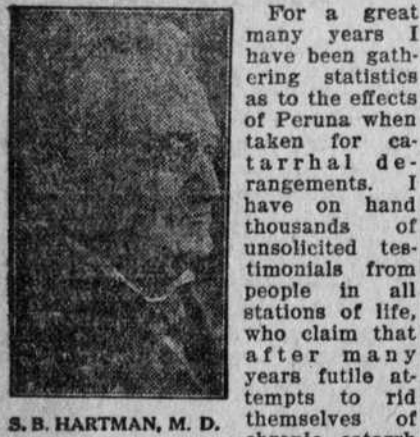


Those Peruna Testimonials How Are They Obtained?



S. B. HARTMAN, M. D.

For a great many years I have been gathering statistics as to the effects of Peruna when taken for catarrh discharges. I have on hand thousands of unsolicited testimonials from people in all stations of life, who claim that after many years futile attempts to rid themselves of chronic catarrh by various forms of treatment they have found complete relief by the use of Peruna. These testimonials have come to me unrequested, unsolicited, unrewarded in any way, directly or indirectly. They have simply been gleaned from my private correspondence with patients that have been more or less under my treatment or taking my remedies.

No remedy, official or unofficial, has a greater accredited basis for the claims we make for it than Peruna as a remedy for catarrh.

I have never been opposed at any time to the regulations offered by the Pure Food and Drugs Act. I am not now opposed to its provisions, but I am opposed to the proposed amendments to give to a partisan board of physicians the unqualified authority to decide as to all therapeutic claims which may be made for a proprietary medicine. It is manifestly unjust to

refer such questions to a body of men who are already convinced of the worthlessness of proprietary medicines. To give such a body of men the unlimited authority to decide whether our claims for Peruna are valid or not is a manifest violation of my constitutional rights.

My claims are based both on creditable theoretical grounds and upon irrefutable statistics. But I am quite willing to have our claims as to the composition of Peruna properly and thoroughly investigated, and if found to be false a proper penalty should be fixed. Or if I am making any statements concerning disease, as to the nature, symptoms or danger of any disease, if I am making any such statements as to unnecessarily frightening the people by false assumptions, I am willing to submit to any unbiased tribunal or investigation.

Mrs. Alice Bogle, 803 Clinton St., Circleville, Ohio, writes: "I want to inform you that Peruna has done for me. I have been afflicted with catarrh for several years. I have tried different medicines and none seemed to do me any good until I used Peruna. I have taken six bottles and can praise it very highly for the good it has done me. I also find it of great benefit to my children."

Peruna is for sale at all drug stores.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR FREE PERUNA ALMANAC FOR 1913.

DISGRACED:



"We dined out last evening. Pa disgraced us, as usual."
"How so?"
"Got to the end of the dinner with three forks and two spoons still unused."

Shopper's Cramp.
Simeon Ford, at a dinner of hotel men in New York, discussed a new disease.

"There's a new disease called shopper's cramp," he said. "It appears early in December, becomes violently epidemic about the middle of the month and ends suddenly on the evening of the 24th."

"Women feel shopper's cramp in the arms, the limbs, everywhere; but it attacks the husband only in one place—the pocket."

SKIN ERUPTION ON CHEEK

Kingley, Mich.—"Last May my thirteen-month-old baby had a sore come on her cheek. It started in four or five small pimples and in two or three hours' time spread to the size of a silver dollar. It spread to her eyes. Then water would run from the pimples and wherever that touched it caused more sores until nearly all one cheek and up her nostrils were one solid sore. She was very fretful. She certainly was a terrible looking child, and nothing seemed to be of any use."

"Then I got some Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. She tried to rub off everything we put on so that we would sit and hold her hands for two hours at a time, trying to give the medicine a chance to help her, but after I washed it with Cuticura Soap and then put on the Cuticura Ointment they seemed to soothe her and she did not try to rub them off. It was only a few days before her face was all healed up, and there has been no return of the trouble since. We thought that baby's face would surely be scarred, but it is not." (Signed) Mrs. W. J. Cleland, Jan. 5, 1912.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston." Adv.

Problem in Physics.

A native of T., on the coast of Scotland, when the contract for the building of the first three steamers fitted with electric lights at the local shipyard was completed, formed one of the social party gathered to entertain the electricians, says ideas. In a burst of candor and comradeship, he was heard to say to one of the wiremen:

"Mon, Peter, after workin' wi' you on they boats, I believe I could put in the electric light maseel, but there's only one thing that bates me."

"Aye, aye, Sandy, what is that?"

"Inquired his interested friend, willing to help him if it lay in his power.

"Weel, mon," replied Sandy, "it's just this: I dinna ken how yet get the file taer in along the wires."

In the Night Editor's Room.

"Here's a long story about that storm on the lake the other day. Want it cut down?"

"Does it begin, 'The storm beggars description?'"

"Yes."

"Well, run that, and cut out the description."

Which?

"Have you had much experience in hooking up?"

"Horses or waists?"

THE BEST TEACHER.

Old Experience Still Holds the Palm.
For real practical reliability and something to swear by, experience—plain old experience—is able to carry a big load yet without getting swabbed.

A So. Dak. woman found some things about food from Old Experience a good, reliable teacher.

She writes:

"I think I have used almost every breakfast food manufactured, but none equal Grape-Nuts in my estimation.

"I was greatly bothered with weak stomach and indigestion, with formation of gas after eating, and tried many remedies for it but did not find relief.

"Then I decided I must diet and see if I could overcome the difficulty that way. My choice of food was Grape-Nuts because the doctor told me I could not digest starchy food.

"Grape-Nuts food has been a great benefit to me for I feel like a different person since I began to eat it. It is wonderful to me how strong my nerves have become. I advise everyone to try it, for experience is the best teacher.

"If you have any stomach trouble—can't digest your food, use Grape-Nuts food for breakfast at least, and you won't be able to praise it enough when you see how different you feel."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "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. Adv.

The Imprudence of Prue

A Tale of a Maid and a Highwayman

By Sophie Fisher

Copyright, 1911, The Bobbs-Merrill Company

SYNOPSIS.
In the time of the American Revolution, Lady Prudence Brook, widow of an aristocrat, is still a widow at two and twenty, while journeying in a coach to London, with her cousin Reginald, who has just married, but who, however, takes nothing from her except a kiss.

The two girls live with their grandmother, Lady Drumloch, who, despite her reduced circumstances, maintains a gay social position in the court circle.

Prue is small, gay, delightful, dashing, extravagant, and always in debt.

She is perpetually pursued by creditors and just now is in deep water for want of money. She is invited to buy a new gown by whose aid she hopes to win back the queen's favor, very recently lost by one of her mad pranks.

She decides to visit Aaron's, a notorious money lender, and asks him to take care of her debts to the extent of her approaching marriage to Sir Geoffrey Beausides.

Aaron informs her, however, that Beausides is himself head over heels in debt and while Prue is still in his office Sir Geoffrey arrives.

Prue at once secretes herself in a closet and to her astonishment overhears Sir Geoffrey and Aaron talking over the top of the door of her engagement.

Prue reads in a paper an account of the trial and sentence of Robin Freemantle, the highwayman who had kissed her on the moors, and that he is to be hanged at Tyburn the following Monday.

Suddenly she recalls that according to legal custom the debts of a widow, "are buried in the coffin of her husband."

(CHAPTER XVI—Continued.)

It must not be supposed that Lord Beausides was without curiosity as to the use Robin had made of the invitation and disguise he had borrowed so peremptorily. He questioned several people, but no one seemed to have observed the scarlet domino, and the one person who could have enlightened him, he did not connect with the exploits of a highwayman. He began to feel reassured, and a couple of bottles of wine helped to restore his damaged amour propre.

Though his temper was considerably ruffled, he followed Prue to the ballroom, but his invitation to dance was coldly declined and he retreated to the card-room where Sir Geoffrey was already seated and hailed his coming with fierce joy. It would be strange indeed, he mused, if he could not be found to fasten a quarrel upon a man who came to the card table with a naturally morose temper heated with wine and still further excited by the bitter-sweet arts of a coquette.

"The Beausides was still infatuated with his old love, Sir Geoffrey had not the slightest doubt, and that he had persuaded her to jilt him he had, as he firmly believed, the evidence of his own senses.

That she would again, and Sir Geoffrey's luck had taken another turn. The pile of guineas in front of him grew apace and gradually the others dropped out, except Beausides, who had also been winning, though not so largely. His luck soon gave way before Sir Geoffrey's, and in a short time he had lost all his winnings and a considerable sum besides. Seeing him hesitate and half rise from the table, his opponent laughingly exclaimed, "Don't leave me, Beausides; I'm in the vein tonight."

"Unlucky in love, lucky at cards," sneered Beausides. "I see the widow has jilted you."

"This is a new one and you know it!" cried Sir Geoffrey. "Both men started to their feet and stood glaring at each other across the table. Most of the other games were suspended, and a breathless hush fell upon the whole assembly."

"What is intended for an insult?" said Beausides thickly. A laugh or two expressed the opinion of the on-lookers as to the propriety of such a question.

"You can take it any way you please," retorted Sir Geoffrey. "What I have said I am ready to repeat, if you require it, and uphold in any way you demand."

A gray-haired man in general's uniform came forward and laid a hand on the arm of each.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the duchess will be much offended, if this should go further under her roof, on such an occasion as this. If you wish to continue this discussion, my quarters, near by are at your disposal; otherwise, let the ball. Until then, pray let us avoid any unpleasantness."

Beausides turned on his heel and walked off to the other end of the room. Sir Geoffrey accepted the old general's invitation, and pocketing his winnings, repaired to the ballroom, his temper and spirits vastly improved.

There he had the good fortune to find Prue in a gracious mood, and willing to make up for her previous neglect by dancing with him and allowing him to linger at her side until the ball came to an end. Then he had the felicity of shawling her and handing her into her carriage, where she bade him good morning and permitted him to press a kiss upon Robin's pearl-embroidered gloves.

Prue started up eagerly. "Is he here?" Prue shook her head. "What did he go away without seeing me?" cried Prue, her face falling and her lip drooping like a grievous child.

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"Guinea sent little bird sent these to you," she said.

"Ha! ha! ha!" Prue screamed with laughter. "So the only bird you can think of now is a Robin? Why, Prue, you foolish cox, what is the use of setting your heart on him? You know you cannot have him."

"And suppose I cannot; is not that enough to make any woman set her feet on a man?" cried Prue. "Take those nasty things out of the room, Peggy; the smell of them makes me quite sick."

Peggy started to go, sniffing them voluptuously. "Poor Robin," she murmured; "tis well he cannot see how your own lips are moist with his kisses. Indeed! I never knew the smell of roses to make you sick before."

Prue flew after her. "Margaret!" she exclaimed, with flashing eyes. "How dare you torment me like this? Tell me, instantly, who sent those flowers to me?"

"Why, didn't I tell you they came from Robin?" asked Peggy, regarding her with careless surprise.

"Give them to me this instant! Oh, Peggy, Peggy, you know you tried to make me think Sir Geoffrey sent them."

"I only said he always sent flowers by his lackey," Peggy interposed.

"Was there nothing with them? Not a letter, not a note, not a word?"

"Oh, Peggy, just a word—"

"Not a word. But the day is not over yet, and mayhap Captain Scatterbrain will bring his own message. He is mad enough for anything. Now don't keep me guessing those 'nasty things'—you know the sort of roses makes you sick today—and make haste downstairs. Grandmother is feeling almost well today and will take her chocolate in the drawing room. She wishes you to join her anon, so that she can hear from you on your own lips all about your triumphs last night."

When Prue came down presently, she wore a great cluster of red roses at her breast, and one or two nestled in the curls of her hair. It was a pity Robin could not see how well she had come her, but they were not altogether wasted, as Sir Geoffrey, coming in a short time later, made them the occasion of some charming compliments.

"Did Lady Drumloch, with no sign of weakness or distress, accept her delicate waxen pail, reclined on a couch enveloped in her cashmères, sipping chocolate and listening with great complacency to her granddaughter's account of the masquerade. She greeted Sir Geoffrey without enthusiasm, accepted his congratulations upon her recovery with resignation and remorselessly turned him over to Peggy for entertainment, while she kept Prue in close attendance upon herself.

"Other guests dropping in, Prue was kept so busy dispensing chocolate and sweetmeats that she hardly noticed the portentous gravity with which Sir Geoffrey drew Peggy apart and engaged her in a low voiced conversation, which at first amused, then surprised, and finally caused her to exhibit unmistakable signs of uneasiness. Her efforts catch to Prue's eye being abortive, she was on her way across the room, when the door was thrown open, and with a clatter of rustling silks and clattering of fans, three ladies were announced: "Lady Litherick, Miss Warburton and Lady Barbara Sweeting."

Of the new-comers, the latter deserves a word of introduction, for Lady Barbara had been the sharer, and many a thought, the instigator of her frolics of Prue's lively widowhood. They were fast friends, and if the fading charms of Lady Barbara suffered by contrast with Prue's fresh loveliness, Prue desired the friendship of either were usually wise enough to treat both with impartial gallantry.

A great favorite of Queen Anne and also a dangerous rival of Sarah Churchill, Lady Barbara owed her popularity chiefly to her skill in collecting and disseminating scandal. She knew everything long before any one else suspected it. Projected marriages, family jars, political intrigues, amusing her with an ever-fresh stock of unneeded news. Misdemeanors, rarely malicious, she often pricked but seldom stabbed, and was as ready to turn the laugh against herself as to make fun out of her most cherished enemy.

"Dee, Lady Drumloch, what a delightful surprise, and how charming you look!" she cried, taking the old lady's delicate hand in hers and pressing upon it as reverential a kiss as though that had been Queen Anne's own chubby fingers. "You don't know how enchanted we are to have you among us again! We have missed you so, Prue, you wicked witch, how dare you look so lovely? After last night you ought to be pale and languishing, instead of looking so shamelessly unconcerned and lighthearted." Prue, without knowing why, changed countenance a little, at which her tormentor ought to have noted volubly. "We were setting up very nicely without you a little dull, perhaps, but one can live without duels, and while you stayed in the north, wives could let their husbands run alone, even if they had been your husband's. Frithie, was ever General Sweeting the victim of your enchantments? If so, alack, what is to become of me?"

A laugh rippled round the room, for Lady Barbara's husband was not only a well-known and able soldier, but he had once been a redoubtable warrior and a still more formidable rake, it was in the days when Prue's mother had

not emerged from the nursery and Prue's self was an unpropounded problem of the distant future.

Not at all disturbed by the amusement of her audience, Lady Barbara raised her quizzing-glass and ran her bright, sharp glance round the room.

"What! Sir Geoffrey Beausides! how come you here? Why are you not flying for safety to your Yorkshire castle? Or perhaps your parliamentary immunities extend to the slaughter of the innocents as well as the spoiling of the Egyptians?"

Sir Geoffrey very red in the face, came forward, bowing low. "Dear Lady Barbara, as you are strong, be merciful," he murmured imploringly.

She gave him a look very unlike her ordinary merry defiance. "Merciful to you, who have no mercy even for the nursing mother and the suckling babe? Never! Lady Beausides is one of my ninety-and-nine dearest friends. I have just come from her. There was a slight wringing the heart from me, the weeping mother in one room and the wounded husband and father—"

"Oh, tush!" interrupted Sir Geoffrey, recovering his aplomb. "Twas the merest scratch. A strip torn from my lady's kerchief would have bound it up and left something to spare."

"Don't quarrel, you two," interposed Prue's sweet, cooing voice. "Bab, come and sit beside granny and I'll give you a cup of chocolate, while you tell her the latest news."

"The latest news? There is so much, that the difficulty is to know where to begin. I went, this morning, to visit my interesting friend, Lady Beausides, and according to promise, including—here she shook her finger at Prue—"all the doings and misdoings of her lord. I was prepared to be cautious with the dear creature, but instead of finding myself welcomed by a bearer of news, I heard so much that my poor head nearly swims with trying to remember it all."

"Begin with the least exciting and work up by easy stages to a climax," suggested Peggy, edging toward her cousin and trying to attract her attention.

"No, begin with the most thrilling while our nerves are strong enough to bear it," Prue proposed eagerly.

"First, then," Lady Barbara began, highly enjoying her anticipated triumph, "there was a robbery at Marlborough house last night, and sure no common thief would venture to steal her majesty's diamond necklace from the royal retiring-room."

"The general chorus of incredulity and indignation realized her expectations and she looked around with a mysterious smile. "No common thief indeed; but Robin Freemantle, the highwayman, is out of jail, and 'tis said—indeed my authority can not be questioned—that he was among the mask-

"Prue felt cold shivers trickling down her spine, but the consciousness that Sir Geoffrey was watching her, gave her strength to fix a smile upon her face and pour out the cup of chocolate with a steady hand.

"Why do they think he had anything to do with this?" some one inquired. "Tell us everything quickly, Barbara, before we die of curiosity."

"Why, now we come to the best part of all," cried the fair news-monger. "On his way to the ball, Lord Beausides was waylaid by Robin Freemantle and a band of ruffians, who carried him off—carriage, servants and all complete—to a secret cavern and left him there for several hours, having robbed him of his mask and domino and borrowed his invitation and his carriage!"

"The devil!" ejaculated Sir Geoffrey, suddenly very much enlightened.

"Yes, sir Geoffrey, you should leave such remarks to our poor friend Beausides, when he discovered, this morning, the purpose for which his disguise had been taken."

"But he was there; I spoke with him," said Prue, feeling the color ebb from her cheeks and surreptitiously trying to pinch some of it back.

"Did I see you supping with him?" retorted Lady Barbara archly. "I refrained from dwelling upon this subject to my poor friend, Lady Beausides, but I saw what I saw! Her midnight property was restored and he was set free. He hastened to the ball, and doubtless he would have done much better to go straight home, eh, Sir Geoffrey?"

"He seemed in a bad humor," said Prue reflectively, "but not more so than usual."

"He might well be in a bad humor. It appears that he was instrumental in getting Robin Freemantle pardoned when he was in Newgate, condemned to be hanged."

"That is strange!" Peggy exclaimed. "This is the first time I ever heard tell of a charitable act of his!"

"Twill be the last, no doubt; the man is an ingrate. His first use of his liberty was to steal his benefactor's mask and domino, and under cover of them to rob the queen's majesty. Oh! 'tis outrageous!" Lady Barbara ran on volubly. "But he will be punished; my specialty. She became mysterious. "His retreat is known. When Beausides questioned his servants and added his own suspicion to theirs, he came upon important clues, and when I left he was going to place a tin in the hands of the authorities, from whom this miscreant will certainly not be rescued a second time—by him!"

WALKED FROM CAPE TO CAIRO.

Record Feat Is Accomplished By An Englishman.
From the London Standard.
Emil Lund, a Rhodesian settler 24 years old, has just completed a walk from Capetown to Cairo, not on a wager, or without money, or to test a system of diet or training, but simply from love of adventure. He has been a soldier and scout since he was 17 years old, serving in the Uganda rebellion and the South African war.

He started from Capetown and walked through the Cape Province and the Transvaal to Rhodesia. Thence he continued through the Congo State, the Sudan and the Nubian desert to Egypt, a distance of nearly 5,000 miles as the crow flies. "My wish," he said, in telling the story of his walk, "was simply to be the first man to accomplish the feat of walking from the Cape of Good Hope to the Nubian desert. That was the hardest tramp of all."

Money Is Not Prosperity.

By William Bourke Cochrane.
Nothing is more common than the mistake that money and property are identical. They are not. A redundancy of money does not prove any prosperity. There may be a large amount of circulating medium and very great poverty. The issue of paper money simply is a more an increase of wealth than the issue by an individual by its promissory note would show an increase of his property. As a matter of fact, an increase in the volume of money is not proof of an increase in property, but may be a strong proof of a decrease in wealth. The volume of money is a small part of the volume of ordinary transactions of life. It is not the volume of money, but the activity of money, that counts. Money is only a mere commodity and it is its value that counts. It is today, he will decline to exchange his commodity against it.

DO YOUR LEVEL BEST.

By E. E. Lewis, Sioux City, Ia.

Principles of General Average.
We may not be able to attain perfection in this world, but unless we set before ourselves a high ideal, we will never make much progress.

The fashion of measuring ourselves by ourselves and comparing ourselves among ourselves, which was in vogue when Paul wrote his letters to the Corinthians is still followed. We can never rise above our ideals and while these are modeled upon human characters we shall never arrive at perfect manhood—never reach "unto the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."

Our faults are, however, our styles of living, our business, our benevolence are far too much shaped by comparing and averaging our own lives with those of other people.

"I do not belong to the church," but I pay my debts, which is more than many of your church members do.

"I know I put only a quarter into the missionary collection, but Deacon Jones, who is rich, did no better."

"I suppose I might call upon that poor family and help them; but why doesn't Mrs. Sears, who has more time and money?" This "measuring ourselves by ourselves" crops out everywhere.

A farmer—a good, fair average Christian man, had a hired hand to whom he often talked of Christian life, recognizing his own shortcomings but consoling himself with the thought that he compared favorably upon the whole with the rest of the people in the church and that in the great day of reckoning he would do no worse than up very well with his fellow Christians.

The hired man listened to all this, but said nothing. One day the farmer sent him to build a fence about a pasture lot some distance from the house. At the fence finished, "is it good and strong and will it turn the cattle all right?" asked his employer. "It is a good average fence," replied the man.

"Better than many we see. It might not be able in every part to turn the cattle, but in some places I know could turn a whole drove of them. In some places it may be a little weak, but in others it is doubly strong, and while possibly a little bit low here and there, other places are so high that no animal can jump over. Taking it right through it will average up as a more than ordinarily good fence."

"But, man alive," said his employer, "a fence that will not turn the cattle and keep them from jumping over anywhere, is good for nothing anywhere."

"I guess that's about right," said the hired man, "but I had heard you saying so much about averaging up things with the Lord, and I thought perhaps it would be well to try your principles of general average with the fence."

THE BALM OF KINDLY EXPRESSED APPRECIATION.

No man is independent of the opinion entertained of him by his fellowmen. Think of the United States senators, railroad magnates, newspaper editors and millionaires, now skulking about, fearful of having even their names mentioned. We all need the sympathy of our kind, and we can all do much in the way of enabling and encouraging others to do better.

There is in them. We feel kindly toward people in general and especially toward our kind and our own. We do not say it and say it heartily. Many a man and woman at whose funeral we really weep, whose coffin we over with flowers and over whose memory we pour forth beautiful tributes had they received half of this sympathy in life, would have been heaped, encouraged and spurred on to better and higher efforts and had longer and certainly sweeter lives.

We want the balm of the kindly expressed appreciation of others, not necessarily of a multitude, but of a few whose favorable estimation we prize.

When Johnson was elected President, by Boswell, insignificant as the latter was, and Carlyle felt hurt because Jeffrey did not seem to value him highly, though he considered himself immeasurably Jeffrey's superior.

Jenny Lind, when the world was at her feet, said to a friend: "Mary met me in the side room after the concert is over and put your arms around me and tell me that I did well."

Ezekiel Webster fairly worshipped his brother Daniel, and Daniel thought more of his brother's good opinion than he would willing give. He was content before the great expounder of the constitution delivered his immortal "Reply to Hayne," but when the huzzas of a nation sounded in his ears, Daniel Webster's exclamation was: "Oh, that Zeke were here!"

A merchant stood one evening in his store door on Lake street, Chicago, when a young man passed on the way to the lake. Noticing a peculiarly haggard and desperate appearance in the young man's face, our friend concluded after a minute's reflection to follow him, overtaking him just as he was about to jump from one of the wharfs into the water.

"My brother, what are you doing?" Turing at the word "brother," the other asked, "who calls me brother?" "The spell was broken and the life saved. It was the same old story—without work, without money, friendless, forlorn—"Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!"

Our storekeeper obtained a situation for him and kept track of him for a while, but finally Mr. Mearns, who twelve years afterwards he received a letter from a Des Moines lawyer enclosing another letter which he had been instructed to forward to our friend in Chicago upon the death of its writer, and stating that the writer of the letter had died a few days before. The young man had departed was accounted for. He had gone to Iowa, and expecting to die without a family of his own, had yielded a quarter section of Marshall county and the man who saved him from suicide.

Unselfish Mother.

From the Denver News.
"Suppose that your mother baked an apple pie and there were seven of you—the parents, and five children. What part of the pie would you get for your portion?"

"A sixth, ma'am," the boy answered.

"But there are seven of you," said the teacher. "Don't you know anything about fractions?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the boy. "I know all about fractions, but I know all about mother, too. Mother'd say she didn't want no pie."

To Sneeze or Not to Sneeze.

Sneeze on Monday, sneeze for danger; sneeze on Tuesday, sneeze a stranger; sneeze on Wednesday, have a letter; sneeze on Thursday, something better; sneeze on Friday, expect sorrow; sneeze on Saturday, gay tomorrow; sneeze on Sunday, sneeze on Monday; sneeze on Sunday, sneeze on Monday; sneeze on Sunday, sneeze on Monday; sneeze on Sunday, sneeze on Monday.

Philadelphia Presbyterian Clergymen.

Philadelphia Presbyterian clergymen say they don't want Billy Sunday to start in that city one of his "revival" campaigns. They object to his methods.

FOLEY KIDNEY PILLS
Are Riches in Curative Qualities FOR BACKACHE, RHEUMATISM, KIDNEYS AND BLADDER

PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup. Taste Good. Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.

FOR COUGHS AND COLDS