

TO MAKE WHITE INK.

White ink can be made with alconor and whiting, or water and baking soda. You can use an ordinary pen when writing. Ink made with soda will rub of the card, but does nicely for table

Won Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREB Write to-day to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Base, a powder to shake into your shoes. It curse tired, sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All Druggists and Shoe stores sell it. 25c.

WHEN LOVE DIES.

WHEN LOVE DIES.
From the Burlington Hawkeye.
Once an engagement has been broken, treat the matter with dignity. Do not discuss it with even your intimate friends or permit them to mention it to you. And never commit the indiscretion of abusing a man or woman to whom you have been formally betrothed. No matter how great the temptation or how badly you have been treated, a dignified silence is the only course for a well bred man or woman.

course for a well bred man or woman.

While a dignified reserve can only command the respect of those who know of your painful experience, never betrays secrets that have been committed to you in trustful hours, and let use the may have occurred during courtain be breathed to your most intimate friends.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any
case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protructing Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

Atchison Globe Sights.

Ever notice how easy some men mugh?
In our criticisms, we, the people, are usually very unfair.
You never hear much of an infant prodigy after he grows up.
The man who has a mania for running for effice, is to be pitied.
"The booze fighter" is also one of those who "loves his enemy."
Weakness is a sin, if it doesn't happen to be your own weakness.
Most short men like to tell about the wonderful career of Napoleon.
The average farmer's wife has mighty little respect for a "party."

little respect for a 'party.'
Times are dull for the reformers when they are good for everyone else.
Every public man has to retire several different times before he gets

livery town man can figure exactly to increase the profits of the aver-

At this season of the year a tramp's specialty is apt to be working in the narvest field.

woman knows no vanity equal to that possessed by

"It is a "love match" if it happens to be one to which father has objected from the beginning.

A woman will forgive a man for

mbling if he happens to win a great sal more than he loses.

Here is something you can depend upon: If you do anything out of the ordinary, people will talk.

In the home where the plane works overtime, the man of the house has a lot of business down town.

The man who makes a specialty of greyhounds, never seems to be much of a success at anything else. A girl's ideal is apt to be made over bout as often before she gets a man

as her dresses are afterwards. When a man comes around, and induces a society to get up a play, members of the society say their purpose is to make money. Really the members want to act; usually, they know they

A FRIEND'S TIP.

70-Year-Old Man Not Too Old Accept a Food Pointer.

"For the last twenty years," write a Maine man, "I've been troubled with Dyspepsia and liver complaint, and have tried about every known remedy without much in the way of results until I took up the food question.

"A friend recommended Grape Nuts food, after I had taken all sorts of medteines with only occasional, temporary relief.

"This was about nine months ago, and I began the Grape-Nuts for breakfast with cream and a little sugar. Since then I have had the food for at least one meal a day, usually for break-

"Words fail to express the benefit I received from the use of Grape-Nuts. My stomach is almost entirely free from main and my liver complaint is about cored, I have gained flesh, sleep well, can eat nearly any kind of food except creasy, starchy things and am strong

and healthy at the age of 70 years. "If I can be the means of helping any poor mortal who has been troubled with dyspepsia as I have been, I am willing to answer any letter enclosing Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

MORE OR LESS HUMOROUS. *********

A Christmas Victim.

Marshall P. Wilder, the famous humorst, related at a Christmas dinner a strikboy in Geneva," he said, "I was once taken through a hospital for the insane that was not far from the town. Many strange, many terrible things I saw in this hospital, but what affected me most deeply was the sight of a young man, of intelligent and refined appearance, who sat with his head in his hands, mumbling over

and over, from morning till night:
"'I can't strap it round my waist, and
it won't go into my pocket. It isn't a horn, because it won't blow. It isn't a for it won't light. I can't put it on my feet, and it will not go over my head. It is neither a fountain pen, a pipe, nor a balloonist's barometer. It looks like a glove, but it is not a croquet wicket. I

"Turning away, I asked the keeper the

young man's history.
"'Ah, sir, a sad case,' the keeper said. 'One year ago that there young man was prosperous and renowned—the finest puz-zle inventor and decipherer in the whole durn country. But on Christmas his young lady friend gave him a present made with her own hands, and in tryin' to determine its name and its use, the poor fellow became what you see.

The Inexperienced Curate.

Henry Arthur Jones, the English play wright, talked about plays at a dinner that he gave at the St. Regis. "It cannot be denied," he said, "that practical experience is better than theory in play build-ing. If a man has acted a little, he will avoid, when he sits down to write a play all manner of queer errors that trip up the playwright who has never acted. Here, as everywhere, an ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory. It is like the story of the new curate. This curate, being desirious in all things to conform to the exact letter of the liturgy, insisted, when performing his first marriage cere-mony, that the ring be put on the fourth finger. The bride rebelled. She would not

have it.
"I would rather die than te married on my little finger, she cried, "But the rubric says so, replied the

"Here the hard-headed and experienced par'sh clerk stepped in. "'In these cases, sir,' he said, 'the thoomb counts as a digit.'"

John Was Silent.

From the Army and Navy Life. That death "hath no sting" for people is evidenced by a physician whose practice called him to the homes of many of the poorer families who labor in Chi-

cago's stock yards.
"I was summoned to attend one man who was in the last stages of tuberculo-sis," he relates, "and found him very low. His wife was a sturdy woman of vehement temperament and seemed not the least concerned over her husband's desperate condition. I left direction with her call in the morning.

"When I entered next morning I found the woman enveloped in a fog of suffocating steam and vigorously doing her washing. She turned her head as I was let in by one of the children and, nodding,

'How is the good man this morning?' I asked. "'Oh,' she said in a tone which seemed to indicate that I had called an unpleasant matter to her mind. Then, turning to-ward the bedroom door, she shouteu: "'John, are you there?' There was no answer from the sick chamber. She turned to resume her washing, and said:

He's breathed his last."

A Maker of History.

"The late General Shafter," said a soldier," had a contempt for military posers. Those who flourished stumps and limps, like medals, got no sympathy from him.

"In San Francisco I once heard him ridicule these military posers. He said there was a general of volunteers who got his leg scratched by a caison wheel in a retreat and forever after nursed and glorified the trifling wound, grow-ing lamer and lamer as the years past, in order that his bravery might never

be forgotten.
"One day a young man from the west, calling on the general's daughter, met the old warrior. see you're lame, sir, ' said the

young man. Yes, said the general, pompously; 'Slip on the ice?'

"'No, sir,' said the general with frown.
"'Not an automobile mix-up, I hope in the not an automobile mix-up, and automobile mix-up, aut

'No, sir; it was not an automobile x-up.' The general spoke feroclously. mix-up.' The general sp "'Sleigh overturn, sir"

"'Sleigh overturn, sir?"
"The general rose. He set his lame leg tenderly on the floor. He hobbled to the door. Frowning back savagely from the threshold,he shouted:
"'Go read the history of your country, you young puppy!'" try, you young puppy!

Censored.

"When Maxim Gorky lunched with ne," said a literary New Yorker, "he talked well about the Russian censorship.
"He said that during the Russo-Jap

anese war he had occasion in an article to describe the headquarters of one of the grand dukes. He wrote of these headquarters, among other things:
"'And over the desk in his highness' tent is a large photograph of Marie la Jambe, the beautiful ballet

"Before this article could appear, the sor changed that sentence to: 'And over the desk in his highness' tent is a large map of the theater of

Not For His.

From Harper's Weekly.
A prominent lawyer who formerly practiced at the bar of Kansas City tells of a funny incident in a court there during a trial in which a certain young doctor was called as witness. Counsel for the other side in crossexamining the youthful medico gave ut-terance to several sarcastic remarks tending to throw doubt upon the abil-

tending to throw doubt upon the abli-ity of so young a man.

One of the questions was: "You are entirely familiar with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

continued the cross-examiner. "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Taylor, and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Your learned friend, Mr. Taylor, might," suggested the young physician.

Inviting Delinquents.

A certain apartment house dweller had been somewhat slow in paying his rent, and the agent finally called in person to see him.
"I'll make it hot for you if you don't

pay that rent immediately," said, threateningly.

"I say," remarked the shivering ant, "if I let that remark get out among the other tenants in this flat, you won't the other tenants in this flat, you won't

There are always lots of wolves until the men engage in a wolf hunt.

The Holladay Case

BY BURTON E. STEVENSON.

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angrily. Here was I, reasoning along the theory of her guilt-trying to find a motive for it! I remembered her as I had seen her often, driving with her father: I recalled the many stories I had heard of their devotion; I reflected how her whole life, so far as I knew it, pointed to a nature singularly calm and self-controlled, charitable and loving. As to the lover theory, did not the light in her eyes which had greeted our junior disprove that, at once and forever? Certainly, there was some fatal flaw in the evidence, and it was for us to find it.

for us to find it.

I leaned my head back against the wall with a little sigh of relief. What a fool I had been! Of course, we should find it! Mr. Royce had spoken the words, the district attorney had pointed out the way. We had only to prove an alibi! And the next witness would do it. Her coachman had only to tell where he had driven her at to tell where he had driven her, at what places she had stopped, and the whole question would be settled. At the hour the crime was committed she had doubtless been miles away from Wall street! So the question would be settled—settled, too, without the necessity of Miss Holladay undergoing the unpleasant ordeal of cross-exami-

"It is a most extraor-rdinary affair. said a voice at my elbow, and I turned with a start to see that the chair just behind me had been taken by a man who was also reading an account of the crime. He laid the paper down, and caught my eye. "A most extraor-rdinary affair!" he repeated, appealing

I nodded, merely glancing at him, too preoccupied to notice him closely. I got an impression of a florid face, of a

got an impression of a norid face, of a stout, well dressed body, of an air un-mistakably French. "You will pardon me, sir," he added, leaning a little forward. "As a stranger in this country I am much inter-rested in your processes of law. This morning I was present at the trial—I perreceived you there. It seemed to me that the young lady was in—what you call—a tight place."

He spoke English very well, with an accept of the slightest. I glanced

an accent of the slightest. I glanced at him again, and saw that his eyes were very bright and that they were fixed upon me intently.
"It does seem so," I admitted, loth
to talk, yet not wishing to be discour-

"The ver' thing I said to myself!" he continued eagerly. "The—what you call—coe-encidence of the dress, now!"

I did not answer; I was in no hu-mor to discuss the case. "You will pardon me," he repeated persuasively, still leaning forward, "but concer-rning one point I should like much to know. If she is thought guilty

what will occur?"

"She will be bound over to the grand jury," I explained.

"That is, she will be placed in pris-

"Of course." "But, as I understand your law, she may be released by bondsmen."
"Not in a capital case," I said; "not in a case of this kind, where the pen-

alty may be death."

"Ah, I see," and he nodded slowly.
"She would then not be again released until she shall have been proved innocent. How great a time would that occupy' "I can't say-six months-a year, per-

'Ah, I see," he said again and drained a glass of absinthe he had been toying with. "Thank you, ver' much,

He arose and went slowly out, and I noted the strength of his figure, the short neck-The waiter came with bread and but-ter and I realized suddenly that it was

long past the half hour. iong past the hair hour. Indeed, a glance at my watch showed me that nearly an hour had gone. I waited fifteen minutes longer, ate what I could, and taking a lunch box under my arm, hurried back to the coroner's my arm, hurried back to the coroner's office. As I entered it; I saw a bowed figure sitting at the table, and my heart fell as I recognized our junior. His whole attitude expressed a despair absolute, past redemption.

"I've brought your lunch, Mr. Royce," I said, with what lightness I could muster. "The proceedings will commence in half an hour—you'd better eat something," and I opened the box

commence in half an nour—you a better eat something," and I opened the box. He looked at it for a moment, and then began mechanically to eat. "You look regularly done up." I ven-

then began mechanicany to eat.
"You look regularly done up." I ventured. "Wouldn't I better get you a
glass of brandy? That'll tone you up."
"All right." he assented listlessly. and I hurried away on the errand.
The brandy brought a little color back to his cheeks, and he began to eat with more interest.
"Must I order lunch for Miss Holla-

"Must I order day?" I questioned.
day?" I esaid. "She said she didn't He relapsed again into silence Plain.

y, he had received some new blow dur-

we've only to prove an alibi to knock to pieces this whole house of cards."
"Yes, that's all," he agreed. "But suppose we can't do it, Lester?"
"Can't do it?" I faltered. Do you mean-"I mean that Miss Holladay positive-

ly refuses to say where she spent yes-terday afternoon." Does she understand the-the necessity?" I asked. "I pointed it out to her as clearly a

could. I'm all at sea, Lester."
Well, if even he were beginning to doubt, matters were indeed serious!
"It's incomprehensible!" I sighed, after a moment's confused thought. It's

"Yes-past believing."
"But the coachman-"The coachman's evidence, I fear, won't help us much—rather the re-

I actually gasped for breath-I felt like a drowning man from whose gasp the saving rope had suddenly, unaccountably, been snatched.

'In that case," I began and stopped.
"Well, in that case?" We must find some other way out,'

I concluded lamely.

"Is there another way. Lester?" he demanded, wheeling round upon me flercely. "Is there another way? If there is, I wish to God you'd show it to me!"

"There must be: I protested desper-ately, striving to convince myself.
"There must be; only, I fear, it will take some little time to find."
"And meanwhile, Miss Holladay will be remanded! Think what that will mean to her, Lester!"

I had thought. I was desperate as he—but to find the flaw, the weak spot in the chain, required, I felt a better brain I was lost in a whirlwind of perplexities.

"Well, we must do our best," he in the moment that followed, I saw ers, who have turned that on more calmly, after a moment, that Mr. Royce was studying him, too, a pretty fair business.

And then I shook myself together mgrily. Here was I, reasoning along the theory of her guilt—trying to find motive for it! I remembered her as had seen her often, driving with her motive for it. single hour in the Tombs. She simply must change her mind! And thanks, Lester, for your thoughtfulness. You've put new life into me."

I cleared away the debris of the lunch and a few moments later the room beand a few moments later the room began to fill again. At last the coroner and district attorney came in together, and the former rapped for order.

"The inquest will continue." he said, "with the examination of John Brooks, Miss Holladay's coachman."

Miss Holladay's coachman."

I can give his evidence in two words. His mistress had driven directly down the avenue to Washington square. There she had left the carriage, bidding him wait for her, and had continued southward into the squalid French quarter. He had lost sight of her in a moment, and had driven slowly about for more than two hours before she for more than two hours before she reappeared. She had ordered him to drive home as rapidly as he could, and he had not stopped until he reached the house. Her gown? Yes, he had noticed that it was a dark red. He had not seen her face for it was veiled. No, he had never before driven her to that locality.

Quaking at heart, I realized that only person could extricate Frances Holladay from the coil woven about her. If she persisted in silence there was no hope for her. But that she should still refuse to speak was inconceivable, unless—
"That is all," said the coroner. "Will

you cross examine the witness, My chief shook his head silently, and Brooks left the stand.

Again the coroner and Singleton whispered together.

"We will recall Miss Holladay's maid, said the former at last. She was on the stand again in a moment, calmer than she had been, but your mistress's handkerchiefs marked in any way?" as she turned to him. Goldberg asked

"Some of them are, yes sir, with her initials, in the form of a monogram. Most of them are plain."

"Do you recognize this one?" and he handed her the ghastly piece of

I held my breath while the w ooked it over, turning it with trembling fingers.
"No sir!" she replied emphatically, as she returned it to him.

"Does your mistress possess any handkerchiefs that resemble this one?" 'Oh, yes, sir; its an ordinary cambric handkerchief of good quality such as most ladies use." I breathed a long sigh of relief; here,

at least, fortune favored us.
"That is all. Have you any questions, Mr. Royce? Again our junior shook his head.
"That concludes our case," added
the coroner. "Have you any witnesses

the coroner. "Have you any witnesses to summon, sir?"
What witnesses could we have?—only one—and I fancied that the jurymen were looking at us expectanly. If our client were indeed innocent, why should we hesitate to put her on the stand, to give her opportunity to defend herself, to enable her to shatter, in a few words this chain of circumin a few words, this chain of circumstance so firmly forged about her? If she were innocent, would she not natwish to speak in her own be-Did not her very willingness to

speak argue—
"Ask for a recess," I whispered. "Go
to Miss Holladay, and tell her that
unless she speaks——"

Bayes could answer,

Rogers stumbled dazedly off to the with from the rear of the room and handed

a note to the coroner.

"A messenger brought this a moment ago, sir." he explained. The coroner glanced at the super-scription and handed it to my chief. "It's for you, Mr. Royce," he said. I saw that the address read: "For Mr. Royce, attorney for the

defense. He tore it open, and ran his eyes rapidly over the enclosure. He read it

through a second time, then held out the paper to me with an expression of the blankest amazement. The note "The man Rogers is lying. The wo-man who was with Holladay wore a gown of dark green.

CHAPTER IV.

I Have an Inspiration.
I stared at the lines in dumb be ilderment. "The man Rogers i wilderment. But what conceivable lying. But what conceivable motive could he have for lying? Besides, as I looked at him on the stand, I would have sworn that he was telling the truth, and very much against his will. I had always rather prided myself upon my judgment of human nature had I erred so egregiously in this in-stance? "The woman who was with Holladay wore a gown of dark green.'
Who was the writer of the note? How
did he know the color of her gown? There was only one possible way he could know—he knew the woman. Plainly, too, he must have been present at the morning hearing. But if he knew so much, why did he not him-self come forward? To this, too, there was but one answer—he must be an accomplice. But then, again, if he were an accomplice, why should he imperil himself by writing this note, for it could very probably be traced? I found myself deeper in the mire, farther from the light at every sten.

ther from the light, at every step.
"Do you wish to summon any witnesses, Mr. Royce?" asked the coroner again. "I shall be glad to adjourn the hearing until tomorrow if you do."

Mr. Royce roused himself with an

"Thank you sir," he said. "I may asi; you to do that later on. Just a present I wish to recall Mr. Rogers. "Very well," said the coroner, and Rogers was summoned from the wit-

see nothing in his face but concern and grief. He had grown gray in Holladay's office; he had proved himself a hundred times, a man to be relied on; he had every reason to feel affection and gratitude toward his feel affection and gratitude towar ere is, I wish to God you'd show it to employer, and I was certain that he employer, and I was certain that he felt both; he received a liberal salary, I knew, and was comfortably well-to-do.

well-to-do.

That he himself could have committed the crime or been concerned in it in any way was absolutely unthinkable. Yet why should he lie? Above all, why should he seek to implicate his employer's daughter? Even if he wished to implicate her, how could he have known the color of her gown? What dark, intricate problem was this that confronted us?

New Y.

Too

the wide in the wide

was straining to find a ray of light for guidance. If we failed nowgown of dark green"—and suddenly by a sort of clairvoyance, the solution of the mystery leaped forth from it.

leaned over to my chief, trembling with eagerness.
"Mr. Royce," I whispered hoarsely

"Mr. Royce," I whispered noarsety,
"I believe I've solved the puzzle. Hold
Rogers on the stand a few moments until I get back."

He looked up at me astonished; then
nodded, as I seized my hat, and pushed
my way through the crowd. Once outelds the building. I ran to the nearest side the building, I ran to the nearest dry goods house—three blocks away, it was—and what fearfully long blocks they seemed!—then back again to the court room. Rogers was still on the stand, but a glance at Mr. Royce told

me that he had elicited nothing new.
"You take him, Lester," he said, as I
sat down beside him. "I'm worn out." Quivering with apprehension, I arose.
t was the first time I had been given the center of the stage in so important a case. Here was my opportunity! Suppose my theory should break down,

'Mr. Rogers," I began, "you've been having some trouble with your eyes, haven't you?"

He looked at me in surprise.
"Why, yes, a little," he said. "Nothing to amount to anything. How did you knew?'

My confidence came back again. I was on the right track, then!
"I did not know," I said, smiling for the first time since I had entered the room. "But I suspected. I have here a number of pieces of cloth of different colors. I should like you to pick out the one that most nearly approximates the color of the gown your visitor wore yesterday afternoon.

I handed him the bundle of samples, and as I did so, I saw the district attorney lean forward over his desk with attentive face. The witness looked through the samples slowly, while I watched him with feverish eagerness. Mr. Royce had caught an inkling of my meaning and was watching him,

There's nothing here," said Rogers, at last, "which seems quite the shade. But this is very near it." He held up one of the pieces. With leaping heart, I heard the gasp of astonishment which ran around the room. The jurymen were leaning forward in

their chairs.
"And what is the color of that piece?" I asked Why, dark red, I've stated that already.

I glanced triumphantly at the cor-"Your honor," I said, as calmly as I could, "I think we've found the flaw in the chain. Mr. Rogers is evidently col-

or-blind. As you see, the piece he has selected is a dark green." The whole audience seemed to draw a deep breath, and a little clatter of applause ran around the room. I could hear the scratch, scratch of the reporters' pencils—here was a situation after their hearts' desire! Mr. Royce had me by the hand, and was whispering brokenly in my ear.

"My dear fellow; you're the best of us all; I'll never forget it!" But Rogers was staring in amazement from me to the cloth in his hand, and back again. "Green!" he stammered, "Color-blind!

"Green!" he stammered. "Color-blind! Why, that's nonsense! I've hever suspected it!"
"That's probable enough," I assented. "The failing is no doubt a recent one. Most color-blind persons don't know it until their sight is tested. Of course, we shall have an oculist examine you; but I think this evidence is pretty conclusive."

pretty conclusive."

Coroner Goldberg nodded, district attorney settled back in his chair.
"We've no further questions to ask

this witness at present," I continued. "Only I'd like you to preserve this piece of cloth, sir," and I handed it to Goldberg. He placed it with the other exhibits on his desk, and I sat down again beside my chief. He had regained all

ness room. "You're quite sure your mistress

wore a dark red gown yesterday after-noon?" he asked when the girl was on the stand again.

"Oh, yes, sir; quite sure."
"It was not dark green? Think carefully now! "I don't have to think!" she retorted sharply, with a toss of her head. "Miss Holladay hasn't any dark green gown—nor light one either. She never wears green—she doesn't like it—it doesn't

suit her."
"That will do," said Mr. Royce, and the girl went back to the witness room without understanding in the least the meaning of the questions. "Now, let us have the office-boy again," he said, and that young worthy was called out.
"You say you didn't see the face of that woman who left your office vester-

No. sir. "But you saw her gown?" "Oh, yes, sir."
"And what color was it?" "Dark green, sir.

Continued Next Week. PEARL ROACH FOR WASHINGTON Lot of 200 Sent By the New York

Aquarium to the Fisheries Bureau.
From the New York Sun.
Car No. 4 of the United States Fisheries bureau, on its way from Bangor, Me., to Washington, halted at Jersey City at 4 for men from the New York Aquarium to

put aboard of it cans containing 200 pearl The pearl roach, a handsome little fish visitors to the Aquarium, is the rudd of European fresh waters. It is not indigenous to this country. It was first found existing here, in this city, in the waters of Central park, by fishermen from the Aquarium seining those waters for specimens of the fishes known to be contained

in them. How the first of the pearl roach here found their way to Central park is not known, but it is thought not improbable that they were captive fishes liberated in its waters by some one who could no longer care for them. It is not uncommon for and people to bring captive fishes to the park

with this purpose.

The Aquarium people have stocked the fathom his thoughts, to read behind his eyes; but look as I might, I could see nothing in his face but account in the lake in Prospect park, particularly and the Aquarium people have stocked the waters of Prospect park and of Bronx park with pearl roach from Central park. In the lake in Prospect park, particularly and the lake in Prospect park, particularly and the lake in Prospect park.

the other morning, were a gift from the New York Aquarium to the United States Fisheries bureau, which will breed them in its ponds at Washington, with a view to the wider distribution of the species.

Too much of the best side of life is held in reserve for highdays and holi-

Everyone prospered during the year just passed; even the calamity howlers, who have turned reformers, did

U.S. DISPENSATORY

Describes the Principal Ingredients Contained in Pe-ru-na.

Are we claiming too much for Pee runa when we claim it to be an effective remedy for chronic catarrh? Have we abundant proof that Peruna is in reality such a catarrh remedy? Let us see what the United States Dispensatory says of the principal ingredients of Peruna.

Take, for instance, the ingredient hydrastis canadensis, or golden seal. The United States Dispensatory says of this herbal remedy, that it is largely employed in the treatment of depraved mucous membranes, chronic rhinitis (nasal catarrh), atonic dyspepsia (catarrh of the stomach), chronic intestinal catarrh, catarrhal jaundice (catarrh of the liver), and in diseased mucous membranes of the pelvic organs. It is also recommended for the treatment of various forms of disease peculiar to women.

Another ingredient of Peruna, corydalis formosa, is classed in the United States Dispensatory as a tonic. So also is cubebs classed as a stomachic and as a tonic for the mucous membranes.

Cedron seeds is another ingredient of Peruna, an excellent drug that has been very largely overlooked by the medical profession for the past fifty years. The seeds are to be found in very few drug stores. The United States Dispensatory says of the action of cedron that it is used as a bittertonic and in the treatment of dysentery, and in intermittent diseases as a substitute for quinine.

Oil of copaiba, another ingredient of Peruna, is classed by the United States Dispensatory as a mild stimulant and diuretic. It acts on the stomach and intestinal tract. It acts as a stimulant on the genitourinary membranes. Useful in chronic cystitis, chronic dysentery and diarrhea, and some chronic diseases of the liver and kidneys.

Send to us for a free book of testimonials of what the people think of Peruna as a catarrh remedy. The best evidence is the testimony ef those who have tried it.

The Great Unsaid. In the course of a speech on the Brownsville affair Senator Clay, of Georgia, declared that he had no race prejudice. Senator Tillman jumped to his feet. "If the senator from Georgia means to say that he has no race prej-udice," shouted Tillman, waving, his means to say that he has no race prejudice," shouted Tillman, waving, his hands around in the air, "then all I have to say is that he—." There was a painful silence in the senate. Everybody expected something to explode with a loud pop. Senator Tillman was still waving his arms about. His face looked apoplectic. Senator Clay stood waiting for the climax. "No!" exclaimed the South Carolinian, "I won't say what I started to." Then he flopped down suddenly in his seat. "I thank the senator from South Carolina," ralmly said Senator Clay. There was a burst of laughter, in which Clay and Tillman joined heartly.

HARDSHIPS OF ARMY LIFE

Left Thousands of Veterans with Kidney Troubles. The experience of David W. Martin,

a retired merchant of Bolivar, Mo., is just like thousands of others. Mr. Martin says: "I think I have had kidney disease ever since the war. During an engagement my horse fell on me, straining my back

and injuring the kidneys. I have been told I had a floating kidney. I had intense pain in the back, headaches and dizzy spells and the action of the bladder was very irregular. About thee years ago I tried Doan's Kidney Pills, and found such great relief that I continued, and inside a comparatively short time was entirely rid of kidney trouble." Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box

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"You naughty child, where have you You have been fighting again aul. Just look at your clothes. with Paul. Just look at your of I'll have to buy you a new suit."

"Don't you say anything, ma. You ought to see Paul. I think his mother will have to buy a new boy."

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally acting directly being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it falls to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FOR YOUR VISITOR.

FOR YOUR VISITOR.

It is a good idea to place upon the night table in your guest chamber a little frame containing a card giving hours of meals, mail hours, also a candle with its match box, a cracker or biscoult in a dainty collection of cult jar, a dainty collection of crackers and a jug of water.

****** Think that day lost slow descending sun views from thy hand no noble action done.—

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