

CHICAGO MERCHANT MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate.

CHICAGO, ILLS.—Mr. J. G. Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows:

"I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently.

"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."

For Sprains



Sloan's Liniment is the best remedy for sprains and bruises. It quiets the pain at once, and can be applied to the tenderest part without hurting because it doesn't need to be rubbed—all you have to do is to lay it on lightly. It is a powerful preparation and penetrates instantly—relieves any inflammation and congestion, and reduces the swelling.

Here's the Proof. Mr. L. ROLAND, Bishop of Scranton, Pa. says:—"On the 7th of this present month, as I was leaving the building at noon for lunch, I slipped and fell, spraining my wrist. I returned in the afternoon, and at four o'clock I could not hold a pencil in my hand. I returned home later and purchased a bottle of

Sloan's Liniment

and used it five or six times before I went to bed, and the next day I was able to go to work and use my hand as usual."

Sloan's Liniment is an excellent antiseptic and germ killer—heals cuts, burns, wounds and contusions, and will draw the poison from sting of poisonous insects.

26c., 50c. and \$1.00
Sloan's book on rheumatism, backache, neuralgia and other ailments, sent free on request.
Dr. Earl S. Sloan,
Boston, Mass., U.S.A.

Excellent Reason. From London Sketch. "Oh! work no more for that man Dolan."
"An' why?"
"Shure, and 'tis on account av a remark he made."
"An' plawat was that?"
"Says he, 'Casey,' says he, 'ye're discharged.'"

Bad Doble. The greatest of all horsemen, says: "In my 40 years' experience with horses I have found Spohn's Distemper Cure the most successful of all remedies for the horses. It is the greatest blood purifier." Bottle, 50c and \$1.00. Druggists can supply you, or manufacturers. Agents wanted. Send for Free Book. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

The Last Straw. From Judge. An attendant at a Kansas institute for the deaf and dumb was undergoing a pointless, rapid indignation at the hands of a female visitor.
"But how do you summon these poor mutes to church?" she asked finally, with what was meant to be a pitying glance at the inmates nearby.
"By ringing the dumbbells, madam," retorted the exasperated attendant.

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

A man is never actually happy in the presence of misery, but most men can make a noise like it.

Men are measured by what they don't say even more than by what they do say.

WHEN YOU'RE AS HOARSE as a crow. When you're coughing and gasping. When you've an old-fashioned deep-seated cold, take Allen's Lung Balm. Sold by all druggists, 25c. 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

A balky horse is the product of pernicious association with a man who does not possess "horse sense."

Too much time is spent in wishing that one could start over again, and too little in keeping the start one has.

A NOTRE DAME LADY'S APPEAL.

To all knowing sufferers of rheumatism whether muscular or of the joints, sciatica, lumbago, backache, pains in the kidneys or neuralgia pains, to write to her for a home treatment which has repeatedly cured all of these tortures. She feels it her duty to send it to all sufferers FREE. You cure yourself at home as thousands will testify—no change of climate being necessary. This simple discovery banishes uric acid from the blood, loosens the stiffened joints, purifies the blood, and brightens the eyes, giving elasticity and tone to the whole system. If the above interests you, for proof address Mrs. M. Summers, Box 2, Notre Dame, Ind.

THE WILD GEESE

BY Stanley J. Weyman.

(Copyright, 1909, by Stanley J. Weyman.) CHAPTER XXII.—(Continued.)

The girl recoiled, outraged and angry. But, knowing her brother was at hand, and seeing in a flash what might happen in the event of a collision, she did so in silence, hoping to escape before he came upon them. Unfortunately Payton misread her silence and took her movements for a show of feigned modesty. With a movement as quick as hers, he grasped her roughly, dragged her toward him and kissed her.

She screamed then in sheer rage—screamed with such passion that Payton let her go and stepped back with an oath. As he did so he turned, and the turn brought him face to face with James McMurrough.

The young man, tipsy and smarting with his wrongs, saw what was before his eyes—his sister in Payton's arms—but he saw something more. He saw the man who had thwarted him that day, and whom he had not at the time dared to beard! What he might have done had he been sober matters not. Drink and vindictiveness gave him more than the courage he needed, and with a roar of anger, he dashed the glass he was carrying—and its contents—into Payton's face.

The Englishman dropped where he was, and James stood over him, swearing, while the grease guttered from the tilted candle in his right hand. Flavia gasped, and, horror struck, clutched James' arm as he lifted the candlestick and made as if he would beat in the man's brains.

Fortunately a stronger hand than hers interfered. Asgill dragged the young man back. "Haven't you done enough?" he cried. "Would you murder him?"

"Ah, didn't you see, curse you, he!" "I know, I know!" Asgill answered, hoarsely. "But not now! Not now! Let him rise if he can! Let him rise, I say! Payton!"

The moment James stood back the fallen man staggered to his feet, and though the blood was streaming down his face from a cut on the cheekbone, he showed that he was less hurt than started. "You'll give me satisfaction for this!" he muttered. "You'll give me satisfaction for this," he repeated, between his teeth.

"Ah, by heaven, I will!" James McMurrough answered furiously. "And kill you, too!" "Tomorrow!" "Do you hear? At tomorrow! Not an hour later!"



"It's you that struck him after he was disarmed," cried Morty.

"I'll not keep you waiting," James retorted. Flavia leaned almost fainting against her door. She tried to speak, but her voice failed her. And Payton's livid, scowling, bleeding face was hate itself. "Behind the yows in the garden?" he said, disregarding her presence.

"Ah, I'll meet you there?" The McMurrough answered, pot-valiant. "And, more by token, order your coffin, for you'll need it!" Drink and rage left no place in his brain for fear.

"What is to be done tomorrow," the Englishman answered, in a tone that chilled the girl's marrow. Then, with his kerchief pressed to his cheek to stanch the blood, he retreated to his room and slammed the door. They heard him turn the key in it.

Flavia found her voice. She looked at the door. "Ah, heavens!" she cried. "Why did I open my door?" James, still pot-valiant, returned her look. Because you were a fool," he said. "But I'll spit him, never fear! Faith, and I'll spit him like a fowl!" In his turn he went on unsteadily to his room, disappeared within it, and closed the door.

Flavia and Asgill remained together. Her eyes met his. "Ah, why did I open my door?" she cried. "Why did I?" He had no comfort for her. He shook his head, but did not speak.

"He will kill him!" she said. Asgill reflected in a heavy silence. "I will think what can be done," he muttered at last. "Do you go to bed." "To bed?" she cried. "There is naught to be done tonight," he answered, in a low tone. "If the troopers were not with him—but that is useless. And—his door is locked. Do you go to bed, and I will think what we can do."

"To save James?" She laid her hand on Asgill's arm, and he quivered. "Ah, you will save him!" She had forgotten her brother's treatment of her earlier in the day.

"If I can," he said slowly. His face was damp and very pale. "If I can," he repeated. "It will not be easy to save him honorably."

CHAPTER XXIII. BEHIND THE YEWS.

The passages were still gray and chill when one of the bedchamber doors opened and a face peeped out. The face was Flavia's. Presently the girl stepped forward—paused, scared by a board that creaked under her naked foot—then went on again. She reached one of the doors, and scratched on it with her nail.

ELEMENTS WILL MIX IT BAD DURING 1910

Rev. Irl R. Hicks Takes Gloomy Look Into the Year, Predicting Many Bad Storms.

DES MOINES THE CENTER

Says a Twister That Will Out-Twist Anything That Ever Happened Will Strike Capital—Planets Will War.

From the Sioux City Tribune. Iowa is to experience one of the worst storms in its history during the coming year, according to the almanac of Rev. Irl R. Hicks, of St. Louis, copies of which have just reached Sioux City. As a long range weather forecaster, Rev. Mr. Hicks stands unequalled. While the reverend gentleman is considered a joke by scientists and government weather men, each year he issues his weather prognostications, unconcerned at the scoffers and unbelievers of his theories.

Rev. Mr. Hicks is regarded as a pessimist, but that year his forecast is indeed gloomy and foreboding. He says that between the dates of January 27 and October 29 Des Moines will be visited by a cyclone that will put all former wind storms in the shade. Although a definite date is not designated, the St. Louis prophet declares that in the interval mentioned Iowa will be a seething, whirling storm center.

Starts in February. The storm will begin in February, when a raging blizzard is due to sweep across the state. It is called a "crisis to a reactionary period," and Hicks adds:

"Without the slightest pretense of claim to prophetic knowledge, we again declare that 1910 will have its victims of storm weather. With equal truth and emphasis we may also repeat that 'all years have them.' And just as truthfully we may affirm that almost every cent of loss and suffering and death will occur within the limitations of periodic times, defined and charted in this almanac as storm and danger periods. We could not afford to put this declaration on this page, if we were not gladly willing for thousands to say whether the history of our work for 40 years justifies it."

This same storm will cause trouble in all parts of the globe in the opinion of Rev. Mr. Hicks. Cyclones and tornadoes will be in order over all the world, and he says the life will be great. The month of April will furnish interesting news for the papers, storms visiting cities and causing wholesale destruction.

Planets Will Mix It. Following these disturbances floods will be in order, and the planets Venus, Earth and Mercury will engage in a triangular fight, causing storm ructions that will bear watching.

Fourth of July will furnish its own fireworks, according to Rev. Mr. Hicks. Due to the little scurrmage of the planets, there will be severe thunder storms during the first three days of the month, culminating with a dazzling electrical storm on the night of the third, followed by a chilly spell on the fourth.

Fall a Bad One. In the fall of the year will come storms which will do millions of dollars worth of damages. Concerning this the prophet says:

"With the recollection of this storm prophet, millions upon millions of dollars worth of ships and cargoes have been destroyed and hundreds of lives have been lost in October storms on the great northern lakes. There is a tendency of fierce northwesterly gales over all that region, annually, in October and November, but this tendency is increased when a Venus equinox falls in these months. The storm diagram shows a Venus period central on October 13 and extending into November. The Mercury period coming into force the last week of the month, blending with the Venus period, as already noted, will breed storm and weather conditions, especially on and about the great lakes, and perhaps on the north Atlantic seas and coasts, that ought to put shippers and navigators on their guard. We thus repeat and emphasize the warnings."

If 1910 was ushered in with a raging blizzard it will not go out as a lamb, for it will be very cold and on Christmas day there will be blowing a regular blizzard.

Love in the City. Written for young friends, this poem is, so far as known, Mr. Glider's last piece of verse.

How many birds have sung Love in glad valleys (And chiefly one who lately passed from earth) Divinely congruous, Love with Nature dailies, And under soiless skies, hath happy hours. Where the green burns to gold, or in deep woods, 'twixt man and maid in thousand moods.

Yet, 'gainst whatever would thwart it, It thrives by opposition and delay; It makes its habitation where there lives Not a sweet growth to feed it; Love in barren lands, cold winters, stormy weather, In happy freedom, or in steely tether.

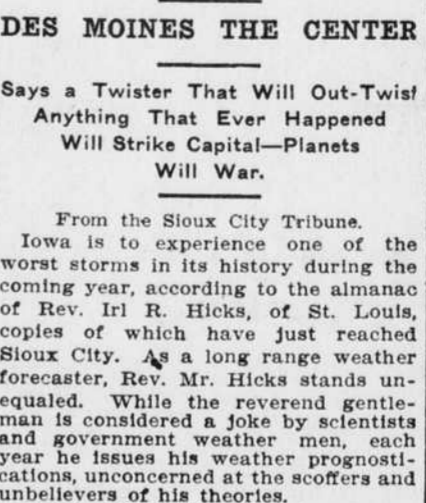
The violent town, the harsh world's shrieking mart, Casual, cruel, crowded, ever-shifting— Even there hath Love its undestructured part, As it is calm, down bilied waters drifting. And many a heart, in hidden joy, remembers, In roiling streets, its June and dear December.

September 15, 1909. —Richard Watson Glider in the Century, early, Bridget dear.

Canine Etiquette. From the Atlantic. In their relations with one another, dogs have a keen sense of "etiquet. A well-known traveler made an addition to the remark about a tribe of naked black men, living on one of the South sea islands: "In their every day intercourse there is much that is stiff, formal, and precise. Almost the same remark might be made about dogs. Unless they are on very intimate terms, they take great pains never to brush against or even to touch one another. For one dog to step over another is a dangerous breach of etiquette unless they are special friends. It is no uncommon thing for two dogs to belong to the same person, and live in the same house, and yet never take the slightest notice of each other. We have a spaniel so dignified that he will never permit another member of the dog family to pillow his head upon him; but, with the egotism of a true aristocrat, he does not hesitate to make use of the other dogs for that purpose.

There is no editor so sour that he will not take a joke, but sometimes he will not give credit for it.

TRIALS OF THE NEEDLES



Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's doctors. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day.

Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

PASSING OF THE TRAPPER.

(From St. Louis Post-Dispatch.) The forward march of civilization has reached the wilds of the Canadian north and trappers report that their business is rapidly becoming unprofitable on account of the frequency of the settlements. That state of affairs is to be expected and the wonder is that the situation has not become more acute long ago. It is remarkable that the business has continued profitable. History has repeated itself in this as in all other things. The advance guard of civilization was years behind a class of hardy trappers who earned their livelihood in the solitude of the forests by taking animals for their furs. As civilization advanced the number of trappers became larger and the amount of game diminished until the trapper was no longer a profit to be had from the business.

It began with Maine and Massachusetts and continued to the westward until the United States was no longer tenable for the trapper. The Hudson Bay company preserved the frozen north of Canada for half a century after the United States had ceased to be a profitable hunting ground, but the onward march of the railroads and the ever restless wave of homeseekers has at last advanced to the very outpost of the Hudson Bay territory. Gold and wheat have been the lodestones and the trapping business suffers.

Where will we get our furs in the future? We will raise them. For farming, skunk farming, cat farming and the hundred and one other kinds of animal raising will take the place of the trapper and his gun. Other fur-bearing animals will soon be taught to eat out of the hand of man just as the domestic animals of the farm have been doing for centuries. Man will simply enlarge his control of the lower animals, enlarge his control over the fur-bearing as well as the food-bearing animals.

Why His Mother Mourned.

From the Indianapolis Star. William M. Fogarty has a story about a good old Irish woman whose son was about to start for a trip around the world.

She had watched him prosper with pride. To her he was a great man. In her fond vision she could see all sorts of terrible tidings coming to him, but she held her peace until he had started for the journey. Then she began to cry. "A neighbor tried to console her, but to no avail. 'I'm afraid he hasn't the money to get back,' said the mother weeping. 'He's got the money to go round the world all right, but how will he ever get back?'"

GET POWER.

The Supply Comes from Food. If we get power from food, why not strive to get all the power we can? That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer. "From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 93 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts did it."

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food. Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." There's a Reason. Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.