

CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.

The Remarkable Experience of a Prominent Statesman—Congressman Meekison Gives Pe-ru-na a High Endorsement.



Congressman Meekison of Ohio.

Hon. David Meekison is well known not only in his own State, but throughout America. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the State. Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman. Catarrh with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp, was his only unconquered foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against this personal enemy. At last Peruna came to the rescue. He writes: "I have used several bottles of Pe-ru-na and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing."—David Meekison, Member of Congress.

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.

Be afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

\$25 ON 5 TON IS WHAT YOU CAN SAVE

BECKMAN BROS., DES MOINES, IOWA.

PATENTS SUES & CO., OMAHA, NEBR.

OUR SALESMEN MAKE \$10.00 DAILY

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: cures quick relief and cures worst cases.

FREE TO WOMEN!

RAIN CANT FREE TO WOMEN!

SAWYER'S EXCELSEUR BRAND Suits and Slickers

Warranted waterproof.

THE CHICAGO LIMITED

Chicago and the East

Electric Lighted Train

Ticket Office, 1504 Farnam St., Omaha.

WEAK WOMEN.

CONSTIPATION STARTED YOUR SUFFERING, CURE IT AND YOUR AFFLICTION WILL VANISH.

Mull's Grape Tonic Cures Constipation.

When the bowels move irregularly the entire bodily system must suffer.

when the undigested food remains in the bowels where it putrefies and empties highly diseased germs into the blood, such as typhoid and malaria, Mull's Grape Tonic will positively cure.

All druggists sell Mull's Grape Tonic at 50 cents a bottle.

Bret Harte's Complaint.

In an article of reminiscences Mary Stuart Boyd says that the late Bret Harte never obtruded his personality. He also had a dread of people regarding him for his work only, not for himself. "Why didn't you tell me it was Bret Harte who sat next to me at dinner last night?" wailed one of society's smartest young matrons, in a note to her hostess the morning after a large dinner party. "I have always longed to meet him and I would have been so different had I only known who my neighbor was." "Now, why can't a woman realize this sort of thing insulting?" queried the author, to whom the hostess had forwarded her friend's letter. "If Mrs. ——— talked with me and found me uninteresting as a man how could she expect to find me interesting because I was an author?"

Controlling the Press in Turkey.

All printing establishments in Turkey, according to a new law just passed, may have only one door, and that opening on the street. Windows must be covered with close-meshed wire netting, so that no papers can be handed through. A statement must be made a year in advance of the amount of ink required, which will be supplied by the state. A specimen of everything printed is to be kept and must be shown at any time to a police inspector on pain of a fine.

Honduras Stamps to Be Made Here.

The government of Honduras has decided to have its postage stamps and postal cards engraved abroad this year and the work is to be done in the United States, according to a report from Consul W. E. Alger of Puerto Cortez. The government has also arranged for a supply of silver coin to be minted in Philadelphia.

"I owe my whole life to Burdock Blood Bitters. Scrofulous sores covered my body, seemed beyond cure. B. B. has made me a perfectly well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Hutton, Derrville, Mich.

When faith is lost and honor dies, the man is dead.—Whittier.

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL SORES, ULCERS ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT

PREMIUM SCALES OF THE WORLD FOR HAY, GRAIN, STOCK, COAL, ETC.

Official Stock Scales at World's Fair, Chicago, 1893, also at Trans-Mississippi Exposition, Omaha, 1898-1899.

CHICAGO SCALE COMPANY 232, 234 & 236 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois.

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When Stars Are In the Skies.

When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!
For thoughts, like waves that glide by
Are stiller when they shine;
Mine earthly love lies hushed in light
Beneath the heaven of thine.

There is an hour when angels keep
Familiar watch o'er men,
When coarser souls are wrapped in
Sleep—
Sweet spirit, meet me then!
There is an hour when holy dreams
Through slumber fairest glide;
And in that mytic hour it seems
Thou shouldst be by my side.

My thoughts of thee too sacred are
For daylight's common beam;
I can but know thee as my star,
My angel and my dream;
When stars are in the quiet skies,
Then most I pine for thee;
Bend on me then thy tender eyes,
As stars look on the sea!
—Lord Lytton.

HELEN HARVEY'S HERO

By MAUDE FITCH.

(Copyright, 1902, by DAILY STORY PUBLISHING COMPANY.)

Helen Harvey was to spend her vacation at her aunt's cottage in Sheboygan, where the wash of old Lake Michigan should take the place in her ears of the buzz of a department store.

She was full of anticipation as she sat in the northbound train. Two whole weeks to be out of doors and free, and Tom was coming up by Sunday.

Dear old Tom. She thought of Decoration Day, when he had told her his dream of fitting up a little flat and making a home for her, someday.

She had given him no answer as yet, but had promised to decide before Sunday.

He was her kind friend, but like many other young girls she still waited for the hero of her dreams, and started out on her little outing with all kinds of delightful possibilities in her mind of meeting the unknown.

Meanwhile Tom stood behind the counter and measured off laces, and ate cheap lunches that he might buy a box of Allegretti's for Sunday evening.

Helen tried to read but enjoyed more looking out at the dense woods through which they were passing. Suddenly she was minded to look at her purse and see if her trunk check and the two crisp five-dollar bills which she had bought for return fare and extra expense were safe.

The check had slipped out of sight, and in searching for it she held the bills between her fingers.

The train turned a sharp curve just then, and a strong current of air swept the car. Instantly the money fluttered from her fingers and out of the open window.

Passengers and trainmen were kind and sympathetic, and the conductor gave her a stop over check at the next station, that she might walk back and look for the money and come on by a later train.

She remembered that it was just at the curve, and the conductor said it was about two miles back, so she had some hope of finding it.

But the tears would come as she thought of the precious money, so hard to earn and so hard to save, and of how she must write home for more.

In spite of her trouble she was influenced by pure air and beauty of the scene to stop to pick some wild roses for her belt.

But as she neared the curve she became absorbed in her search; so absorbed, indeed, that she did not notice a gathering storm until it burst upon her.

The only thing to do was to push through the underbrush and seek shelter in the dense woods. Among the pines it was almost dry, and her footsteps were noiseless on the carpet of needles.

A little way in she stopped startled for she had come upon habitation, a shelter made of boughs against a rock,

blue of lake and sky, waving his cap to her.

At Sheboygan her aunt met her and chided her for being careless about the money. In her heart Helen wondered if she had lost or gained.

The summer days passed swiftly, but when alone, she thought of her hero, and sometimes of Tom, who would have been quite wretched had he known how he suffered by comparison, and how slender his chances were becoming.

But on Sunday he came in holiday attire, and drove up after dinner with, as he said, the best single rig he could get at the livery to take Helen driving. They drove to the falls along the pretty lower road, each feeling the constraint of an important question to be decided.

Tom, being more nervous, talked more. "Funny thing at a little station down the road," he began. "We stopped for water, and there was such a crowd that I got out to see what was up. They had just caught a murderer, a man who killed his wife. He was a fine big fellow, a college man, they said. It seems she was much older than he and not his sort, but anyway, he'd married her, and she'd nagged him ever since, and finally she said something about his mother, and he struck her,—she fell against something, and died later from the effects. Meanwhile he got away. Last week the detectives got trace of him here, but it's only the last few days he's been seen poking about the bushes near the track, and early yesterday morning he came into town to post a letter. They tracked him into the woods, where he'd been hiding, but he eluded them and put out into the lake in a canoe. A little way out the boat struck a sunken spar and sank. He knew how to swim but they think he was hurt by the spar, for after a few strokes he went down. They brought him back into the village, dead, and there wasn't a thing in his pockets but a withered rose. He had not at all a bad face, but it's queer what a man will do when he's roused isn't it?"

But Helen was silent and looking into her pale face Tom exclaimed in consternation. "Why did I tell you about the horrible thing. We have happier things to talk about, and—"

He drew her to him unresisting as he whispered, "You have not forgotten, dear, that you are to give me my answer to-day? What is it?"

Very low it came, "Yes."

The next morning the postman brought Helen an envelope in which were two rain-washed five-dollar bills.

Lavender Leaves.

The waving corn was green and gold,
The daisies were blown,
The bees and busy spinning-wheel
Kept up a drowsy drone,
When Mistress Standish, folding down
Her linen, white as snow,
Between it laid the lavender,
One summer long ago.

The slender spikes of grayish green,
Still moist with morning dew,
Recalled a garden sweet with box
Beyond the ocean's blue;
An English garden, quaint and old,
She nevermore might know;
And so she dropped a homesick tear
That summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew worn and thin,
And fell in many a shroud;
Some went to bind the soldiers' wounds
And some to shroud the dead,
And Mistress Standish rests her soul
Where graves their shadows throw,
And violets blossom, planted there
In summers long ago.

THE TEST OF TIME.

Mrs. Clara J. Sherbourne, professional nurse, of 257 Cumberland street, Portland, Maine, says: "I heartily wish those who suffer from some disturbed action of the kidneys would try Doan's Kidney Pills. They would, like me, be more than surprised. My back annoyed me for years. Physicians who diagnosed my case said it arose from my kidneys. When the grip was epidemic I was worn out with constant nursing, and when I contracted it myself it left me in a very serious condition. I could not straighten nor do the most trivial act without being in torture. The kidneys were too active or the secretions were too copious, and I knew what was wrong, but how to right it was a mystery. It seems odd for a professional nurse, who has had a great deal of experience with medicines, to read advertisements about Doan's Kidney Pills in the newspapers, and it may appear more singular for me to go to H. H. Hay & Son's drug store for a box. But I did, however, and had anybody told me before that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been loth to believe it. You can send anyone who wishes more minute particulars about my case to me, and I will be only too glad to tell them personally. As long as I live I will be a firm advocate of Doan's Kidney Pills."

Cure Confirmed—5 Years Later.

"Lapse of time has strengthened my good opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills, first expressed in the spring of 1896. I said then that had anybody told me that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been loth to believe it. Years have passed and my continued freedom from kidney complaint has strengthened my opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills and given me a much higher appreciation of their merits."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Sherbourne will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

"The laborer is worthy of his hire," but unfortunately worthiness is not always a winner.

THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED IT will use no other. DeLance Cold Water Starch has no equal in quantity or quality—35 oz. for 10 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

Generosity is the flower of justice.

THE ST. PAUL CALENDAR FOR 1903

six sheets 10x15 inches, of beautiful reproductions, in colors, of pastel drawings by Bryson, is now ready for distribution and will be mailed on receipt of twenty-five (25) cents—coin or stamps. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

The average man meets more than his match in the average woman.

Eleven Points in the Evidence.

Fast trains that make time; smooth and level tracks; charming scenery; luxurious through sleeping cars; excellent dining cars; barber shop and bath; stock reports and daily and weekly papers; ladies' maids and stenographers; buffets and libraries; courteous and attentive employees, and centrally located stations, are a few of the reasons for the marvelous passenger traffic of the New York Central Lines.

Men are not nearly so wise as women let them think they are.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Women don't idealize men, for they never have a chance to.

IF YOU USE BALL BLUE. Get Red Cross Ball Blue, the best. Ball Blue, Large 2 oz. package only 5 cents.

Women value dress because men value it so much more.

HALF RATES.

Plus \$2.00, one way or round trip, via Wabash Railroad. Tickets on sale first and third Tuesdays of each month to many points south and southeast. Aside from this tickets are on sale to all the winter resorts of the south at greatly reduced rates. The Wabash is the shortest, quickest and best line for St. Louis and all points south and southeast. Ask your nearest ticket agent to route you via the Wabash.

For rates, folders and all information call at Wabash corner, 1901 Farnam street, Omaha, or address: HARRY E. MOORES, Gen. Pass. Act. Dept., Omaha, Neb.

If all men were wise all women would be sensible.

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effectual manner.

If a man is a failure he is sure it is some woman's fault.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

A man of high birth is one who occupies an "upper" in a sleeping car.

INSIST ON GETTING IT.

Some grocers say they don't keep DeLance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. pkg. DeLance Starch for same money.

No one wants to put out the female who is ablaze with diamonds.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, moves and regulates the bowels and destroys worms. Over 25,000 testimonials. At all druggists. 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Dress does not make the woman, but it often breaks the husband.

A household necessity. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals burns, cuts, wounds of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.



Like a picture against the blue of lake and sky.



Regarded each other in silence.

a smouldering fire, and standing before it all, looking more startled than herself, a man, young, tall, fair, athletic.

They regarded each other in silence, but the girl felt no fear, for she knew that she had met her hero.

The man spoke first, "Are you a wood nymph or from whence come you?" She told her story, sure of sympathy. "Too bad, indeed," he said kindly, "but will you not accept my

boat, and unless you believe in me, I shall go away in the boat and leave you alone in the storm, and not prepare for you a luncheon of fish and berries, as I plan to do."

The fire blazed cozily, and the man built out the leafy roof, that she might be quite dry.

"The queen must be safe and happy," he said. Helen had never been called a queen before, but she liked it.

Disappearing for a few minutes he came back with fish and berries on large leaves, and a can of water. He cooked the fish deftly over the blaze, and Helen produced from her lunch box, sandwiches, olives and cake, at which he exclaimed with unfeigned delight. Such a merry meal it was, and before Helen knew it she was telling all about herself. It is so easy at nineteen, to talk of one's self when melancholy, sympathetic blue eyes are lavishing tender glances upon one.

"If I come to Sheboygan, may I come to see you?" he asked. Oh, that charming air of deference. It was just as she always knew the hero would be.

"I believe the rain is stopping," she said at last. "I wish it might rain always," he murmured, lying lazily at her feet. This brought the warm color into her face, and looking up, she saw that the sun was beginning to drop.

"Really I must go; the storm is quite over," she said, rising. He rose too, and looked at her with grave sadness, saying, "It will be lonely after you go, but if you will allow me I can take you almost to the village in my canoe; you are not afraid?"

"No," hesitatingly. But she went, sitting quietly in the boat, while he stood in the stern and bent to the oar.

Both felt the beauty of the scene, and with that greatest proof of perfect sympathy, were silent.

The boat grated sharply on the sand. He sprang out, and helping her, took her hand, holding it for a moment to his lips.

"I want to thank you, little girl," he said, "for trusting me as you have to-day. It is good for a man to be trusted. Think of me kindly sometimes but speak to no one of me, and as a pledge I ask for one of these." He touched the roses in her belt.

With trembling fingers she gave him one. Then, smiling sadly, he pointed down the road to the station.

"Good-bye," he said, "and God keep you."

Helen saw little of the road for her tears, and it was through a mist that she looked back, once, and saw him standing, like a picture against the