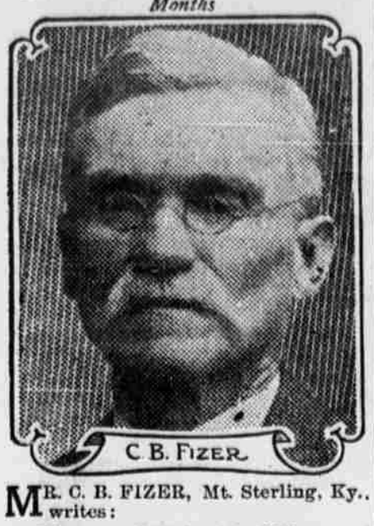
KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Two Years—Relieved In Three Months



MR. C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., writes:

"I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past.

"Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain.

"I believe that I am well and I therefore give my highest commendation to the curative qualities of Peruna."

Pe-ru-na for Kidney Trouble.

Mrs. Geo. H. Simser, Grant, Ontario, Can., writes:

"I had not been well for about four years. ***I had kidney trouble, and, in fact, felt badly nearly all the time.***

"This summer I got so very bad I thought I would try Peruna, so I wrote to you and began at once to take Peruna and Manalin.

"I took only two bottles of Peruna and one of Manalin, and now I feel better than I have for some time.

"I feel that Peruna and Manalin cured me and made a different woman of me altogether. I bless the day I picked up the little book and read of your Peruna.

It is the business of the kidneys to remove from the blood all poisonous materials. They must be active all the time, else the system suffers. There are times when they need a little assistance.

Peruna is exactly this sort of a remedy. It has saved many people from disaster by rendering the kidneys service at a time when they were not able to bear their own burdens

DIETARY DICTA.

Dinner should be of a lighter nature in summer than in winter.

A quart of wheat contains more nutriment than a bushel of cucumbers.

There is a happy mean between eating everything and being squeamish.

Two pounds of potatoes contain as much nutriment as 13 pounds of turnips.

Light soups, light desserts and light meals should have the preference in warm weather.

Vegetables and fruits are to be used most generously at that season of the year in which they naturally mature.

Beginning the dinner with soup is the very best way to get the whole system in condition for assimilating a hearty meal.

SEVEN YEARS AGO

A Rochester Chemist Found a Singularly Effective Medicine.

William A. Franklin, of the Franklin & Palmer Chemical Co., Rochester, N. Y., writes:

"Seven years ago I was suffering very much through the failure of the kidneys to eliminate the uric acid from my system. My back was very lame and ached if I overexerted myself in the least degree. At times I was weighed down with a feeling of languor and depression and suffered continually from annoying irregularities of the kidney secretions. I procured a box of Doan's Kidney Pills and began using them. I found prompt relief from the aching and lameness in my back, and by the time I had taken three boxes I was cured of all irregularities."

Sold by all dealers; 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Keeping Her Handy.

"That's a fine rope you have, Harker," commented the commuter with the lawn mower and the weekly ham under his arm. "What are you going to do with it?"

"Use it as a tether," replied Harker.

"Ah! New cow?"

"No, new cook."—Chicago Daily News.

No Pretense.

"So you want to work?"

"Please don't misunderstand me. I don't want to work, but I've got to."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Every man has his trade. The bookkeeper can't juggle cannon balls any more than the juggler can balance a set of books.

There is nothing quite so superfluous as the father of the bride on the wedding day.

THE IDEAL LADY

By Kathleen Whitenbury Gilbert

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

The station was crowded. The outgoing train had not a vacant seat; distracted ladies flew from door to door, tearing them open, and before even looking to see if the car contained an empty place, flying impatiently to the next. There were, of course, the usual number of persons to whom it was a necessity that this particular train should not be missed, and who preferred to stand to being left lamenting on the platform.

Among these the catching of this train meant much to a tall, slender, brown-eyed girl, who jumped with agility upon the platform almost as the train started. Entering the car, she opened a book and stood with an expression of determination to stand or die.

She had not closed the door behind her before she had recognized in a seat near her a youth who had often given up his seat for her before. She had not read a word of her book before he had risen, with a cheerful smile, and pointed to his vacant place.

In course of time the other passengers alighted one by one, and these two found themselves almost alone.

It was a glorious autumn evening, about six o'clock. She sat in her corner, her head bent over her book, the vivid colors of the setting sun turning her brown hair into red gold. He sat in the corner opposite, his eyes riveted on her. She had taken off her gloves and her slim white fingers clasped her book; she sat so that her face was three-quarters towards him, her head bent, and her simple cotton gown falling gracefully about her.

Unaware of his intent scrutiny, she started in surprise when, suddenly moving to the seat opposite her, he spoke:

"I beg your pardon—but would you think it very queer of me if I asked you to let me draw you? Just now, as you sit there?"

She raised her eyes and looked at him. She had considered nim a mere everyday young man, but now she could see a sensitive, dreamy expression in his eyes and around his mouth, that stamped him an artist. She was so surprised that she could say nothing and he went on:

"I really wouldn't be a bother to you, you see—and you don't know what it would mean to me."

He had already whipped out notebook and pencil, and his long fingers twitched as though anxious to begin.

She looked at him with a chilly smile. "It's a very odd thing to ask," she began icily.

"You know I need not have said anything at all about it. But I did not like to do that—it would have seemed like stealing."

There was something so astonishing in this shy boy becoming bold that the girl laughed in spite of herself.

"Very well," she said, and dropping her eyes on her book, apparently gave it her whole attention as before.

But the book might have been upside down for all she could make of it. The words danced about in front of her, and the sentences jumbled themselves together. It was with the greatest exertion of will power that she kept her eyes lowered at all. She longed to see what those clever looking fingers would make of her.

At last her station was reached.

"Oh—don't—" came in a voice of such heart-breaking appeal, as she prepared to depart.

"This is my station; I am going," she said, as the train began to slacken speed.

"Oh, no. Not just yet," he cried, with a ring of despair in his voice.

Endeavoring to feel angry, the girl looked up at him once more. She would never have thought his face capable of such expression and power. While she looked she hesitated; the train had stopped. She still sat on.

They say that he—or she—who hesitates is lost; the whistle shrieked, the train gave a jerk and began to glide away. She gave a sigh, a burning flush spread over her face and she sank back ashamed into her corner. He drew on almost savagely, covering page after page of the notebook with the rough ideas.

It was not until the next station was reached and he opened the door and stepped out to assist her, that he spoke:

"I shall never forget what you have done for me to-day," he said. "I only hope you will forgive me."

When next they met, some long months after, they stood side by side before a picture—the picture. It was at a soiree given at a private view of a certain art exhibition, and the young artist, from where he stood hungrily watching the different effects his work had on the more or less casual spectators, had suddenly turned his head to the door and seen her come in. She had walked straight to his end of the gallery, and stood motionless before the picture.

He came to her side, and with something like an apology for speaking on his face, began:

"Excuse me—but I knew, I felt you would come this evening."

She colored slightly, and gave him a little, distant bow.

Then she looked at the picture.

There was the flaming sunset, just as she remembered it, with its vivid reds lighting up the face of a girl sitting by a window, a book held in her two white hands. There was a simplicity about the pose and dressing of the picture that might easily cause it to be passed by as a mere excellent piece of detail work, unless one looked long at the face of the girl. Then one could see she had just raised her eyes, with her lips parted to speak. She seemed to meet the gaze of each person with a wondering yet half haughty expression. There was a mysterious, nameless fascination in the beautiful brown eyes, in which lay the reason for the whole picture.

"Do you like her?" asked the young artist, eagerly.

"Not as a portrait of myself," the girl answered.

"Oh, why not?"

"You have used too much of the ideal lady you were thinking of," she answered, "and too little of the flesh and blood me."

He looked from one to the other critically, then said, bluntly:

"I see what you mean; all the same I don't think so. That is you to me."

They stood before the picture a few minutes longer, then he said: "There are some gems of miniatures in the little room over there; will you come and see them?"

She looked around; her family had wandered away, so she figuratively snapped her fingers at the prudent, prim self who wanted to make her listen to the voice of Mrs. Grundy, and took his proffered arm.

They went to this room, but they took very little notice of the "gems." He pushed a chair forward, and she obediently sat in it.

"I really feel I ought to say something about the very unusualness of my proceeding, that day last year," he said; "only I don't know where to begin."

"Oh, it's all done now," she said hurriedly. "It cannot be helped."

"It was an irresistible impulse to draw you—" he began.

"Oh! but that's not me," she said firmly. "I really make no pretensions of being that girl. She is far too beautiful, too wierdly beautiful," she finished, frankly. "I don't quite understand it," she added, reflectively; "there is a mystery in that face, some thing that I believe will haunt me till I know the meaning. Will you explain it to me?"

"It is unexplainable," he answered quietly.

"It was a great liberty to take with my face," she said, laughing rather hysterically, "putting riddles into my eyes, which generally I am afraid speak things all too clearly."

Presently he looked up at her with something of the boyish expression once more on his face.

"It is a curious thing," he said musingly, "our being thrown together

A BOOK IN HER HANDS.

in this way. I suppose you would scout the idea of affinity of souls—and all that—bosh?"

"Oh, dear, yes," she said pushing her chair back quickly.

"You don't think then, for instance," he went on solemnly, "that we two—might end in—in—"

She rose hurriedly, not trusting the expression on the earnest boyish face, nor indeed the somewhat rapid beating of her own heart.

"Good gracious no," she said sternly, "why, we have never been introduced."

There was a second's pause. Then he held out his arm.

"Will you allow me to take you back to the other room, just while I go and fetch one of the reception committee?"

And before she realized what he was doing, he left her for a moment returning with a flurried looking gentleman with a white badge in his coat, who, after audibly asking both their names said politely:

"Miss Dennison—may I present Mr. Richard Orme to you?" and vanished.

Animal Hospital in India.

There is an animal hospital at Lodepur, near Calcutta, where there are usually about 1,000 animals under treatment—horses, oxen, mules, elephants, dogs, and even sheep—all comfortably housed and looked after by a staff of 80 native "nurses," under the orders of a British veterinary surgeon.

All Over.

Hubby—I don't see why you shouldn't exert yourself to make me happy.

Wifey—Why, of all things! You know you told me when I accepted you that I had made you the happiest man on earth. What is the use of my trying to improve on that?—Stray Stories

Andean Climbers.

In the Andes a curious effect is noted by travelers. There is an inn half-way up the direct route where ascenders and descenders frequently meet, the former half perished with increasing cold, the latter overwhelmed by increasing heat.

GOLF YARN BY LONGWORTH

And a Kansas Story in Return by an Enthusiast at the Game.

Nicholas Longworth, of Ohio, is a golf enthusiast who plays a good game, and Victor Murdock, of Kansas, a golf enthusiast who plays a very indifferent game, when swapping stories in the house cloakroom the other day, says the Washington correspondent of the Kansas City Times.

"The most remarkable golfer I ever knew," said Representative Longworth, "was a man out in Cincinnati, who had a passion for the game, but who complicated that fervor with an appetite for Scotch highballs that was the wonder of Ohio.

"His theory was that there should be a drink server on every tee, and he worked it by means of an army of caddies. One afternoon he came in and announced that he had renounced the game.

"'What's the matter, Jim?' said a friend.

"'Oh,' he said, wearily, 'it's no use. I give it up. Whenever I can see the ball I can't hit it; and whenever I can hit it I can't see it.'"

Mr. Murdock told this one:

"Out in my town Judge Dale, of the district bench, is about the best golfer in our club. One day he had a case on trial in which several small boys had been subpoenaed as witnesses. Addressing a bright youth of about 12 summers, Judge Dale solemnly inquired: 'My boy, do you understand the nature of an oath?'

"'Oh, yes, sir,' quickly replied the youth. 'I often caddied for you, sir.'"

LIMB WASTED WITH ECZEMA

Suffered Untold Agonies — Doctor Said It Was the Worst Case—Wonderful Cure by Cuticura.

"I used the Cuticura Remedies for eczema. The doctor said it was the worst case he ever saw. It was on both limbs, from the knees to the ankles. We tried everything the doctors knew of, but the Cuticura Remedies did the most good. I was obliged to lie with my limbs higher than my head, for the pain was so terrible I could not walk. I suffered untold agonies. One limb wasted away a great deal smaller than the other, there was so much discharge from it. I found the Cuticura Remedies very soothing, and I still keep them in the house. I am very thankful to say that I am cured. I found the Cuticura Remedies all that you say they are. I hope that you may be spared many years to make the Cuticura Remedies for the benefit of persons suffering from the torture of skin diseases, such as I had. Mrs. Golding, Box 8, Ayr, Ontario, Canada, June 6, 1905."

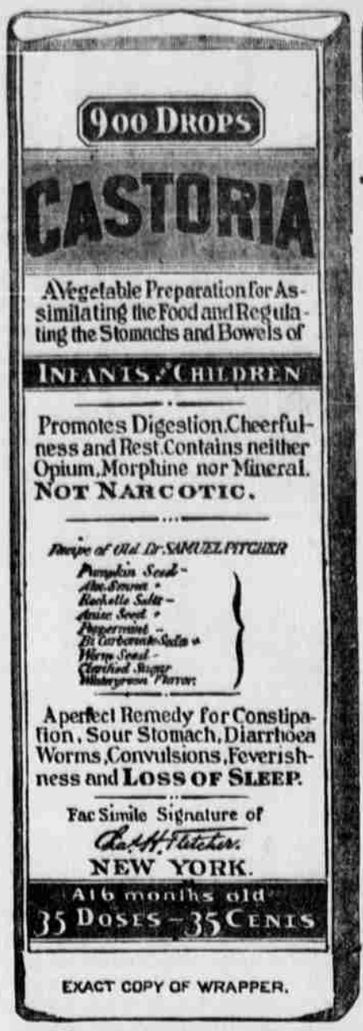
The pessimist hesitates to put his best foot forward for fear of stubbing his toe.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Opportunity has an aggravating manner of calling on a man when he is not in.

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

The craze for the "colonial" has led to a boom in the junk business.



EXACT COPY OF WRAPPER.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

WINCHESTER

Loaded Black Powder Shells

"NEW RIVAL"

Hard, Strong, Even Shooters,
Always Sure Fire,
The Hunter's Favorite, Because

They Always Get The Game.

For Sale Everywhere.

ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE
A Certain Cure for Tired, Hot, Aching Feet.
DO NOT ACCEPT A SUBSTITUTE.
This signature on every box. Allen S. Olmsted
For FREE Trial Package Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER destroys all the flies and affords comfort to every home. One 20c. box lasts the entire season. Harmless to persons. Clean, neat and will not soil or injure anything. Try them once and you will never be without them. If not kept by dealers, sent prepaid for 20c. Harold Somers, 149 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

OKLAHOMA PUBLIC LANDS Half Million acres rich Government Lands, near Lawton, opened by Congress to Homestead Settlement this Summer. Get a Home in Sunny Southland; five years to pay. Maps, complete information regarding Opening, Homesteading, Terms, etc., fifty cents. CATRON & CO., Lawton, Okla.

PATENTS for PROFIT
must fully protect an invention. Booklet and Desk Calendar FREE. Highest references. Communications Confidential. Established 1867. Mason, Fenwick & Lawrence, Washington, D. C.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 24, 1906.

THE ONLY ONE

There is only One Genuine-Syrup of Figs,

The Genuine is Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

The full name of the company, California Fig Syrup Co., is printed on the front of every package of the genuine.

The Genuine- Syrup of Figs- is for Sale, in Original Packages Only, by Reliable Druggists Everywhere

Knowing the above will enable one to avoid the fraudulent imitations made by piratical concerns and sometimes offered by unreliable dealers. The imitations are known to act injuriously and should therefore be declined.

Buy the genuine always if you wish to get its beneficial effects. It cleanses the system gently yet effectually, dispels colds and headaches when bilious or constipated, prevents fevers and acts best on the kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels, when a laxative remedy is needed by men, women or children. Many millions know of its beneficial effects from actual use and of their own personal knowledge. It is the laxative remedy of the well-informed.

Always buy the Genuine- Syrup of Figs

MANUFACTURED BY THE

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky. San Francisco, Cal. New York, N.Y.

PRICE FIFTY CENTS PER BOTTLE