

Related Justice to the Men.

Hens were brought to this country very shortly, if at all, after the first settlements, and they have been doing their duty faithfully ever since. But for some unknown reason the hen's services in the large remained unappreciated. The individual farmer's wife, of course, might know that the mortgage had been lifted from the farm by means of eggs and chickens; but the American hen was not yet an institution like the American cow or the American hog. Just when the nation's eyes were opened to the worth of this feathered benefactress cannot be definitely stated. But something like three years ago, about the time of the international egg-laying contest in Australia, came the full realization of the number of times that the harmless necessary hen has saved the country. But the time has come, explains the New York Post, to look squarely at the facts. No amount of popular clamor will avert us from our duty of telling the truth about this once-neglected and now overrated American biped. The hen is not the chief bulwark of our prosperity. Our sheep and lambs are worth twice as much, our mules two and a half times as much, our horses more than ten times, and our tribe of cattle 17 times as much. Recite these facts to the next scatter-witted, conceited fowl that expects to monopolize the center of the roadway when your motor is bearing down upon her. If we must get enthusiastic about something, what is the matter with the hay crop? It is usually ignored. Think of the dreary columns about our \$144,000,000 worth of eggs, when \$484,000,000 worth of hay, intrinsically just as interesting, has been waiting to be written about. We are tired of hearing about the hen, and the hen herself will be spooled before the country realizes it, unless the present obsession is ended.

There is an interesting report to the effect that somebody has discovered a process by which the stalk of the cotton plant, heretofore a waste product, can be converted into paper of excellent quality by the same processes that are now applied to wood pulp and other materials and with little or no modification of papermaking plants. It is estimated that general use in this way of the cotton stalk will add \$100,000,000 annually to the product value of the cotton states, will put an end to the boll weevil, bring along with the paper made four or five by-products of paying value and greatly check the destruction of forests in paper making. If these claims shall be half justified by the event the discoverer will deserve to be ranked among the great benefactors of humanity.

China is now taking a step which will eventually lead to abolition of foreign courts in Chinese territory for the trial of foreigners and the adjudication of cases in which foreigners are parties. Heretofore Chinese or others accused of crime before Chinese courts have had no lawyers for their defense and no trial by jury. It is now proposed that they shall have both. Lawyers for counsel of parties to civil suits and to argue legal questions will follow in due course. In short, a complete system of rational jurisprudence founded on our western systems will in time succeed to the crude system which has existed in China from time immemorial.

The announcement is made that the restrictions heretofore operative in Palestine and that Jews may now inhabit the country and enjoy the protection of the laws. This, it is believed, will result in large migrations of Hebrews to the Holy Land, and it is thought the influx will be especially great from Russia, because of the persecutions from which the Jews seek to escape. It may be the prelude to such an occupation of the ancient home of the Hebrews by modern members of the family as has not been known before.

A man who introduced an anti-kissing bill in the Virginia legislature last winter has been deserted by his wife. Watch out for an avalanche of anti-kissing bills in the Virginia legislature at the next session.

A Paris dancing master has walked incessantly for 14 hours. Probably the man actually thinks he has done something worth while.

There is a convict in Paris who says that he wants to be guillotined because nobody has been guillotined in Paris for ten years. If it were not for the appearance of the unselfish man now and then many old customs would die out.

An Asbury Park, N. J., preacher refuses to permit the women members of his choir to wear peek-a-boo walters. He evidently wishes to attract some of the attention himself.

Word comes from Washington, D. C., via Victoria, B. C., that the negotiations for the protection of the seals are almost completed. Consequently it is probable that only a few more generations of diplomats will receive their professional training in this valuable school.

Winton, the English tailor, classes his art with that of the painter, the sculptor and the architect. His international rank and reputation are justly accounted for.

A FOOL FOR LOVE

By FRANCIS LYNN
AUTHOR OF "THE CRAFTERS," ETC.

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CHAPTER IV—Continued.
Ahead of the steel layers were the Italians placing the cross ties in position to receive the track, and here the forman's badge of office and scepter was a pick handle. Above all the clamor and the showings Virginia could hear the bull-bellow of this foreman roaring out his commands—in terms happily not understandable to her; and once she drew back with a little cry of womanly shrinking when the pick handle thrucked upon the shoulders of one who lagged.

It was this bit of brutality which enabled her to single out Winton in the throng of workers. He heard the blow, and the oath that went with it, and she saw him run forward to wrench the bludgeon from the billy's hands and fling it afar. What words emphasized the act she could not hear, but the little deed of swift justice thrilled her curiously, and her heart warmed to him as it had when he had thrown off his coat to fall to work on the derelict engine of the "Limited." "That was fine!" she said to herself. "Most men in his place wouldn't care, so long as the work was done, and done quickly. I wonder if—oh, you startled me!"

It was Mr. Somerville Darrah again, clothed upon and in his right mind; otherwise the mind of a master of men who will brook neither defeat at the hands of an antagonist nor disobedience, on the part of his following. He was scowling fiercely across at the Utah activities when she spoke, but at her exclamation the frown softened into a smile for his favorite niece.

"Startled you, eh? Fashon me, my dear Virginia. But as I am about to startle someone else, perhaps you would better go in to your aunt."

She put her hand on his arm. "Please let me stay out here, Uncle Somerville," she said. "I'll be good and not get in the way."

He shook his head, rather in deprecation than refusal. "An officer will be here right soon now to make an arrest. There may be a fight, or at least trouble of a sort you wouldn't care to see, my dear."

"Is it—is it Mr. Winton?" she asked. He nodded. "What has he been doing—besides being 'The Enemy'?"

The Rajah's smile was ferocious. "Just now he is trespassing, and directing others to trespass, upon private property. Do you see that dump up there on the mountain—the hole that looks like a mouth with a long gray beard hanging below it? That is a mine, and its claim runs down across the track where Mitech Winton is just now spiking his rails."

"But the right of way; I don't understand," she began; then she stopped short and clung to the strong arm. A man in a wide-brimmed hat and cowboy chapparajos, with a revolver on either hip, was crossing the stream on the ice bridge to scramble up the embankment of the new line.

"The officer?" she asked, in an awed whisper. The Rajah made a sign of assent. Then, identifying Winton in the throng of workers, he forgot Virginia's presence and "confound him!" he fumed, "I'd give a thousand dollars if he'd faveh me by showing fight, so we could lock him up on a criminal count!"

"Why, Uncle Somerville!" she cried. But there was no time for reproaches. The leather-breathed person masquerading as the Argentine town marshal had climbed the embankment, and singling out his man was reading his warrant.

Contrary to Mr. Darrah's expressed hope, Winton submitted quietly. With a word to his men—a word that stopped the strenuous labor-battle as suddenly as it had begun—he turned to pick his way down the rough hillside at the heels of the marshal.

For some reason that she could never have set out in words Virginia was distinctly disappointed. It was no part of her desire to see the conflict blaze up in violence, but it nestled her to see Winton give up so easily. Some such thought as this had possession of her while the marshal and his prisoner were picking their way across the ice, and she was hoping that Winton would give her a chance to requite him, if only with a look.

The Rajah dropped the mask and spoke to the point. "The charge, seh, is trespass, and it is answerable in Judge Whitcomb's court in Carbonate. The plaintiff in this particular case is John Doe, the supposed owner of that mining claim up yonder. In the next it will probably be Richa's Roe. You are fighting a losing battle, seh."

Winton's smile showed his teeth. "That remains to be seen," he countered, coolly. The Rajah waved a shapely hand towards the opposite embankment, where the track layers were idling in silent groups waiting for some one in authority to tell them what to do.

"We can do that every day, Mitech Winton. And each separate individual arrest will cost your company 12 hours, or such a match—the time required for you to go to Carbonate to give bond for your appearance."

During this colloquy Virginia had held her ground stubbornly, this though she felt intuitively that it would be the greatest possible relief to the three men if she would go away. But now a curious struggle as of a divided allegiance was holding her. Of course, she wanted Mr. Somerville Darrah to win. Since he was its advocate, his cause must be righteous and just. But as against this dutiful conviction there was a rebellious hope that Winton would not allow himself to be beaten; or, rather, it was a feeling that she would never forgive him if she should.

So it was that she stood with face averted lest he should see her eyes and read the rebellion hope in them. And notwithstanding the prosecution he both saw and read, and made answer to the Rajah's ultimatum accordingly. "Do your worst, Mr. Darrah. We have some 20 miles of steel to lay to take us into the Carbonate yards. That steel shall go down in spite of anything you can do to prevent it."

Virginia waited breathless for her uncle's reply to this cool defiance. Contrary to all precedent, it was mildly expository. "It grieves me, seh, to find you so determined to court failure," he began;

and when the whistle of the upcoming Carbonate train gave him leave to go on a mission for yourself and one in the hands of the station agent, Mitech Winton, that is your train. I wish you good morning and a pleasant journey. Come, Virginia, we shall be late to our breakfast."

Winton walked back to the station at the heels of his captor, edging his brain to devise some means of getting word to Adams. Happily the technician, who had been unloading steel at the construction camp, had been told of the arrest, and when Winton reached the station he found his assistant waiting for him.

But now the train was at hand and time had grown suddenly precious. Winton turned short upon the marshal. "This is not a criminal matter, Mr. Biggin; will you give me a moment with my friend?"

The ex-cowboy grinned. "Bet your life I will. I ain't lovin' that old billy-buster in the private car, none too hard." And he went in to get the passes.

"What's up?" queried Adams, forgetting his drawl for once in a way. "An arrest—trumped-up charge of trespass on that mining claim up yonder. But I've got to go to Carbonate to answer the charge and give bonds, just the same."

"Any instructions?" "Yes. When the train is out of sight and hearing, you get bac. over there and drive that track laying for every foot there is in it."

Adams nodded. "I'll do it, and get myself locked up, I suppose." "No, you won't; that's the beauty of it. The majesty of the law—all there is of it in Argentine—goes with me to Carbonate in the person of the town marshal."

"Oh, good—excellent! Well, so long! I'll look for you back on the evening train!" "Sure; if the Rajah doesn't order it to be abandoned on my poor account." Ten minutes later, when the train had gone storming on its way to Carbonate and the Rosemary party was at

the station, the last of steel and the other of the engine began again with renewed vigor. The Rajah threw up his hand like a war hero counting the battle won after and laid his commands upon the long-suffering secretary.

"Faveh me, Jastrow. Get out there and see what they are doing, seh." The secretary was back in the shortest possible interval, and his report was concise and business-like. "Work under full headway again, in charge of a fellow who wears a billy-cock hat and smokes cigarettes."

"Mr. Morton P. Adams," said Virginia, recognizing the description. "Will you have him arrested too, Uncle Somerville?"

But the Rajah rose hastily without replying and went to his office stateroom, followed, shadow-like, by the obsequious Jastrow.

It was some little time after breakfast and Virginia and the Reverend Billy were doing a constitutional on the plank platform at the station, when the secretary came down from the car on his way to the telegraph office.

It was Virginia who stopped him. "What do we do next, Mr. Jastrow?" she said—"call in the United States army?"

By reply he handed her a telegram, damp from the copying press. It was addressed to the superintendent of the C. & G. R. at Carbonate, and she read it without scruple.

"Have the sheriff of Ute county swear in a dozen deputies and come with me by special train to Argentine. Revive all possible titles to abandoned mining claims on line of the Utah Extension, and have Sheriff Decker bring blank warrants to cover any emergency."

"DARRAH, V. P." "That's one of them," said the secretary. "I daren't show you the other."

"Oh, please!" she said, holding out her hand, while the Reverend Billy considerably turned his back. Jastrow weighed the chances of detection. It was little enough he could do to lay her under obligations to him, and he was willing to do that little as he could. "I guess I can trust you," he said, and gave her the second square of press-damp paper.

Like the first, it was addressed to the superintendent at Carbonate. But this time the brown eyes flashed and her breath came quickly as she read the vice president's cold-blooded retort.

"Town Marshal Biggin will arrive in Carbonate on No. 21 this a. m. with a prisoner. Have our attorneys see to it that the man is promptly jailed in default of bond. If he is set at liberty, as he is likely to be, I shall trust you to arrange for his rearrest and detention at all hazards."

CHAPTER V.
Virginia took the first step in the perilous path of the strategist when she handed the incendiary telegram back to Jastrow.

"Poor Mr. Winton!" she said, with the real sympathy in the words made most obviously perfunctory by the tone. "What a world of possibilities there is masquerading behind that little word 'arrange.' Tell me more about it, Mr. Jastrow. How will they 'arrange' it?"

"Winton's rearrest? Nothing easier in a tough mining camp like Carbonate, I should say." "Yes, but how?" "I can't prophesy how Grafton will go about it, but I know what I should do."

Virginia's smile was irresistible, but there was a look in the deepest depth of the brown eyes that was sifting Mr. Arthur Jastrow to the innermost sand heap of his desert nature. "How would you do it, Mr. Napoleon Jastrow?" she asked, giving him the exact fillip on the side of gratified vanity.

Latest Gossip of Gotham

What Will Mrs. Russell Sage Do with Her Immense Fortune?—Heavy Sacrifice of a Society Woman for a Husband—That's New Canal a Bridge What Expert.



NEW YORK.—There is considerable speculation as to what Mrs. Russell Sage will do with the fortune left her by the famous money leader of Wall street.

It has long been known that she is interested in philanthropy, higher education and the uplifting of the poverty-stricken. She has taken part, unknown to the world, in many of the charitable projects of Miss Helen Gould.

Russell Sage was afraid of her generosity. Until the old millionaire became physically and mentally unable to give personal attention to his business he was the sole arbiter of expenses in his household. He audited and paid the bills of servants, of the grocer and of the butcher, because he feared to trust his wife with an allowance for household expenses lest any call appealing to her charitable instincts might empty his purse.

Mrs. Sage is now in her seventy-seventh year. She was born Olivia Slocum, at Syracuse, N. Y., and reared in comfort. She was popular at school and was a successful school-teacher. She taught during the war in Philadelphia. In 1869, at the age of 40, she married Russell Sage, whose first wife had been one of her dearest friends.

Mrs. Sage is very fond of animals and loves to feed the birds and squirrels in the park, having succeeded in saving them from the bitter cold upon more than one occasion. She took very good care of her husband and could persuade him to do things that no one else could. Her maids and men have been in her service for terms of 20 and 30 years, which shows how consistently she treats them, and every one with whom she is in any way associated loves and admires her.

MRS. BURKE-ROCHE DISOWNED BY FATHER.

If the rumors recently heard in society circles are correct Mrs. Fanny Burke-Roche made a heavy financial sacrifice when she married a heavy professional whelp and manager of her Middletown farm. It is said that her father, Frank Work, has cut off her monthly allowance which has never been less than \$5,000, and that he has denied his daughter the use of his estate at Newport. Heretofore this has been his daughter's home during the season.

Mr. Work's displeasure with his daughter has been evident ever since her marriage with Batonyi was announced. He did not know of the wedding until nearly a year after it occurred, friends of the daughter say. She told him of it, and then only a few hours before taking ship with her husband.

Mr. Work always had insisted that no foreigners were to be admitted into the family. Even his love and affection for his favorite daughter, Fanny, was not so strong that she dared tell him of her approaching marriage to Batonyi.

OLD CHUM TO DEFEND THAW.

The last batch of documents and reports obtained by Ex-Gov. Black's law firm, who were originally employed to defend young Thaw, have been turned over to Clifford Hartredge, and he has taken complete charge of the young Pittsburg millionaire's case. "Cliff" Hartredge is an old boat companion of Thaw's. He appeared in New York direct from Yale in the fall of 1887, with a fine record as an oarsman at "Old Eli." He was a member of two of the famous crews that bore the "dark blue" to victory. When he joined the D. K. E. club, on Fifth avenue, Manhattan, the older members developed a sincere fondness for the tall young Georgian.

He hailed from Savannah, originally, and his family is one of the best known in their state. He entered the office of Judge Russell, son-in-law of Henry Hilton, and several years after his admission to the bar married the judge's daughter.

Counselor Hartredge is one of the best bridge players in the metropolis and was distinguished for his expertness in whist prior to the advent of the more modern game. In his bachelor days he spent much time at the D. K. E. club, and was a staunch fraternity man. At that time Calvin S. Brice was a frequent visitor at the club, and Theodore Roosevelt, after his defeat for mayor, looked in occasionally. Roosevelt was a "Dicker" man at Harvard, and Hartredge has had some criminal law experience, but most of his practice has been under civil courts. He has acted as counsel for Wanamaker and other large firms.

Thaw's mother had originally retained the "Black" firm and was much opposed to trusting her son's chances of life or death to Hartredge, but was finally won over.

"PAT" MCCARREN IN TROUBLE.

"Pat" McCarrren, Democratic "boss" of Brooklyn, state senator and reputed representative of the oil trust, is used to vilification by the press and campaign orators and doesn't mind it. But he has real troubles now. A woman is after him.

The tall, lanky, taciturn man known as "Long Pat" is to be assailed by two suits brought before Justice Cochran in Brooklyn. These suits have been withheld from the public because the complainant, a woman, who says she supposed she was McCarrren's common law wife, has hoped for a settlement. She is said to make the charge of cruelty and neglect. One of the "exhibits" is a baby, whom the woman has christened "Patrick H. McCarrren, Jr."

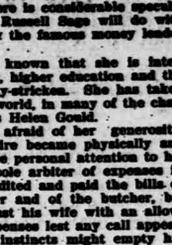
In the first suit the woman alleges she was induced to live with McCarrren without going through the ceremony of marriage on the ground that a verbal agreement constituted a common law marriage. She asks for \$200,000 damages. In the second suit she charges McCarrren with having attacked her, and she asks for \$3,000 and a weekly payment of \$500 and nurse expenses, which she says McCarrren offered her in settlement.

She says she was introduced to McCarrren as a man of "noble and honorable sentiments." She fell desperately in love with him and even now, though she asserts she has suffered untold torture, she still would welcome a reconciliation. McCarrren has not deigned even to answer the charge. His friends refuse to believe the woman's story.

"Long Pat" has a face like a mask, a face that a poker player would envy, a faculty of drawing out of a person everything that would be useful to a con man, and at the same time never revealing anything himself. "He never shows us even the back of his cards," according to the reporters who have tried to draw him out.

THE KING OF BOOKMAKERS.

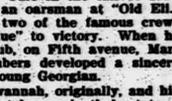
George Rose, of Brooklyn, is known throughout the horse racing world as the king of bookmakers. "Gentleman George," as he is called by the regulars at the race tracks, handles from \$75,000 to \$120,000 a day. This money passes through his hands and those of his two cashiers during the two and a half hours devoted each racing afternoon to speculation.



Mrs. Hettie Green, R. E. G. Lulu, III, writes: "I had catarrh and felt miserable. I began the use of Peruna and began to improve in every way. My head does not hurt me so much, my appetite is good and I am gaining in flesh and strength."



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Australia's War on Rabbits. Australia is now going to make war on her rabbit pest scientifically, having raised \$75,000 for experiments on Broughton Island, off Newcastle, writes Consul Godling. Dr. Danays, of Paris, will be in charge, and it is proposed to infect rabbits with such contagious diseases that will spread among their kind, but do no harm to other animals or humanity.

Transmission of Facial Characteristics.

It would appear that the transmission of facial traits subordinate to a definite law, that is to say, that ancestral facial expression and appearance are more often than not transmitted through the female members of the family, who generally do not exhibit the same characteristics to the male offspring, and that the younger generations show, as a rule, all the facial conditions and signs which were present in a remote ancestor.—North American Review.

Facts About Alaska.

Alaska is an interesting region. Its area is twice as large as Texas, with California thrown in, but her resident white population numbers only about 20,000, though in summer she has from 10,000 to 20,000 more whites. In fur, fish and minerals she is rich. Since her annexation she has furnished \$50,000,000 of furs, \$60,000,000 of fish and \$70,000,000 of minerals, chiefly gold and silver. Her output of gold, which was \$9,000,000 in 1904, was \$16,000,000 in 1905, and will be fully \$26,000,000 in 1906.—Leslie's Weekly.

Butler's Stolen Fox.

The late Hon. Joseph Q. Hoyt, formerly of Boston, when he had attended a circus and his silver watch was stolen. The supposed thief was arrested, and was defended by Benjamin F. Butler, who proved he did not take the watch, and never was at the circus.

SALLOW FACES.

Often Caused by Coffee Drinking. How many persons realize that coffee so disturbs digestion that it produces a muddy, yellow complexion? A ten days' trial of Postum Food Coffee has proven a means, in thousands of cases, of clearing up bad complexions.

How to Fix the Rug.

A rug sometimes becomes badly creased. To remedy this turn it upside down and wet the crease with a mangle-towel until the rug is quite wet. Stretch the rug tight and let it remain over night, after taking it with tinned tacks, which do not rust.

MISS LEOPOLD, SECY LIEDERKRANZ.

Miss: "Three Years Ago My System Was in a Run-Down Condition. I Owe to Peruna My Restoration to Health and Strength."



MISS RICKA LEOPOLD, 137 Main street, Menasha, Wis., Secy Liederkranz, writes: "Three years ago my system was in a terrible run-down condition and I was broken out all over my body. I began to be worried about my condition and I was glad to try anything which would relieve me. 'Peruna' was recommended to me as a fine blood remedy and tonic, and I soon found that it was worthy of praise. 'A few bottles changed my condition materially and in a short time I was all over my trouble. 'I owe to Peruna my restoration to health and strength. I am glad to endorse it.'"

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