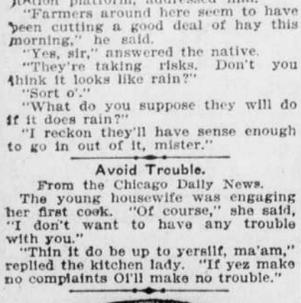


Misanthropy.
"Don't you wish you were a boy again?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Sirrus Barker. "I see a lot of people that make me wish my dignity did not prevent me from laying for them with a few frozen snowballs."

A Toast.
The latest thing in toasts comes from a rural town and was responded to by the father of 12 daughters, who claims that he ought to know.
"To the ladies—to their sweetness we give love; to the beauty admiration, and to their hats, the whole sidewalk."

Information.
The train had stopped for water at a little station in the country.
The passenger with the skull cap, seeing a lone native standing on the station platform, addressed him.
"Farmers around here seem to have been cutting a good deal of hay this morning," he said.
"Yes, sir," answered the native.
"They're taking risks. Don't you think it looks like rain?"
"Sort of."
"What do you suppose they will do if it rains?"
"I reckon they'll have sense enough to go in out of it, mister."

Avoid Trouble.
From the Chicago Daily News.
The young housewife was engaging her first cook. "Of course," she said, "I don't want to have any trouble with you."
"Think it'd be up to yourself, ma'am," replied the kitchen lady. "If yez make no complaints O'll make no trouble."



A youthful versifier in Washington not long ago, says the Kansas City Journal, sought the criticism of a well known publisher who chanced to be at the national capital on business with the copyright division of the library of congress.
"Sir," said the near-poet indignantly, when the publisher had brusquely advised him to "burn the stuff"—"sir, poets are born, not made."
Whereupon the publisher smiled broadly. "Young man," said he, "it won't help your case in the least to try to shift the blame on your parents."

Republican Government in Our Schools.
The most revolutionary note yet sounded in the management of our public schools is the new agitation for a completely republican form of government in which all just powers are derived from the consent of the people. Miss Bertha H. Smith writes of this interesting subject in the Atlantic Monthly. In large schools, she says, every sort of question of discipline arises. There is stealing, there is selfishness of every kind, there is bullying and browbeating on the part of older and stronger boys, and the fear of force on the part of the weaker, besides all the petty annoyances, from note scribbling to the kicking of tin cans down the aisle during class. As homes are becoming less and less homes in the real sense, the responsibility of moulding the character of boys and girls is being more and more shifted to the public schools, and perhaps at no time in the history of public schools has school discipline required more judgment, more firmness, or more tact, than today. And the habitual optimist may score a point, when, instead of reverting to the pedagogic principle of "No Uskin, no learnin'," there is put in practice the democratic stigma of government of the people, for the people, by the people. The authority of these self-government committees does not stop short of actual suspension, although in taking this last step the principal is invariably consulted. But the greatest strength of self-government works lies in the fact that the offender is tried before a jury of his peers. It is not some middle-aged, unsympathetic person, who has forgotten the ways of the young and whose judgment, based on a routine of the offender's school-fellows—possibly some of his or her best friends.

Southern Pacific engineers are at work laying out lines for a seven mile tunnel through the crest of the Sierras to relieve the main overland line of the stiff grades that now require two engines to haul ordinary trains.

DIDN'T KNOW
Coffee Was the Cause.
Many daily habits, particularly of eating and drinking, are formed by following our elders.
In this way ill health is often fastened upon children. A Ga. lady says: "I had been allowed to drink coffee ever since I can remember, but even as a child I had a weak stomach, which frequently refused to retain food."
"The taste of coffee was in my mouth all the time and was, as I found out later, the cause of the stomach rebelling against food."
"I now see that it was only from following the example of my elders that I formed and continued the miserable habit of drinking coffee. My digestion remained poor, nerves unstrung, frequent headache, and yet I did not suspect the true cause."
"Another trouble was a bad, muddy complexion, for which I spent time and money for creams, massaging, etc., without any results."
"After I was married I was asked to try Postum, and would you believe it, I, an old coffee toper, took to Postum from the very first? We made it right—according to directions on the package, and it had a most delicate flavor and I at once quit coffee, with the happiest results."
"I now have a perfectly clear, smooth skin, fine digestion and haven't had a headache in over two years."
"There's a Reason."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true and full of human interest.

The Crime of the Boulevard

Copyright, 1897, by R. F. Fenno & Co.

By Jules Claretie

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)
This was a sinister moment. Prades panted forward, his back to the wall, and fell against a piece of furniture, while the young man, disengaging himself, stepped back, quickly opened his Spanish knife, then, with a bound, caught Rovere, shook him, and holding the knife uplifted, said:
"Thou hast killed!"
It was at this instant that Rovere, whose hands were contracted, dug his nails into the assassin's neck—the nails which the Commissary Desbarriere and M. Jacquelin Audray had found still red with blood.
Prades, who had come there either to supplicate or threaten, now had only one thought, hideous and ferocious—to kill. He did not reason. It was no more than an unchained instinct. The noise of the organs upon the boulevard, which accompanied with their musical, dragging notes this savage scene, like a tremolo to a melodrama at the theater, he did not hear. The whole intensity of his life seemed to be concentrated in his fury. In his hand armed with the knife, he threw himself on Rovere. He struck the flesh, opening the throat, as across the water among the gauchos he had been accustomed to kill sheep or cut the throat of an ox.
Rovere staggered, wavered, freed from the hand which held him, and Prades, stepping back, looked at him. Livid, the dying man, seemed to live only in his eyes. He had cast upon the murderer the look of a man who, in a sort of supreme agony, he looked around. His eyes searched for a support, for aid—yes, they called, while from that throat terrible sounds issued.
Prades saw with a kind of fright Rovere, with a superhuman tragic effort, step back, staggering like a drunken man, pull with his poor contracted hands from above the chimney piece an object which the murderer had not noticed and upon which, with an ardent, prayerful expression, he fixed his eyes, stammering some quick, inarticulate words which Prades could not hear or understand.
It seemed to Prades that between his victim and himself there was a witness, and whether he thought of it in the frame or whether he wished to take from Rovere this last support in his distress, he went to him and attempted to tear the portrait from his hands. But an extraordinary strength seemed to come to the dying man. Rovere resisted, fastening his eyes upon the portrait, casting upon it a living flame, like the last flare of a dying lamp, and with this last, despairing, agonizing look, he exclaimed, breathless, his last words, "Prades, take the portrait from the fingers which clutch it. That frame, he could sell it. He picked up here and there some pieces which seemed to him of value, as if on a pillaging tour of the prairies. He was as in a library where the door was safe when the noise of the opening of the entrance door awakened his trapper's instinct. Someone was coming. Who it could be was of little importance. To remain was to expose himself, to be at once arrested. The corpse once seen, the person would cry aloud, rush out, close the door and send for the police.
Hesitating between a desire to pillage and the necessity for flight, Prades did not wait long to decide. Should he hide? Impossible! Then, stepping back to the salon door, he flattened himself as much as possible against the wall and waited until the door should be opened, when he would be completely hidden behind it. As Mme. Bernadet stepped into the room and cried out as she saw Rovere lying on the floor, Prades slipped into the antechamber, found himself on the landing, closed the door, rapidly descended the stairs and stepped out upon the Boulevard.
Clichy among the passers-by, even before Mme. Moniche, terrified, had called for help.

CHAPTER XVII.
All the details of that murder M. Ginory had drawn, one by one, from Prades in his examination. The murderer waited long at first, hesitated, discussed; then at last, like a cat with the bung out from which pours not wine, but blood, the prisoner told all, confessed, recounted, loosened his tongue, abandoned himself, weakened and contered, weary of his misery.
"I was so foolish, so stupid," he wretchedly said, "as to keep the portrait. I believed that the frame was worth a fortune. Fool! I sold it for 100 sous!"
He gave the merchant's address. It was on a Quai Saint Michel. Bernadet found the frame as he had seen in the painted panel, and this time no credit was due him.
"Now," said he, "the affair is ended, class. My children (he was relating his adventures to his little girls) we must pass to another. And why?"
"Why, what?" asked Mme. Bernadet.
"Eh, there it is! Why, it lacks the elucidation of a problem. I will see. I will know."
He still remembered the young Danish doctor whom he had seen with M. Morin at the autopsy. With his knowledge of men, with the sharp, keen eye of the police officer, Bernadet had recognized a man of superior mind—a mind dreamy and mysterious. He knew where Dr. Erwin lived during his sojourn in Paris, and he went to his apartment one beautiful morning and rang the bell at the door of a hotel in the Boulevard St. Martin where students and odd strangers lodge. He might have asked advice of M. Morin, of the master of French science. But he, the inspector of Surete, approach these high personages to question them—he dared not as long as there was a Danish doctor.
Bernadet's brain whirled. He felt almost certain that Dr. Erwin would give the same explanation which he himself suspected in regard to the observed phenomenon.
The dead man's eye has spoken and can speak," said Bernadet to himself.
"Yes, surely, I am not deceived."
Dr. Erwin met Bernadet cordially and listened to him with profound attention. The police officer repeated word for word the confession drawn from Prades. Then he asked the physician if he really believed that Jacques Dantin's image had been transfixed on the retina of the dying man's eye during the time when he had held and gazed at the portrait.
"For the proofs which I obtained were very confused," said the officer.
"It is possible, and I say it is quite easy, to recognize Jacques Dantin's features. We have seen it, and according to your opinion, even the painting was able to be—how shall I express myself—stored up, retained in the retina."
"You found the proof there?" said Dr. Erwin.
"So, according to your opinion, I have not deceived myself?"
"No."
"But the vision of a painting—a painting, doctor."

"Finally, M. le Juge," said the police officer, shaking his head, "I have thought and thought about the discovery, our discovery—that of Dr. Bourlion. It is subject to errors, our discovery. It would have led us to put in prison Jacques Dantin, and Jacques Dantin was not guilty."
"Oh, yes, M. Bernadet!" said the magistrate, who seemed thoughtful, his heavy chin resting on his hand. "It ought to make us modest. It is the fate of all human discoveries. To err is human!"
"It is not the less true," responded Bernadet, "that all which has passed opens to us the astonishing horizon of the unknown."
"The unknowable!" murmured the magistrate.
"A physician who sometimes asks me to his experiments invited me to his house the other evening and I saw—yes, saw, or what one calls seeing—in a mirror placed before me, by the light of the X rays—greenish rays which traversed the body—yes, monsieur, I saw my heart beat and my lungs perform their functions, and I am fat, and a thin person could better see himself living and breathing. Is it not fantastic, M. Ginory? Would not a man have been shut up as a lunatic 50 years ago who would have pretended that he had discovered that? We shall see—we shall see many others."
"And will it add to the happiness of man, and will it diminish grief, wickedness and crime?"
The magistrate spoke as if to himself, thoughtfully, sadly. Something Bernadet said brought a smile to his lips.
"This is, M. le Juge, a fine ending of your work, 'Duty of a Magistrate Toward Scientific Discoveries.' And if the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences does not add—"
M. Ginory suddenly turned red and interrupted Bernadet with a word and a gesture.
"I can only repeat, monsieur, what public opinion thinks and says," said Bernadet, bowing low. "There was an allusion to this subject in Lutece—you know, Paul Rodier's romance—which was in your hair written up. An amiable fellow, that Paul Rodier."
"Ah, M. Bernadet, M. Bernadet," laughingly said the magistrate, "you have a weakness for reporters. Do you want me to tell you something? You will finish by becoming a journalist."
"And you will certainly finish in the habit of a member of the academy, M. Ginory," said the little Bernadet, with his air of a mocking abbe.
(Concluded Next Week.)

SECRET.
The Highwayman—Hold up yer hands! Mr. Smithson—You can't scare me; I'm used to this holdup game; I've just paid my coal bill.

The Absent Mindedness of Genius.
From the Dundee Advertiser.
The absent-mindedness of great thinkers is a well known phenomena. When Morse had completed his wonderful telegraphic system he confessed to a difficulty which appeared to him almost insurmountable. "As long as poles can be used," he said to a friend one day, "it is easy. But what must be done when we come to a bridge? We cannot use poles there, and the wire would break of its own weight without some support." "Well," replied the friend, "why not fix the wires to the bridge?" Morse looked at him thoughtfully for a moment and then exclaimed: "I never thought of that. It's the very thing." This instance of mental concentration on one leading idea to the exclusion of all others is almost as remarkable as that told of Sir Isaac Newton, who cut a hole in his study door to allow his favorite cat to come and go freely, and then cut a smaller one for the use of her kitten.

Who Columbus Was.
From the Baltimore Sun.
In the afternoon in all the schools a part of the time was devoted to the study of the life and deeds of Columbus.
An amusing reply was given by one of the pupils. A teacher had told the class of the wonderful voyage of Columbus and how he insisted on continuing the voyage after the other men were clamoring to return. Then she asked: "Who was Columbus?" with the view of hearing how well they had followed her talk.
"One little hand went up."
"Well, Johnny, who was he?" asked the teacher.
"Columbus was the gem of the ocean," was the answer.

Bargaining With a Burglar.
From the Kansas City Star.
A group of friends were discussing William Winslow Sherman, the old banker, who died not long ago.
"He had the coolest nerve of any man I know," said one. "Three or four years ago, when Sherman was an old man and partially crippled by reason of a fall from a horse, he entered his bedroom late at night to find a masked burglar ransacking it."
"The thief had a big gun trained on Sherman in a minute. The banker just waved it aside with a tired hand. 'Put that away,' he said irritably. 'Let us discuss this matter like gentlemen.' The burglar was so surprised he backed. 'Now you could hurt me if you wanted to, and might get away with some little knick-knacks,' said Sherman. 'But you might get caught and there's slight possibility that you could dispose of my toilet articles profitably. What would you consider a fair cash proposition to go away?' They talked it over in all peace."
"The burglar thought he ought to have \$10, but Sherman, after inquiring into the man's habits, said \$5 was enough. 'You see, he said, 'you're a known thief. If it were your first offense I'd pay you your price, but now the police have your picture you ought to be glad to accept any fair compromise and run no risk.'"
"The burglar finally agreed to take \$5. Sherman pulled out a \$10 bill. 'Give me \$2 change,' said he. And he got it before he paid."

Her Answer.
Today, dear heart, but just today. The sunshine over all. The roses crimsoning the air. Along the garden wall. When let the dreamer dreamer die; when let the dreamer die; shall be. Today will still be thine and mine. To all eternity.

And oh, there is no glory, dear. When all the world is done. There is no splendor hasteth out. There is no sinking of the sun. There is no thing that lasts, not one. When we have turned to clay, but thus; you loved me—all the rest fades with the world away.

So little while, so little while. This world shall last for us. There is no way to keep it, dear. But just to spend it thus. Let us not hand my stop the sand. From flowing fast away. But who turns the whole glass down. And dreams 'tis all today.
—John Bennett.

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Eh—Oh, George! Now you surely won't be afraid to ask papa.

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GOOSE SACRED IN MANY COUNTRIES

Reverenced Not Only by Buddhists, but in Some Parts of Great Britain.

Flights of wild geese are reported from the eastern counties in number beyond all precedent, says the Pall Mall Gazette, a result of sudden chill lately, and their appetite after the journey is so keen that some of the best grazing marshes are threatened with ruin; nevertheless we learn many farmers decline to kill birds which they think almost sacred.
It was J. G. Frazer of the Golden Bough who suggested that the reverence felt for various creatures in various parts of the world is a survival of totemism. Plenty of evidence has accumulated since then. Caesar mentions, as school boys recollect, that the inhabitants of Britain might not eat the hare, the cock and the goose. In the second case the superstition is quite lost probably, but legendary records keep the memory of it in Ireland. But of the other examples enough can be found even at the present day. There is a goose fair at Great Crosby in Lancashire, so called apparently because the goose is rigorously forbidden. It is even asserted broadly that the inhabitants think the goose "too sacred" to eat—or did not long ago. The same feeling ruled in the Hebrides and other parts of Scotland.
No one believes at the present day that the Capitol was saved by geese or any other means, but if the story is not true it becomes all the more significant in the folklorist's point of view, as showing that the bird was specially revered in the primitive age of Rome. The Crusaders under Walter the Fentless, 400,000 souls are we are assured, plouly followed a goose and a goat marching in the van, and a terrible mess these holy animals led them into. In Egypt the goose was the emblem of Seb, father of Osiris; a pre-ligious figure of it is extant, inscribed: "The good Goose greatly beloved of the gods." A row of gigantic geese, as also the great Buddhist temple of Anajapora. The devout cherish a fond fancy that all geese perform an aerial pilgrimage of the holiest of lakes in the Himalayas every year, transporting the sins of the neighborhood; returning with a package of inspiration for the encouragement of local piety.

Secret Service Duties.
From the National Magazine for January.
It falls to the lot of the secret service to protect the person of the president of the United States—a responsibility that was first placed upon this division after the tragedy at Buffalo, and in addition to this the safety of distinguished and titled official visitors from abroad is entrusted to the service. Prince Henry of Prussia, prince of Siam, the crown prince of Sweden, the Duke of Abruzzi, and many others of lesser note have been carefully protected from annoyance while the guests of the nation, and in no instance has there occurred the slightest incident to mar the pleasure and tranquility of their visit.
For more than 10 years the merit system has prevailed in the service, which is a strictly non-partisan, non-political organization. "Pulls" are unknown and unrecognized; every man is measured and rewarded according to his efficiency and ability in the performance of his duties. To this unhampered attention to the work of suppressing counterfeiting I attribute the fact that today the proportion of counterfeit notes in circulation is about one to 100,000; that is to say, that for each 500,000 of genuine currency in circulation there are about 5 in counterfeit notes; and for each 100,000 in gold and silver in circulation there is a trifle under \$3 in counterfeit coin. All of which would suggest that the business of counterfeiting is not overwhelmingly attractive as a financial proposition.

Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Years of Suffering.
F. A. Rippey, Depot Ave., Gallatin, Tenn., says: "Fifteen years ago kidney disease attacked me. The pain in my back was so agonizing I finally had to give up work. Then came terrible attacks of gravel with acute pain and passages of blood. In all I passed 25 stones, some as large as a bean. Nine years of this ran me down to a state of continual weakness, and I thought I never would be better until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The improvement was rapid, and since using four boxes I am cured and have never had any return of the trouble."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Europe's War Chests.
From the London Chronicle.
At the present time, and for the future as well, there is lying at the Bank of France, in Paris, a reserve gold store of \$160,000,000, which is in fact, writes one correspondent, "looked upon as a war fund, beside which the 20 millions of Germany looks very small." But the German "Kriegsschatz," or emergency war chest fund, only amounts to 6,000,000 sterling, and it is lying not in the Reichstag bank at Berlin, but in the vaults of the Julius tower, in the fortress of Spandau, near the capital, against the coming of Germany's next evil day. It has been lying there as a dead fund ever since Germany received from France her war indemnity of £250,000,000, from which it was taken.

The Interruption.
The Professor—Heavens! This was the day I was to have been married. What will she think of me?
Assistant—You were married. Don't you remember? The ceremony took place at noon.
The Professor—Ah, yes, to be sure. I recall my annoyance at losing an hour.
Green—When your daughter was taken so suddenly I'll why didn't you send for the doctor next door?
Wise—Nix, my daughter is taking piano lessons and she practices two hours every day.

PE-RU-NA TONIC FOR COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH.



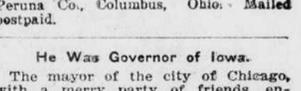
Peruna Drug Co., Columbus, Ohio.
Gentlemen: I have used Peruna and find that it cannot be equaled as a tonic, as well as a cure for coughs, colds and catarrh.
You are authorized to use my photo with testimonial in any publication.
Joseph H. Chase
804 Tenth St., Washington, D. C.

Cold and La Grippe.
Mr. C. Happy, Hardin, Kay Co., Mo., writes: "I can safely recommend Peruna as a remedy that will cure all catarrhal troubles."
"It was of great benefit to me, as it cured me of catarrh of the throat, and I took a very bad cold and had a grippe last February. It settled in my throat and lungs. I took three bottles of Peruna and it cured me."
"I highly recommend it to all who are sick, and I am glad to add my endorsement to that of others."

Peruna for Colds.
Mr. L. Clifford Figg, Jr., 2929 East Marshall St., Richmond, Va., writes that when he gets a cold he takes Peruna, and it soon drives it out of his system. For several years he was not entirely well, but Peruna completely cured him. He is a person who object to liquid medicines can now secure Peruna tablets.
For a free illustrated booklet entitled "The Truth About Peruna," address The Peruna Co., Columbus, Ohio. Mailed postpaid.

He Was Governor of Iowa.
The mayor of the city of Chicago, with a merry party of friends, enjoyed an auto trip across Iowa. It was fine summer weather, the country fields abounded with luxurious growth and the well kept springy roads made the trip an exhilarating as well as a speedy one.
When nearing Des Moines, the mayor, wishing to make sure he was taking the right road toward the capitol city, brought the chugging motor to an abrupt stop before a very respectable appearing farm house.
"Halloo, there," he shouted, observing a farmer with broad headgear energetically wielding a scythe in a hay field off from the road.
"Halloo-oo, there," again shouted the city executive gesticulating vigorously as the farmer once more paused to gaze at the caller.
But as before, he ignored the command and went on reaping. Somewhat put out, the mayor sent his chauffeur into the field after the obstinate reaper.
"Don't you see that gentleman motioning to you out there?" demanded the chauffeur pointing toward his "party."
"Yes," was the calm reply.
"Well," he requests that you step to the fence and tell him about the roads to the city."
"Tell that gentleman I'm very busy; but if he'll come into the field I'll give him the information."
"Sir, do you know who my master out there is?"
"Ne. Who is he?"
"He's the mayor of Chicago."
"So," Tel him he is doubly welcome in the hayfield. I'm the governor of Iowa, myself."

AWFUL GRAVEL ATTACKS
Cured by Doan's Kidney Pills After Years of Suffering.
F. A. Rippey, Depot Ave., Gallatin, Tenn., says: "Fifteen years ago kidney disease attacked me. The pain in my back was so agonizing I finally had to give up work. Then came terrible attacks of gravel with acute pain and passages of blood. In all I passed 25 stones, some as large as a bean. Nine years of this ran me down to a state of continual weakness, and I thought I never would be better until I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. The improvement was rapid, and since using four boxes I am cured and have never had any return of the trouble."
Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Europe's War Chests.
From the London Chronicle.
At the present time, and for the future as well, there is lying at the Bank of France, in Paris, a reserve gold store of \$160,000,000, which is in fact, writes one correspondent, "looked upon as a war fund, beside which the 20 millions of Germany looks very small." But the German "Kriegsschatz," or emergency war chest fund, only amounts to 6,000,000 sterling, and it is lying not in the Reichstag bank at Berlin, but in the vaults of the Julius tower, in the fortress of Spandau, near the capital, against the coming of Germany's next evil day. It has been lying there as a dead fund ever since Germany received from France her war indemnity of £250,000,000, from which it was taken.

The Interruption.
The Professor—Heavens! This was the day I was to have been married. What will she think of me?
Assistant—You were married. Don't you remember? The ceremony took place at noon.
The Professor—Ah, yes, to be sure. I recall my annoyance at losing an hour.
Green—When your daughter was taken so suddenly I'll why didn't you send for the doctor next door?
Wise—Nix, my daughter is taking piano lessons and she practices two hours every day.

Her Answer.
Today, dear heart, but just today. The sunshine over all. The roses crimsoning the air. Along the garden wall. When let the dreamer dreamer die; when let the dreamer die; shall be. Today will still be thine and mine. To all eternity.

And oh, there is no glory, dear. When all the world is done. There is no splendor hasteth out. There is no sinking of the sun. There is no thing that lasts, not one. When we have turned to clay, but thus; you loved me—all the rest fades with the world away.

So little while, so little while. This world shall last for us. There is no way to keep it, dear. But just to spend it thus. Let us not hand my stop the sand. From flowing fast away. But who turns the whole glass down. And dreams 'tis all today.
—John Bennett.

He laughs longest whose laugh's last.

AFTER THE GAME.
Eh—Oh, George! Now you surely won't be afraid to ask papa.