

BEAUTIFUL CHILDREN

Made Well and Strong by Pe-ru-na.



ALICE SCHAFER

Mrs. Schaffer, 436 Pope Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"In the early part of last year I wrote to you for advice for my daughter Alice, four years of age.

"She has been a puny, sickly, ailing child since her birth. She had convulsions and catarrhal fever. I was always doctoring until we commenced to use Peruna. She grew strong and well. Peruna is a wonderful tonic; the best medicine I have ever used."—Mrs. Schaffer.

Mrs. C. E. Long, the mother of little Mina Long, writes from Atwood, Colo., as follows:

"We can never thank you enough for the change you have made in our little one's health. Before she began taking your Peruna she suffered everything in the way of cough, colds and croup, but now she has taken not quite a bottle of Peruna, and is well and strong as she has ever been in her life. She has not had the croup once since she began taking Peruna, and when she



MINA ESTER LONG

has a little cold a few doses of Peruna fixes her out all right. We can never praise it enough."—Mrs. C. E. Long.

Mrs. G. W. Heard, of Howth, Texas, writes to Dr. Hartman in regard to her baby girl, Ruth:

"My little girl had some derangement of the bowels. She was a mere skeleton and we did not think she would ever get well. After giving her less than one bottle of Peruna she was sound and well. Now she has a good appetite and is a picture of health."

Mrs. Heard also writes in regard to her son, Carl:

"My son's ears had been affected since he was a babe only a few months old. The last year I thought he had almost lost his hearing and had a local physician treating him for about six weeks. Finally I began giving him your remedy, and after he had taken two bottles he was entirely cured. I cannot praise Peruna enough."—Mrs. G. W. Heard.

If you do not receive 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.

A Doctor's Little Daughter Cured of Grip by Pe-ru-na.

Dr. R. Robbins, Physician and Surgeon of Muskogee, Indian Ter., writes: "I have been a practicing physician for a good many years and was always slow to take hold of patent medicines, but this winter my little girl and myself were taken with the grip. I was so bad I was not able to sit up. I sent for a doctor, but he did me no good. "Finally I sent and got a bottle of Peruna and commenced to take it. I took two bottles and my cough was gone and my lungs loosened up and my head became clear. My little girl took the same way. "It looked as though she would die, she was so sick. I gave her medicine, but it seemed to do her little good, so I sent and got one more bottle of Peruna and commenced to give it to her. It was only a short time until she was getting along all right, so I give your medicine, Peruna, the praise for what it did for me and my dear little daughter."—Dr. R. Robbins.

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The Story of Henri.

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The child lived in an old chateau, built of some soft, gray stone that time had mellowed to exquisitely tender tints. Old poplars rustled drowsily, broad terraces, kissed by the sun, sloped down to a clear brook that lolled through the green fields and the woodlands until it sharply turned towards the village. The child often sat on the bank in moonlight nights and watched the stars, reflected in the stream. Then he would wonder whence it came and whither it would go and wish it would tell its secrets to him instead of to the round, white pebbles in its bed and to the waving blades of grass, that bent to listen. But in daytime he would wander noiselessly through the darkened rooms of the chateau. In the picture gallery a ray of sunshine sometimes stole through the barred shutters and danced on the opposite wall. The child thought that the boys and girls in the dark frames must be tired of their fixed positions. Their elders, doubtless, liked the dignified repose but surely little Marie-Eustachie, in the pink brocade, would sometimes long to lay down her rose and the small Charles Louis would gladly take his hand from the sword-hilt he had pressed so long. The child knew the names of all—Tante Amelle had told him—Tante Amelle, who, in her sunny room at the top of the tower, continually mused and prayed. But sometimes she would speak of the Saints,—their holy lives and blessed martyrdoms.

"Are there saints now?" he once asked.

"Out, mon enfant, holy men of God, driven forth from their flocks, hunted like wild beasts, and a martyred king, the son of Saint Louis."

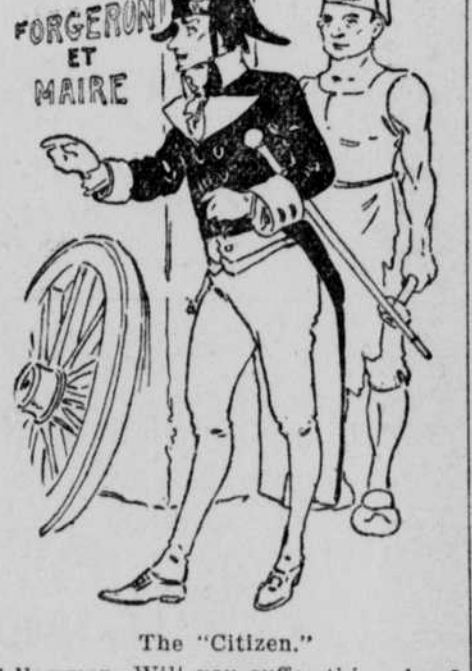
These stories thrilled him with a mixture of exaltation and awe. He knew they dared not venture to the village lest evil men should harm them. And in the long days and nights he dreamed of martyrdom, of the short, dreadful wrench from life and its quiet round, then of the celestial joy and the peace of God that passeth all understanding.

The whole commune was pressing around the door of the blacksmith's forge. Women, holding their babies, were gossiping shrilly, peasants home from a long day's work in the wheat were gathered in small groups, vaguely curious as to the cause that had brought a municipal officer from Strasbourg to their peaceful village. Jean Walther, the blacksmith, stood in his doorway, his tall figure in all its awkward strength loomed dark against the red glow of the fire behind him. The Maire was the strongest man for miles around, none but himself could lift the large hammer which he always called "mon fils," and now he towered over the small figure of his visitor.

"Friends," he shouted in his big voice, "the citizen here has something to say to us."

The "citizen here" paused for a moment, then began in a thin, high-pitched tone that sounded like the echo of the Maire's shout. He told of the good fortune the Revolution had brought, the glories of "Liberte, Egalite, Fraternite," then continued:

"And now that our liberty is won, now that we, a free people, rule a free country, it is our duty to cleanse ourselves of the old stain. Priests, spies, ci-devants, the emissaries of foreign tyrants, all must be exterminated. With sorrow we have heard that you, citizens, are harboring conspirators against the nation. That den of iniquity," he pointed towards the chateau, "that lurking-place of oppressors, holds a dangerous band of plotters, who would bring back the priests who cheated us with lies and the profligates who fatten on the spoils of their



The "Citizen."

fellowmen. Will you suffer this crime? Nay, rather shall we fire that accursed house of traitors and drag the evildoers to justice."

There was no answering murmur, much to the orator's surprise. He scorned these simple peasants and their lives of unchanging toil. They had no smouldering sense of injury that a breath could kindle into flame; the Revolution had abolished the gabelle and torn down the pigeon-cote at the chateau, it had no further meaning to them. To some the speaker's denunciation of the priests seemed blasphemous. But gradually their slow minds seized on the fact that they

were threatened with some indefinite loss and they were roused to a state of fear, rage and violent patriotism. Arms were collected, scythes, pitchforks, old muskets from the days of "Malbrook," and Jean Walther, brandishing "mon fils," led the van. Several women marched with the men but all shrank from a sinister recruit, La Mere Margot, the witch, who rose like a mist from behind a bush and joined their ranks. Someone began "La Marseillaise" and the rest shouted a fierce chorus. Men, drunk with the song and the wild madness, waved torches that shot little, fiery stars on the dusty road, where they were trodden out by heavy feet. The mob straggled up a hill and crashed headlong through briars and underbrush to the sleeping brook. The water woke into sudden life, sullen, red ripples stained its sur-



"Your name, mon petit."

face, strange, distorted shadows seemed to mock their own reflection. Still the peasants pressed on up the terrace, cutting the velvet grass with their sabots. As they approached, the dark mass of the chateau sprang from the shadow and the windows of the front set back the torches' light. Jean Walther thundered on the door with "Mon Filis."

"What would you?" quavered a voice from above.

"Come down, Suzon," shouted the Maire; "we must search the chateau."

"Eh, hurry," called Pierre Dreisler, the carpenter; "this house is the nation's property. The sovereign people would inspect its own."

"Silence," commanded Walther. The bolts screamed as the door

grudgingly opened.

"There are none here," began old Suzon tremulously.

"Stand aside in the name of the nation," cried the man from Strasbourg, pushing past her.

The huddled crowd flocked in, staring stupidly around them. Then, as their wonder lessened, they were ready for pillage. One man flung a mirror to the floor, his friends applauding as it shattered into a thousand fragments. That was the signal. Some prodded the chairs with their pikes, others laughing boisterously, pulled down the tapestry and wrapped themselves in trailing mantles. The women had their arms full of spoil. Old Margot silently passed from group to group; at her approach boasting and wrangling ceased.

"Tiens, mon ami," bawled Dreisler, bringing his fist down on an inlaid table, "this night's work will rejoice the hearts of our friends in Strasbourg."

"The conspirators will escape," cried the municipal officer shrilly. "On, citizens, forward."

The citizens, enriched with the plunder of the chateau, had small time to waste on conspirators. But, obedient to their maire's orders, they tramped through the empty rooms, rousing unaccustomed echoes. They were sated and their excitement had in some degree cooled.

"Look at Margot," whispered the women; "she's talking to something unholy."

The witch's figure seemed taller, her dry lips were moving feverishly.

At last they came to the picture gallery. The portraits in calm state disdained the strange visitors, their insults and the wounds they inflicted.

"Suzon's right," the invaders growled; "there's no living soul here."

Then, at the upper end of the room, a little figure, vaguely outlined in the moonlight, advanced to meet them. The child had stolen away from the sobbing women, and had come to defend his home, perhaps—his heart beat fast—perhaps to die.

There was a moment's silence. Then, as their fright wore away, the Maire, a kindly man, spoke:

"Your name, mon petit?"

"Henri," answered the child steadily. "I will not sacrifice to Jupiter."

A laugh arose, a sign that the tide of feeling had turned.

"Who lives here?" continued the Maire.

"Tante Amelle and Suzon. I am ready to die, but they have done no harm."

Jean Walther turned to the man from Strasbourg.

"Here are your conspirators," he said. Then Margot the witch, coming forward, took the child's hand.

"Thou shalt not die," she crooned. "I see thy fair life in the years to come and I see thy honored end."

The child stood still. He was not to have the glory of martyrdom; he felt small and weak and very tired.

The blacksmith picked him up and carried him to Tante Amelle.

"Le petit and you can live here in peace," he said gruffly; "train him to be a good citizen."

But the child grieved at his own unworthiness.

HER INTENTIONS WERE GOOD.

But Circumstances Stood in the Way of Their Fulfillment.

She really intended paying her fare when she boarded the street car, for she had ten cents saved from the bargain-day scrimmage, but the conductor happened to be a gentleman, and by paying the fare himself, saved her a weary walk to the family residence. She had the ten cents with her when she boarded the car, and she still had the money when the conductor came through on his trip for fares, but she did not pay the conductor. It was the motorman's fault. With her arms full of bundles, she was compelled to hold the ten-cent piece between her teeth. The motorman turned on the current, the car gave a jerk and she gave a start.

"Fare, please," said the conductor, and she turned pale.

"I can't pay you," she stammered, going from white to red and from red back to white.

"But I can't carry you for nothing," remonstrated the conductor.

"I know it, but I can't help it. I had the money when I got on the car, but—I swallowed it."

A rough on the other side of the car snorted a rude laugh, but the conductor was a gentleman, and without another word he pulled the register rope for another fare and passed on.

CORONATION CALVES.

A Parisian Industry That Is Now Enjoying a Boom.

Parisians must and will be amused. When there is nothing to occupy their attention they upset ministries and raise barricades. Consequently one must not begrudge them their joke, even if it is a "false calf." It would appear, or at least Parisian news sheets tell us so, that a certain quantity of artificial calves are being manufactured in Paris in view of the coronation festivities. We are not all Pickwicks, with a well-filled garter, and when, according to all rules of precedent and etiquette, knee breeches must be donned, if nature has been unkind to the wearer, he must call in artificial aid. Consequently the trade in artificial calves is very brisk.

It has been found, however, that even without such an incentive as the coronation fetes the artificial-calf industry is regularly occupied in manufacturing such articles for home consumption. Frenchmen must not chaff England in this respect, for every year numerous French cyclists, society men—yea, and society women—invest thirty francs in padding for their nether limbs. We must therefore add another article to the list of adulterated and imitated goods, for even legs are not always what they seem.—Paris Messenger.

QUEEN FEARS ANARCHISTS.

King Edward, However, is Not Apprehensive of Assassination.

Queen Alexandra has developed a terror of anarchist outrage bordering on superstition, and in consequence, as it is down on the royal program that the king and queen shall travel a great deal this year, the detective department, the railway companies and the post-office are making elaborate arrangements to insure their safety. A special body of picked men from Scotland Yard will be detailed, and for the first time in the history of royal traveling an expert telegrapher and telephone operator will accompany the train.

A special apparatus will be provided, so that in the event of any mishap, it can be attached to the nearest telegraph or telephone wire and communication obtained so that assistance can be summoned from the nearest station. These precautions are said to be the suggestion of her majesty. I am informed by a member of the Scotland Yard force that she, on more than one occasion recently, has expressed the wish that she might be left to enjoy the seclusion of her Norfolk home. Court etiquette, however, demands her public appearance. The king, however, does not share her alarm.

Mourning and Business.

The following curious advertisement is taken from a Spanish journal:

"This morning our Saviour summoned away the jeweler, Siebald Illmaga, from his shop to another and a better world. The undersigned, his widow, will keep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hild and Emma, the former of whom is married, and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illmaga, P. S.—This bereavement will not interrupt our employment, which will be carried on as usual; only our place of business will be removed from 3 Lessi de Leinturiers to 4 Rue de Missionnaire, as our grasping landlord has raised the rent."

The Parliamentary Loom.

The king—it seems to me, my men, that this machine of yours wants looking to.

Engineer Salisbury—Perhaps, your majesty, it would be all the better for a bit of overhauling. And we will be particularly careful to see the cranks are kept well oiled.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Faithful works must rest on firm fairs.

Why Easter is a "Movable" Feast.

During all of March the sun is coming farther north. About the twentieth it shines directly on the equator, and the day is just as long as the night. The time of the old Jewish Passover, and hence of our Easter, depends on this date. This latter always comes on the Sunday following the first full moon after the sun crosses the line. This accounts for its being so "movable" a feast.—March Ladies' Home Journal.

DEFIANCE STARCH

should be in every household, none so good, besides 4 oz. more for 10 cents than any other brand of cold water starch.

Skyscraper List Scaled Down.

A Chicago alderman who has counted them, says there are three buildings and no more in his city that are seventeen or more stories in height. One of the three is the Masonic temple. Of sixteen-story buildings there are in the city seven, of fifteen-story three, of fourteen-story six, and of thirteen-story seven buildings. A renewed attempt is being made to prohibit the exceeding of the present limit of height in future building operations.

Worked His Way Up.

Judge Alfred Steckler, justice of the supreme court of the state of New York, was born a poor lad on the East Side, his father having died when he was 5 years old. He secured work in a law office, where he made his start, and when still a mere boy became president of the literary society of the Cooper Union and in its debates broadened his education.

Silly Sully.

Sully Prudhomme of the French academy is going to turn the \$200,000 Nobel prize, which he has just received, into a fund for the anonymous publication of poems by young poets who cannot find a publisher. The Societe des Gens de Lettres will have to pick out the poems.



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