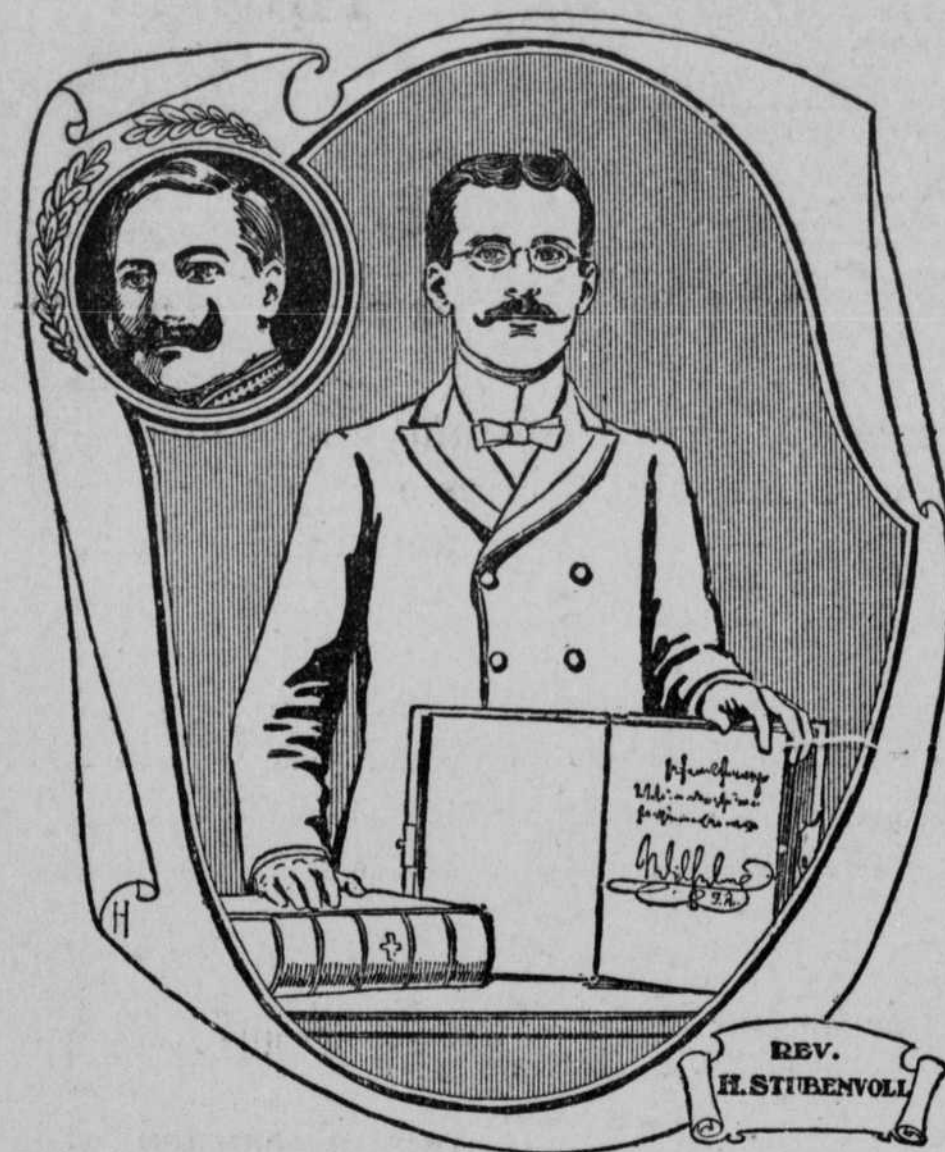


A PASTOR WHO WAS BEFRIENDED BY AN EMPEROR SAVED BY PE-RU-NA.



REV. H. STUBENVOLL

Rev. H. Stubenvoll, of Elkhorn, Wis., is pastor of the Evangelical Lutheran St. John's Church of that place. Rev. Stubenvoll is the possessor of two bibles presented to him by Emperor William of Germany. Upon the fly leaf of one of the bibles the Emperor has written in his own handwriting a text. This honored pastor, in a recent letter to The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, Ohio, says concerning their famous catarrh remedy, Peruna:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

Gentlemen: "I had hemorrhages of the lungs for a long time, and all despaired of me. I took Peruna and was cured. It gave me strength and courage, and made healthy, pure blood. It increased my weight, gave me a healthy color, and I feel well. It is the best medicine in the world. If everyone kept Peruna in the house it would save many from death every year."—H. STUBENVOLL.

Thousands of people have catarrh who would be surprised to know it, because it has been called some other name than catarrh. The fact is catarrh is catarrh wherever located; and another fact which is of equally great importance, is that Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

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

WINCHESTER

FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS
"New Rival" "Leader" "Repeater"

IF you are looking for reliable shotgun ammunition, the kind that shoots where you point your gun, buy Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells: "New Rival," loaded with Black powder; "Leader" and "Repeater," loaded with Smokeless. Insist upon having Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, and accept no others. ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM

Hard Work makes Stiff Joints.

Rub with
Mexican Mustang Liniment

and the sore muscles become comfortable and the stiff joints become supple.

Good for the Aches and Injuries of MAN or BEAST.

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

THE BEST QUALITY STRAIGHT 5¢ CIGAR ALWAYS RELIABLE

START A STEAM LAUNDRY In your town. Small capital required and big returns on the investment assured. We make all kinds of Laundry Machinery.

Write us. **Paradox Machinery Co., 181 E. Division St., Chicago.**

WESTERN CANADA HAS FREE HOMES FOR MILLIONS.

Upwards of 100,000 Americans have settled in Western Canada during the past 5 years. They are CONTENTED, HAPPY, AND PROSPEROUS, and there is room still for MILLIONS.

Wonderful yields of wheat and other grains. The best grazing lands on the continent. Magnificent climate: plenty of water and fuel; good schools, excellent churches, splendid railway facilities.

HOMESTEAD LANDS OF 160 ACRES FREE. the only charge for which is \$10 for entry. Send to the following for an Atlas and other literature, as well as for certificate giving you reduced railway rates, etc.: Superintendent, Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to W. V. Bennett, 801 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Neb., the authorized Canadian Government Agent.

DREWS' JUNIPER BITTERS

Relieves All Distress of the Stomach and Periodical Disorders.

FLAVOR UNSURPASSED. Sold Everywhere. CRESCENT CHEMICAL CO. Omaha, Neb.

W. N. U.—Omaha. No. 4—1903

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use In Time. Sold by Druggists.

FOIBLES OF GREAT MEN.

Nearly All Had Superstitions of Some Sort or Other.

Nearly all great men have had superstitions of some sort or other. Napoleon with his star, Bismarck with his Great Dane, Franklin with his lucky stone—in this manner the list might be continued on down to today.

Dr. John's superstition was the touching of all the iron posts he passed on the streets. He believed that to fail to touch a single post would give him bad luck, and, on discovering such a failure, he would turn back, no matter what his hurry, and make good his omission.

Napoleon believed that a certain red and fiery star governed his destiny. When his star was brilliant and large Napoleon pushed forward his enterprises resolutely, confident of success. When it waned and paled Napoleon despaired.

Gen. Grant was pursued all his life by dreams of crockery. These dreams brought him good luck. In his letters to his wife they are mentioned frequently.

Benjamin Franklin carried a round, white stone. He would undertake no important business if this object was not in his pocket. He believed as implicitly in its occult power as the heathen believes in the wood and stone to which, in his blindness, he bows down.

The poet Tennyson had great respect for the power of the number thirteen. He blamed the failure of his last poetical drama to the fact that, on the night of its presentation, he made one, for the first time in his life, of a party of thirteen at dinner.

THE PERFDY OF MAN.

Husbands Still Refuse to Smoke Young Wives' Cigars.

"My husband is just too mean for anything,"

There were tears in the eyes of the young wife as she said the words, but as it was into her mother's confiding ears she poured her tale of woe, her grief was hidden from the world at large.

"He—he"—this was not laughter, but sobbing—"used to be cheated dreadful when he bought his cigars, paying \$5 and \$6 a box for them, and here, when I saw some lovely large ones at Lacy's for \$1.19 a box, with a picture of a beautiful Spanish girl in the loveliest mantilla, on the lid, I bought ten boxes for him as a Christmas present, and he—he"—here she sobbed again—"told me after looking them over coldly that he was going to swear off smoking New Year's!"

"Never mind, dear," said the mother, soothingly, "it is just like a man. I bought cigars, oh, a real bargain, for your father once, and he told me the same story. After I had given them to the washerwoman's husband he started to smoke again, too!"

But just then a woman passed the window wearing a handsome fur coat, and in debating as to whether it was a genuine Persian lamb or a \$19.19 imitation their mutual misery over male perversity was forgotten.—New York Times.

FIRST GIRL IN 140 YEARS.

St. Louis Family Breaks a Record That is Probably Unique.

The visit of a stork at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Becker of St. Louis recently, bearing a precious mite of a baby girl, proved the biggest event that has happened in the Becker family for seven score years.

But one other girl was born to the Becker ancestry in the history of the family tree, and even that birth, which is supposed to have occurred 140 years ago, is only mentioned in the family genealogy as the first lady of her race and died shortly after birth. The advent of little Miss Becker has given hope to all members of the Becker family, who have long since despaired of having female issue. The father is the son of J. P. Becker, who had four sons as the fruit of his marriage, all of whom are living.

Won Him His Liberty.

Congressman Ruppert of New York tells of a constituent of his who is never known to work. He is a most accomplished and dignified "panhandler," and for many years has managed to wheedle a fairly comfortable livelihood out of his good-natured and less impetuous acquaintances. Not long ago he allowed Bacchus to get the better of him one evening, the result being his arrest. Next morning the judge asked him his occupation. "Must I tell?" said the prisoner. "You must," was the magistrate's reply. This was rather a poser, but the prisoner knew he must classify himself in some way or stand the chance of being sent to jail as a vagrant. "Your honor," he finally said, "I am a trimmer of Christmas trees. I work the day before Christmas every year." The original idea won him his liberty.

Notthin' Doin'.

Nothin' is comin' and nothin' in view, Nothin' in pocket and nothin' to do, Nothin' to kick for and nothin' to kick,

Nothin' to love and nothin' to lick, Nothin' to hear and nothin' to see, Nothin' to want and nothin' to be; Nothin' to think of, of nothin' to fret, Nothin' to ask for, nothin' to get, Nothin' the captain, nothin' the crew, Nothin' to choke on and nothin' to chew;

Nothin' to cry for, nothin' to sing, Nothin' to take away, nothin' to bring, Nothin' to spend, and nothin' to earn, Nothin' to eat and nothin' to burn, Nothin' to borrow and nothin' to give, Nothin' to die for, for nothin' to live;

In fact, there's nothin' doin'.

—A. S. Hart in Newark News.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

By R. C. PITZER.

(Copyright 1902, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

One hot August afternoon a tramp walked listlessly down a dusty Iowa lane. There was nothing about his clothes nor general demeanor to distinguish him from other tramps, yet his face seemed prepossessing, and his forehead was intellectual. Finally he came within sight of a group of trees, whose green freshness spoke eloquently of rest. He increased his pace and was soon seated on a shaded bank. Behind him was a picket fence, and farther back was a substantial farmhouse, half hidden by its grove of trees. After lighting his black pipe, the tramp clasped his hands behind his head and gazed reflectively into the green leaves above him.

father, "perhaps he'll let you go over after aw'h's."

"Father doesn't want me to go."

Mary looked at the old gentleman, who winked portentously. A ripple of amusement ran over her face.

"Hello," called Will, "here's a buggy. They might let us have our first meal alone, anyhow. Who's coming?"

Mary and her father glanced at each other. "Oh," said the former, "that's—that's a new friend whom we expect to dinner. You'll like her, Will. She's as pretty—"

"Mary!" thundered the farmer. Mary laughed and ran from the room. "Come here, Will," his father continued. "You'll have to learn about



Shook His Fist Across the Fence at Him.

the farm, and I reckon that now's as good a time as any to begin in."

Will left the window, and the old gentleman entered into a statement regarding the stock, talking in an unnecessarily loud tone, Will thought. But after all, he paid little attention to that. He caught a glimpse of a face in the buggy. Could it be true? But no, his imagination had been at fault, of course. Yet, that face—

"Somebody's in the parlor," Mary announced, "and would like to see Will."

Her brother took a step forward and turned white to the lips. "Not," he said, "not—"

"Go and see," she answered, and then, pitying his forlorn look, added: "It's all right, dear; don't be afraid."

Will went forward with a beating heart. The hall seemed of interminable length, and when he reached the parlor he was trembling violently. A woman stood by the window.

"Florence!" he cried.

"Oh, Will!"

"Look here, you rascalion," it was the farmer's voice, "get off that or I'll let Towz loose on you."

"Eh?" he cried, starting up confusedly.

"Get out of that! I won't have tramps around my house!" The farmer shook his fist across the fence at him.

"Why—why, father!" gasped Will.

"Get out, or I'll let Towz loose."

"Wow-wow-wow," Towz chimed in.

"Gosh," the tramp muttered, "guess I must 'a' gone to sleep. All right, mister, I'll git; only, hold on to the dog!"

JUDGE KNEW THAT DODGE.

But the Prisoner Had Another Scheme Behind It.

"Your worship," said the wily solicitor, who was defending the stalwart prisoner in the dock, "you cannot possibly convict my client of house-breaking. I submit, sir, with all reverence, that neither morally nor legally can you convict him. I will tell you why.



"You Are Mary, Are You Not?" He Asked, His Voice Trembling.

"Mr. Sikes here, as the evidence clearly proves, did not break into any house at all. He found the parlor window open, as the witnesses admit, and all he did was to put in his right arm and remove some unimportant articles.

"Now, sir, Mr. Sikes' arm is not he himself, and I fail to see how you can punish the whole individual for a fault committed by only one of his limbs."

"Very well, sir," said the cautious Solon of the bench. "I have heard of a similar defense before to-day, so I find the prisoner's arm guilty and sentence it to six months' imprisonment. The gentleman himself can accompany it or not as he chooses. Mr. Clerk record the sentence."

Then Mr. Sikes smiled a 14-inch smile, and the plan of the defense became apparent as he quietly proceeded to unscrew his guilty cork arm and leave it in the custody of the court.—Stray Stories.

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Medical Bubbles.

Doctors have invented a new form of bubble. Neuralgia, sciatica and lumbago are known to be affections of the ends of the nerves which lie just under the skin of the painful region. It has been discovered that by injecting air under the skin the ends of the nerves are lengthened and the pain relieved. The bubble of air is pressed by the fingers and caused to move about until all parts are relieved. In dislocations, fractures and bruises the same treatment has given relief.

WOMEN IN FULL DRESS.

Amusing Discussion in Columns of Parisian Journal.

Rather an amusing discussion on the subject of low dresses has lately been carried on in the columns of a Parisian journal. "She knows how much it is best to show," sang the poet, but it must be admitted that this does not altogether settle the question of "decolletage." One writer asks how comes it about that a woman who would deeply resent an impertinent glance when she is taking a morning walk can complacently make her appearance with bare neck and arms in the evening.

"Decolletage," another maintains, "is a simple matter of climate and custom. Yet the jest which was made over very diminutive hats might be applied to the corsage. 'The makers will at this rate soon be sending only the bill,' the article being invisible. Another authority tells us that the first decolletage gown, of which mention is made in the history of costume, was that worn by Queen Isabeau of Baviere. The fashion was at its height in the time of the Valois kings, and flourished again considerably during the reigns of Louis XIV. and his successors. It was not to be put down by the revolution, which created such havoc among other customs, and now it seems to run less risk than ever of disappearing.

TELL OF TURKISH MISRULE.

Extortions That Are Practiced Upon Unhappy Armenians.

From Armenia comes the news that the oppression of the tax collectors surpasses any incident of the kind furnished by the past. Not only are the collectors claiming arrears for the last eighteen years, but they refuse to take into account the thousands of Armenians who perished during the massacres or fled the country in consequence of those events, and they are demanding the same amounts from the villages as before the disturbances. A missionary from Angora says that the amount of taxes demanded from that town is ten times as great as the total valuation of the real estate. Armenians in several districts are petitioning the Russian authorities to let them emigrate to Russia. In contrast with these reports are the dispatches from Macedonia to the London Times to the effect that in no single instance can the burning of villages and other outrages committed in northern Macedonia be attributed to the Turkish soldiers or irregulars. The military authorities have behaved with an extraordinary clemency and the troops have been kept well under control. The outrages were committed by Bulgarian bands on villages which refused to contribute provisions and ammunition for their use.

Castro's Story of a Dog.

President Castro of Venezuela was a close friend of the late William Potter of Philadelphia, who had extensive business interests in South America. According to Mr. Potter, Castro is very fond of animals, and imputes to his pets the most remarkable qualities, telling of these qualities gravely, though not expecting, perhaps, to be altogether believed.

"I have a dog," President Castro sometimes begins, "and one day I saw my dog carrying a live hen carefully in his mouth. I paused to see what would happen. The dog placed the hen in his hut, and she immediately laid an egg there. He ate it, she helped herself to the most delicate tidbits in his food tray, and a few moments later departed. Thereafter I kept my eye on them, and I ascertained that the hen, whenever she had an egg to lay, laid it invariably in my dog's hut. And he would eat her graceful gift and he would reward her with her choice of all the viands on his platter. When she died he was inconsolable."—New York Tribune.

Workman Was Sensitive.

Patrick McCabe, lately a section hand on the "Frisco road at Wichita, is suing that corporation for damages for injuries received while in its employ. His plea is that while working the foreman spoke to him "in a loud, profane and very boisterous manner, thereby causing the plaintiff to be nervous and excited and thereby causing him to place himself in a position of great bodily danger, and to a greater degree than he otherwise would have done." The orders were given "in a very loud and boisterous manner, backed up by many oaths, such as 'Be smart, 'Be quick,' and 'Move yourself,' etc." Kansas section hands seem to be sensitive plants.

A Child's Simple Faith.

Bishop Cleland K. Nelson of Georgia tells this story of the simplicity of a child's faith in God.

The little daughter of an Atlanta man had been taught to kneel each night at her crib and repeat little prayers. When the family were leaving the boarding house in the mountains where they had spent the summer, the child was told to say good-bye to the others in the house. This she did, and then insisted on going back to her room. Her mother followed, to see her daughter go straight to the crib, kneel down, and, folding her hands, say gravely:

"Dood-bye, God."

Then she was ready for her journey.

Smoking in America.

When George Ade visited Sultan Karam on the Island of Lulu in search of material for one of his operas he found that little Malay potentate surrounded by his wives, all of whom were smoking Filipino cigarettes. During the interview Karam asked his visitor if American ladies smoked.

"The ladies do," Mr. Ade replied, "but the women don't."