HAD THROAT TROUBLE SINCE CHILDHOOD

All Treatments Failed. Relieved by Peruna.

Mrs. Hohmann.

Mrs. Wm. Hohmann, 2764 Lincoln Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I suffered with **catarrh of the bronchial tubes** and had **a terrible cough** ever since a child.

"I would sit up in bed with **pillows** propped up behind me, but **still** the cough would not let me sleep. I thought and everybody else that I had consumption.

"So reading the papers about Peruna I decided to try, without the least bit of hope that it would do me any good. But after taking **three bottles I noticed a change.** My appetite got better, so I kept on, never discouraged. Finally I seemed not to cough so much and the pains in my chest got better and I could rest at night.

"**I am well now and cured** of a chronic cough and sore throat. I cannot tell you how grateful I am, and **I cannot thank Peruna enough.** It has cured where doctors have failed and I talk Peruna wherever I go, recommend it to everybody. People who think they have consumption better **give it a trial.**"

KIDNEY TROUBLE Is a deceptive disease—thousands have it and don't know it. If you want good results you can make no mistake by using Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney remedy. At druggists in fifty cent and dollar sizes. Sample bottle by mail free, also pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney trouble.
Address, Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. They may bring you wealth. 64-page Book Free. Est. 1869. Fitzgerald & Co., Pat. Attys. Box K. Washington, D.C.

FREE Transportation Florida and Return. Mail names five land buyers. This ad has value. Write Florida Land Syndicate, Jacksonville, Florida.

TOO MUCH FOR THE CORPSE

Exhibition of Meanness That Galvanized the "Dead" Irishman Into Indignant Life.

"Don't be mean in your offerings," said T. P. O'Connor, in a plea in New York for the Irish cause. "The Irish can't stand meanness.

"No, no; the Irish can't stand meanness. Take O'Grady's case. You know, in Ireland, some 60 to 70 years ago, when a poor family lacked a coffin they made the corpse beg for it.

"This custom, alas! sometimes led to imposture. Thus, Thirsty O'Grady and his friends wanted money badly once, and O'Grady was assigned to act the corpse. So they laid him on a bier outside the door and they upt a pewter plate beside him for the pennies.

"As O'Grady lay there, so still, with closed eyes, an old woman stopped and dropped sixpence into the plate. Then she began to take out change. A penny, tuppence, threepence she took out, and O'Grady couldn't stand such meanness. Corpse as he was, he said:

"'Arrah, now, don't mind the change.'"—Washington Star.

A Hint.

Teacher—I have been trying for some time to get the room so quiet that we could hear a pin drop. I have dropped the pin several times but you have been making so much noise that it has been impossible to hear it. What do you think we had better do, children?"

Reddy Backrow—Tie a dumb-bell to it next time, teacher.

His Opinion.

Nephew—What do you think of the opera?

Uncle Josh—Them women in th' boxes ought to be able to raise enough money on their diamonds to buy some clothes with, by jinks!

If You Knew How Good

are the sweet, crisp bits of

Post Toasties

you would, at least, try 'em.

The food is made of perfectly ripe white corn, cooked, sweetened, rolled and toasted.

It is served direct from the package with cream or milk, and sugar if desired—

A breakfast favorite!

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

PILOT OF THE PINES

Preaches to Lumberjacks in the Timber Region.

Rev. Francis E. Higgins an Evangel Who Ministers to a Congregation of 30,000 in 250 Northwestern Camps.

Duluth, Minn.—Pastor of the "Parish of the Pines" is the Rev. Francis E. Higgins, an evangel, who ministers to the spiritual and often the temporal wants of a congregation of thirty thousand, and yet has no church. He is the original of Norman Duncan's stories of the Northwest. His followers are lumberjacks and his parish comprises the vast timber lands of the Northwest, which he traverses with a dog-drawn sledge. How he preaches in the language of the woods and how he practices muscular Christianity are told here.

The Rev. Francis E. Higgins, who goes into the woods to preach to men, is a man first and a preacher afterward. He is Higgins, just plain Higgins, to the saloon keepers he has put out of business and the councils he has awakened to their duty out in the lumbering towns of the Great Lakes. But to his parishioners, the men who cut the timber, he is "the Pilot." He has no church. His sermons are preached in the low, dimly lighted bunkhouse of the camp, with its double tier of straw-filled bunks and its redhot stove, around which hang the half dry "mackinaws" and mittens of the men. And with a blanket covered barrel for his pulpit the Pilot preaches in the lingo of his hearers. Perhaps it is the story of the Prodigal Son.

"He got tired of living at home with the old man, boys, so he packed his turkey and went out to blow his stake. Where did he land? You know. He ended in the snake room. And there the old man found him and took him home and sobered him up."

Committees, officials and public sentiment are conserving the forests Higgins, single-handed, is conserving the lumberjacks. He has no church, but he has a congregation of 30,000 Irish, Scotch, French-Canadian, American—they wait for him.

The missionary travels all over the timber region of Minnesota with his team of dogs. Although Higgins is a man who weighs more than 200 pounds, his beautiful team of dogs

The Rev. F. E. Higgins.

carried him 40 miles, to Little Fork, in six and one-half hours. When there is a crust on the snow he can travel anywhere in the open timber, regardless of roads. He says his team is worth $500 to him.

Sometimes he is caught out at night and is obliged to camp in the woods. He has a small tent and builds a fire in it, cuts boughs and fixes a bed on the snow, and with a dog on each side of him he sleeps comfortably and with a conscious security. He feeds the dogs but once a day—at night. He generally shoots a rabbit or two during the day. Sometimes he cooks a part of one for himself and gives the dogs all they can eat of the raw meat.

His territory extends from Duluth 200 miles west, south to Brainerd and north to the Rainy river. There are 250 camps in this region.

When the camp breaks in the spring and the "boys" go to town in search of their own ruin in the guise of the only pleasures they know, they find him waiting for them, watching over them still.

There is no cant or "grand standing" about his work. Following his congregation into the haunts of their temptations is simply a part of his duty as he sees it. And the men recognize it as such. It does not occur to them that they are witnessing an application of practical Christianity such as the modern world seldom sees.

It is easy to listen to the tale of the good Samaritan if you see him exemplified before you in the person of the man who is telling the story.

Nickel Theaters Get Pipe Organs.

Seattle, Wash.—In the northwest moving picture houses are becoming large purchasers of pipe organs for use in their establishments. A Seattle company recently installed eight pipe organs in the five and ten cent houses in this city and vicinity.

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Blind Man Leads in Tidying Streets

NEW YORK.—Reuben S. Simons, supervisor of 150,000 children in the Juvenile league, is blind, but he is the most valuable man in the street cleaning department, and he is not unhappy over the loss of his sight because he is too fond of work and too busy to be unhappy over anything.

"I never think of my blindness," he says, "except when I hear someone speak of the poor blind man. That cuts like a knife. I do my work as well as though I had my eyes, maybe better. There are no distractions in this world within which I live. I only think of my work. What the eye does not see the heart does not grieve for."

Thirteen years ago Reuben Simons' eyes began to pain him. For the past seven years he has been totally blind. And yet within that time he has organized a movement among the school children of New York in which 150,000 are now enlisted. They pledge themselves to aid the street cleaning department in keeping the thoroughfares free of rubbish. Their duty is not merely the passive one of refraining from throwing trash upon the street.

They help enforce the law. Erring householders are warned by the volunteer aids, and if that warning is not obeyed there is prompt recourse to the law. The members of the 72 leagues in 72 school buildings of the city make regular reports to the street cleaning department.

And this blind man was the pioneer in the work. He thought of it first, impelled by his longing for children and a certain instinct for sociability that has always been his. "I always liked to organize clubs when I was a boy," he said. "We organized for all sorts of purposes. I like excitement, brisk movement, happiness. I like to see things."

The incongruity in that expression does not bother him. "I have cultivated the inner eye," he said. "I have a power of imagination. I can see you and the people passing by just as I can see the children sitting before me when I go into a schoolroom to organize a junior league. It never occurs to me to think that I am blind."

Supervisor Simons is a strongly built, upright man of fifty-one years of age. No one would imagine him blind by the appearance of his eyes or by his manner. With one hand caught in the elbow of an assistant, Mr. Davidson, he tramps through crowded streets as confidently as though he had his sight. And he is invariably smiling and good-humored

Chicago Chinese to Amputate Queues

CHICAGO.—Frank Moy, the mayor of Chicago's Chinatown, has passed along a recently issued imperial decree that all celestials are to part with their queues. After wearing a braid for about 250 years John Chinaman has come to the conclusion that it is a nuisance and a—it would hardly do to say "a relic of a barbarous age." China has awakened to the fact that its advancement has been retarded by the way it wears its hair, and the whole empire is going to have a haircut. The matter has been agitated for some time by leading Chinese, among them Wu Ting-Fang, former minister to the United States.

A cablegram received from Wu, who is in the government service in China, announces the date of disposing of superfluous appendages, which date in the Chinese calendar corresponds with the 14th of February in the Gregorian calender, the Chinese new year falling on January 30.

"It is a good, sensible idea," said Moy. "I had my queue cut off several years ago and I don't know that I ever felt the loss of it. It is no good, anyway, and it makes lots of work for the wearer. It has got to be braided every day and washed once or twice a week and that's no small job."

"Do you know that the Chinese did not always wear a queue? This fashion of wearing the hair was introduced by the Manchoo dynasty about 250 years ago. The Manchoorians, or Mongolians, as they are called, had more hair than they knew what to do with. In some way they seized the reins of government and the first thing they did was to issue an imperial order that every Chinaman must wear a queue. Before that the Chinese wore their hair like the Japanese and Koreans. If a Chinaman refused to wear a queue his head was chopped off. He was compelled to adopt the Manchoorian style of wearing the hair.

"It is a common belief among Americans that the reason a Chinaman doesn't cut off his queue is that he thinks he cannot enter heaven without it. That's only a story. Chinamen, the world over, will welcome the decree to cut off their queues. In Chicago there is a Chinese population of about 2,000, of which one-fourth have no queues. The other three-fourths, with few exceptions, will climb in the barber chair on February 14 and say, 'Give me a haircut.'"

Defies Icy Walks With a Sand Brake

PHILADELPHIA., Pa.—A rubber water bottle filled with sand and strapped around his body, with an attached gas hose leading down through devious channels that terminate under the instep of his shoes, is the strange contrivance used by Thomas Brady, North side fire alarm operator, to sand his route home on icy mornings.

"Toot! Toot!" whistles Brady as he starts for work each morning. Then he pulls a little cord that opens a plug and the sand starts to flow. At first there was a ticklish feeling when the sand ran down the tube, but Brady has got over that. The contrivance, notwithstanding its bulk, is a grand success.

Brady lives about six blocks from the old Allegheny city hall. The sand receptacle holds about two quarts and this is just sufficient for the daily trip. There is a continuous flow of the sand and icy sidewalks are rendered as pleasant as the woodlawns of Vallambrosa.

In the two previous winters Brady slipped on the ice on his way home. One time he was laid up seven weeks with a broken kneecap. The other time he hurt his ankle and was laid up at home for over a month. At the beginning of this winter he began to think of what possible thing he could do to protect himself this winter. For a time he tried "creepers," but these were not satisfactory. Then came the brilliant thought.

He took possession of the family water bottle and hunted up some old gas hose. One difficulty was in getting the sand to fall at the right spot and also to adjust the flow. Finally he got a little plug. This he could open with a string leading up to one pocket that allowed the sand to flow at regulated speed. But the sand would fall by the wayside and not go under his shoes. Brady is a mechanic and made a little metallic thing he called a "spreader." This caused the sand to slip under the soles of his shoes. Brady thinks he ought to get a patent out on the sand "spreader."

Indian President of a School Board

LAWTON, OKLA.—Firmly convinced that the full-blood Indian can never be induced to attend school with white children long enough to get an education, Congressman Scott Ferris of the Oklahoma delegation is drawing a bill that will perpetuate the exclusive Indian schools.

The plan is to have those Indians whom the secretary of the interior considers incompetent segregated and have a portion of the fund set aside as a permanent fund to establish and maintain schools for these Indians, from which all other children will be excluded.

Chief Quanah Parker, the half-blood Comanche leader, is a strong advocate of "mixed" school, where his children may attend the same institution where their white neighbors are educated.

Last fall Chief Parker was instrumental in having a public school district formed which includes his handsome residence in the foothills of the Wichita mountains. He donated a large tract of land and subscribed to a fund for maintenance of the district. He was chosen president of the board.

While the government maintains a Comanche Indian school one mile from Lawton, Chief Parker has never taken very kindly to sending his sons and daughters to the tribal school.

For one year his son attended the white school at Cache, 12 miles west of Lawton and near his home, but the other families strenuously objected. Then the chief reluctantly kept his boy out of school. This was his incentive in establishing the new district in western Comanche county.

A READER CURES HIS CONSTIPATION–TRY IT FREE

Simple way for any family to retain the good health of all its members.

The editors of "Health Hints" and "Questions and Answers" have one question that is put to them more often than any other, and which, strangely enough, they find the most difficult to answer. That is "How can I cure my constipation?"

Dr. Caldwell, an eminent specialist in diseases of the stomach, liver and bowels has looked the whole field over, has practised the specialty for forty years and is convinced that the ingredients contained in what is called Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has the best claim to attention from constipated people.

Its success in the cure of stubborn constipation has done much to displace the use of salts, waters, strong cathartics and such things. Syrup Pepsin, by training the stomach and bowel muscles to again do their work naturally, and with its tonic ingredients strengthening the nerves, brings about a lasting cure. Among its strongest supporters are Mr. John Graveline of 98 Milwaukee Ave., Detroit, Mich., Mr. J. A. Vernon of Oklahoma City and thousands of others. It can be obtained of any druggist at fifty cents and one dollar a bottle, or if you want to try it first a free sample bottle can be obtained by writing the doctor.

For the free sample address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 291 Caldwell building, Monticello, Ill.

COLT DISTEMPER

Can be handled very easily. The sick are cured, and all others in same stable, no matter how "exposed," kept from having the disease, by using SPOHN'S LIQUID DISTEMPER CURE. Give on the tongue, or in feed. Acts on the blood and expels germs of all forms of distemper. Best remedy ever known for mares in foal. One bottle guaranteed to cure one case. 50c and $1 a bottle; $6 and $10 dozen of druggists and harness dealers, or sent express paid by manufacturers. Cut shows how to positive throats. Our free booklet gives everything. Local agents wanted. Largest selling horse remedy in existence—twelve years.

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NO CHANCE.

Puggles—May I offer you my hand and fortune?

Jessie—No, thanks, dear boy. Your fortune's too small and your hand's too large.

FRENCH BEAN COFFEE, A HEALTHFUL DRINK

The healthiest ever; you can grow it in your own garden on a small patch 10 by 10, producing 50 pounds or more. Ripens in Wisconsin 90 days. Used in great quantities in France, Germany and all over Europe. Send 15 cents in stamps and we will mail you a package giving full culture directions as also our mammoth seed catalog free, or send 31 cents and get in addition to above 10,000 kernels unsupassable vegetable and flower seeds—enough for bushels of vegetables and flowers. John A. Salzer Seed Co., 182 S. 8th St., La Crosse, Wis.

Disapproving Constituents.

"How is your member of congress spending the holidays?"

"Doin' nothin' at home instead of in Washington."

Give Defiance Starch a fair trial—try it for both hot and cold starching, and if you don't think you do better work, in less time and at smaller cost, return it and your grocer will give you back your money.

When the millennium comes there will be schools to which janitors and railway porters will be sent to learn something about ventilation.

Stiff neck! Doesn't amount to much, but mighty disagreeable. You will be surprised to see how quickly Hamlins Wizard Oil will drive that stiffness out. One night, that's all.

Progress in the human race depends less on getting ahead than on helping along.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The life absolutely sincere to the best it knows is the best sermon any can preach.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Most concerts are all right, if there are no cats in them.

"Cured Neuralgia Pain"

"I take pleasure in writing to you that I had a neuralgia pain in my arm for five years, and I used your Liniment for one week and was completely cured. I recommend your Liniment very highly."—MRS. J. MCGRAW, 1216 Mandeville St., New Orleans, La.

Cured Quinsy Sore Throat

MR. HENRY L. CAULK, of 1242 Wilson St., Wilmington, Del., writes:—"I bought a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for the quinsy sore throat and it cured me. I shall always keep a bottle in the house."

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

gives instant relief from rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, neuralgia, croup, sore throat, tonsilitis, hoarseness and chest pains.

Prices, 25c., 50c. & $1.00

Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry sent free. Address

Dr. Earl S. Sloan, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

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If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM...it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

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