

A GIFTED AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL Threatened With Nervous Prostration, PROMPTLY SAVED BY PE-RU-NA.



MISS ROSE CULLEN, OF BUTTE, MONT.

Miss Rose Cullen, President Young Woman's Club, of Butte, Mont., writes from 921 Galena street, as follows:

"Peruna has many friends in Butte. I cannot say too much in praise of it. While finishing school I became very nervous and exhausted from over-study. I was weak and sick, and could neither eat, sleep nor enjoy life. A couple of bottles of Peruna put new life in me. I find that having it in the house and taking a dose off and on keeps me in fine health.

"A large number of my friends place Peruna at the head of all medicines."—Miss Rose Cullen.

How Peruna Quickly Cures Backache, the Bane of Womanhood.

MRS. G. W. HEARD, Hempstead, Texas, writes:

"We have moved recently, and I must have lifted something that was too heavy for me in straightening things up, for I had such a backache and could hardly stand on my feet at all. Beside, I was so tired all the time. My face was spotted and I was very thin. I took one bottle of Peruna and was soon real well. When I feel tired and all run down I take Peruna and feel all right before I finish one bottle. I know it is a wonderful medicine, and both myself and husband praise Peruna.

"There has been a great deal of sickness through this part of the country, but, thanks to Peruna, which we use freely, our own family has escaped with almost no sickness at all.

"Could you but see our baby Ruby, (to whom we gave Peruna for bowel trouble), you would see from her robust looks that you need no better advertisement in this little town. She is so fat and rosy, is nearly five years old now, and is a great believer in Peruna."—Mrs. G. W. Heard.

Given Up to Die—All Doctors Failed—It Proved to be Catarrh of Stomach and Was Cured by Peruna.

W. A. MITCHELL, dealer in general merchandise, of Martin, Ga., writes:

"I wrote you some time ago concerning my wife's case. She had tried all of the best doctors, and we got to

where we thought all they did was against her. She weighed about 190 pounds when she was in good health. When she commenced with our family physician in April, 1898, she weighed about 130, but kept going down all the time. She went to Atlanta, Ga., and took treatment, but it did her no good. Then she went to Harmony Grove, Ga., and took treatment from the best physician there for three months. She kept going down under his treatment, although he was considered the best physician in the county. She went down from 130 pounds to 68, and we saw she could not live long. She was a skeleton. We consulted an old physician who told her to use Peruna. She gradually improved and got stronger. She has gained 38 pounds since she has taken Peruna, and is gaining every day, and does her own housework.

"She was well known when she was so low, and now everybody wants to know what cured her. She had indigestion and catarrh of the stomach. It is as good for children as for grown people. We haven't had to have a doctor for one of our children since 1898."—W. A. Mitchell.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

CHOOSING A CAPTAIN.

Rough and Tumble Custom of Japanese Fishermen of Hawaii.

Where several years ago the fishing for the supplying of the Honolulu market was done almost exclusively by the natives in their canoes and a few Chinamen, now the bulk of the work is done by the Japanese, who are at it in great numbers. The boats which they use are built here after patterns used in Japan, and once in a while an Oriental steamer arriving from the west brings an imported fishing boat, which the fishermen think is superior to those of local manufacture. The boats are of a peculiar shape and are of different sizes, some able to accommodate but three men, which is an ordinary crew, and others are large enough for seven or eight men. Up to the time that the vessel is launched there is no captain selected for the boat. The choosing of this important factor in every case is left until the boat is in the water. It is known who the members of the crew are, and from them the captain is selected. When the boat is in the water and moored securely, the members of the crew, who are generally the owners of the boat, strip themselves and get into the boat. Then the fun of making the selection of the commander begins. There is no voting or drawing of lots to settle the matter. At a given signal from one of the crowd on shore who are watching, the men in the boat begin with all their might to try to throw each other out into the water. Each man is against the other, and so the struggle, as a usual thing, lasts a long time and is remarkably exciting. All the time the play goes on the friends of the contestants yell words of cheer to the struggling men in the boat and throw buckets of water on them and into the boat, seemingly with the idea of making the battleground more slippery as well as refreshing to the men at work. As soon as a man is thrown out of the boat he must stay out, but may assist with water if he so desires. The man who stays in the boat longest, or rather who is able to put all the others out of the boat, has by his prowess shown himself competent to be captain, and so he is greeted with much applause and showered with congratulations at the termination of the scuffle. There is no appeal from the selection so made, and the captain is chosen continues to be captain until he voluntarily retires or sells out his share in the boat.—Ex.

EMPLOYES OF GOVERNMENT.

About \$20,000,000 in Wages—No "Hard Times" in Washington.

According to the latest official list, there are 19,446 public functionaries of various kinds and degrees employed exclusively in the District of Columbia in conducting the numerous departments and bureaus of the federal government, says the Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune. These are the civilian appointees in the executive departments, and do not include senators and representatives, and several hundred employes of the houses who vibrate between the capital and their homes in other parts of the country. Nor does this aggregate include 350 or 400 army and navy officers, active and retired, who form a large permanent colony here. The monthly compensation of these 19,446 civilian employes amounts to \$1,635,708.81. Therefore, the aggregate sum in salaries annually paid out in Washington by the government disbursing clerks reaches the enormous total of \$19,628,505.72. Besides, probably not less than \$3,000,000 additional goes to senators and congressmen, and their highly paid subordinates, and perhaps \$1,250,000 more to the army and navy officials, most of whom are of high rank, with large pay, there being constantly here not less than sixty generals and admirals, active and retired. These totals form a grand aggregate of \$23,878,505.72 annually paid out in Washington in the single item of salaries. It is a vast, unvarying, constant stream of cash flowing from the government coffers into the hands of the banks, business houses and professional men of Washington, the official personnel of the United States acting merely as middlemen, because this money is largely spent or permanently invested here. In all the departments salaries are paid semi-monthly, and if desirable the officeholder can draw sums oftener, if the money is due to him, but this is dependent wholly on the courtesy of the disbursing clerks. It is not singular, then, that there are never any hard times in Washington. How can there be such a thing as hard times in this town in such circumstances?

Exploited a Penny Crazy.

A London paper tells of the way in which a shopkeeper exploited the prevailing craze for collecting pennies of this year's issue. In the window of his shop he displayed a notice: "Five shillings given for 1901 pennies." A passerby entered, offered him a 1901 penny and asked for the 5 shillings. "Oh, yes," said the shopkeeper, "but that is only one penny. Where are the other 1,900?"

An Old Copper Coin.

Charles L. Feller, of Providence, has lately acquired possession of a copper coin of the kind used as passports by runaway slaves coming north long before the war. The coin has "Liberty" in a laurel wreath on its face and on the reverse the kneeling figure of a slave woman and the inscription, "Am I not a woman and a sister?"

The man who finds himself down in a coal mine for the first time does some pretty deep thinking.



"I guess there won't be a great show of flowers on Sylvester's grave this year," said Sarah Cook. Her voice had a certain triumph in it, but it ended in a decorous sigh.

"I guess there won't, either," returned her sister Mrs. Kemp. "I guess Phebe Ann is too sick to think much about it." Her voice sounded like Sarah's.

Lucy Kemp dropped her sewing for a minute and turned her face toward the window. "It seems 'most too bad, don't it?" she said, meditatively.

"When she's done so much every year, and thought so much about it."

"I don't know as I think it's too bad," said Mrs. Kemp. "Of course I'm sorry Phebe Ann is sick, but when it comes to these flowers she's always covered Sylvester's grave with, Decoration day, I guess there was a great deal of it for show. It would have seemed different if he had been in the war, but I've thought a good many times, when I've seen Sylvester's grave with more flowers on it than any of the soldier's, that Phebe Ann had a little eye to what folks would say, for all she felt so bad."

"There's the band!" cried Lucy. "It was a very warm day for the season—almost as warm as midsummer. The windows were wide open. The two women and the girl leaned their heads out and listened. They could hear far-away music. Two little girls with their hands full of flowers ran past.

"They're just forming down at the town hall," said Lucy. "Annie Dole and Lottie are just going."

"They came over here for flowers this morning," said her mother, "and I told 'em I hadn't any to give. All I had was lilacs, besides that little early rose bush, and they'd got all the lilacs they wanted of their own, and there was only just three roses on that bush, and I could not bear to cut 'em. The procession ain't coming—the music don't sound a mite nearer. It won't be here for an hour yet."

"I don't s'pose Phebe Ann's husband will lift his finger to help us, even if she should be taken away, and he left without a chick nor child in the world," said Mrs. Kemp.

Phebe Ann's husband was her own dead husband's brother, but she never spoke of him by his own name.

"I wonder how much Phebe Ann's husband has got?" said Sarah Cook.

"Well, I guess he's laid by a little something. They must have, with no family!"

"Mebbe he will do something if it ever happens that he ain't under anybody else's thumb."

"It won't make any difference now. He's laid under the thumb so long that he's all flattened out of the shape he



"I WONDER WHO PUT THOSE FLOWERS THERE?"

was made in. He used to bow kind of sideways behind Phebe Ann's back when I met him, but he don't do that now. I met him face to face the other day, and he never looked at me. I don't know what poor Thomas would say if he was alive. I wonder what Lucy is picking lilacs for? Lucy!"

"What say?" Lucy's sweet, thin voice called back. Her smooth, fair head was half hidden in a great clump of lilac bushes by the gate. She was

bending the branches over and breaking off full purple clusters.

"What you picking those lilacs for?"

"I just thought I'd pick a few."

"What for? I ain't going to have 'em in the house! They're too sweet—they're sickish!"

"I ain't going to bring them into the house," said Lucy. She let a branch fly back and went across the yard with a great bunch of lilacs in her hands.

"I wonder what she's up to?" said her mother.

Lucy returned just before the procession passed. The cemetery was a little way beyond the house. Her mother and aunt, and a neighbor who had come in stood at the windows listening eagerly to the approaching music. Lucy joined them. The procession filed slowly past: The Grand Army men, the village band, the ministers and local dignitaries, and the rear-guard of children with flowers. An accompanying crowd thronged the sidewalks.

"I've just been saying to Sarah that Phebe Ann won't have Sylvester's grave decked out much this year," said Mrs. Kemp. Her voice was pleasant and more guarded than before.

"I heard Phebe Ann was pretty low," said the neighbor.

Phebe Ann's husband went softly behind the nurse to the bedroom. Phebe Ann looked up at him and beckoned imperatively. He went close and bent over her. "What is it, Phebe Ann?" said he.

"Is it—Decoration day?" she whispered with difficulty, for she was growing very weak.

"Yes, 'tis, Phebe Ann," said her husband.

"Have you got—any flowers for—Sylvester's grave?"

"No, I ain't. I ain't thought of it. Phebe Ann, with your being so sick, and all."

"Go—get some!" she panted. Her motioning hand and her eager eyes spoke louder than her tongue.

"Yes, I will, I will, Phebe Ann! Don't you fret another mite about it."

The nurse followed him out of the room.

"I can't go to the green-house!" he whispered agitatedly. "It's five miles away!"

"Land, get any kind of flowers!" said the nurse. "Get dandelions and buttercups, if you can't find anything else."

The old man took his hat down with a bewildered air and went slowly out of the yard. At the gate he paused and looked around. There were no flowers in the yard; there were several bushes, rose and phlox, but it was too early for them to blossom. Over at the left stretched a field, and that was waving with green and gold. Phebe Ann's husband went over into the field and began pulling the buttercups in great handfuls, and the grass with them. He had all he could carry when he left the field and went solemnly down the road.

Sylvester's grave was at the farther side of the cemetery. The old man, with his load of buttercups and grass, made his way to it. The soldier's graves were decorated with flags and flowers, but the people had gone. The cemetery was very still. When John Kemp reached Sylvester's grave, he started and stared. There was a great bunch of lilacs on the grave and three charming, delicate pink roses in a vase.

"I wonder who put those flowers there!" he muttered. He laid the buttercups and grass down on the grave; then he stood still. It was over twenty years since the boy Sylvester had been laid there—a little soldier who had fought only his own pain. "I wonder who put those flowers there!" John Kemp muttered again.

He went out of the cemetery, but instead of turning down the road toward his own home, walked hesitatingly the other way toward the house of his sister-in-law—Thomas's wife, as he always spoke of her.

Lucy's face was at one open window, her Aunt Sarah Cook's at the other.

"Lucy!" called the old man, standing at the gate.

Lucy came out to him tremblingly. Sarah Cook ran to tell her sister; she thought Phebe Ann must be dead.

"Do you know who put those flowers there?" asked the old man in a husky voice.

"I did," said Lucy. Her face flushed. "I thought there wouldn't be anybody to see to it, now Aunt Phebe Ann is sick," she explained timidly.

Her uncle looked wistfully at her, his eyes full of tears. "Sylvester was a dreadful sufferer," he said.

Lucy did not know what to say. She looked up at him, and her soft face seemed to take on distressed lines like his.

The old man turned abruptly and went away. "Phebe Ann is sinking," he said, indistinctly, as he went. Lucy's mother and her aunt rushed to the door to meet her. "Is Phebe Ann dead?" Sarah Cook called out.

"No, she ain't dead."

"What did he want to see you for?" asked Mrs. Kemp.

Lucy hesitated; a shamefaced look came over her face. "What did he want?" her mother asked, imperatively.

"He wanted to know who put some flowers on—Sylvester's grave."

"Did you?"

"Yes'm."

"What did you put on?"

"Some lilacs and—roses."

"You didn't pick those roses?"

"O, mother, the lilacs didn't seem quite enough! Aunt Phebe Ann has always done so much!" Lucy said.

Her mother and her aunt looked at each other. "I shouldn't have thought you'd have picked those roses without saying anything about it," said her mother, but her voice was embarrassed rather than harsh. She went back to the kitchen and proceeded with her work of making biscuits for supper. The sewing was all finished. Lucy set the table. After supper they went out in the cemetery and strolled about looking at the flowers, in the soft, low light. "Who brought all that mess of buttercups and grass, I wonder?" said Sarah Cook, as they stood over Sylvester's grave.

"I guess it must have been Phebe Ann's husband—it looks just like a man," Mrs. Kemp replied. Lucy got down on her knees and straightened the buttercups into a bouquet.

"I wonder if she'll live the night out," said Sarah Cook, soberly.

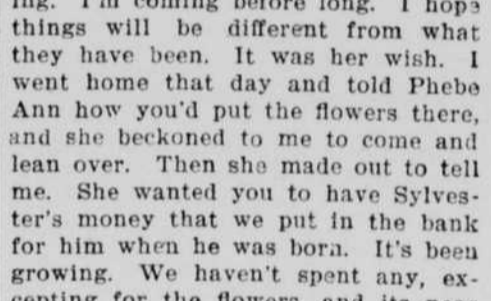
"I've listened to hear the bell toll every morning this week," said Mrs. Kemp. "I don't believe she can live much longer. I'd go up there tonight if I thought she wanted me to."

The next morning Mrs. Kemp, listening with her head thrust out of the window in the early sunlight, heard indeed the bell tolling for Phebe Ann. "She's gone," she told Sarah Cook and Lucy; and Lucy cried.

They all went to Phebe Ann's funeral and followed her to the grave. Mrs. Kemp's and Sarah Cook's eyes were red when they came home. "There were a great many good things about Phebe Ann, after all," Mrs. Kemp said. "I always said there was," Sarah returned defiantly.

The morning after the funeral John Kemp came to the door. Lucy answered his knock. He looked odd and dejected, but he tried to smile. "I want to see you a minute," said he. "No, I can't come in—not this morning. I'm coming before long. I hope things will be different from what they have been. It was her wish. I went home that day and told Phebe Ann how you'd put the flowers there, and she beckoned to me to come and lean over. Then she made out to tell me. She wanted you to have Sylvester's money that we put in the bank for him when he was born. It's been growing. We haven't spent any, excepting for the flowers, and its near five hundred dollars. She wanted me to give it to you right away, and you're going to have it just as soon as I can get it out of the bank. Phebe Ann said you could have some more schooling and not have to work so hard. And I guess you'll have more than that, too, some day, if you outlive me. Phebe Ann, she thought mebbe I could make some arrangements with your mother and aunt to come to our house and live, and take care of it. She said she didn't want any other women in there. She knew they were good housekeepers and would keep things the way she did. You tell your mother I'm coming in to see her some time before long."

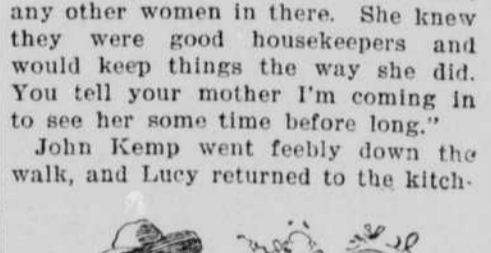
John Kemp went feebly down the walk, and Lucy returned to the kitchen.



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The door had been ajar, and her mother and Sarah Cook had heard every word. They were both crying. "Coming just now when we didn't know which way to turn!" sobbed Sarah Cook. "Poor Phebe Ann!"

"Well, there's one thing about it," said Mrs. Kemp, brokenly, "there shan't one Decoration day go by as long as I live, without Sylvester's grave being trimmed as handsome as if his mother was alive!"—Youth's Companion.



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