



TRIED REMEDY FOR THE GRIP.

PE-RU-N FOR COUGHS AND COLDS

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE—To demonstrate the value of Peruna in all catarrhal troubles we will send you a sample bottle absolutely free by mail.

The merit and success of Peruna is so well known to the public that our readers are advised to send for sample bottle: Address the Peruna Company, Columbus, Ohio. Don't forget to mention you read this generous offer in the...

If in need of advice write our Medical Department, stating your case fully. Our physician in charge will send you advice free, together with literature containing common sense rules for health, which you cannot afford to be without.

Disastrous.

Doctor—Have you been taking an occasional cold plunge, as I advised? Dyspeptic Capitalist—Yes, I've been investing heavily in ice stocks—and I got nipped.—Chicago Tribune.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is one of the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O., Sold by Druggists, Price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Broke.

They were drinking soda in the Gen. Clewman's Club.

"I wish," said the fat one with gray hair, "that you could break my daughter Nell of bridge."

"The young one in pink smiled faintly. "I did break her last night," she said.—Brooklyn Citizen.

FASHION HINTS



A very new model of a motor or travelling coat has the back fullness gathered into a broad band above the hem.

Trimming possibilities lie in the cape collar and in the full sleeve. Fancy buttons and contrasting colors may be used in the cape and cuffs.

CHANGE THE VIBRATION.

It Makes for Health.

A man tried leaving off meat, potatoes, coffee, and etc., and adopted a breakfast of fruit, Grape-Nuts with cream, some crisp toast and a cup of Postum.

His health began to improve at once for the reason that a meat eater will reach a place once in a while where his system seems to become clogged and the machinery doesn't work smoothly.

A change of this kind puts aside food of low nutritive value and takes up food and drink of the highest value, already partly digested and capable of being quickly changed into good, rich blood and strong tissue.

A most valuable feature of Grape Nuts is the natural phosphate of potash grown in the grains from which it is made. This is the element which transforms albumen in the body into the soft gray substance which fills brain and nerve centres.

A few days' use of Grape-Nuts will give one a degree of nervous strength well worth the trial.

Look in pkgs. for the little book, "The Road to Wellville." There's a Reason.

The Wand of Sleep OR The Devil-Stick

By the Author of "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab," Etc.

CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

"Perhaps I may settle affairs sooner than you think," said Aymer. "Uncle Jen, I won't be back to dinner to-night, as I have to go into Deanminster."

"What about?"

"Business connected with the devil-stick and Isabella."

"H'm! You are pleased to be mysterious. Why not tell me your business?"

"Because I may fail," said Maurice. "Here, Uncle Jen, don't be cross; I'll tell you about it to-morrow, and then you will see and approve of my silence to-night."

"Well," said Jen, with a shrug, "you are old enough to guide your own actions. But I must say that I don't like to be shut out of the confidence of my two boys in this way."

"You'll know everything to-morrow."

"About David also?"

"Perhaps I can even promise you that!" said Maurice, with a smile.

"What!" cried Jen, "do you know why David has gone to town?"

"Not for certain; but I can guess. Now, Uncle Jen, I shan't answer another question just now, as I must go into Deanminster."

It was useless to ask further questions, as Jen saw that the young man was getting irritated; so, in no very pleasant temper himself, the Major went up to his dressing-room. He was a peace-loving and easygoing nature, fond of quietness, so it annoyed him not a little that all this disturbance should take place on account of a woman.

David and Maurice both being absent, Major Jen was compelled to dine alone. This he disliked doing, so hurrying over his dinner with all speed, he betook himself to the smoking room with a book. Here he chose a comfortable chair near the open window, and attempted to read; but the somnolent influence of the evening was upon him, and before long the good Major was sound asleep.

Outside a warm wind was blowing, and the air was filled with the perfume of flowers. In the darkly blue sky hardly a cloud could be seen, and the moon, just showing her orb above the tree tops, flooded the still loveliness of the night with wave after wave of cold light. All was full of charm, spellbound as it were by the magic of moonlight, when suddenly a long, wild cry struck shudderingly through the silence.

Accustomed as an old campaigner to sleep lightly, Major Jen was on his feet in an instant, and again heard that terrible shriek. It seemed to come from the direction of the high-road, and thinking that some evil was being done, Jen, without loss of time, raced across the lawn and into the avenue. In a few minutes he arrived at the gate, and stepped out into the white and dusty road; a black mass was lying some distance down, and towards this ran Jen with an undefinable sense of evil clutching at his heartstrings. The black mass proved to be the body of a man, cold and still. Jen turned the corpse over and recoiled. The dead man was Maurice Aymer.

CHAPTER IX.

While the Major, hardly able to credit his own eyes, was staring at the dead body of his dear lad, Jaggard, attracted also by the strange cry, came running up.

"What is it, sir?" he asked, saluting Jen even in that moment of anxiety. "I heard an awful cry, sir, and came after you."

Jen pointed to the corpse, but said nothing. Jaggard, ignorant of the truth, bent down to place a hand on the dead man's heart. Then he saw and recognized the face.

"Mr. Maurice! What does it mean?" he cried, aghast with sudden horror. "It means murder, Jaggard!" replied Jen, in a hollow voice which he hardly recognized as his own. "Mr. Maurice went to Deanminster before dinner, and now—" the Major pointed again to the remains.

"Murder!" echoed Jaggard, his ruddy face going pale. "And who, sir—"

"I don't know—I can't say!" interrupted his master, impatiently. "Go and get the men to bring down a stretcher for the body, and send the groom for Dr. Etwald."

"Ain't it too late, sir?"

"Do as I tell you," said Jen, so fiercely that Jaggard did not dare to disobey, but ran off, leaving the Major alone with his dead.

The road which ran past "Ashantee" towards The Wigwam was lonely even in the daytime, and at this hour of the night it was quite deserted. Not a person was in sight, although the Major could see up and down the road for a considerable distance, owing to the bright moonlight. He raised Maurice in his arms, and placed the body on the soft grass by the wayside.

In the bright moonlight he carefully examined the body, but could find no trace of any wound until he came to the right hand. Here, in the palm, he saw a ragged rent clothed with blood, but it was a mere scratch not likely to have caused death, unless poison were— Here Major Jen rose to his feet with a new and terrible idea in his brain.

death was blood-poisoning, and the devil-stick had been the instrument used to effect the deed. But here the problem proposed itself: Who had killed Maurice? The person who had stolen the devil-stick! Who had stolen the devil-stick? The person who—

Major Jen came to an abrupt pause. He could think, for a moment, of no answer to that question; but it is only fair to say that, dazed by the terrible occurrence of his dear lad's death, Jen had not his wits about him.

While he was still considering the affair in a confused manner Jaggard reappeared with the men from "Ashantee" carrying a stretcher. While they placed the body of Maurice thereon, the groom bound for Deanminster passed them driving the dog-cart, and Major Jen stopped the man to tell him that at all risks he was to bring back Dr. Etwald with him. Jaggard wondered at this, for Maurice—poor lad—was beyond all earthly aid—but Jen was thinking of a certain person who might have committed the crime, and he wished for the aid of Dr. Etwald to capture that person. In the meantime the necessities of the case called for the immediate removal of the body to the house, and behind came Major Jen bowed to the ground with sorrow.

In due time Etwald arrived for the groom had been fortunate enough to find him at home. On hearing of the affair he expressed the deepest concern, and, putting all other business on one side, he came back to "Ashantee" in the dog-cart. Before seeing Jen, he went up to Aymer's room and examined the body of the unfortunate young man. Having satisfied himself so far as he was able he came down to the library, where Jen awaited him.

"Well, Etwald," cried the Major, when he saw the tall form of the doctor at the door, "have you seen him?"

"I have seen it," corrected Etwald, with professional calmness, "the poor fellow is dead, Major—dead from blood-poisoning."

"I knew it; I guessed it—the devil-stick!"

"That may be," rejoined Etwald, taking a seat, "but I cannot be sure. You see neither you nor I know anything of the poison which was in the handle of that African instrument. It—"

"But what are you talking of?" broke in Jen, impatiently. "You say that my poor boy died from blood-poisoning. How else could he have come by that, save through being touched or struck with the devil-stick? No one in the neighborhood was likely to possess any weapon likely to corrupt the blood. If Maurice had been stabbed, or shot, I could understand the crime; but as it is, the person who stole the devil-stick must have killed him."

"And who stole the devil-stick?" asked Etwald, coolly. "If I forget not, Major, you asked me the other day if I did."

"I did not like him, nor he me. We both loved the same woman—we were rivals. What then so easy as for you to say—for a jury to believe—that I had stolen the devil-stick and killed Mr. Aymer, so as to get him out of the way?"

"I never thought of such a thing," protested Jen. "I do not suspect you."

"Then whom do you suspect?" asked Etwald, fixing his dark eyes on the Major.

"Dido—the negress of Mrs. Dallas!"

"That is ridiculous. The commission of a crime presupposes a motive. Now what motive had Dido to kill your friend?"

"She hated Maurice, and she did not want him to marry Miss Dallas."

"Neither did I, if I remember rightly," said Etwald, dryly. "By the way, I suppose you will have a detective to sift the affair to the bottom? Mr. Sarby is in the city. Why not wire him?"

"If I thought that— But," added Jen, breaking off, "how do you know where David is?"

"Oh!" rejoined Etwald, quietly. "Mr. Aymer told me so tonight."

"No-night!" echoed Jen, starting up. "You saw Maurice to-night!"

"Certainly. About at hour and a half before he was murdered. At my house," replied the doctor, with great deliberation.

"So it was you whom he went to see on business to-night?"

"I don't know if you call it business. I asked Mr. Aymer to call and see me, and sent the message by that tramp named Battersea."

"I remember his coming. Go on, please."

"Mr. Aymer called, as I said," continued Etwald. "And then I told him that Miss Dallas was ill from being prevented by her mother from seeing him. That I was sorry for the poor young lady, and that I gave up my position as a rival. In fact," added the doctor, "I advised Mr. Aymer to see Miss Dallas and marry her as soon as he could."

"But why did you wish to act in this generous manner?"

"For the very simple reason that Miss Dallas is of a delicate and nervous constitution," said Etwald. "If she does not marry Mr. Aymer, with whom she is in love, she may die. I quite forget that I should speak in the past tense now, Major. Mr. Aymer is dead, and Miss Dallas may pine away of grief. It was to prevent such a catastrophe from occurring that I surrendered my claim to her hand."

"Very generous of you indeed," said Jen, ironically; "but I do not see why

you should behave in such a noble manner when you were so much in love with the girl."

"It is for that reason that I changed my mind. As you know, I have been attending upon Mrs. Dallas this week and I saw plainly enough that my case was hopeless; that the girl was dying to marry Aymer. Besides," added Etwald, carelessly, "the mother was not on my side."

"She wants Isabella to marry David."

"So I hear; and he is in town, as Mr. Aymer told me to-night. But what are you going to do about the matter, Major?"

"Give notice to the police."

"There will be a post-mortem, of course," said Etwald, carelessly.

"No, no! I hope not," cried Jen, horrified at the idea.

"But there must be," insisted Etwald, cruelly. "Aymer died of poison, and it must be proved that such was the case. Then we may learn if he perished from the poison of the devil-stick. Afterwards you must get a detective to search for the person who stole it from your smoking-room. Once he or she is found, and the assassin of your poor friend will be in custody."

"He or she," repeated Jen, slowly. "Dido I mentioned; but 'he!' who is 'he'?"

"Ah, that is what we wish to find out," said the doctor, gravely. "But how do I know? Battersea may be the thief."

"The thief and the murderer!"

"Well, no, Major. On second thoughts I do not think it is wise to couple those two words as yet. The thief may not be the murderer—but what can I say!" broke off Etwald, suddenly. "As yet we know nothing. It is late now, Major, and I must get back. Shall I give information to the police?"

"If you will be so kind," said the Major, listlessly, and he let the doctor go away without another word.

All through that long night he knelt beside the bed upon which lay the corpse of the man whom he had loved as a son. The Major was broken-hearted by the sorrow which had come upon him, and when he issued from the chamber of death he looked years older than when he entered it.

Fortunately he was not forced to sorrow alone; towards midday David arrived from town, filled with grief and surprise at the untimely end of Maurice. He found the Major in the library, and grasped him by the hand with genuine sorrow.

"My poor uncle," he said, in a low voice. "I cannot tell you what I feel. Etwald telegraphed to me the first thing in the morning, and I came down by the earliest train there was. Poor Maurice!—and we parted in anger."

"More's the pity," sighed Jen, leaning upon the shoulder of Sarby; "but you cherish no anger in your heart now?"

"Heaven forbid, sir!"

David spoke so fervently that Jen saw plainly he meant what he said. The massive face of the young man looked worn and haggard in the searching light of the morning, and whatever emity of the love of the same woman had sown between him and the dead, it was not to be denied that he was suffering cruelly from remorse at their unhappy difference. Jen was sorry, but even in his own grief he could not forget a stab.

"You can marry Isabella now," he said, bitterly.

"No!" said David, faintly, turning his face away. "At least, not yet."

The Major looked at him for a moment or two, then, with a new idea in his head, he took David by the hand and led him into the chamber of death.

"Swear," said he, "that you will not marry Isabella Dallas until you have discovered and punished the murderer of Maurice."

(To be continued.)

Love's Reasoning.

He—Well, lovey, we've been married just a year to-day, haven't we? She—Yes, dearie.

He—And do you love me just as much as ever, my pet? She—More, you old precious.

He—More? Are you awfully sure of that? She—Sure? How can you doubt it, darling, when you know you are earning twice as much as when we were married?—Puck.

Natural Progression.

Mrs. McCall—How about your servant girl? The last time I saw you you complained about her being so very slow.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Oh, she's progressing.

Mrs. McCall—Indeed?

Mrs. Hiram Offen—Yes; she's getting slower and slower.—Catholic Standard.

A Man's Terror.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going a-shopping, sir," she said—

"Won't you come with me?" He shook his head.

And then, base coward, he turned and fled!

—Washington Star.

The Humor of Investment.

"How's that mine of yours coming along?"

"They've struck a new vein."

"That's funny."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, the mine is such a good joke that I'm sure it must have a funny vein."—St. Louis Star.

The Educated Eye.

Student (home at vacation)—Bridget, I've just found another fly in the milk.

Bridget (appreciatively)—Begorrah, it's wonderful what college trainin' will do for ye.—Yale Record.

A Devoted Husband.

Wife—Dearest, if you and I were thrown on a desert island, what would you do?

Husband—Thank heaven I can swim.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

The feathers of the wild ostrich are superior to those from farm birds.

The cranking of an automobile may now be done from the chauffeur's seat.

The maximum wage of brakemen on English railways has just been fixed at \$7.78 a week.

Peanut cake seems to be supplanting cotton seed cake as the preferred food for Swedish cattle.

Vacuum suction combs are now in use in stables to curry horses. An electrically driven fan produces the necessary vacuum.

In Liberia coffee trees attain a height of more than twenty feet. The price of the product is 8 and 9 cents a pound at the plantation.

The wireless apparatus on the Cunard liner Caronia is the most powerful of any in steamship service, having a radius of 1,200 miles.

A new windmill apparatus for generating electricity for farm use has been perfected in England. A storage battery supplies the current when the wind is not blowing.

At one of the most important groceries in Hamburg they think they are doing well to dispose of thirty to forty pounds a month of sweet potatoes to resident Americans.

That people will eat elephant meat with a relish has been proved by butcher in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, to his own profit and without the knowledge of his customers. This enterprising tradesman learned that a vicious elephant was to be killed and made a bargain for the carcass. Within a few days that elephant was transformed into 3,800 pounds of sausage meat and every pound was disposed of at a good price.

It was a year ago that the London post office directory contained for the first time among the list of trades "aeroplane manufacturers." There was only one then, but now six are enumerated under that heading. Subsidiary trades are springing up. Two firms announce themselves as aeroplane engine manufacturers, two are aeroplane fabric makers and there is one propeller maker, as well as a provider of "aeroplane timber and bends."

Whitefield, one of the founders of Methodism, who died in 1770, was a strenuous preacher. His usual program was forty hours' solid speaking each week, and this to congregations measured in thousands, but he often spoke sixty hours a week. This was not all. For "after his labors, instead of taking rest, he was engaged in offering up prayers and intercessions or in singing hymns, as his manner was, in every house to which he was invited."

Is a woman ever justified in poisoning her husband? The question is suggested by a recent incident in Serbia. Sara Chumitch seems to have had an undesirable husband, for he was a notorious and implacable usurer. At the moment when he was about to ruin several families who were in debt his wife intervened and poisoned him. Next day she received a letter of gratitude, signed by hundreds of citizens. She was acquitted by the jury and left the court amid cheering crowds.

Says the Pekin and Tien-Tsin Times: "A novel sort of crime was discovered by the Tien-Tsin police when a portly native was arrested and asked to explain his embonpoint. He had a thieves' bag around his waist, filled with dead cats to the number of seven. One of them, a very fine specimen of the tortoise shell, was still quite warm. In a smaller bag was found the lure; it consisted of bits of dried fish treated with some deadly poison. The man was sent up to the yamen, where he received thirty blows and one month's imprisonment."

Ernesto Nathan, Mayor of Rome, who declined on several occasions to accept a decoration from King Victor Emmanuel, was finally forced by a clever ruse on the part of the king to take the grand cross of the crown of Italy. Nathan was making a call at the Quirinal, and when about to depart was asked to take from the queen a little parcel to his wife. The box contained the decoration, which the mayor was compelled to accept, and by virtue of which he became a member of the small fraternity of which his sovereign is the head.

Although the use of telephones in mines is not of recent origin, the advantages are, perhaps, hardly really appreciated until they have once been tried. Probably at no time in the history of mining has there been a greater demonstration of the great need of telephones in mines than at the Cherry coal mine disaster. How many more lives could have been saved had the mine been fully equipped with telephones is entirely problematical, but it is certain that the number would have been greater had opportunity been afforded for communication between the rescuers and the entombed men.—Philadelphia Record.

Employees of the Krupp works can easily be distinguished, even when attired in their Sunday best. Every workman, on his enrollment, is presented with a curiously fashioned scarf-pin, composed of a miniature artillery shell made of platinum and set in silver. After twenty years' service he receives a second pin, modeled on the same lines and mounted in gold. The higher grades of employees, including the engineers and those employed in the counting house, wear their shells in the form of sleeve links. The workmen are very proud of the distinction, which they call the Order of the Shell, and wear on every occasion.

TRIALS of the NEEDEDMS

HELLO! HELLO! WHAT'S THE MATTER? I CAN'T WAIT HERE ALL NIGHT. GIVE ME CENTRAL AND I'LL HAVE YOU DISCHARGED.

MERCY, JOHN! YOU'RE FEELING DOWN AGAIN. TAKE A PILL TO-NIGHT.

HELLO, OPERATOR! I WANT TO APOLOGIZE FOR THE WAY I SPOKE TO YOU YESTERDAY. I WAS FEELING OUT OF SORTS AT THE TIME.

THERE IS HOPE.

THE PILL THAT WILL.

RESOLVED THAT SENDING TELEPHONE GIRLS TO THE CITY WAS NOT ONLY UNKIND BUT INDICATES THAT THE STOMACH AND BOWELS NEED REGULATION WITH MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS TO PILLIONS.

Munyon's Paw Paw Pills coax the liver into activity by gentle methods. They do not scour, gripe or weaken. They are a tonic to the stomach, liver and nerves; invigorate instead of weaken. They enrich the blood and enable the stomach to get all the nourishment from food that is put into it. These pills contain no calomel; they are soothing, healing and stimulating. For sale by all druggists in 10c and 25c sizes. If you need medical advice, write Munyon's Doctor. They will advise to the best of their ability absolutely free of charge. MUNYON'S, 53d and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Munyon's Cold Remedy cures a cold in one day. Price 25c. Munyon's Rheumatism Remedy relieves in a few hours and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

Military Rats.

An old military dictionary tells us that rats were sometimes used in war for the purpose of firing powder magazines by means of lighted matches tied to their tails. We cannot offhand recall any historical instance of this, but presumably it did occur, seeing that Marshal Vauban laid down special rules for counteracting it. Anyhow, the dodge is as old as Samson, who, you may recall, used foxes in a similar way for a somewhat similar purpose.

As to the royal rat catcher, we may add that he had a special official livery. According to Pennant's "British Zoology," it consisted of a scarlet costume, embroidered with yellow worsted, in which were figures of mice destroying wheat sheaves. By the way, rats were not the only animals honored with a special catch. Leicester, for instance, used to pay a yearly salary of £1 11s 6d to its municipal mole catcher.—London Standard.



DODDS' KIDNEY PILLS

ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
OR RHEUMATISM AS BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE, ETC.

Price 375. "Guaranteed"

For Pain in Chest

For sore throat, sharp pain in lungs, tightness across the chest, hoarseness or cough, have the parts with Sloan's Liniment. You don't need to rub, just lay it on lightly. It penetrates instantly to the seat of the trouble, relieves congestion and stops the pain.

Here's the Proof.

Mr. A. W. Price, Fredonia, Kan., says: "We have used Sloan's Liniment for a year, and find it an excellent thing for sore throat, chest pains, colds, and hay fever attacks. A few drops taken on sugar stops coughing and sneezing instantly."

Sloan's Liniment

is easier to use than porous plasters, acts quicker and does not clog up the pores of the skin. It is an excellent antiseptic remedy for asthma, bronchitis, and all inflammatory diseases of the throat and chest; will break up the deadly membrane in an attack of croup, and will kill any kind of neuralgia or rheumatic pains.

