

# Is it a Catarrh Remedy, or a Tonic, or is it Both?

Some people call Peruna a great tonic. Others refer to Peruna as a great catarrh remedy.

Which of these people are right? Is it more proper to call Peruna a catarrh remedy than to call it a tonic?

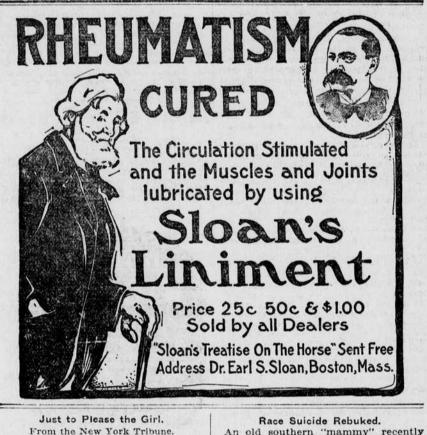
Our reply is, that Peruna is both a tonic and a catarrh remedy. Indeed, there can be no effectual catarrh remedy that is not also a tonic.

In order to thoroughly relieve any case of catarrh, a remedy must not only have a specific action on the mucous membranes affected by the catarrh, but it must have a general tonic action on the nervous system.

Catarrh, even in persons who are otherwise strong, is a weakened condition of some mucous membrane. There must be something to strengthen the circulation, to give tone to the arteries, and raise the vital forces.

Perhaps no vegetable remedy in the world has attracted so much attention, from medical writers as HYDRASTIS CANADENSIS. The wonderful efficacy of this herb has been recognized many years, and is growing in its hold upon the medical profession. When joined with CUBEBS and COPAIBA a trio of medical agents is formed in Peruna which constitutes a specific remedy for catarrh that in the present state of medical progress cannot be improved upon. This action reinforced by such renowned tonics as COLLINSONIA CANADENSIS, CORYDALIS FORMOSA and CEDRON SEED, ought to make this compound an ideal remedy for catarrh in all its stages and locations in the body.

From a theoretical standpoint, therefore, Peruna is beyond criticism. The use of Peruna, confirms this opinion. Numberless testimonials from every quarter of the earth furnish ample evidence that this judgment is not over enthusiastic. When practical experience confirms a well-grounded theory the result is a truth that cannot be shaken.



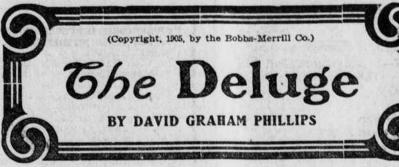
girl. "Oh, do stay," said the woman. "We will kill the children!"

Safe, Sure and Speedy. No external remedy ever yet devised has so fully and unquestionably met these three prime conditions as successfully as Allcock's Plasters. They are safe because Allcock's Plasters. They are safe because they contain no deleterious drugs and are manufactured upon scientific principles of medicine. They are sure because nothing goes into them except ingredients which

From the New York Tribune. A young woman called at a house where a maid was wanted. She asked the mis-tress of the house if they had any chil-dren, to which she replied that they had five. "Then I can't work for you," said the tress of the noise if they had any chil-if they had any chil-tress of the house if they had any chil-tress of the noise if t

tan evening she was entertained by the young people with riddles. "And now, mammy," said one of the little ones, "it's your turn." Mammy was not to be outdone. "Chile," she said to her interlocutor, "I'se got er riddle. I'm er twin an' I'se got eight sisters, no brudders, an' we was only havin' three birthdays. How come dat?" dat?

The children could not guess this in-



Soon Anita appeared—preceded and heralded by a faint rustiling from soft and clinging skirts, that swept my nerves like a love tune. I suppose for all men there is a charm, a spell beyond expression, in the sight of a delicate, beautiful young woman, especially if she be dressed in those fine fabrics that look as if only a fairy loom could have woven them; and when a man loves the woman who bursts upon his vision, that spell must overwhelm him, espec-ially if he be such a man as was I-a product of life's roughest factorles, hard and harsh, an elbower and a trampler, a hustler and a bluffer. Then you must also consider the exact cir-cumstances—I standing there, with de-struction hanging over me, with the struction hanging over me, with the sense that within a few hours I should be a pariah to her, a masquerader stripbe a pariah to her, a masquerader strip-ped of his disguise and cast out from the ball where he had been making so merry and so free. Only a few hours more! Perhaps now was the last time I should ever stand so near to her! The full realization of all this swallowed me up as in a great, thick, black mist. And my arms strained to escape from my tightly locked hands, strained to seize her, to snatch from her, reluctant though she might be, at least some part of the happiness that was to be denied me. was to be denied me.

was to be denied me. I think my torment must have some-how penetrated to her. For she was sweet and friendly—and she could not have hurt me worse! If I had followed my impulse I should have fallen at her feet and buried my face, scorching, in the folds of that pale blue, faintly shimmering robe of hers. "Do throw away that huge, hideous cigar," she said, laughing. And she took two cigarettes from the box, put both between her lips, lit them, held one toward me. I looked at her face, and along her smooth, bare, out-stretched arm, and at the pink, slender fingers holding the cigarette. I took it as if I were afraid the spell would be broken, should my fingers touch hers. broken, should my fingers touch hers. Afraid—that's it! That's why I didn't pour out all that was in my heart. I

pour out all that was in my heart. I deserved to lose her. "I'm taking you away from the oth-ers," I said. We could hear the mur-mur of many voices and of music. In fancy I could see them assembled round the little card tables—the well-fed bodies, the well-cared-for skins, the elaborate toilets, the useless jew-eled hands—comfortable, secure, self-satisfied, idle, always idle, always play-ing at the imitation games—like their own pampered children, to be sheltered in the nurseries of wealth their whole own pampered church, to be sherred in the nurseries of wealth their whole lives through. And not at all in bit-terness, but wholly in sadness, a sense of the injustice, the unfairness of it all—a sense that had been strong in me in my youth but blunted during the years of my busy prosperity—returned for a moment. For a moment only; my mind was soon back to realities— to her and me—to "us." How soon it would never be "us" again!

would never be "us" again! "They're mamma's friends," Anita was answering. "Oldish and tiresome. When you leave I shall go straight on up to bed." "I'd like to—to see your room—where you live," said I, more to myself than to ber.

you live," said 1, more to myself than to her. "I sleep in a bare little box," she re-plied with a laugh. "It's like a cell. A friend of ours who has the anti-germ fad insisted on it. But my sitting room isn't so bad." "Langdon has the anti-germ fad," said L

said I.

She answered "Yes" after a pause, and in such a strained voice that I looked at her. A flush was just dying out of her face. "He was the friend I spoke of." she went on.

of herself to a man, it's for the man's

I took her hand—almost timidly. "Anita," I said, "do you still—dislike me

"I do not-and shall not-love you,"

"I do not—and shall not—love you," she answered. "But you are—" "More endurable?" I suggested, as she hesitated. "Less unendurable," she said with raillery. Then she added, "Less unen-durable than profiting by a—creeping up in the dark." I thought I understood her better

durable than profiting by a-creeping up in the dark." I thought I understood her better than she understood herself. And sud-denly my passion melted in a tender-ness I would have said was as foreign to me as rain to a desert. I noticed that she had a haggard look. "You are very tired, child." said I. "Good night. I am a different man from what I was when I came in here." "And I a different woman," said she, a beauty shining from her that was as far beyond her physical beauty as-as love is beyond passion. "A nobler, better woman," I ex-claimed, kissing her hand. She snatched it away. "If you only knew!" she cried. "It seems to me, as I realize what sort of woman I am, that I am almost worthy of you!" And she blazed a look at me that left me rooted there, astounded.

"Till tell you what I didn't think, ten minutes ago, I'd tell any human being," said I, "They've got me strapped down in the press. At ten o'clock in the morn-

of you!" And she blazed a look at me that left me rooted there, astounded. But I went down the avenue with a light heart. "Just like a woman," I was saying to myself cheerfully, "not to know her own mind." A few blocks, and I stopped and laughed outright—at Langdon's treach-ery, at my own credulity. "What an ass I've been making of myself!" said I to myself. And I could see myself as I really had been during those months of social struggling—an ass, braying and gamboling in a lion's sixtn —to impress the ladies! "But not wholly to no purpose," I reflected, again all in a glow at thought of Anita.

of Anita.

### XIX.

A WINDFALL FROM "GENTLEMAN JOE."

I went to my rooms, purposing to go straight to bed, and get a good sleep. I did make a start toward undressing:

"Don't pity me!" I said. "My re-mark was a figure of speech. I want no alms. I wouldn't take even you as alms. They'll probably get me down, and stamp the life out of me-nearly. But not quite-don't you lose sight of that. They can't kill me, and they can't tame me. I'll recover, and I'll strew the street with their blood and broken hones"

I did make a start toward undressing; then I realized that I should only lie awake with my brain wearing me out, spinning crazy thoughts and schemes hour after hour-for my imagination rarely lets it do any effective thinking after the lights are out and the limi-tations of material things are wiped away by the darkness. I put on a dressing gown and seated myself to smoke and to read. When I was very young, new to New York, in with the tenderloin crowd and up to all sorts of pranks, I once tried opium smoking. I don't think I ever heard of anything in those days with-out giving it a try. Usually, I believe, opium makes the smoker ill the first time or two; but it had no such effect on me, nor did it fill my mind with fan-tastic visions. On the contrary, it made everything around me intensely real-that is, it enormously stimulated my everything around me intensely real-that is, it enormously stimulated my dominant characteristic of accurate ob-servation. I noticed the slightest de-tails—such things as the slight differ-ence in the length of the arms of the Chinaman who kept the "joint," the number of buttons down the front of the waist of the girl in the bunk op-posite mine, across the dingy, little, sweet-scented room. Nothing escaped me, and also I was conscious of each passing second, or, rather, fraction of a second.

As a rule, time and events, even when one is quietest, go with such a rush that one notes almost nothing of what is passing. The opium seemed to com-pel the kaleidoscope of life to turn more slowly: in fact, it sharpened my senses so that they unconsciously took im-pressions many times more quickly and pressions many times more quickly and easily and accurately. As I sat there that night after leaving Anita, forcing my mind to follow the printed lines, I found I was in exactly the state in which I had been during my one exper-iment with opium. It seemed to me that as many days as there had been hours must have elapsed since I got the news of the raised Textile divi-dend. Days—ves, weeks, even months, dend. Days—yes, weeks, even months, of thought and action seemed to have been compressed into those six hours for, as I sat there, it was not yet 11 o'clock.

And then I realized that this not the light, and that she was capable to the light, and that she was capable to live it, too. It was not a girl that was questioning me there; it was a powerful nerve stimulant since my powerful herve similarly since my brain began to recover from the shock of that thunderbolt. Only, where nerve stimulants often make the mind pas-sive and disinclined to take part in the drama so vividily enacting before it, this opening of my reservoirs of re-corver percent and multiplied serve nervous energy had multiplied my power to act as well as my power to observe. "I wonder how long it will last," thought I. And it made me uneasy, this unnatural alertness, unac-companied by any feverishness or sense of strain. "Is this the way madness begins?"

### The Knock-out Blow.

The blow which knocked out Corbeta was a revelation to the prize fighters. From the earliest days of the ring the knock-out blow was aimed for the jaw, the temple or the jugular vein. Stomach punches were thrown in to worry and weary the fighter, but if a scientific man had told one of the old fighters that the most vulnerable spot was the region of the stomach, he'd have laughed at him for an ignoramus. Dr. Pierce is bringing home to the public a parallel fact; that the stomach is the most vulnerable organ out of the price ring as well as in it. We protect bur heads, throats, feet and lungs, but the solution we are utterly indiffer-ent to, until disease finds the solar plexus and knocks us out. Make your stomach sound and strong by the use of Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and you protect yourself in your most vulner-ahle spot. "Golden Medical Discovery cures "weak stomach," indigeston, or dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad, thin and imthe stomach, he'd have laughed at him

dyspepsia, torpid liver, bad, thin and impure blood and other diseases of the organs of digestion and nutrition.

The "Golden Medical Discovery " has specific curative effect upon all mucons surfaces and hence cures catarrh, no matter where located or what stage it may have reached. In Nasal Catarrh it is well to cleanse the passages with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy fluid while using the "Discovery" as a constitutional rem-cdy. Why the "Golden Medical Discov-ery" cures catarrhal diseases, as of the stomach, bowels, bladder and other pelvic. organs will be plain to you if you will read a booklet of extracts from the writ-ings of eminent medical authorities, endorsing its ingredients and explaining their curative properties. It is malled free on request. Address Dr. R.V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y. This booklet gives all the ingredients entering into Dr. Pierce's medicines from which it will be seen that

medicines from which it will be seen that they contain not a drop of alcohol, pure, triple-refined glycerine being used instead. Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page illus-trated Common Sense Medical Adviser will be sent free, paper-bound, for 21 one-cent stamps, or cloth-bound for 21 stamps. Address Dr. Pierce as above.

#### Self-Seekers.

Bernard K. Green, the well known conulting engineer of Washington, said the other day, in a discussion of the new Pennsylvania capitol, which he helped to ouild:

"The trouble with every question is that self-seeking enters into it. Were there no self-seekers, the world would be a very Utopia. But as it is \_\_\_\_\_'

Utopla. But as it is He smiled. "Why, yesterday," he said, "in talk bout filtration in a cafe, I heard a well-iressed man say earnestly: "'I maintain that all water used for

frinking and culinary purposes should be poiled at least one hour.'

'You are a physician, I presume?' said

t thin man, respectfully. "'No, sir,' was the reply. 'I am a coal dealer.

### ALMOST A SOLID SORE.

Skin Disease from Birth-Ivrtune, Spent on Her Without Benefit-

Doctor Cured Her with Cuticara. "I have a cousin in Rockingham County, who once had a skin disease from her birth until she was six years of age. Her father had spent a fortune on her to get her cured and none of the treatments did her any good. Old Dr. G---- suggested that he try the Cuticura Remedies, which he did. When he commenced to use it the child was almost a solid scab. He had used it about two months and the child was well. I was there when they commenced to use your Cuticura Remedies. I stayed that week and then returned home and stayed two weeks and then went back and stayed with them two weeks longer, and when L

went home I could hardly believe she

was the same child. Her skin was as

soft as a baby's without a scar on It. I

have not seen her in seventeen years,

but I have heard from her and the last

time I heard from her she was well.

Mrs. W. P. Ingle, Burlington, N. C.,

The Beginnings of Some Modern Fairy

Tales. From Jugend. "Once upon a time there was a 17-year

old poet who was not Schiller's super-

"Once upon a time there was a public-

school teacher who left a million-" "Once upon a time there was a physi-

"Once upon a time there was a tramp who admired cyclists and automobiles-"

clerk who forbade the waiter to address

"Once upon a time there was a drygoods

"Once upon a time the Woche (an illus-

trated Berlin paper) appeared without con-

taining a picture of the kaiser-" "There was once a classical play rep-resented for which the box office was sold

SECURITY.

clan whose handwriting was legible

ABSOLUTE

"Once upon a time there was an operatio

June 16, 1905."

him as 'Doctor'-'

ior-

I retreated to my chair and gave her a smile that must have been grim. "Your ideas of life and of men are like a cloistered nun's," said I. "If there are any real men among your ac-quaintances, you may find out some day that they're not much like lapdogs as they pretend—and that you wouldn't like them, if they were."

"What-just what-happened to you down town today-after you left me?" "A friend of mine has been luring me into a trap-why, I can't quite fathom. Today he sprang the trap and ran

She drew in her breath sharply. "And a minute ago I was almost lik-ing you!" she exclaimed. I retreated to my chair and gave her

away "A friend of yours?"

"A friend of yours?" "The man we were talking about— your ex-god—Langdon." "Langdon," she repeated, and her tone told me that Sammy knew and had hinted to her more than I sus-pected him of knowing. And, with her arms still folded, she paced up and down the room. I watched her slender feet in pale blue slippers appear and disappear-first one, then the other— at the edge of her trailing skirt. Presat the edge of her trailing skirt. Pres-ently she stopped in front of me. Her

eves were gazing past me. "You are sure it was he?" she asked. I could not answer immediately, so amazed was I at her expression. I had been regarding her as a being above and apart, an incarnation of youth and innocence; with a shock it now came to me that she was experi-

enced, intelligent, that she understood the whole of life, the dark as fully as

She shivered. "So, you see," I continued, "I don't deserve any credit for giving you up. I only anticipate you by about twenty-four hours. Mine's a death-bed repent-"I'd thought of that," said she flectively. Presently she added: "Then, it is true." And I knew Sammy had given her some hint that prepared her r my confession. "Yes—I can't go blustering through

ing-precisely at ten-they're going to put on the screws." I laughed. "I guess they'll have me squeezed pretty

the matrimonial market," replied I. "Ive been thrown out. I'm a beggar at

I got up and stood looking down at "Don't pity me!" I said. "My re

beggar at the gates," she mur-

dry before noon." She shivered.

the gates. "A t mured.

are exactly adapted to the purposes for which a plaster is required. They are speedy in their action because their medicinal qualities go right to their work of relieving pain and restoring the natural The Heart Was Badly Affected When and healthy performance of the functions of muscles, nerves and skin. Allcock's Plasters are the original and

genuine porous plasters and like most meritorious articles have been extensively initiated, therefore always make sure and get the genuine Allcock's.

## The Club System. From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"How do you keep your husband from going to the club?" inquired the who was just emerging from bride. the honeymoon.

"Easy," replied the seasoned ma-tron; "I keep a club for him at home."



**50000** additional miles of railway this year have opened up a largely increased ter-tiony to the progressive farmers of Western Causda, and the Government of the Dominion continues to give 160 Acres Free to Every Settler.

# The Country Has **No Superior**

Coal, wood and water in abundance; churches and schools convenient; markets easy of access; taxes low; climate the best in the northern tem-perate zone. Law and order prevails everywhere. For advice and information address the Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized Canadian Government Agent, W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 Jackson St. St. Paul, Minn.; J. M. MacLachlan, Box 116 Watertown, South Dakota, and W. V. Bennett, for New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., Authorized Government Agents Please say where you saw this advartisement.

Please say where you saw this advertisement



the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Full size 50 cts. at Druggists or by mail; Irial size 10 cts. by mail. Elv Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

NEURONA—Positively relieves FA-CIAL NEURALGIA. A trial is convinc-ing. By mail 50c. The Neurona Tablet Co., 204 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

SIOUX CITY P'T'G CO., 1,172-2, 1907

It attlicted with Thompson's Eye Water

quadrupeds. See hit?"

# BLOATED WITH DROPSY.

### the Patient Began Using Doan's Kidney Pills.

Mrs. Elizabeth Maxwell, of 415 West Fourth St., Olympia, Wash., says: "For over

three years suffered with a dropsical condia tion without being aware that

was due kidney trouble. The early stages were principally backache and

bearing down TIPLE pain, but I went along without worrying much until dropsy set in. My feet and ankles swelled up, my hands puffed and became so tense I could hardly close them. I had great difficulty in breathing, and my heart would flutter with the least exertion. I could not walk far without stopping again and again to rest. Since using four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills the bloating has gone down and the feelings of distress have disappeared."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## How Did He Know?

From Exchange. After dinner, when the ladies had gone upstairs, the men, over their coffee and cigars, talked as men will, of love. All of a sudden the host cried in a loud

voice: "I will tell you, gentlemen, this is the truth: I have kissed the dainty Japanese girl. I have kissed the South Sea island maiden. naiden. I have kissed the slim Indian beauty. And the girls of England, of Germany, even of America. I have kissed, but t is most true that to kiss my wife is best

of all. Then a young man cried across the table: "By Heaven, sir, you are right there!"

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of ltching. Blind, Bleeding or Protrud-ing Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

A Warm One. From Puck. Eskimo Suitor-Yes, my love: I have ten sleds, fifty dogs, a hundreds tons of blubbes and and-

Pa Eskimo-Aurora, tell that young man to stop letting off so much hot air. I'm afraid he'll melt the house.

\*7rs. Winslow's SoorHing STRUP for Children teething: softens the gums, reduces infismmation, st. ays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cent: a bottle ----

Slow Time Assured. From the New York Weekly. Mrs. Jinks-"Yes, I've sent Sims, the colored man, for the doctor." Mrs. Binks-"Sent Sims? Mercy me! He won't get there for two hours. He used to - a hotel waiter.'

ou know him very well?" I asked.

"We've known him—always," said she. "I think he's one of my earliest recollections. His father's summer place and ours adjoin. And once—I guess it's the first time I remember guess it's the first time I remember seeing him—he was a freshman at Harvard, and he came along on a horse past the pony cart in which a groom was driving me. And I—I was very lit-tle then—I begged him to take me up, and he did. I thought he was the greatest, most wonderful man that ever Itrad." She learned to was the greatest work of the second to the second to the second trad." greatest, most wonderful man that ever lived." She laughed queerly. "When I said my prayers, I used to imagine a god that looked like him to say them to."

I echoed her laugh heartily. The I echoed her laugh heartily. The idea of Mowbray Langdon as a god struck me as peculiarly funny, though natural enough, too. "Absurd, wasn't it?" said she. But her face was grave, and she let her cigarette die out. "I guess you know him better than to

'I guess you know him better than that now?

"Yes-better," she answered, slowly and absently. "He's-anything but a

and absently. "He's—anything but a god!" "And the more fascinating on that account," said I. "I wonder why wom-en like best the really bad, dangerous sort of man, who hasn't any respect for them, or for anything." I said this that she might protest, at least for herself. But her answer was a vague, musing, "I wonder—I wonder."

"I'm sure you wouldn't," I protested

earnestly, for her. She looked at me queerly.

"Can I never convince you that I'm just a woman?" said she mockingly. "Just a woman, and one a man with your ideas of women would fly from." "I wish you were!" I exclaimed. "Then—I'd not find it so—so impossible to give you up."

She rose and made a slow tour of the room, halting on the rug before the closed fireplace a few feet from me. I sat looking at her. "I am going to give you up," I said

at last.

Her eyes, staring into vacancy, grew larger and intenser with each long, deep breath she took. deep

'I didn't intend to say what I'm To data intend to say what I'm about to say—at least, not this even-ing," I went on, and to me it seemed to be some other than myself who was speaking. "Certain things happened down town today that have set me to thinking. And—I shall do whatever I can for your bother and your fast can for yeur brother and your father. But you—you are free!" She went to the table, stood there in

profile to me, straight and slender as a sunflower stalk. She traced the sil-yer chasings in the lid of the cigarette box with her forefinger; then she took a cigarette and began rolling it slowly and absently.

and absently. "Please don't scent and stain your fingers with that filthy tobacco," said I rather harshly. "And only this afternoon you

"And only this afternoon you were saying you had become recon-clied to my vice—that you had canonized it along with me—wasn't that your phrase?" This indifferently, with-out turning toward me, and as if she were thinking of something else. "So I have," retorted I. "But my mood—please oblige me this once."

She let the cigaret fall into the box. Her smile closed the lid gently, leaned against the she replied: table, folded her arms upon her bosom

woman.

"Yes-Langdon," I replied. "But I've no quarrel with him. My reverse is nothing but the fortune of war. I assure you, when I see him again, I'll be as friendly as ever—only a bit less of a trusting ass, I fancy. We're a lot of free lances down in the street. We fight now on one side, now on the other. We change sides whenever it's expedi-ent; and under the code it's not neces-sary to give warning. Today, before I knew he was the assassin, I had made my plans to try to save myself at his

expense, though I believed him to be the best friend I had down town. No doubt he's got some good reason for

creeping up on me in the dark." "You are sure it was he?" she re peated.

"He, and nobody else," replied I. "He decided to do me up—and I guess he'll succeed. He's not the man to lift his gun unless he's sure the bird will fall."

"Do you really not care any more than you show?" she asked. "Or is your manner only bravado—to show off before me?"

"I don't care a damn, since I'm to lose you," said I. "It'll be a godsend to have a hard row to hoe the next few months or years."

She went back to leaning against the table, her arms folded as before. I saw she was thinking out something. Finally she said:

"I have decided not to accept your release.'

I sprang to my feet.

"Anita!" I cried, my arms stretched

toward her. But she only looked coldly at me, folded her arms the more tightly and said:

"Do not misunderstand me. The bar-gain is the same as before. If you want me on those terms I must-give myself." "Why?" I asked.

"Why?" I asked. A faint smile, with no mirth in it, drifted round the corners of her mouth. "An impulse," she said. "I don't quite understand it myself. An impulse from —from——" Her eyes and her thoughts were far away, and her expression was the one that made it hardest for me to believe she was a child of those parents of hers. "An impulse from a sense of justice—of decency. I am the cause of your trouble, and I daren't be a coward and a cheat." She repeated the last words. "A coward—a cheat! We—I—have taken much from you, more than you know. It must be remore than you know. It must be re-paid. If you still wish, I will-will keep to my bargain."

"It's true, I'd not have got into the mess," said I, "if I'd been attending to business instead of dangling after you. But you're not responsible for that folly."

She tried to speak several times, before she finally succeeded in saying: "It's my fault. I mustn't shirk." I studied her, but I couldn't puzzle

her out. "T've been thinking all along that you were simple and transparent." I said. "Now, I see you are a mystery. What are you hiding from me?" Her smile was almost coquettish as

(Continued Next Week.)

### Where Information Came High.

From Harper's Weekly. Andrew Jackson S—, appointed sur-veyor general of Montana Territory by President Grant, arrived in Helena, the capital, carly in the seventies. His mil-itary record and his genial manner made him a great favorite with energy itary record and his genial manner made him a great favorite with every-body. Towards the end of his term, feeling in duty bound to make a spe-cial effort to show his appreciation of the hospitality he had enjoyed, he de-cided to give a banquet to his Helena friends. He completed his program for the function, but the providing of the right sort of liquid refreshment worried him somewhat. Finally deciding upon him sore of highly refreshment worked him somewhat. Finally deciding upon champagne frappe as the proper thing, but in doubt how to prepare it, he re-membered an old war comrade, Colonel  $C \longrightarrow$ , who had always shown himself an expert in supplying good cheer at headquarters on festive occasions. Knowing the latter's address, he wired

Knowing the latter's address, he wired him as follows: Tolena, Mont., 187-, Colonel C., Street, New York. Wire me your receipt for making champagne frappe? Answer paid. (Sig.) A. J. S., In due time came the reply: New York, 187-. General A. J. S., Helena, Montana, Freeze it, you d., (Sig.) C.,

Telegraph tolls were rather high in. Montana in those days, and the information cost him just \$5.50.

### Foolish Women.

From the New York Weekly. Mr. Clubman (entering the dining room)-And so you couldn't be down-town three hours without stopping to get a lunch? Cost 30 or 40 cents, Fil he bound. It does beat all how wom-en throw away money. By the way, you don't call this supper, do you? Mrs. C.-I suppose it is the best the new girl could get up on such short

notice

club.

#### A Smali Matter.

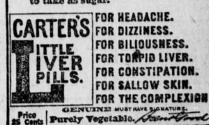
"Oul, madame is ill, but ze doctor haf pronounce it satething very trifling, very small, said the French maid to an inquiring friend.

"Oh, I am so releved, for I was really anxious about her," replied the friend, "What does the doctor say the trouble is?" "Let me recall; it was something very lettle," answered the French maid. "Oh, in makes a mystery has to smalleey."



Cenuine

Carter's



CURE SICK HEADACHS



Mr. C.-Huhl Catch me sitting down to that table. I'm going around to the

