

PE-RU-NA IS OF ESPECIAL BENEFIT TO WOMEN

Says Dr. M. C. Gee, of San Francisco.

A CONSTANTLY increasing number of physicians prescribe Peruna in their regular practice.

It has proven its merits so thoroughly that even the doctors have overcome their prejudice against so-called patent medicines and recommend it to their patients.

"I Advise Women to Use Pe-ru-na," Says Dr. Gee.

Dr. M. C. Gee is one of the physicians who endorse Peruna. In a letter written from 513 Jones street, San Francisco, Cal., he says:

"There is a general objection on the part of the practicing physician to advocate patent medicines, but when any one medicine cures hundreds of people, it demonstrates its own value and does not need the endorsement of the profession.

"Peruna has performed so many wonderful cures in San Francisco that I am convinced that it is a valuable remedy. I have frequently advised its use for women, as I find it insures regular and painless menstruation, cures leucorrhœa and ovarian troubles, and builds up the entire system. I also consider it one of the finest catarrh remedies I know of. I heartily endorse your medicine."—M. C. Gee, M. D.

Mrs. E. T. Gaddis, Marion, N. C., is one of Dr. Hartman's grateful patients. She consulted him by letter, followed his directions, and is now able to say the following:

"Before I commenced to take Peruna I could not do any hard work without suffering great pain. I took Peruna, and can say with pleasure that it has done more for me than any other medicine I have ever taken. Now I am as well as ever; I do all my own work and it never hurts me at all. I think Peruna is a great medicine for woman-kind."—Mrs. E. T. Gaddis.

Women are especially liable to pelvic catarrh, female weakness as it is commonly called.



Peruna occupies a unique position in medical science. It is the only internal systemic catarrh remedy known to the medical profession to-day. Catarrh, as every one will admit, is the cause of one-half the diseases which afflict mankind. Catarrh and catarrhal diseases afflict one-half of the people of the United States.

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, Ohio.

DRESSED TO KILL

"Breathes there the man with soul so dead,"

As Walter Scott sang in a ballad, who never to his friends has said, "I alone can mix a salad!"

Who when his varied, meek and low, suggested he himself should fix it; Exclaimed with petulance: "No, no! Give me the crust and I'll fix it!"

We gaze on him with civil smile; If his strong esteem would capture; Our optic organs roll the while In throes of simulated rapture. He's bound the verdant leaves to spill, This lettuce notoriety seeker, With too much vinegar or oil Or overabundance of paprika.

Still we maintain our placid grin, Although 'tis salted much too fully, And garlic cloves galore rubbed in, We voice the eulogistic "Bully!"

For conscience prompteth us this way To revel in the product gladly, We'll know on some future day We'll mix another just as badly.

—New York Herald.



Committed to the Deep

The steward knocked, and put his head in at the door.

"Cabin passenger, sir, No. 16," he reported, with a business-like brevity. "Very bad."

Dr. Yalden glanced up from his desk irritably.

"What's the matter with him?"

"Dun'no, sir. Uncommon bad."

"Usual thing, I suppose?"

"No, sir. Not sea sick. Queer when he came aboard yesterday, I thought. Been in bed all day. Wouldn't let me get him anything. Till just now he asked me to fetch you."

The steward withdrew, and the doctor only delayed to finish the first paragraph of a letter he had been writing when he was interrupted.

It was not precisely an urgent letter, for he had no intention of doing anything with it until the ship arrived at Liverpool; but it was to contain much that he knew he could not possibly put into speech, and it was to tell the recipient that he would arrive less than half a day behind it.

The lamp that shone from the wall of No. 16 showed him a haggard man stretched on the bunk apparently asleep. While the doctor was taking a preliminary survey of him he coughed and awoke.

"Steward!"

"I'm the doctor. You sent for me. What's wrong?"

"Oh, thanks. . . . I don't know, doctor. My head's all afebrile, and my hands, too. Feel that."

The doctor took his hand and laid a finger on his pulse. The hand was hot and dry, the pulse was galloping furiously, and a brief examination was sufficient to diagnose his ailment.

"A touch of pneumonia," said Yalden. "You must take more care of yourself than you've been doing lately. You were not fit to travel; you must have felt ill before you started."

"I wanted to get home," the other answered, wearily. "I've been away—a long time."

"We must see what we can arrange about nursing," the doctor concluded. "I'll give you some medicine; you've got a good constitution, and with care, you'll pull round all right."

"Think so?"

"Oh, yes. . . . He mustn't be left, Barrow." The doctor turned to the steward. "Somebody will have to sit up with him to-night. I'll see him again before I turn in, and I'll get the captain to let you have assistance."

After fulfilling which latter duty he retired to his cabin and resumed the laborious composition of his letter.

Three years ago he met in London the girl he told himself he had been looking for all his life. She was nearly twenty years his junior, but what did that matter? Her people had been rich and proud, and now, through recent financial disasters, they were poor and prouder, but what did all that matter either?

She heard him with pity in her

eyes, but not love; and she told him, with only pity in her tones, that the man she loved was dead and her heart was buried with him.

Later he learned the story that lay behind her words, and saw more hope in it for himself than she had given him, for surely his living love of her could, in due time, win her away from the memory of a dead rival. He would not take her answer then, but begged her to think of all it must mean to him, and let him ask her for

it, once for all, when he came home from his next voyage.

He was speeding homeward now, and the letter was to prepare her for his coming. He wrote it with so many pauses for reflection that by 10 o'clock it was still unfinished, when, mindful of his patient, he relocked it in his desk.

No. 16 was awake, but drowsy with sheer weakness.

"If I don't pull through this, doctor—"

"Don't you worry about that; you will."

"But if I don't—I'm not afraid of dying. I've been near it too often

Flung the glass far out into the dark, for that; and yet, now it seems harder than it ever did before."

"You'd better not talk, I don't want you to excite yourself."

"Not me! What I mean is, it would be hard luck to die on the way home I've been away nearly nine years. I went away as poor as a rat, and I'm going back rich. That's something, isn't it?"

"It's a great deal."

"And I'm not dead yet, though I'm supposed to be!" the other chuckled, grimly. "One everlasting, terrible winter we were snowed up miles away from everywhere, and we were put down as done for. Only two of us managed to worry through, and we wandered heaven knows where, and we lived—well, we didn't live. But we worried through—and I'm going home." His eyes closed and he rambled on dreamily: "Nine years; but she'll be waiting. I told her that it wouldn't be more than two—and she said 'It's till you come, Ned, and if you never come, I shall wait till I meet you, at the end.'"

He lay quiet a minute, and then, opening his eyes and finding the doctor regarding him intently, he continued:

"We've never written to each other. We promised her people we wouldn't. She was to be free to change if she would; they said it was best. I had no money and no prospects, but if I went back a rich man and she had not changed. . . . I knew she never would. Whether I lived or died, she said she would never change—and she won't."

"Did you say your name was Ed-ward Ashton?"

The doctor was startled by the alien sound of his own voice.

The sick man nodded, and, pointing across the cabin—

"Her portrait's in my bag, doctor."

"Do you mind getting it for me? My will's in there, too. I made it as soon as I struck my first luck, in case. . . . Oh, what I wanted to ask you, doctor, was—if I don't pull round, will you have my bag and everything sent to her? You'll find her address—"

"Yes, yes. But not now," Yalden interrupted harshly. "You've talked too much already. . . . Come along, Barrow," he hailed the advent of the steward with ineffable relief. "Call me if he is worse in the night."

He was dazed and stupefied by the knowledge that had come upon him so unexpectedly, and yearned to get away and be alone where he might think of it. One thought only burned to a clear and fiercely steady blaze—a sinister, hellish thought that he dared not face and could not extinguish.



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He lost all count of time, as a man does when he sleeps, but when the steward summoned him hurriedly an hour after midnight he had evidently not been in bed; a light was burning in his cabin, he was still dressed, and his face was wan and his eyes heavy, as if he were in pain.

"Mr. Ashton's worse, sir. Edwards is with him, and called me to fetch you. He can't sleep. Keeps sitting up, Edwards says, staring as if he could see people, an' talking very singular. Delirious, I expect, sir."

"We must try a sleeping draught," said Yalden dully. "I'll be there directly."

Barrow being gone, he busied himself in the medicine cupboard, and hastened after him, carrying something in a glass.

Drawing near to No. 16, he could hear the sick man babbling monotonously, and the very sound of his voice stung him and quickened a fiercer flame within him; till suddenly he caught a word of what the man was saying—merely a name, but the utterance of it checked him instantly, as if a hand had plucked at his sleeve.

He stood trembling, and in that same instant saw, shaping white in the darkness before him, a sweet, sad face, grown pale with weary years of longing—the pure, wistful eyes looked into his, and their calmness calmed him, and their sadness made him ashamed.

With a something breaking like a sob in his throat, he swiftly retraced his steps, pausing in the unlighted saloon to open one of the portholes and fling the glass he carried far out into the dark.

Thereafter he sat till well into the day watching and tending the man she loved and had loved so long.

Going on deck in the morning, he leaned over the side to tear up the letter he had written and scatter its fragments into the sea. It was the burial of a great hope that had died in the night.

As he walked away, the captain, coming from breakfast, met him, and lingered to make inquiries.

"Morning, doctor; how's the patient? You're not going to make a funeral of it, I hope?"

"Not quite," Yalden laughed carelessly. "He has taken a turn for the better."—Black and White.

PROFESSOR IN HARD LUCK.

Storm's Early Arrival Spoiled His Chances for Fame.

We can recall no rainmaker from the time of Plutarch, or any rain doctor of the Indians, or any rain sorcerer of the African tribes, who has played in harder luck than Prof. Meyers has just encountered in the Adirondacks.

He arrived a few days ago with a fine collection of balloons and bombs and got all ready for operations on Tuesday. On the evening of that day he announced that he should send up some balloons with powerful bombs with lighted fuses attached, and that rain would follow the explosion almost immediately.

As a matter of fact, rain preceded the explosion. Just as the professor was about to cut the ropes of his balloon a tremendous thunderstorm came up, advancing with terrific speed and deluging the region with water. You see, nature had "got on" to the professor's little game and forestalled him. But imagine the airs of the professor if he had got his balloons up about fifteen minutes ahead of the shower! No rain doctor that the world has known would have been "in it" with him then.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

One Dog's Intelligence.

The intelligence of animals seems as a rule to be underrated rather than overrated. A dog breeder described the other day a wonderful collie that had belonged to Sir John Lubbock.

"This dog," he said, "would, when it was hungry, lay at its master's feet a card marked 'Food.' When it was thirsty it would fetch a card marked 'Drink.' When it wanted to take a walk it would bring a card marked 'Out.' Sir John Lubbock trained it to do this trick in less than a month. He put the food card over the dog's head and made it bring the card to him before he would allow it to eat, and in the matter of drinking and going out he used a like method. The cards were similar in shape and color. Nothing but the writing on them differed. Since, therefore, the dog distinguished them by the writing alone, it may truly be said that the animal could read."

More Criminals To-day.

"The number of criminals is on the increase, and the number of heinous offenses grows less as civilization advances," said a New York criminal lawyer the other day. "This may seem paradoxical, but it is easily explained. New laws are continually being made constituting new crimes, and while the number of the violations of the law grows larger, the number of atrocious crimes diminishes. If you will consult the criminal statistics you will see that the increase is almost entirely in the new and lighter offenses."

The Kindly Sinners.

Could rule this world's affairs, We'd sit at better dinners And spend less time in prayers; And at life's sparkling banquet We'd drown corroding cares, If only kindly sinners Could rule this world's affairs.

Safety in Numbers.

Brannigan—Come home an' teck supper wid me, Flannigan.

Flannigan—Shure, it's past yer supper time now. Yer wife'll be mad as a hatter.

Brannigan—That's jest it; she can't lick the two of us.

NO PLUMBING IN THOSE DAYS.

But the Moat Might Be Used in the Absence of Baths.

The girl whom her friends called "The American Beauty" was engaged to a French duke. The duke's sister, complaisant and anxious to please, was visiting the girl's parents in Milwaukee.

"Of course," she was saying one day, "it would be nicer if there were a king of France, then the duke would have all his rights and privileges which are suspended during the republic. But it is the political and financial rights only that are dead. Just thing of my brother's castle, par exemple."

"Is it a very big one?" questioned the American Beauty, resting her chin in her palms.

"Oh, very big, mon amie. It dates from the time of Charlemagne, and is a wonderful place, with towers and dungeons and a moat—and awful oubliettes—where they used to put prisoners, you know, and forget all about them for years and years."

"How cheerful," laughed the American Beauty. "Do you know, I think I should welcome oubliettes if only I might consign to them a few people whom I know to deserve such a fate. But even with oubliettes I don't think such a castle would have much charm for me. You see I am devoted to modern improvements; and I suppose there's no plumbing in the duke's castle?"

"Plumbing, mon amie!" exclaimed the duke's sister, with an air of horror. "Of course not! There was no plumbing in Charlemagne's time!"

"Oh, dear me," sighed the American Beauty. "And I am so fond of my tub. I suppose I would have to bathe in the moat. Wouldn't that be dismal?"

CITIES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

Frightful Conditions That Prevailed Throughout Europe.

Greeks and Romans paid special attention to the physical culture of their youth, to public water supplies and baths and Athens and Rome were provided with sewers early in their history. During the middle ages sanitation received a decided check. Ignorance and brutal prejudice prevailed, and this was the most unsanitary period in history. Most European towns were built compactly and surrounded by walls. The streets were narrow and winding and light and air were excluded. The accumulation of filth was frightful. Stables and houses were close neighbors. The dead were buried within the churchyards or in the churches. Wells were fed with polluted water. All conditions were favorable for the spread of infectious diseases and in the fourteenth century alone the oriental or bubonic plague—the black death of recent historians—carried off a fourth of the population of Europe. The birth rate was much less than the death rate normally. The cities had to be continually repopulated from the country because the people died so rapidly.

The Chemical National Bank.

Early last century a charter was granted a company to set up a chemical works in New York and in consideration of the boon these works would be a clause was added granting banking privileges. The astute men at the head of the concern saw possibilities of development on banking lines not apparent in the manufacture of chemicals and decided to make the business a banking one. To retain the privilege, however, it was necessary to manufacture chemicals and so then, as to-day, an admirable pretense was made of doing this. In the fine establishment of the great Chemical National bank on Broadway a little shop is apportioned to a manufacturing chemist, who potters about mixing ingredients. He is not much troubled with business, but now and again a New York citizen will startle a visitor by taking him into this fine bank and asking for a dime's worth of castor oil—which is supplied. This was the only bank which did not suspend specie payments during the civil war.

Sweet Carolinas.

The spare-ribs in the frying pan Are spattering with delight, The sweet potato swells with pride And bursts its jacket tight And then I see a picture rise Of Marion and his men, With sweet potatoes in the fire Beside a ready fen.

O, Carolina, with the plumes Of green palmettos crowned, The glory of your garden state Is the tuber in the ground. It is not so much to look at—like Some honest folks we meet— But underneath a rough brown skin Its heart is sound and sweet.

It bears to tables far away The musle of your name, It fills your coffers with its gold, And shares your meed of fame. So plant a sweet potato, pray, Upon the glided field, Beneath the tall palmetto trees That flourish in your shield, —Misses Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

The Latest Utopian Society.

A Utopian society has established itself in Ascona, a little place on the borders of Italy and Switzerland. This little society, which numbers thirty-eight individuals, seeks to solve the problem of how to live happily. The members are pledged to observe certain simple rules of living, which they have carried out now for three years. They eat no meat, but live principally on fruits and herbs, and they wear one simple garment only, and no hats. There are sixteen women in the sect. They know no laws save those of nature, and they amuse themselves with Wagnerian music. The founder of the colony is a Belgian. Each new member is initiated on his finding sufficient money to buy a plot of land, by the cultivation of which he is expected to support himself.

MYSTERY OF WILD ANIMALS.

What Becomes of Those That Die Natural Deaths in the Woods?

"The forest has many mysteries," said an old Pennsylvania woodsman, "but none deeper than that of wild animals that die natural deaths."

"The four-footed dwellers of the woods certainly do not live forever. Age and disease must carry them off regularly, as human beings are carried off, but what becomes of their bodies?"

"I never heard of any one's coming across a wild dead bear or deer or wildcat or fox that had died from natural causes. I found the carcass of a big five-pronged buck in the woods once, but a rattlesnake, also dead, had its fangs buried in one of the deer's nostrils. There had evidently been a fight to the death between the reptile and the beast."

"Another time I followed the trail of a bear from a clearing where it had stolen a half-grown lamb. I came upon the headless body of the lamb a mile or so out on the trail, and a half mile further on, near the edge of a swamp, I was surprised to find the body of the bear."

"Its jaws were open, and its glassy eyes were pushed far out of its head. I held a post-mortem examination of the dead bear and found the lamb's head lodged in its throat. How or why the bear ever permitted it to get there I am unable to explain."

"I have many times found other dead animals in the woods, but never one that did not show unquestionable evidence of having died from violence of some kind. Every woodsman will tell you the same. What becomes of the dead wild animals that die natural deaths."

Information Wanted.

"I always smile when misfortune overtakes me," said the clerical looking passenger.

"That's a good idea," rejoined the hardware drummer, "but what do you do when it overtakes you in a prohibition town?"

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY.

Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Legal Technicality.

A Chelsea (England) hospital is mourning the loss of a bequest of \$8,000 through a legal informality. The testator signed his will in his bedroom, and the witness thoughtlessly carried it into another room before signing it, thus making the document invalid.

The Best Results in Starching

can be obtained only by using Defiance Starch, besides getting 4 oz. more for same money—no cooking required.

As Defined.

"Mamma," asked small Floraway, "what is a synonym?"

"A synonym, my dear, is a word that can be used in the place of another when you don't know how to spell the other," replied the mother, who happened to be a trifle shy on orthography.

FITS permanently cured, no stop or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 62, 000 total bottles and treatises. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 53 ARCH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Burglar Balks at Jewels.

Though not taking all the money he could find, a burglar who broke into a woman's house in Paris left a note saying he could not find it in his heart to take her jewels lest they were heirlooms.

Heathen—A person who does not believe in the same God you do.

The larger the exaggeration the smaller it looks.

All Up to Date Housekeepers use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better, and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

Makes the Blind See.

A discovery, of which there are few details to hand, is announced from France. A professor appears to have produced an apparatus by which he asserts the blind will see, and not only those who have lost their vision in middle life, but even those persons who were born blind will be able to see under certain stated conditions. With this apparatus Dr. Caze says that he can go into a totally dark room and see every object as clearly as in daylight. It is described as being on the same scientific basis as the telephone, and it transmits light to a certain part of the brain in the same way as a telephone transmits sounds to the ear.

Miles and the Irishman.

General Miles is quoted by a fellow officer as telling the following story on himself: "It was during our pursuit of Chief Joseph, said the general. "One exceedingly stormy night we encountered on our march in the Bearpaw mountains a few woodchoppers' cabins. The woodsman were not inclined to be very hospitable, but we finally induced them to share with us the protection their huts afforded. They consented, however, only upon condition that they should not under any circumstances be compelled to give up their beds. It fell to my lot to share the bunk of the boss, a very stern Irishman, who was not delighted with his guest. Hoping to establish an entente cordiale I said, banteringly, as we were preparing to retire: 'Come now, Patrick, you know you'd be a long time in Ireland before you'd get a chance to sleep with a general.' 'And it's O! that am thinking,' he instantly retorted, 'that you'd be a long time in Ireland before you'd iver be made a general.'"

"SUMMER FOOD"

Has Other Advantages.

Many people have tried the food Grape-Nuts simply with the idea of avoiding the trouble of cooking food in the hot months.

All of these have found something besides the ready cooked food idea, for Grape-Nuts is a scientific food that tones up and restores a sick stomach as well as repairs the waste tissue in brain and nerve center.

"For two years I had been a sufferer from catarrh of the stomach due to improper food and to relieve this condition I had tried nearly every prepared food on the market without any success until six months ago, my wife purchased a box of Grape-Nuts, thinking it would be a desirable cereal for the summer months.

"We soon made a discovery, we were enchanted with the delightful flavor of the food and to my surprise I began to get well. My breakfast now consists of a little fruit, four teaspoonfuls of Grape-Nuts, a cup of Postum, which I prefer to coffee, graham bread or toast and two boiled eggs. I never suffer the least distress after eating this and my stomach is perfect and general health fine. Grape-Nuts is a wonderful preparation. It was only a little time after starting on it that wife and I both felt younger, more vigorous, and in all ways stronger. This has been our experience.

"P. S. The addition of a little salt in place of sugar seems to me to improve the food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Send for particulars by mail of extension of time on the \$7,500.00 cooks' contest for 735 money prizes.