—scalps and all," laughed Jennifer. "He'll be the envy of every warrior in the tribe when he vaunts himself as the Catawba's council fire." "Let it rest a while at that, casting about for words to shape a hungrier question. "Have you no news?" I asked, at length. "Little of none," he answered shortly. "But you have had some word—some news—some Applay Hundred?" I stammered feebly.

Now, this witless speech was no better than a whip to flog him on. "What things?" he questioned, promptly. "Oh, many things. She spoke often of you."

"What did she say of me, Jack? Tell me what she said," he begged. "It can make no difference now; she is less than nothing to me—nay, 'tis even worse than that, since she would play Dillah if she could. But oh, Jack, I love her—I should love her if I stood on the gallows and she stood by to spring the drop and turn me off."

Truly, if the lash of remorse had lacked its keenest thong, this passionate outburst of his would have added it. None the less, I must needs be weaker than water and fall back another step and put him off.

"Another time, Richard. I am strangely unnerved and dizzy-headed now. By and by, when I am stronger, I will tell you all."

Taking a reproach where none was meant, he sprang up with a self-aimed malice upon his face, and for me, stirring the fire alive and brewed me a most delicious smelling cup of broth. And afterward, when I had drunk the broth with some small beckonings of returning appetite, he spread his coat to screen me from the fire light and would have driven me to sleep again.

"At my rate, you shall not talk," he promised. "If you are wakeful I will talk to you and tell you what little I have gleaned about the fighting."

His news was chiefly a later repetition of Father Matthew's and Captain Abram Forney's; but there was this to add: the congress had appointed the Englishman, Horatio Gates, chief of the army in the south, and this new leader was on his way to take command.

De Kalb, with the Maryland and Delaware lines and Colonel Armand's legion, was encamped on Deep River, waiting for the arrival of General Greene and Griffith Rutherford, with the militia, were already pressing forward to some handgrips with my Lord Cornwallis in the south.

Neater at hand, the partisan war-fire flamed afresh wherever a Tory company met a patriot, and there were wicked doings more like savage massacres than fair-fought battles of the soldier sort. When he had made an end of his small war budget, I set him on to tell me how he came to be at hand to help me so in the nick of time on the night of the cabin sack.

DOES MAN NEED MEAT?

Use or Usefulness of Beef Diet a Debatable Question.

New York Herald: The food question is one that has appealed to mankind from the time good mother Eve tried her dangerous experiment with the forbidden apple. Hers was the first assertion of appetite which craved for the variety of diet which her numerous and equally venturesome descendants had strenuously maintained in the real spice of life. Every since the primitive man ate what he could get until the present, when his civilized brother gets all he can eat and looks for new viands to conquer, the cultivated instinct of selection has been an evolutionary and progressive one, contributing to the "general gayety of nations." We have perhaps gone to the extreme of indulgence, like spoiled children, but the habit is a little too firmly seated in the saddle to be bucked unceremoniously in midair by some new and fanciful theory of jerking the curb rein.

The scientists tell us we consume too much food, and they are right, so far as they go; but we listen and smile and eat on, in spite of their chemical formulae, their test tube methods and their quantitative analyses of relative food values. So, perhaps, it will always be, as long as man, the willful arbiter of his own destinies, insists upon living to eat rather than eating to live.

The real trouble, however with all projected reforms in feeding has been their lack of practical application to actual needs. There is apparently no middle ground for the discussion of general principles of compromise between the actual gourmand and the earnest and abstemious crank. Theories are arbitrary on one side and facts are equally stubborn on the other.

When the army squad has been fed for weeks on the accurately estimated food equivalent of certain approved viands, the victims craved an ordinary indulgence in plain old-fashioned corn beef and cabbage. The limit had been reached, and simple nature made her own cry in her own way. It was apparently assumed by high standing and healthy hunger against mathematical estimates of abstract nutrient forces.

These manifestations of natural craving are, after all, our real safeguards against the purely scientific methods such as have been applied to the "poison borders" and the "army squad." We may interpret natural laws, but science with all its learning and skill, cannot alter them.

In the face of such a conviction we are now assured by high standing authority that meat is virtually useless for any of the nutrient purposes so long claimed for it. How much more our bill of fare is to be trimmed to suit the newer notions of the day is somewhat doubtful to imagine.

Aside from the pure theory of the matter, we may in the end be forced to believe that man was never made for a mixed diet; that his stomach and complicated intestinal apparatus are merely an accidental survival of useless organs, of which the insignificant and troublesome appendix is the type. Experience, however, against which there is never much of an argument, must prove its value against the mere logic of arbitrary rules. The hungry man with a juicy steak before him will continue his hurtful habit of loading his stomach with unnecessary fodder in spite of all theories to the contrary.

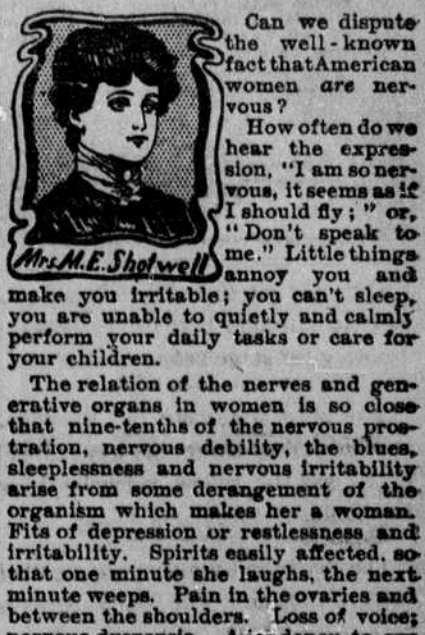
His instinctive need for just such nourishment as he has learned to crave, and his questions. He will not care how much more he can lift, how much faster he can run, or how much more fatigue he can endure, but will simply satisfy his want for the time.

And, in spite of crank notions to the contrary, is not this the proper and rational way of solving the law of demand and supply upon which our very being is based? The craving for certain varieties of food is as constant as its gratification is imperative. Each tissue makes its own demands in its own way and signals appetite to select and nutrition to apportion the multiple supplies for bone, muscle and blood. Nutrition, energy and heat are mere abstract terms in themselves, and their proper interpretation can never be safely entrusted to laboratory tests or chemical formulae. Therefore, let us not be in too great a hurry to adopt new views that are neither sound, rational nor practical. In spite of the manifesto we are led to believe that the average man will still take to his beef whenever he needs it and can get it—and pray, why not?

Nervous Women

Their Sufferings Are Usually Due to Uterine Disorders Perhaps Unsuspected

A MEDICINE THAT CURES



Can we dispute the well-known fact that American women are nervous? How often do we hear the expression, "I am so nervous, it seems as if I should fly," or "I don't speak to me." Little things annoy you and make you irritable; you can't sleep, you are unable to quietly and calmly perform your daily tasks or care for your children.

The relation of the nerves and generative organs in women is so close that nine-tenths of the nervous prostration, nervous debility, the blues, sleeplessness and nervous irritability arise from some derangement of the organism which makes her a woman. Fits of depression or restlessness and irritability. Spirits easily affected, so that one minute she laughs, the next minute weeps. Pain in the ovaries and between the shoulders. Loss of voice; nervous dyspepsia. A tendency to cry at the least provocation. All this points to nervous prostration.

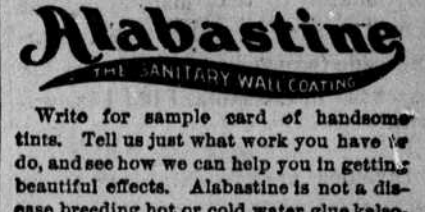
Nothing will relieve this distressing condition and prevent months of prostration and suffering so surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. M. E. Shotwell, of 103 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "I cannot express the wonderful relief I have experienced by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I suffered for a long time with nervous prostration, backache, headache, loss of appetite. I could not sleep and would walk the floor almost every night. "I had three doctors and got no better, and life was a burden. I was advised to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and it did me wonders for me. "I am a well woman, my nervousness is all gone and my friends say I look ten years younger."

Will not the volumes of letters from women made strong by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound convince all women of its virtues? Surely you cannot wish to remain sick and weak and discouraged, exhausted each day, when you can be as easily cured as other women.

We Can Help You

In getting beautiful and harmonious tints on your walls with



Write for sample card of handsome tints. Tell us just what work you have to do, and see how we can help you in getting beautiful effects. Alabastine is not a disease breeding hot or cold water glass kalsomine, not a covering stuck on with paste like wall paper, but a natural cement rock base coating. Anyone can apply it. Mix with cold water. Alabastine does not rub or scale. Destroys disease germs and vermin. No washing of walls after once applied. Buy only in packages properly labeled. "Hints on Decorating" and pretty wall and ceiling design free.

ALABASTINE CO.,
Grand Rapids, Mich. New York City.

Agents Wanted—To sell useful article. Meets ready sale everywhere. \$2.00 to \$5.00 per day easily earned. Send 25c for sample outfit and particulars. Address: Northwestern Supply Co., Box 6, Minneapolis, Minn.

SIoux CITY P'T'G CO., 1,092-26, 1908.

Sale Ten Million Boxes a Year.

THE FAMILY'S FAVORITE MEDICINE

Caracare

CANDY CATHARTIC

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

Truths that Strike Home

Your grocer is honest and—if he cares to do so—can tell you that he knows very little about the bulk coffee he sells you. How can he know, where it originally came from, how it was blended—or with what—or when roasted? If you buy your coffee loose by the pound, how can you expect purity and uniform quality?

LION COFFEE, the LEADER OF ALL PACKAGE COFFEES, is of necessity uniform in quality, strength and flavor. For OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY, LION COFFEE has been the standard coffee in millions of homes.

LION COFFEE is carefully packed at our factories, and until opened in your home, has no chance of being adulterated, or of coming in contact with dust, dirt, germs, or unclean hands.

In each package of **LION COFFEE** you get one full pound of Pure Coffee. Insist upon getting the genuine. (Lion head on every package.)

(Save the Lion-heads for valuable premiums.)

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

WOOLSON SPICE CO., Toledo, Ohio.