well. I am now giving it to my other

Mr. Joseph Kirchensteiner, 87 Croton

street, Cleveland, O., says: "We have

used Peruna for eight years as our fam-

ily medicine. During the whole of that

time we have not had to employ a phy-

Our famly consists of seven, and

we also use it for the thousand and

one ailments to which mankind is liable.

We have used it in cases of scarletfever.

measles and diphtheria. Whenever one

of the family feels in the leastill, mother

always says: 'Take Peruna and you

will be well,' or if we do not happen to

have any, 'We will have to get more

Peruna! Peruna is always satisfactory

Children are especially liable to acute

catarrh. Indeed, most of the affections

of childhood are catarrh. All forms of

sore throat, quinsy, croup, hoarseness,

and laryngitis are but different phases

These affections, in the acute

form, may pass away without treat-

ment, but they leave a foundation

for chronic catarrh in later years. Even

a slight cold is acute catarrh, and ren-

ders the mucous membrane of the head

and throat more liable to chronic ca-

tarrh afterwards. The child is con-

stantly assiled winter and summer, with

colic and diarrhoea, are due to ca-

tarrhal derangements of these organs.

bitter experience that these affections

must be promptly treated or the child's

Peruna is the remedy. No family

should be without it. As soon as the

symptoms of cold, cough or any other

affection of the throat or stomach is

noticed, Peruna should be given accord-

ing to directions. A vast multitude of

families are relying entirely upon Pe-

runa for safety in this direction.

health is permanently injured.

A great many families are learning by

Affections of the stomach and bowels,

in colds and coughs."

of catarrh.

## The Shrub That Broke Away

which left a scar all around it. For spring and summer her heart said:

Your golden days may still return." year doing her duty as a good child should. She had come to the old Jacobsens late in their life, had been of the night.

'Heavens! The world!" sighed the old man continually.

Rather-the men," suggested his wife, who in her struggle for existion points Martha was to rest con-

But Martha Jacobsen had a schoolmate who had gone out into the world | ing to earn her living. She wrote fantastic tales of her freedom and the old people shook their heads and rejoiced that, thanks to their savings, their child need not know the world. But Martha longed for liberty, toofor the time when she might pass the twilight hours below in the freedom of

the city. One day the friend came to visit her. red, and her manner of speech had changed. And all three stared at her. not? The old man tried to act like one who nature. Curiosity already shone in away into her little room. The old people would have liked to hear what was going on, but the girls spoke in whispers and sometimes Fanny laughed aloud. For days Martha could do nothing and her mother's taunts

At last the climax came and her who had many a spare hour in her freedom. Martha was a dutiful child whose will her mother had whipped away together with a little stubbornness. So Fanny left and did not write. and Martha did not write, and all was

A few months later, just at Eastertime when fresh curtains had been put up in Jacobsen's three rooms, when the floors had been freshly oiled and the baking was about to begin, the holiday stole slowly back to the week-day, she died. When she was buried and the ribbons on the wreaths began to be weatherworn, the grief was no longer so very far from consolation. It grew more tender, as friendly people say, and permitted other thoughts to take their accus-

And so, slowly, freedom began. And down below the shrub was in bloom in its modest strength.

"The house is so empty now," the old man often complained, and one day the girl, in her longing for a third And the man, who had ala pasteboard register on the wall. his daughter, after some hesitation. "I will not bother about anything."

posed of the applicants and that he ent-tree—the lusty little crickets." could live as before, when his Stina put his cup before him for breakfast, Martha ran to her father who wanted

and after supper-dominos, as usual. Martha Jacobsen rented the room to a librarian. She blacked his boots ed from the German of G. Heydemann- and brought him his breakfast and he not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. gered her at first, but then he grew to When Martha Jacobsen looked out her friend was so happy. Her boarder of her third-floor kitchen window, she left early in the morning and only saw, far below, a tiny area where grew returned at night. He never noticed a single shrub. The bush was stunted, her, but she studied him, and when for when still very young it had been she cleaned his room she rummaged struck by lightning. The stroke had among his books and pictures, particsupped its best blood, and now it ularly his books. Her mother had aldragged itself along year by year. The ways begrudged her her reading and landford tended it carefully and had bald obliged the girl to knit or crochet bound it to the house by a stout rope, every cloth in the house. But now as freedom drew near, she sat reading all this unfortunate, under which the through the long summer afternoons landlord's chickens cackled as they in the little back room, so full of comeratched for angle-worms the livelong mon places and pipe-smoke, where the day, the girl on the third floor felt a bespecked family pictures and gatlypeculiar sympathy and when she saw colored genre heads hung in their it blossom in the few days between gilded frames and an old wreath of hair flowers that her mother had woven long ago, in those golden days of In the meantime she lived another old, when girls, they say, were differ-

Of one book of modern poems Martha never tired. As she read her senses brought up here with anxious care and gradually awoke and she felt her heart never permitted to leave them, heat. She looked for the song of the Through saving and inheritance the shrub, for it would surely have been unpretentious old people, who sprang a fitting subject. But she found none from simple stock, had accumulated a and had she not been living in the tidy sum. They sent Martha to a commonplace room one must surely good school and taught her to play have sprung from her own soul. She on the piano, and when they went could not bear to part with the book walking in the park on Sundays, she and, girl-fashion, copied the poems was between them that everybody on the kitchen table, while her father might see that the beautiful girl be- took his after-dinner nap, because longed to them, her parents. She was nothing had ever been written at the never permitted to go out alone after Jacobsen's which father and mother dark though she loved the hours when had not insisted upon seeing. So the mankind goes in chase of the pleasures book was not returned to its place, and one evening the librarian looked for it. He called Martha into the room and asked her. She blushed and he

understood "Oh," said he, "it doesn't matter. tence had never known another than You can have it again if you enjoy it. her husband; and with these exclama- But do you grasp the real meaning of those verses?'

"Yes," answered Martha Jacobsen, and raised her large eyes, full of long-

That surprises me.' "I clean your boots, and you show yourself before me in your shirtsleeves. I live on the third floor of a house that smells of poor people; my father shuffles across the floor from morning till night in felt slippers. What then can I understand of poetry, beside which is drawn a flower with a thin, trembling stem that seems to She wore a tilted hat, her hair was bear it away into another world? That is what you meant, Mr. Sellburg, is it

"I did not mean to anger you. I did understood such things, but that an- not know you. You will no doubt find gered his wife and roused her peasant many other books that please you on my shelves. Only don't touch the phil-Woman should feel, God knows with what power, but brood and analyze she should not.

Martha made no reply, but looked at Alex Sellburg as though to say, "Can't you see it is this very woman's destiny of feeling that is killing me?"

Then she rushed into the kitchen, threw open the window and looked at her shrub. Sadly enough, however, the shrub looked back at her, for the wind was blowing his poor branches about his weakened frame.

"That is dying," thought she, "and too. Fanny was more fortunate. My mother could not endure that showy hat. If mother had read the poems.

It was only a few evenings later that a friend came to visit Alex Sellburg and Martha brought up beer and glasses. Her sleeves were still rolled up a little from the evening dish-washing, and it pleased the young man to clasp her wrist. The warm grasp felt good and a half laugh played around her mouth. She glanced at Alex Sellburg and he was looking at her as if curious to see what would happen. Then she tore herself free and slipped away into her alcove next to the rented room, with so thin a partition between that every word of the conver-

sation was clearly audible. "Pretty girl," said the stranger. "Child of decent people," was the

"Too bad," laughed the other. "What? That Miss Jacobsen has respectable parents?"

"Her expression was not that of the respectable-parents'-child when I came too close. Her smile was half expec-"lust is your business," he said to tant. Some girls you know do not thrive on respectable families. They fade away in their pious respect for in-And he sat in his back room and herited propriety and respectability. smoked and rejoiced that Martha dis- They sometimes fall far from the par-Alex Sellburg did not answer, and

Weak Girls

your daughters as they approach

that perilous period of their lives

when they undergo that marvelous

transformation from girlhood to woman-

hood. Guard them closely, their whole

future depends upon the care you give them,

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ward for any case of Catarrh that canalways walked before her. This an- F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo. We, the undersigned, have known seem a part of that liberty in which F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all said, who understood every step. business transactions and financially abie to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

> West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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to play dominos and have his evening Then the days passed and autumn came. It rained a great deal and the rain left the shrub naked and pitiful. Some day you will be like that," said the unhappy girl to nerself, and for days she would speak no word to her father, but had been accustomed to talk to his Stina from morning till night. Suddenly she would throw open all the windows. The old man

purple thread and asked peevishly: Why, my dear Martha?" "Air, father, air. I don't know how you and mother stood it here all your

buried himself deeper in the smoking

coat, which Stina had mended with

"Should get married, Martha. Then you would not bother about fresh air. When you have children you will understand how mother and I could be happy, with the air not quite so clear."

'Marry! Marry one of our acquaintances who cannot even write correctly. Cook and sew for such a man. No, father, rather than that I'd stay here with you in the back room. Here at the sensitive, emotional woman's naleast I have my shrub that pines with

"High-strung minx," was the old man's answer.

Now the conversation turned upon marriage at least once a day, until at last Martha listened in silence. But one evening at dominos Father Jacobsen suddenly announced his own intention of marrying again. He already knew whom and what she had. Naturally they would need the spare room and the doctor must leave. Martha said nothing, for she believed her father talked for effect as her mother had not been dead a year.

But her heart stood still when at noon a few days later he took out his funeral coat and his funny, old-fashioned silk hat and his only pair of kid

She tried to take off the coat from which he, embarrassed, was brushing specks of dust.

Why, you know-what-the other at her house. You see I don't know her yet. She is Mason Berut's cousin and has a little money."

"Father, you wouldn't! You don't need money. You have everything. And think of mother."

"Mother! She was a good woman. She cared for my comforts and knew my habits. But there, this is no lovestory that it need annoy mother.' "But, father, you have your habits."

"Habits! A sullen, high-strung daughter I have. The windows always wide open and not a decent word the whole day long. Can't even make a grog that's fit to drink. If that is comfort and habit-' "Father."

But the old man went, turning in the doorway to say that Martha should give the doctor notice, because he would need the spare-room again.

He had not returned when night came. In the meantime, the girl sat in to plan something definite for her life, now that she was free and without the duty to her father that had bound her to her home. Free! That helped her to conquer the bitterness she felt at her father's folly. Below the streetlamps burned-the stories Fanny told came back to her-sweet stories from nights of freedom. When it was quite dark, Alex Sellburg came in.

"I am here," said somebody in an "Miss Jacobsen, you? Something

She laughed: "Oh, yes, doctor, you are to leave. Father is going to marry again and his wife needs another room for her honored guests."

"So-hum-I like it here-but of course that does not alter matters. And that seems laughable to you?" "Now I am free. Without father or

had no connections, nobody bothered about her. She was pretty and sang methe best in the class. After that she learned dancing. "And you?"

"I am pretty-and I am free. This time it will go worse with the shrub went on with his packing. than with me. For that is bound to the house with heavy cords, and will remain so.

gas. He thought of the worldly wis- But he said nothing, because he dom of his friend and of the pleasure thought again that she should not be that might come to him. If he lit the led astray by him. When he had fingas, the fever would pass away. "Yes, you are beautiful," he said,

and came close to her. "And I wish to have my golden days like the shrub in the springtime. I you need any advice, Martha." wish to have something out of your songs.

he could feel the trembling of her was out, as usual, so sne might spend limbs. He was no better than the average and would gladly have reaped his share from her longing for happiness. And so he took her hands and pressed them. And then she stood perfectly still, waiting. But because the girl no longer stirred, nor said a word, Alex Sellburg dropped her hands. If she had thrown herself on his neckthen. And so he lit the gas and because something must be said, he asked after Fanny.

"Your friend is of the variety, is she "She sings and dances, and says she has -she enjoys life more than one of us."

"But for how long? Miss Martha, have a poem here I am going to read to you. Why do you stand there in the middle of the room? That is uncomfortable and we have begun the sort of friendship where you may be comfortable, so-" He pushed a chair up to the table for her and began to lock for the book. He was glad they were out of the dark. The girl began to interest him, as a study. And later when she, like a thousand others, had

passed the crisis he wished to be the good fellow," the ideal treasured in her memory.

"Do you wish to listen, Martha?" She laughed. He called her by her name so suddenly. Again a round nearer happiness, Fanny would have

"Fanny's song?" she asked. "Perhaps. I think it fits one and all," and he began:

"Every day when the sun is down I deck myself in my parple gown, Purple shoes and yellow hose; Oh, 'tis my mirror alone that knows. My cheeks and my lips I tint with red, And now I dance, half alive, half dead, Till the curtain falls 'mid wild delight And I am queen of the world-tonight."

"Yes, that is Fanny. And how you ead it!" She bent far over the table and her eyes danced. "The song is not finished," and he

"But at that hour at break of day. I dress myself in a dress of gray; And often has a sad, sad morrow Dawned on a night of deepest sorrow, From city to city, aimlessly, I wander, since he deserted me; And on a pale face falls the light Of the sun's rays, golden, bright." And then comes the first verse over

again, Martha." The girl laughed at his compassion impudently, boldly, wantonly. That was it! To dance for life or death, and to the end. And then he began to relate to her stories of the gutters; stories that would have made a lantern

'You look at life from your quiet third-floor as with a bird's eye, Mar-You talk fantastically of golden You must marry, marry some good, loving man. In my ideas of a woman's life I am still very old-fashioned. I do not like emancipated women, because in some critical moment ture is bound to break out and then such a woman too easily becomes a caricature.'

He turned the pages of Fawbowsky's Songs for the People," and went on: 'Here is Rimer's 'Cottage Love Song.' He pushed the book across the table to her and said as her glance ran along

"You say your shrub is tied to the Otherwise it would have perished long ago. It could never have withstood the first strong gust."

He stretched out his hands across

the table and looked at her earnestly. "If only she does not go astray," he thought. After that they did not talk much. Their hands were clasped and they looked at each other until the man began to fear for his strength. friends. I suppose it is time I start. Good-night, Miss Martha, and tomorrow you can tell me if I really must

Then he went away, but not to join evening-and now I want to look in his friends. He sat alone in the corner of a cafe and looked at the girls who, at this late hour, stepped in laughing. Many of them wore hats tilted over their pretty faces and it was easy to tell to what class they belonged. One was giddier than the other, and Alex Sellburg thought of the dress of gray that succeeded the purple in the morning "carne vale."

She shall not go astray. Through me she shall not go astray," he repeated to himself. When the night air made all eyes weary and the little girls yawned and their friends blushed under their big hats, the librarian went

Up there on the third floor everything was still, but it struck him how impure the air was in the hallway. And with that it smelled so of the little corridor lamp and the kitchen and the old man's pipe. He thought about what Martha had said of the flowers of the "Maderus," the flat-leaved, wide comed the patients and helped clean open flowers that a thin, trembling the instruments and hand them to the seemed to bear into another doctor. She heard many a cry and

And that night he dreamed of the day, and in the evening she was weary shrub and thin-stemmed flowers and of from the pain of others. But Sunday Martha who wore a hat like the girls of the midnight. A few weeks later Alex Sellburg

packed his things and Martha helped the long hours of waiting had passed him. As she handed him the book of she took up her book and was sadder strange poems, he said, without look- and more weary than on other days. ing up, "Keep it, Martha, and when unsteady voice as he opened the door. the desire for golden hours comes over you think of the evening when I read | the big city when, after one of those you that other poem. You know-

> "But at that hour at break of day I dress myself in a dress of gray"

"Do you really wish to leave your father? You say that the woman who is to be your mother is kind-hearted." "Yes, kind-hearted and common. She her. And so somebody found her. Afsuits my father exactly. I need not ter that she did not wait on Sundays. mother. I had a schoolmate. She, too, fear for him, nor have I any fear of a Somebody took her, Sunday after Sunstepmother. Something else drives

"The longing for freedom, Martha?" "I have a position. When am I free? Only evenings." "Yes, evenings," he repeated,

She thanked him for the book and talked of having her own little home, from the half dead leaves, Martha was now. She said it as though to invite again walking the streets aimlessly. Sellburg did not want to light the him to look at her temple of freedom. ished his packing and already taken up his coat he handed her his address "In case something should come here for me, by mistake, and-and-in case

> When he had gone and she stood alone in the disordered, desolate room, Martha. You know why. It would Martha shrieked aloud. Her father

movement of the bowels, not being able to move them except by using hot water injections. Chronic constipation for seven years placed me in this terrible condition; during that time I did everything I heard of but never found any relief; such ered by the broad, round shadow of was my case until I began using CASCARETS. I the flower-bedecked hat. now have from one to three passages a day, and if I was rich I would give \$100.00 for each movement; it AYLMER L. HUNT, 1089 Russell St., Detroit, Mich. is such a relief."

CANDY CATHARTIC TRADE MARK REGISTERED EGULATE THE LIV

... CURE CONSTIPATION. ... her departure she had visited the old

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. ... people once a week, at most, and of-

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Mrs. H. H. Overmann, 2865 Winslow Ave., Cincinnati, O."

"That is dead, Miss Martha. You re

member the storm a while ago. Well

night the shrub fell. It was a sad-

"Too bad," said the girl. "It made

Once in her room she put on her sim-

after poem, but could not weep, al-

t\_ough she longed to wash the burden

from her heart with tears. She had

it said. But he who had deserted the

first. The first one had not come for

fear of going one day with an evil

conscience. He had remained the vir-

tuous man. But the other, who came

in his place, had gone now, too-with-

out remorse to another. And Alex Sell-

burg understood. 'ane letter closed

with these words: "The little bush is

broken, too, down to its poor roots,

because it broke away from the house

And that is the story of a girl, whom

And during his dinner hour the li-

orarian went to look for Martha Ja-

cobsen. But the room in which she

"The Jacobsen has gone, after her

had lived was already prepared to re-

the book and wrapped them up.

"From city to city, aimlessly

looking bush, yet pretty in spring."

Mr. L. G. Vandegriff, Carrollton, Ga, | have had two physicians to treat her testimonials concerning Peruna sent writes: "I endorse your Peruna. I had and found no relief. After using two free by The Peruna Medicine Co., Coa little girl afflicted with catarrh and bottles of your Peruna she is sound and lumbus. O.

like those Fanny had so often had. She As she glided down the steps she met

wanted only this one, just one blossom | the landlady in the hallway. She would

from the shrub. And the end? For the | not let Martha go until she knew how

come," she thought, and this thought that broke the rope and that same

again, though.

as a bird.

you knew."

ceive a new lodger.

ureamed of the "Cottage Love Song."

Why not? The poem of the girl who

"Some Sunday, at twilight, he will

comforted her. Three weeks after

the anniversary of her mother's death

was her father's wedding, a small, de-

cent, quiet wedding at which Martha

could be quiet. As it grew dark, Mar-

tha kissed her father, who was

touched, and tried to hold her-and

went away. She looked out of the

shrub, whose golden days would soon

From morning until night Martha

worked in a doctor's office. She wel-

saw many a tear in the course of a

was her day. Then she cleaned her

room against the time at twilight

when Alex Sellburg would come. When

The blossoming time had passed and

the July dust covered all the trees of

patient Sundays, she went out upon

the street. She wandered aimlessly

about until late that summer's night,

but she was sad no more. The men's

its loud beer-garden music and some-

thing she had seen in passing, excited

day, to the loud music. And so it came

to pass that she liked the strange hats

whose waving plumes and flowers

nodded tremblingly to all; and the

faces of the merry girls who bind up

One damp evening in the early au-

"Miss Martha," said someone, pass-

"Why will you not know me, Mar-

Still she did not raise her head, but

said, bitterly: "I have thought so

ofter that you would come, I could

She was silent and hung her head.

tumn, an evening that washes the dust

their hearts to be beautiful.

tha? Is that friendship?

think of nothing else."

not have been for your good."

came," but was ashamed.

ing close to her.

return. It was still fast bound.

dress, certainly did not suit her.

on a gloomy morning put on a gloomy after her shrub.

her rage. And that she did. For the ten only the locked door greeted her, summer lover, I suppose," suggested first time her oppressed nature claimed | because the young wife, fifteen years | the "landlady." its rights. She had pictured the leave- his junior, had given the man a taste father, too," she added. "Poor shrub," Sellburg wanted to taking as the beginning of a secret for life again. And so it was today.

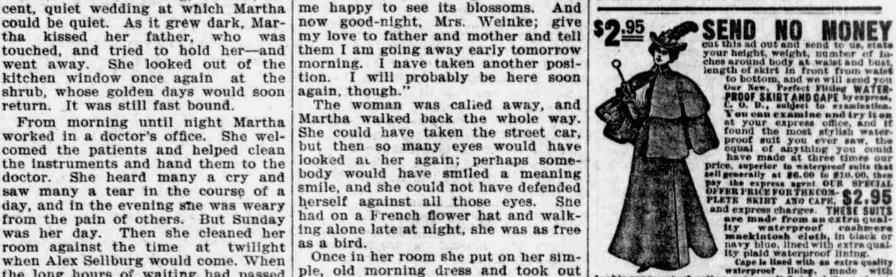
with Dr. Hartman's free book on ca-

tarrh; also "Facts and Faces," a book of

say, but, of course, he was silent and went on his way. But all that day and the next it end, the far distant end she had much the hat cost and the jacket, silk- seemed to him as though there glided embroidered. And Martha asked af- beside him on the street a girl wearter the children, and lodgers and then ing a plain gray dress; a girl with a pale, worn face.

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no more strength in her soul. Afterwards she wrote a letter, put it with SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO, ILL. Alex Sellburg received the book and the letter and nobody else could have glances and the brilliant Sunday with understood the strange, indistinct



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How should he know that, in very truth, it was through him?

"Can I help you, Martha?" What else could he say?

"Help me! No, now it is too late. I will help myself." She wished to go on and he did not detain her. At that awful moment he could do nothing. Tomorrow he would go to her.

"Martha did not turn back. She walked and walked, tireless, though weary; and so she came to the old quarter where her father lived. Since her departure she had visited the old

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SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (Inc.), CHICAGO, ILL.

"I thought it was better not to come She wanted to say, "And so another "Has all been well, with you?" asked Sellburg, bending down to her. "Has your freedom brought you golden purple dress and the gray;" she drove "Astray, in spite of all," thought the man. "Thank God, not through you." How should he know that, in very

WHAT THE PRESS SAYS ABOUT THIS CATALOGUE.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

The system is weakened by the changes that are taking place, and it

The cause of the majority of weaknesses of women can be traced to

"About two years ago my daughter, who was then in her sixteenth year, in bad bealth. She was pale and thin, without strength or vitality, in

was in bad health. She was paie and thin, without strength or vitality, in fact her condition was that which is generally called all run down. We were, of course, werried about her, and employed the best physicians to attend her. They studied her case and although they did everything possible, gave her no relief which was permanent. The late Dr. Angel had first called my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my wife had heard they were a fine tonic, so we decided to try them for my daughter. We did so, and inside of eight weeks the primary cause of her trouble was removed and ahe showed a decided gain in health, strength and flesh.

"A great many people will buy a medicine and take a few doses. Then if they are not cured they throw it aside as no good, or take it spasmodically. We believed in a fair trial in strict accordance with directions and our faithfulness was rewarded, for she was greatly benefited by them. Her color came to her cheeks and she continued to gain in weight and strength. So you see both myself and my wife believe in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and have found them a wonderful medicine. We have told a great many people about them and have been glad to do so."

ple about them and have been glad to do so."
(Signed) GEORGE LOUCES, 91 Lincoln Ave., Cortland, N. Y.

(Signed)

Bubscribed and sworn to before me this 29th day of June, 1900.

F. C. Parsons, Notary Public.

is often at this stage that the deadly consumption fastens upon its victims.

this critical period of the girl's life.

see for \$4.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams dicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.