

# A PROMINENT CHURCH WORKER SAYS SHE OWES HER LIFE TO PE-RU-NA.



Mrs. Hattie La Fountain

## HER GREAT FORTUNE.

A Woman Saved From Life-Long Misery and Made Happy and Useful.

A woman confined to the house for several years with a chronic female derangement had finally given up hope of being cured.

She had tried physician after physician, and remedy after remedy, without any permanent improvement.

Her treatment had cost her husband, who was a poor man, hundreds of dollars. They had been obliged to deny themselves many comforts of life in order to get money enough to pay the physicians.

The woman had become weak, nervous and wretched, and scarcely able to keep out of her bed. Her children were growing up neglected and ragged, because of the want of a mother's care. Her husband was becoming discouraged and broken down with overwork.

Picking up the paper one day she happened to read an item which contained the news that Dr. Hartman would treat such cases free of charge by letter. She immediately wrote the doctor, describing her case, and giving him all her symptoms.

She soon received a letter telling her exactly what to do, and what medicines and appliances to get. She began the treatment (the principal remedy being Peruna) at once, and in a few weeks she was well and strong again, able to do her own work.

This offer of free home treatment to women is still open to all who may need the services of this eminent physician. All letters applying for treatment will be promptly answered, and be held strictly confidential.

Miss Annie Hoban, Post Pocatontos of Tennessee Council of Red Men (Women's Branch), writes from 872 Eighth Ave., New York:

"Three months ago I was troubled with backache and a troublesome nervousness about the stomach. Sleep brought me no rest, for it was a restless sleep. The doctor said my nervous system was out of order, but his prescriptions didn't seem to relieve me. I was told that Peruna was good for building up the nervous system. After using it for two months I know now that it is what I want to say that it made a new woman of me. The torturing symptoms have all disappeared and I feel myself again. Peruna did me more good than all the other medicines I have taken."

ANNE HOBAN.

Miss Mamie Powell, Lake Charles, Louisiana, writes:

"I believe that Peruna is a woman's best friend, for it has certainly been that to me. I had had headaches, backaches and other aches every month for a long time, but shortly after I began taking Peruna this was a thing of the past, and I have good reason to be grateful. I take a bottle every spring and fall now, and that keeps my health perfect, and I certainly am more robust now than I have been before and am weighing more. I do not think any one will be disappointed in the results obtained from the use of Peruna."

MISS MAMIE POWELL.

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, O.

Mrs. Hattie La Fountain, Trans. Protected Home Circle and Catholic Ladies of Ohio, writes from Galion, O., as follows:

"After my first child was born I suffered for several months with bearing down pains accompanied by dreadful headaches. I was afraid my health was ruined for life, and felt very downcast about it. One day when a friend was visiting me she told me of Peruna and what it had done for her when she suffered with irregular menstruation. My husband procured a bottle the same evening and I began to take it daily according to directions. Before the first bottle was used I was entirely well, and you certainly have our grateful women's blessing. I have also advised my friends to use it."

MRS. HATTIE LA FOUNTAIN.

Secretary Woman's State Federation Says: "Pe-ru-na Does More Than is Claimed for it."

Mrs. Julia M. Brown, Secretary of the Woman's State Federation of California, writes from 131 1/2 Fifth St., Los Angeles, Cal., as follows:

"I have never known of any patent medicine which did what it professed to do except Peruna. This remedy does much more than it claims, and while I have never advocated any medicine I feel that it is but justice to speak a good word for it because I have found it to be such a rare exception."

**FREE TO WOMEN!**

To prove the healing and cleansing power of Paxtine Toilet Antiseptic we will mail a large trial package with book of instructions absolutely free. This is not a tiny sample, but a large package, enough to convince anyone of its value. Women all over the country are praising Paxtine for what it has done in local treatment of female ailments, curing all inflammation and discharges, wonderful as a cleanser for vaginal douches, for sore throat, nasal catarrh, as a mouth wash, and to remove tartar and whiten the teeth. Send to-day; a postal card will do.

Sold by druggists or sent postpaid by us, 50 cents, large box, \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. E. F. AXTON CO., 214 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

A large part of the tropical fruit used in the United States is raised by the transportation companies which bring it.

Vine growers in France protect their plants during frosty weather by lighting large quantities of tar placed between the rows of vines. The dense smoke thus produced prevents the frost from injuring the vines.

In the prisons of Great Britain neither male nor female convicts are permitted to see a mirror during the period of their incarceration.

Thirty years is the average age of an ostrich, and the annual yield of a bird in captivity is from two to four pounds of plumes.

## Bromo-Seltzer

Promptly cures all

# Headaches

There is a tree which grows in Sumatra, Algeria and China which is known as the vegetable tall-oil tree. From its fruit large quantities of oil and tallow are extracted.

The largest oak tree in Indiana was late y cut down on the farm of Joseph M. Johnson, near Amora. At the base it measured six and a half feet in diameter. It yielded 6,700 feet of lumber.

Doils are often seen displayed in the cottage windows of Serbia. Travelers are informed that they are put up as a sign to announce to wayfarers that a marriageable daughter dwells in the house.

Kansas City alone has \$50,000,000 invested in Mexico.

The virtue lies in the struggle not the prize.

In cydon there is the bread fruit tree, from which food is made in the same way that we make bread.

Civic Pride.—I don't know what are your goals to do about them two leavin' citizens," said Brocho Bob. "They're lookin' fur one another with six shoot-ers from morain' till night."

"Has an insult p'seed?"

"No, it wasn't an insult; but some doubt ariz as to which was the oldest inhabitant, and they're both determined to settle the question fur good an' all."—Washington Star.

A child of five should weigh 41 pounds, be 41 1/2 inches in height and have a chest girth of 22 1/4 inches.

# Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC

WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

## ANNUAL SALE

# 10,000,000

## BOXES

### Greatest in the World

A MILLION GRANDMAS all over America point to CASCARETS Candy Cathartic as the most perfect family medicine ever discovered. Good, kindly, tender-hearted old soul—grandma tries to help others by telling of the good things she has learned through experience, and so the sale of CASCARETS is nearly A MILLION BOXES A MONTH. The wisdom of years of experience with her own health, and grandpa's and her children's, and her children's children's has taught grandma that in CASCARETS Candy Cathartic has been discovered THE ONLY PERFECT FAMILY MEDICINE for all bowel troubles, children's diseases, diseases of the stomach and liver, sick headaches, biliousness and bad blood. Best for the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped O.O.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. Sample and booklet free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York, or

## THE AMERICAN LEAGUE.

Reasons Why Our Mother Tongue Should Be Called English.

Somewhat has been writing to the New York Sun to protest against its being called the English language any longer. This man seems to think that the Americans have more right to it than the people who saw it first. Granting for a moment the absurd premise that the Americans and the English are two different peoples, it may not be out of place to mention one or two reasons why the language should continue to be called after the English.

The chief one is that the English made the language. Chaucer rescued it from a welter of French and Saxon, and gave it form. Spenser wrote his Fairy Queen in it. These pioneers of English are still studied and admired in American universities. Shakespeare made use of it to produce the greatest dramas in the world. As late as the end of the Nineteenth century there was a great theatrical manager in New York—perhaps the greatest—who presented Shakespearean plays, in English at that, and at great profit to American audiences. This seems to indicate that Americans still take an antiquarian interest in the language Milton, if we remember rightly, found it good enough to employ in "Paradise Lost," and a few other metrical trifles. He also wrote a prose masterpiece in it, the Areopagitica, the Freedom of the Press, on which the United States has acted, although the essay was couched in a foreign language.

There are people, even in New York, who contend to this day that Milton couldn't have done better if he had known American. Coming down to the Eighteenth century, a great mob of more or less distinguished literateurs could find no more suitable vehicle than English. They did fairly well in it, although, of course, it has not the resources of the real Fourth of July American. Goldsmith struggled with it long enough to create a few things that still charm the heart and please the fancy. Dick Steele and Joseph Addison showed what the essayist could do with it when he tried hard. Lawrence Sterne managed to fit his Irish humor into it, and cracked jokes without drifting into slang.

Pitt, Fox, Burke, Sheridan delivered famous orations in it, some of which are read for those very Americans who are now repudiating the brave old language. Dean Swift demonstrated that satire made no demands upon it which it could not fulfill. At this juncture, or somewhere near it, Samuel Johnson gathered all the words together, and put them into a dictionary which is the father of all dictionaries in the British empire and the United States. Some of Johnson's words are still in use, although many of them are quite unadmissible to the average American. It is probably out of gratitude to Johnson that the United States doesn't cut loose from English altogether. In no other way can we explain why college professors, magazine writers, novelists and people of fine fasts in the United States continue to go to these Eighteenth century writers for their style.—Toronto Star.

## IS THIS ENGLISHMAN RIGHT?

So Says Our Restaurants Are Too Gorgeous and Too Hot.

"I grant you," said an Englishman who knows New York pretty well, "I grant you that your restaurants and cafes are about as well as anyone can find in the world, but you keep them all too hot, don't you know, on aim at being bright and showy and all that sort of thing, you know, but there is such a fault as having too much glare and ornament."

"You understand, my dear fellow, 'm not saying this in a spirit of insular prejudice, because I like many of your ways awfully. Indeed I do; but it's a fact, nevertheless, that you haven't yet discovered the art of dining coolly."

"Look at this place now. Gorgeous as a fairy grotto and a Louis Quinze salon combined, but a perfect sweat bath, don't you know, and you can't help it—with hundreds and hundreds of lights—no matter if they are electric, every inch of the wall incrustured with ornamentation, pictures and mirrors all over, and draperies at every picture and recess. Is it any wonder but it is stuffy here?"

"And then there are the boilers, or the pipes, or whatever the deuced things are called, that serve to make the place as hot as the infernal regions, and make it as much as your precious life is worth to go from one of these places into the open air."

"Now, don't mind my saying so, dear boy, but I think that beautiful and bright as these cafes and restaurants are they offer a very good illustration of your prevailing characteristic—that of over-dining things. There's too much ornament, too much glitter and, above all things, too much warmth. Really, here is, you know."—New York Herald.

## Bamboo in China and Japan.

For centuries the Japanese and Chinese have raised the bamboo as a practical crop. The natives of tropical India and the Malay archipelago would be as much at a loss without it as the American farmer without his white pine, for they depend upon it not only for their chief building material, but for ropes, mats, kitchen utensils, etc.

## Quite True.

"If some young men," said Uncle Eben, "was as industrious as addin' up figures in columns as they is gettin' 'em up on a policy slips, I reckons they'd 'a' savin' money."—Washington Star.

No power on earth could cause us to be impressed by a man who carries his stockerchief in his coat tails.

## OLD FAVORITES

John Brown's Body,  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave,  
His soul is marching on.

Chorus—  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
Glory, glory, hallelujah!  
His soul is marching on.

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,  
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,  
The stars of heaven are looking kindly down,  
On the grave of old John Brown.

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,  
He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,  
His soul is marching on.

John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,  
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,  
John Brown's knapsack is strapped upon his back,  
His soul is marching on.

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,  
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,  
His pet lambs will meet him on the way,  
And they'll go marching on.

They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,  
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,  
They will hang Jeff Davis to a sour apple tree,  
As they march along.

Maid of Athens,  
Maid of Athens, ere we part,  
Give, oh, give me back my heart;  
Or, since that has left my breast,  
Keep it now, and take the rest!  
Hear my vow before I go,  
Zoe mou sas agapo.

By those tresses unconfined,  
Woo'd by each Aegean wind;  
By those lids whose jetty fringe  
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;  
By those wild eyes like the roe,  
Zoe mou sas agapo.

By that lip I long to taste;  
By that zone-enriched waist;  
By all the token-flowers that tell  
What words can never speak so well;  
By love's alternate joy and woe,  
Zoe mou sas agapo.

Maid of Athens! I am gone;  
Think of me, sweet! when alone.  
Though I fly to Istanbul,  
Athens holds my heart and soul;  
Can I cease to love thee? No!  
Zoe mou sas agapo.  
—Lord Byron.

## SUMMER IN WASHINGTON.

Sights and Sounds in the Streets Near the Capitol.

What a debt of gratitude Washington owes to the summer girl. Without her the city would seem a seething stagnation, but with her—God bless her—life assumes a gayer aspect, says the Brooklyn Eagle. You see her everywhere, sans hat, sans gloves, sans restriction. Dressed in the most diaphanous of frocks, with her bare neck and arms gleaming under the electric lights, and her fluffy hair blown all about her face, you find trolley car loads of her every night, on pleasure bent away from the heat and the heart of the city, out to the show places, Cabin John's Bridge, Glen Echo or Chevy Chase Lake.

These are some of the summer sights. Now for a few of the sounds. While you sit at your ease under the shade of your own vine and fig tree, softly, sweetly, from way down yonder, floats the sound of banjo and Jewsharp, and a nearer acquaintance proves the music to come from a quartet of colored boys—two instrumentalists and two vocalists. They wander aimlessly, singing as they go, until a larger than ordinary assemblage of front door stepists would seem to make stoppage peculiarly advantageous. They will entertain you for as long a time as you wish for a ridiculously small sum, considering the real excellence of the entertainment.

Or, again, it is a small Senegambian who will accost you with: "Say, master, will you give Joe a nickel if he recitations in hawg Latin for you?" An affirmative reply will call forth a grin revealing a double row of ivories and with a rolling of eyes that makes one think of two small huckleberries swimming in two pans of milk, Joe begins and assails the ears with such a flow of gibberish that no doubt as to the certainty of the Darwinian theory is tenable, at least as far as Joe is concerned.

Old Uncle Tom—a live crab vender—when he finds himself outside the region of possible purchasers, covers over his squirming, unsightly cargo, which he hauls in a creaky, tumble-down handcart, and thus accosts the benevolent-looking passer-by. The dinky is no slight student of human nature and seldom draws a zero.

"I hope you paldon, sah, but may I intercept you for a moment? Old uncle is right on to a hundred years of age, and Yore Gwyd he wants a show of money that he'd be fit naturally can't see straight, and that's the truth!" The

## purchase money is all the more readily forthcoming as the crabs have taken advantage of the old man's pre-occupation to crawl all over the walk, and show a disposition to pull you leg less pleasantly than Uncle Tom has just done.

## STORY OF A DIAMOND.

How It Increased in Value as It Was Passed On to New Owners.

The manner in which objects of value rise and fall in price according to the wants, needs and desires of buyer and seller is strikingly illustrated in the following story related to a Washington Post reporter by a Washington diamond merchant and broken into said:

"About six months ago a woman in straitened circumstances entered a local pawnshop and, borrowing a pair of scissors, pried an exceedingly beautiful one and one-half carat diamond from the setting in her ring and pawned it for \$30. At the end of the thirty days, failing to redeem the stone, it was placed on sale for the sum of \$50. I came along a few days later and seeing the gem purchased it. It was a most perfect diamond, both as to brilliancy and cut, and was well worth \$400 to any one. I had no money with me at the time, but my credit being good, I took the diamond, which was placed in a small pill box. On my way home I dropped into the shop of another and somewhat more prosperous pawnbroker, whom I requested to weigh the stone for me. The minute he saw it he was immensely pleased and offered me \$150 for it then and there. I considered a few minutes as the prospect of getting more for it loomed up temptingly before my mental vision, but when I came to think of how easy it was for me to pick up \$100 in less than two blocks I accepted the offer, took the money, retraced my steps, paid the first pawnbroker his \$50 and went on my way rejoicing with the \$100 profit. Well, in the course of a week or two a well-known New York drummer came to the city and seeing the stone which I had sold for \$150, purchased it for \$250. Later in the day he came to my place and after selling me some stones was about to depart, when, turning, he said:

"Oh, by the way, I want to show you a beautiful stone that I purchased to-day on private 'spec.' I got it at a knockdown bargain, too; paid only \$250 for it. I'm just as sure to sell it for \$350 as the sun is to shine, and with that he opened his case, and there, to my surprise, lay the very diamond I had purchased for \$50 and had sold for \$150. I asked him where he bought it, etc., thus confirming the fact that it was the same stone I had handled a few weeks before. The day following he went to a local diamond dealer, who, it appeared, wanted just such a stone, and who paid him the \$350 for it. To-day that diamond is in the engagement ring of a very pretty girl, who is now married and whose husband, who at the time he purchased it was her lover, paid \$500 for the stone alone. This was the most striking case of a thing increasing in value that ever came to my notice, and yet it simply shows how art unusually good, rare and perfect thing will rise in price when somebody wants it badly. In this case all who purchased the diamond got it cheap. It was cheap at \$500."

## "When the Ghost Walks."

"When the ghost walks," as synonymous with "salary day" is a familiar term, but I never yet saw in print an explanation of its origin," said a veteran actor.

"Like most of the 'technical' expressions of the stage land, this phrase comes from England. In the days of Macready, a provincial company was playing 'Hamlet' at Lavenham, in Suffolk.

"Salaries were constantly in arrears, and the suspicion began to grow among the members of the company that the manager intended to defraud them.

"On the last night of the engagement the performance went along smoothly enough up to that passage of the tragedy in which the ghost disappears, and Hamlet says: 'Perchance 'twill walk again.' Then from behind the scenes came the ghost's voice in a tone distinctly audible to every one: 'No, this ghost will walk no more until his salary is paid.'"

## Letting Baby Cry.

Unable longer to stand it, he ran to his neighbor's door and banged on it till the lady of the house, likewise the mother of the bawling brat, appeared in a state of alarm. "Madam," he cried, "do you not know that your baby has been crying for half an hour?" "Certainly I do, sir; what of it?" "Why, er—er—madam, you, er—you must know that your neighbors have some rights. The child needs attention. A pin, or something—" "Oh, that's all right; the doctor's orders are to let it cry. Crying is good for the lungs." "Ah, I see. He is making a blacksmith's bellows out of your bawling beloved. Good morning." His words had the desired effect. "Blacksmith's bellows, indeed!" she mused, as she hastened in and soothed the bawler.—New York Press.

## Fisherman of Newfoundland.

Of the 100,000 men in Newfoundland, more than half are fishermen, who catch 150,000,000 pounds of cod a year, estimate one-fourth of it and sell the rest to Catholic countries for \$4,450,000.

## You young people, don't forget that

North is greatly prized in old age. Young people can avoid abuses to their health in youth, but terrible late is collected later on.