

# A JUDGE'S WIFE CURED OF PELVIC CATARRH.



She Suffered for Years and Felt Her Case Was Hopeless—Cured by Per-ru-na.

Mrs. Judge McAllister writes from 1217 West 33d St., Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:

"I suffered for years with a pain in the small of my back and right side. It interfered often with my domestic and social duties and I never supposed that I would be cured, as the doctor's medicine did not seem to help me any. Fortunately a member of our Order advised me to try Per-ru-na and gave it such high praise that I decided to try it. Although I started in with little faith, I felt so much better in a week that I felt encouraged.

"I took it faithfully for seven weeks and am happy indeed to be able to say that I am entirely cured. Words fail to express my gratitude. Perfect health once more is the best thing I could wish for, and thanks to Per-ru-na I enjoy that now."—Minnie E. McAllister.

We would caution all people against accepting substitutes for Per-ru-na. Insist upon having Per-ru-na. There is no other internal remedy for catarrh that will take the place of Per-ru-na. Allow no one to persuade you to the contrary. If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Per-ru-na, 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.

# ITCHING HUMOURS CUTICURA

The set, consisting of Cuticura Soap, to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle, Cuticura Ointment, to instantly allay itching, irritation, and inflammation, and soothe and heal, and Cuticura Resolvent Pills, to cool and cleanse the blood, and expel humour germs.

A Single Set, price \$1, is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itchings, and irritations, with loss of hair, when all else fails.

**MILLIONS USE**

CUTICURA SOAP, assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, the great skin cure, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for soothing irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, or too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for alleviating weakness, and for many sanative, antiseptic purposes, which readily suggest themselves to women, especially mothers.

**CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS** (Chocolate Coated) are a new, tasteful, economical substitute for the celebrated Liquid CUTICURA Resolvent, as well as for all other blood purifiers and humour cures. Put up in pocket vials, 60 doses, price, 25c.

Sold throughout the world. Sole U.S. Distributors, The T. J. Ladd & Co., 125 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa. French Depot: 5 Rue de la Paix, Paris. Export Agents: Messrs. J. B. Rose & Co., 100 Broadway, New York.



**LIBBY Luncheons**

Wear the product in key-opening cans. Turn a key and you find the meat exactly as it left us. We put them up in this way.

Ox Tongue, Beef and Tongue, Potted Ham, Veal Loaf, Deviled Ham, Brisket Beef, Sliced Smoked Beef.

All Natural Flavor Foods. Palatable and wholesome. Your grocer should have them.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago

"How to Make Good, Tasty to Eat?" will be sent free if you ask us.

**Attitude of Duck's Flight.**

The wild duck, the hawk and the sea gull while in flight over long distances usually remain at an altitude of from 600 to 1,400 feet. If they pass below the level of the highest flying kite of a tandem line the fact is easily discerned by allowing for perspective. The kite measurements are relatively accurate, because during the prolonged flight of thousands of wild ducks the kite string can be hauled in and paid out until the altitude of the ducks is exactly measured by the altitude of the kite.—Nature.

# THE INSATIATE SEA.

Cruel Tribute Exacted from Fisher Folk of Gloucester, Mass.

Every year in Gloucester, Mass., a memorial service for fishermen lost at sea is held in McClure Chapel, in "Angel Alley." "During the services," the chaplain and manager of the Fishermen's Institute recently said to a writer in the Boston Herald, "a list of those who have been drowned is read, month by month. Sometimes it is a woe-crow, again a man swept overboard, often a single fisherman lost in a dory which drifted away in a fog and was never seen again. The graves are scattered over the Iceland fishing grounds, Norway, the Grand Banks, the Isles of Shoals, the Georges, even down to Eastern Point itself. It is the saddest day of the year. I know nothing I dread so much."

While the chaplain was speaking a little woman in rusty black, with thin, white hair and the patient, suffering face of a fisherman's widow, came in to see the minister on business. She carried a package of crocheted rings for pulling in the trawl lines, which the widows and orphans make and sell to the stores.

"Yes," she said, in reply to a question, "the chaplain's been mighty good to me, he and his wife. They've stood by me in all my trouble, and I've seen a sight of it. I've lost five men folks on the sea—my father and my husband and three sons.

"Four times I've seen the ship come in with the flag at half-mast, and once it never came at all. I've had five funerals in my parlor—not like you land folks have, where there isn't any coffin or any funeral procession. And there are five slabs in my lot in the cemetery that say 'Born at Gloucester; died on the Grand Banks.'

"I tried to keep my last boy at home," the trembling voice went on. "I got him a place in a lawyer's office, but he was just wild for the sea. He'd lay awake listening to it and longing to be gone, and I just had to let him go. The sea's a terrible thing, a terrible thing! It draws you to it, and then it kills you."

Many, many another has watched for the ships that never have come, or has seen them come in with lowered colors at the mast, for Gloucester alone loses, on an average, one hundred fishermen a year.

**Highest Paid Mail Carrier.**

The bigness of our country is emphasized every now and then by some obscure governmental routine. Away off in the Philippines we are delivering mail in canoe-like boats, and, on the other hand, a contract was let recently for carrying the mail in Alaska by dog-sleds. The successful bidder was Oscar Fish, and his route lies between Eagle and Valdez, a distance of 414 miles. He makes two trips a month, and receives nearly \$1,500 a trip, or \$35,000 a year. Only 300 pounds are carried per trip, and this is usually made up of letters, few newspapers.

Postoffice Department officials say that the sum paid to Fish is very reasonable when it is considered that he makes the trip by dog-sleds, and that he has the most dangerous route of any mail carrier in the world. He has several times been given up for dead by residents of Valdez and Eagle, but so far he has always managed to reach the end of his journey, although sometimes overdue, and occasionally very much battered up. He has fallen down precipices, got mixed up in avalanches and has been starved and frost-bitten, but is still happy in risking his lonely life.—Harper's Weekly.

**Certainly a Conductor.**

John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster usually wears his uniform at all times and seasons, and prefers that his men do the same. A Buffalo paper says that the practice has led to some very amusing experiences, and gives the following as an instance:

One night Mr. Sousa was standing in a railway-station, on the platform, waiting for a train. A belated traveler ran up to him and asked excitedly, "Has the nine-thirty train pulled out?"

"I really don't know," responded Mr. Sousa.

"Well, why don't you know?" shouted the traveler. "What are you standing here for like a stick of wood? Aren't you a conductor?"

"Yes," said Mr. Sousa, pleasantly. "I am a conductor."

"A nice sort of a conductor, indeed!" exclaimed the man.

"Well, you see," smilingly responded the musician, "I am not the conductor of a train, but of a brass band."

**Royal Family of Boxers.**

Boxing is a favorite sport of the Danish royal family. Prince Valdemar being the best boxer among them. When he challenged the late Emperor Alexander III. of Russia, however, he met more than his match. King George of Greece is also skilled with the gloves. The present Emperor of Russia, on his travels around the world, used to have a bout with Prince George of Greece every morning on the bridge of his steamer.

**Lowest Temperature Mark.**

Telesphere de Bert, the French aeronaut, has secured the lowest temperature mark on record—72 degrees centigrade or 97.8 degrees Fahrenheit. The reading was registered on a thermometer in a trial balloon sent up recently, which rose to a height of 38,000 feet.

**Blind Asylum in Ceylon.**

It has been decided to found an eye hospital and an asylum for the blind as Ceylon's memorial to the late Queen Victoria.

Every man likes sympathy, but he doesn't like fellow feeling for his pocket book.

# GOOD Short Stories

Alluding to the fact that it was the late Dante Gabriel Rossetti who induced Hall Caine to adopt the profession of a novelist, Austin Dobson recently remarked: "Yes, He raised Caine."

The lot of a British chancellor of the exchequer has never been exactly a happy one, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, of all English chancellors, may be held to come nearest to Sir Robert Peel's idea of perfect misery: "I cannot conceive a more lamentable position than that of a chancellor of the exchequer, seated on an empty chest, by the side of bottomless deficiencies, fishing for a budget."

Senator-elect McCreary, of Kentucky, is said to be a fine campaigner. When he goes the round of his district he kisses all the babies, praises the cooking of the housewives, judges the cattle of the farmers, and adapts himself to all circumstances. On one occasion he arrived at the house of a farmer after supper hour, and when the good woman of the house insisted on getting him something to eat, he refused to allow her to go to any bother, and said he would take anything cold that she had. She told him she had some cold ham and cold biscuits, and would warm the coffee. "Never mind warming the coffee, madam," said McCreary, "I prefer it cold." Next morning at breakfast, so the story goes, the good lady handed him a cup of sickly looking liquid, saying: "Governor, you seemed to enjoy the cold coffee so much I saved some for your breakfast."

A well-known man in England (says the New York Journal) had among his ancestors a number of men and women who committed suicide. He himself became despondent and melancholy, and his children, who knew the hereditary taint, were much worried about him. A physician told him that mental fatigue was his trouble, and persuaded him to try an experiment. The man was a very busy man, and scoffed at the idea of taking a nap in the middle of the day. He finally agreed to this: He would sit in his easy-chair every afternoon with his hands on his knees, holding a dinner-bell in both hands, he lost consciousness and went to sleep. He would be willing to sleep for as long a time as it would take for the dinner-bell to fall to the floor and wake him up. The doctor who suggested this arrangement declared that the mere mental relaxation of going to sleep, if only for a few seconds, would suffice to save him. He invited his patient to study the activity of the brain by noticing how many things he could dream while the dinner-bell was falling to the floor. Every day for many months the man with the suicidal heredity sat down after luncheon with the dinner-bell in his hands. Every day he went to sleep, slept for half a second, while the bell fell to the floor, and his mental condition improved steadily, partly because of the rest which his mind got through losing consciousness for a second, and partly because of his interest in the extraordinary dreams which passed through his brain while the bell was falling.

**JOSEPH COULD PLAY POKER.**

But He Finally Ran Up Against White Expert Who Downed Him.

"There may be citizens in Deadwood who remember Buck Joseph," said the man with the taper fingers as he permitted a smile to lurk for a moment around the corners of his mouth. "Buck was a full-blooded Sioux Indian, but he had learned a thing or two in his time. One of 'em was how to play poker and another was how to hold the best hand. He was early on the ground at Deadwood and he was a winner from the start.

"There were some pretty slick gamblers hanging out there in the old days. They believed a good deal in luck, but a good deal more in fingering the cards. None of them had Buck Joseph's slight-of-hand, however. They tried him on time and again and they worked all the arts known to the profession, but he was still ahead of the game. As a last resort they sent over to Abilene, Kas., for me. I'm not going to say what I was doing over there, but the boys who knew me best were ready to bet two to one that I'd downed Buck at his own game.

"When I reached Deadwood," continued the narrator, "I had \$800 in cash with me. Old Lo came up smiling with an equal amount and we sat down for an all-day tea party. I started out as square as a dot, depending on luck alone, and I had lost \$500 before I made a change. Then I went in for nothing less than flushes, and inside of an hour I got my money back. Buck knew I was beating him at his own game and he laid for me. On one of his deals he got four aces, and I knew it. I got king, queen and jack of diamonds, and it was \$20 to come in.

"I drew a long breath," continued the man with the taper fingers, according to the Detroit Free Press, "and clipped and drew two cards to his one. My heart thumped as I found a ten and nine of diamonds in my hand—a straight flush. Of course Buck knew there was only one hand higher than his, and he came for me with bets of \$50. He had friends to borrow from and so had I, and when he finally called me we had \$4,000 in cash on the table, and he had three ponies, two squaws and five papooses up against my watch and pin. He was getting ready to yell when I showed my hand. His yell died away, and he sat there

like a stone man for five long minutes. Then he slowly rose up, gathered his blanket around him, and as he walked out of the place he said:

"Humph! Heep smart white man—heep ass injun!"

# ARRESTED THE PRESIDENT.

New Policeman Took Grant to the Station House.

One evening during General Grant's occupation of the presidential chair, he was returning late from a drive. An engagement pressing, he was sending his four horses along at a speed in excess of the legal limit. At I street a new policeman was on duty, says a Washington correspondent of the New York Tribune, and as the carriage came tearing down the avenue he peremptorily ordered its driver to stop.

"This the executive whip weekly did 'What's the trouble?' said he.

"Trouble?" repeated the officer. "Don't you know you're driving about nine times as fast as the law allows?"

"Yes," quietly responded Grant. "I guess I was, now that you speak of it."

"Well, then, you can consider yourself under arrest, and go with me to the station house."

There were some remarks from the other occupants of the coach, among whom were a diplomat, two Senators and a member of the Cabinet; but the President quieted them, saying, "The man is perfectly right," and then to the policeman, "Get up here, and we'll drive to the station house."

The policeman clambered up and seated himself comfortably in the seat behind the President. Possibly he dreamed of praises from his chief for the object lesson he was administering to the "swells." If so, his dream was rudely broken in upon. A quiet voice asked in his ear, "Do you know whom you have arrested?"

"No, and don't care."

"Oh, all right!" rejoined the soft voice. "I only thought you ought to know that it's the President."

"Wh-a-t!" gasped the agonized policeman, as he leaned forward and took a look at the calm profile. There was no doubt, and he begged them to let him go, but the President would have none of it.

When the station was reached, the captain turned white. Apologies were made, but the General insisted upon paying the proper fine.

"I of all men should not transgress the law," said he.

The fine was paid and a promise exacted that the matter should end there, after which the President drove to the White House. But the matter was not ended for the policeman. Always afterward he was known as "the policeman who arrested the President."

# QUEEN OF A HAREM.

Philadelphia Girl, Captured by Brigands, Rises in Pasha's House.

According to the story told by Miss Davis Marlow, formerly of Philadelphia, who has recently returned to this country, she has had many thrilling adventures during the past few years. She was captured by Turkish brigands and sold to a wealthy pasha, who kept her a prisoner and made her queen of his harem.

Miss Marlow, it is alleged, made her escape from her luxurious prison with the aid of one of her fellow prisoners and, through the good offices of a young Englishman whom she met soon afterward, was enabled to reach Paris. From the French capital she journeyed to Boston, where she is now residing.

According to Miss Marlow's story her father, who was a fruiterer in Philadelphia, became associated in business with a native of Turkey. She was at that time 16 years old and very beautiful. Her father's partner paid her assiduous court and they became engaged. It was arranged, with her father's consent, that they should be married in Turkey. Accordingly, the couple sailed for Europe and soon afterward arrived in Constantinople.

Miss Marlow went to reside with her fiancé's sisters until the arrangements for the wedding were completed. One evening the young man took her for a drive in the country. Suddenly the carriage was surrounded by armed men, who took the girl prisoner and carried her away. The next day she was sold by her captors to the pasha, who installed her as the favorite of his harem.

Under the custom in Turkey the latest acquisition to a harem becomes its queen, so Miss Marlow was the undisputed mistress of the swarthy beauties in the pasha's palace. This made the former queen, who had fallen in love with her master, insanely jealous. She plotted to poison the newcomer in order that she might be restored to her former position.

When she discovered that Miss Marlow was anxious to escape the life which was repugnant to her she gladly helped her to get away. At a hotel near the pasha's palace she met a young Englishman to whom she told her story. He helped her to get to Paris, from which city she made her way to Boston.

**An Explanation.**

"There are forty counties in Texas where they have't a single lawyer."

"No wonder some of those enthusiastic Texans call their State an earthly paradise."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Short-Sighted German Students.**

No fewer than 61 per cent of German students are short-sighted, states Prof. Cohn of Breslau.

Elocution is more desirable than piano playing, for the reason that with elocution, the father of the girl isn't compelled to buy a piano.

After a woman gets a man under her thumb she wearily asks for the rest of her hand.

# TO MOTHERS

Mrs. J. H. Haskins, of Chicago, Ill., President Chicago Arcadia Club, Addresses Comforting Words to Women Regarding Childbirth.

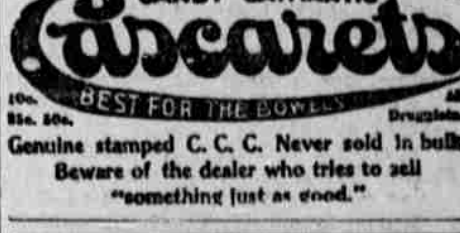
"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM!—Mothers need not dread childbearing after they know the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. While I loved children I dreaded the ordeal, for it left me weak and sick



for months after, and at the time I thought death was a welcome relief; but before my last child was born a good neighbor advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I used that, together with your Pills and Sanative Wash for four months before the child's birth;—it brought me wonderful relief. I hardly had an ache or pain, and when the child was ten days old I left my bed strong in health. Every spring and fall I now take a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and it keeps me in continual excellent health."

Mrs. J. H. HASKINS, 3245 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill. —\$5000 forfeit if above testimony is not genuine.

Care and careful counsel in what the expectant and would-be mother needs, and this counsel she can secure without cost by writing to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass.



The smallest people in the world are the natives of the Andaman Islands, in the Bay of Bengal. They average three feet eleven inches in height, and about seventy pounds in weight.

A poor widow in Paris, who kept a small shop, received a letter informing her that she had won \$25,000 in a lottery. The violent emotion caused by the good news resulted in her death, as she was found stiff in her chair with the letter in her hand.

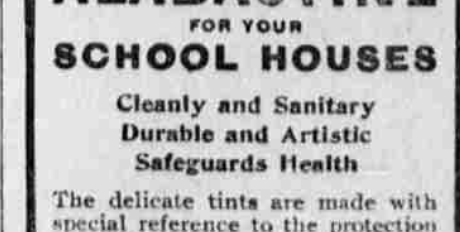
Cows in Belgium wear earrings. It is the law that when a cow has attained the age of three months it must have in its ear a ring to which is attached a numbered metal tag, for taxation purposes.

Piso's Cure for Consumption always gives immediate relief in all throat troubles.—F. E. Bierman, Leipsic, Ohio, Aug. 31, 1901.

At a sale of curios in Vienna the pen with which the holy alliance was signed in 1815 by Francis I., Alexander I. and Frederick William III, brought 64lb.

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Fitch.



**ALABASTINE** FOR YOUR SCHOOL HOUSES. Cleanly and Sanitary. Durable and Artistic. Safeguards Health. The delicate tints are made with special reference to the protection of pupils' eyes. Beware of paper and germ-absorbing and disease-breeding Kalsomines.

ALABASTINE COMPANY, Grand Rapids, Mich.

PISO'S CURE FOR URINE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in Time. Sold by druggists.