

adds in appearance about ten years to a woman's age.

Fashion at present is decreasing that spotted veils shall be worn, and, if rightly chosen and arranged with discretion, they are certainly becoming. When, however, two of the dots are placed so that they touch the corners of the mouth they give to that feature a drawn-down melancholy expression that is distressing to look upon. On the other side, if the dots are placed just above the corners of the mouth, a sanguine, silly expression is produced which may be ridiculously out of harmony with the expression of the eyes and brow. It is a bad policy to allow a dot to rest just at the end of the nose as it adds perceptibly to its length. When the dots are placed just above the corners of the eyes they make even the most soft expression quite vicious.

But apart from these pranks of expression in which the dotted veil abounds, the real danger is in wearing the dots over the eyes, and causing them to droop and strain for a natural focus. Dr. Harnsey of New York, the well known oculist, who is consulted by those from every state in the union, and whose profession yields him about \$200,000 a year, says that every dot on a veiled woman's eyes is a strain on the muscles of the eye, and that he has seen many cases of permanent blindness into which the veils have led.

It has been estimated that thirteen New York women own jewels worth enough to equip fifty-two American regiments. They are Mrs. William Astor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. G. V. Post, Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt, Mrs. George Gould, Mrs. Bradley-Martin, Mrs. Kountze, Mrs. Twombly, Mrs. William C. Whitney, Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Henry Sloane and Mrs. Frederick Gebhardt.

One of the most striking instances of long-preserved good looks is seen in the princess of Wales, who still rules the hearts of the people of Great Britain. Though past the meridian of life, and long since a grandmother, this estimable dame retains the superb beauty which characterized her a quarter of a century ago. Simple diet, outdoor exercise, and a modest daily allowance of the best champagne are chiefly responsible for the phenomenon.

Mrs. Cora Homer, who was chief of the women detectives at the World's fair, is to take charge of the same work at the Paris exposition. Mrs. Hemer personally made 200 arrests at Chicago, and she had ninety-five women detectives working under her. She will take 100 to Paris. The average woman will not envy her the job. Women are not paid by temperament or physique to do detective work, and men who have had years of experience in the New York service say that it takes a strong woman indeed, in case of the worst, not to be demoralized by sleuthing.

**TO SUCCEED AS A LAWYER**

Hon. Frederic R. Couderc Tells How to Reach the Upper Rounds.

**SELF-DENIAL THE FIRST QUALITY REQUIRED**

Some pungent observations on different kinds of success—Honesty Good for its Own Sake Rather Than Policy.

Fortunately for the numberless candidates to forensic honors, no special gift is needed for the attainment of reasonable success at the bar. It is true that a certain minimum of intelligence is required even for this, and it would, no doubt, be held actionable today, as it was some centuries ago, to charge a lawyer with being a fool, especially with an expletive prefix that adds intensity to the slur, the reason given being as true today as it was then, that, however unnecessary it might be for a person (a point which was not directly ruled upon), it certainly was necessary for an attorney to be endowed with some intellectual capital.

Herein the lawyer is more fortunate than the poet. Horace, no mean judge himself,

nephew on the back, to call him a sack dog and give him a huge leather pocketbook filled with bank of England notes. In other words, only the very few have the paths cleared for them by kindly gentlemen who have a decent regard for the ties of blood. Most of us must do the clearing away for ourselves, and if we are what we ought to be, may rejoice all the more in the triumph that is our own, though the venerable relative who sends the early retainer and makes the payment of rent merely a perfunctory and easy operation should not be mentioned lightly even by those who know him only through report.

**Self-Denial.**

If there is one quality which more than any other commands respect and deserves success it is the faculty of self-denial, a real and genuine capacity to stifle inclination in small, as well as great things, especially in small ones. No other ingredient enters so largely into success as this capacity to turn one's back deliberately on the pleasant things of life and to take up, bravely and cheerfully, its disagreeable duties. The upward steps are rough-hewn and hard to the feet. The air's law is as sweet today as when Ulysses stuffed the ears of his companions so that her music would not draw them from honor and duty and turn them into swine. Nature abhors and frowns upon effort; she smooths the path of the sluggard, the self-indulgent, the vain and the foolish with her sweet melodies. It is easier to sleep than to watch, to glide

**ART IN THE FRONTIER LIFE**

How Denver's Famous Painter Came to His Present Position.

**HIS ROMANTIC CAREER IN THE WEST**

Familiar with the Sioux Indians and Their Language—Typical Frontiersman Finely Painted—Some of His Paintings.

A picturesque and historic figure in the daily life of Denver is Captain John D. Howland, artist, writer, news man in the Boston Herald. He was born there before Denver, or more than forty years ago, when the early settlement was on the other side of Cherry creek and was known as Auraria. He has variously been a guide, hunter, soldier, miner, government scout, explorer and Indian agent, but always an artist. He is the pioneer painter of the Rocky mountain region, and no one lives who possesses the same power to place on canvas the perfect picture of the Indian, the buffalo and the scenery that surrounded them on their native plains. And when he has passed, as his subjects are passing, to the happy hunting ground, there will be none to fill his place. There will be Frederic Remondino and Buffalo Bill, but no Jack Howlands. He is the Bret Harte of his profession. Just now his head is filled with war and he has sent an application to Washington for some kind of army appointment of the higher rank, for he is not physically fit to take a field or private.

When just touching 14 years young Howland ran away from home, wearing a conical cap and carrying a rifle, powder horn and bowie knife, after the style of his border hero. He also had 57 cents and a dog, but he soon parted with these. He reached Custer, Minn., where he obtained passage on the Ellen Gray for St. Louis. Jack's father was a Mississippi steamboat captain, which was of benefit to him. At the very start the steamer was run into by the cotton carrying boat Arkansas and shipwrecked opposite Goose Island. Jack had a narrow escape from drowning. Next he shipped on the steamer Argonaut, which stopped at Evansville, Ind. Jack went ashore to visit an aunt and during his absence the steamer blew up and many lives were lost. He eventually succeeded in reaching St. Louis as a stowaway on the Polar Bear. Following this he got a job on the steamer Ben Lewis through an acquaintance of his father's, named Joe Violet, a bartender on the boat. Early one morning, while Violet was busy playing poker and Jack was asleep, the boilers burst, which ended the career of the Ben Lewis, Violet and many others. Luck, Jack Howland was picked up nine miles below Cairo, clinging to a plank. He could never tell how he came to pick up the cork as a life preserver, but he probably alighted on it as he came down. After three weeks in the hospital Jack Howland was ready for more adventures, but chose to find them on his own.

**Life with the Indians.**

He made the acquaintance of a man named Campbell, who was employed by the American Fur company, and through him he got a position on the Bahia, which was fitted out for trading with the Indians along the upper Missouri. It was at this time that he began his life with the Sioux, with whom he was very popular. Boy like, he made friends with the Indian lads, played, ate and slept with them, and before long the squaws took a fancy to him, while he got along swimmingly with the bucks. He soon picked up the Sioux talk and by reason of that and his popularity he became a valuable trader for the company, despite his youth. He accompanied the Sioux on their hunt, wearing a fine suit of fancy buckskin made by the squaws, with whom he was generous in dealing out sugar when it came to trading. He learned to use the bow and arrow with true Indian skill, but always carried a gun and pistol as well, which made him envied by the Indian lads, particularly one by the name of Lone Wolf, who hated him. The celebrated Rain-in-the-Face at that time was but a boy. The artistic sense of young Howland was constantly asserting itself, and he excited not only the admiration but the superstitious fears of the Sioux by drawing horses and hunting pictures on the sides of the skins of animals or upon the sides of the tepees. They considered him a rising young medicine man. They objected to having their own pictures painted, however, for it was their savage belief that their spirit was being carried off by the painter. Never again did he get along swimmingly with the bucks. He was generous in dealing out sugar when it came to trading. He learned to use the bow and arrow with true Indian skill, but always carried a gun and pistol as well, which made him envied by the Indian lads, particularly one by the name of Lone Wolf, who hated him. The celebrated Rain-in-the-Face at that time was but a boy. The artistic sense of young Howland was constantly asserting itself, and he excited not only the admiration but the superstitious fears of the Sioux by drawing horses and hunting pictures on the sides of the skins of animals or upon the sides of the tepees. They considered him a rising young medicine man. They objected to having their own pictures painted, however, for it was their savage belief that their spirit was being carried off by the painter. Never again did he get along swimmingly with the bucks.

was driven back, and also during the Indian war of 1864, in which the savages became so bold that they came very close to Denver, murdering the Hangate family of four at Box Elder creek. Captain Howland has a scalp of one of these Indian butchers hanging with his costumes and curiosities. That year Colonel Chivington's command of 500 soldiers surprised a large band of Cheyennes and Arapahoes at Sand creek, and killed 131 of them, with a loss of fifty soldiers and wounded. Captain Howland was mustered out at the close of that year.

**Becomes an Artist.**

By that time he had achieved quite a reputation as an artist and he decided to adopt it as a profession. With this in view he started on his first visit to Paris. It was a long and slow trip across the plains. He joined the famous Hunt train, which was attacked by Indians. This train was in charge of United States Marshal Hunt, afterward governor of Colorado, who was conveying prisoners to Michigan. A number of others had joined the party for greater security, among them several women. The Indians besieged the train for nine days. The ammunition of the whites was almost gone, so the small cannon which the outfit carried was loaded with trace chains with wet gunny sack pieces for wadding. During the night the temperature reached twenty degrees below zero and the gunny cloth in the wagon and frozen solid. It was almost certain that when it was fired the cannon would explode and kill the gunner. It was a job no one wanted. When the savages made their charge at daybreak the thoughts of the women and children stirred Captain Howland and he touched off the cannon, expecting to be blown to pieces. It held together, but the slaughter of Indians and horses was so great that they gave up the attack.

Returning from France in 1867, through the endorsement of such men as Generals William S. Harney, W. T. Sherman, Terry and Thomas Moore, superintendent of Indian affairs, Captain Howland was appointed secretary of the Indian peace commission to the Northern Sioux. His knowledge of their language and manners, beside personal acquaintance, made him a most valuable man. It is related that while Generals Harney, Sanborn and others of the commission were stopping at a military post in the Indian country a party of forty lodges of Sioux surprised a couple of herders who were attending seventy head of government horses and mules grazing on the North Platte. The well mounted bucks charged upon them, and the leader, with a wicked looking spear, sought to kill the herders, but they managed to get away and alarmed the soldiers at the fort. Captain Wells and a company of the Second cavalry started in pursuit, accompanied by Captain Howland, clad in his old buckskin suit, which had seen so much service. They followed the trail for many miles over the Black Hills, every step of the way being perilous. Finding themselves so closely pursued the Indians separated into several parties, first sparing to death twenty of the mules. The soldiers got onto the main trail and followed it until dark, camping in a ravine that night without fire. At daylight they took up the trail again and followed it to the Bad Lands, which they did not dare enter. Upon their return they narrowly escaped being ambushed by 200 Indians.

After this Captain Howland spent many years sketching and painting in Utah, New Mexico and California. Early in the '70s he made a perilous journey of exploration in a canoe for 1,000 miles down the Rio Grande, expecting to be blown to pieces. He had no white man with him, but he attempted. He had many narrow escapes in deep, dark canyons through which the river rushed and in avoiding falls and rapids. It was a most exciting trip and was accomplished in the remarkable time of twenty days.

In 1882 Captain Howland made another trip to Paris to complete his studies. Upon his return he settled in this city, where he still resides with his family. For two terms he was president of the Colorado Pioneer association.

**HARD TO HIT.**

At Two Thousand Yards a Cruiser Looks Like a Postage Stamp.

One of the things which naval experts hope will be thoroughly settled by the Spanish-American war, says the Boston Journal, is the degree of accuracy attainable in modern naval gunnery in actual warfare. It is said that, although the art of the gun-maker has been for years pitted against that of the armor manufacturer, the greatest difficulty experienced at sea is not the piercing of the enemy's armor plate, but the hitting of the ship at all.

The main trouble, naval officers say, is that, in aiming big guns, only a very minute picture of the ship aimed at can be seen. Prof. Alger of the United States Naval War college at Newport recently declared that at a convenient fighting distance a ship of the size of the Indiana appears to be about one inch long. This, he added, was the case when the ship was looked at under ordinary conditions. In actual warfare, however, this picture would be considerably lessened by the fact that the man who aimed the gun would have to pay quite as much attention to the alignment of his sight as he would to the position of the target, and that he would have to do all these things at the same time.

Naval authorities say that the recent occurrences at the bombardment of Matanzas bear out these statements. It is noticed that although the battleships had no diffi-

culty whatever in hitting the forts not one of the numerous shots fired from the shore hit a boat. Very much the same conditions was encountered at the bombardment of Alexandria by the British fleet in the early '90s. In that case the vessels were at anchor in smooth water and their targets were good big ones. Although the range was short, the damage done by the forts was insignificant.

Another thing which it is hoped will be cleared up thoroughly is the exact utility of the fast unarmored cruiser in battle. Theoretically it is intended to arm these boats with a multitude of machine guns carrying small caliber bullets. The fire from these is to be directed on every port hole, conning tower slot or aperture in gun shields that can be made out from the decks of the boat. It is believed that the fire from one of these boats will be so searching and withering that all the officers in the conning tower will be killed and that the crews of the guns will be so decimated that the ship attacked by one of these modern spitfires will be put out of action in five minutes.

There are opponents to this theory, however, and they say that, fast as an unarmored cruiser may be able to go a modern shell can travel faster. They cast doubt upon the ability of the unarmored cruiser to turn loose the hail storm of lead with which it is credited and declare that one shot from a big gun on a modern battleship will put the unarmored cruiser both out of action and out of existence.

**Feminine Personalities.**

Miss Margaret Long, daughter of the secretary of the navy, and a graduate of Smith College, is now a student of medicine at Johns Hopkins university. She intends to practice as a physician.

Miss Hastie, an Australian woman, proposes to explore the Solomon islands, the home of the ferocious cannibals known. Hitherto white men have not dared to penetrate beyond a few miles from the coast and they have almost invariably had some of their number killed or captured for the cannibal ovens.

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**Frids of Fashion.**

Bracelets and bangles are again in vogue. The toque and the turban are set beside the sailor and the English walking hat as claimants for fashionable favor this season.

Some of the new round hats of Spanish yellow broad are trimmed with nothing but black ostrich plumes, black velvet ribbon and black poppies with yellow hearts.

Very smart and pretty are some of the new French bonnets for youthful wearers, made of white straw and trimmed with white satin ribbon of good width, white lilac sprays and a rhinestone buckle.

A new garter buckle is embellished with two enameled flags crossed. It is useless to say what flags they are. A new silver pencil case is shaped like a cannon. Jewelers say that it is an exact miniature of the ten-inch guns on the Maine. Whether this is true or not makes little difference, but it sells the pencils like hot cakes.

Manila revers are the newest fad. They are made of heavy corded pique and designed to be worn with tailor suits made with an Eton jacket or an open blouse coat. The part that comes around the neck is fastened exactly like the collar on a man's suit; it comes around in front revers style and runs down to the waist.

Great use is made of gathered satin ribbon about half an inch wide, in black, white, green and other colors. This is employed in many ways, but most frequently to trim the upper and lower edges of narrow ruffles and wider flounces arranged on the bodice and skirt of summer gowns of silk, satin, foulard, muslin, gresadine, nun's veiling and similar light fabrics.

Berthas and pointed chuffs, to wear with various summer dresses, are formed of Canton crepe, crepe lisse, mousseline de sole, Lyons tulle and chiffon of every tint and tone of white. Their rarrure is lace of such profusion that little of the foundation is visible when they are adjusted to the figure, for festoons of fairy frills seem to envelop the wearer from neck to waist.

Dogs belonging to some fashionable women are now made to wear shoes. These shoes are made of chamots and have light leather soles. The idea of the inventor was to protect polished floors, but the women who have adopted the shoes for their pets say they have done so to protect not their floors, but the tender feet of the dogs from cold, heat and rough wear generally. The next thing pet dogs may be turning out in trousers and gowns.

**Imperial Hair Regenerator.**

IT IS Absolutely Harmless, and its perfect cleanliness and ease of application make it stand out in marked contrast to those old-fashioned dyes and hair DESTROYERS that are being continually foisted on a long suffering public.

Using the Regenerator once in every few months the hair is kept glossy and beautiful. Bleached hair changed to any shade of—

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Sole Manufacturers and Patentees: Imperial Chemical Works, Ltd., Ave. N. Y. For sale in Omaha by Richardson Drug Co., Sherman & McConnell, 1513 Dodge St. Applied by all Hair Dressers.

**DELICATE FOOTWEAR.**

John Edgerton, 1869 Third Ave., Altoona Pa.

For some time my wife had been sick. She was very thin, had no appetite, could not sleep at night, and was troubled with constipation. The physicians we consulted said it was dyspepsia. One of the said it was catarrh of the stomach, and I could get no relief until she began to take Per-ru-na. She began to eat and sleep better, and in a few days she was able to do her own work. I am now well and able to do my own work. I wish every woman who was suffering as I was would send for one of your books on Gynecology. It is a God send to suffering women. May God bless you and spare you many years to relieve women who are suffering as I was. I am anxious for every woman who is suffering as I was to know what your medicine did for me.

Mrs. H. D. Amoss, Greenboro, Ga.

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**Some of His Paintings.**

One of the best known of Captain Howland's paintings is that entitled "A Frontier Inquest." It represents seven well looking buffalo gathered in a broken semicircle around the body of a dead Indian, which lies stiff and stark 'mid the prairie cactus, with a hole in the breast from which has run a crimson stream. There is a look of inquiry in the eyes of the big bison, and one cannot help wondering, as they appear to, as to why and how it happened. Studies for this were made in 1882, but it was not until 1886 that it was painted for Henry R. Wolcott, a brother of Senator Wolcott. In 1881 Howland repainted it for Sir Morton Frewen, who was hunting in this country at the time. Frewen afterward sold it to Sir Randolph Churchill.

Another is "The Buffalo Hunt," the main scene being a wounded and dying buffalo about to fall to the ground, and a typical frontiersman on a horse in the act of firing the final shot. The buffalo is large and shaggy, and full of fight, but his wounds are too severe, and, despite his desire to give battle, his knees bend and his head almost touches the ground. In the middle-ground a mounted soldier on a white horse, without saddle, bridle or blanket, bareheaded and only armed with bow and arrow, while the superiority of the white man is shown by his spirited charger, fine saddle, sombrero and rifle. In the background are shown the herd of feeble buffalo and a winding stream.

"The Rear Guard" represents a big bull buffalo on the crest of a ridge, with head half lowered and eyes watching for danger. The herd is passing over the ridge. There is a background of peaks and valleys and the reproduction of the tints and shadows peculiar to Colorado is perfect. The buffalo stands out as if alive.

"Maternal Solitude" shows a buffalo cow and calf surrounded by four miserable, but wicked, coyotes, who have separated them from the herd, but are too cowardly to make a direct attack. The solitude of the mother is indicated by her defensive attitude, while the calf cuddles up to her in fright. One of the coyotes seeks to draw the attention of the mother, while one is seen sneaking up behind to seize the calf, while the others are in various natural attitudes.

"Looking for Trouble" pictures three Indians of the unsuited sort decked out in all the glory of war paint and gaudy dress, racing pell-mell on their ponies down a sage brush slope, evidently bent upon some kind of deviltry, as indicated by the wicked expression on their faces. One flourishes a Colt's revolver, another a club, and the third a spear. This is full of life and action, every muscle being shown, and men and horses given the proper pose.

**COL. A. B. COIT, COLUMBUS, O., COMMANDER 4TH OHIO REGIMENT.**

A short time previous to the departure of Colonel Coit to the defense of his country, a reporter had an interview with him as to certain statements about the American remedy, Pe-ru-na. The colonel stated most emphatically as follows:

"The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Company of this city counted as one of the leading manufacturing enterprises of the city. The proprietors are well-known prominent citizens. The president, Dr. S. B. Hartman, is a physician of high standing and an enterprising citizen of undoubted integrity. Their most prominent remedy, Pe-ru-na, as a catarrh remedy, has made several remarkable cures by my knowledge. I desire to give both the remedy and the company my hearty endorsement."

A. B. Coit.

Thus it appears that Colonel Coit has known of several remarkable cures who and who, who have separated them from the herd, but are too cowardly to make a direct attack. The solitude of the mother is indicated by her defensive attitude, while the calf cuddles up to her in fright. One of the coyotes seeks to draw the attention of the mother, while one is seen sneaking up behind to seize the calf, while the others are in various natural attitudes.

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at night, appetite came back, bowels were regular, and now, after taking five bottles, she is entirely well. She looks like a new woman. We can not say half enough in praise of your medicine. We recommended them to neighbors, and several of them began taking them with good results. The physicians we employed were very much surprised when they learned that Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin cured my wife.

Mr. B. Martens.

**Catarrhal Indigestion.**

Pe-ru-na has saved my life. For five years the best doctors had pronounced me incurable. I suffered with a complication of diseases—dyspepsia, nervousness, weakness and dizziness. A few bottles of Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin cured me. Pe-ru-na can not be beaten. It gives you medicine to my children for the various ailments which annoy little ones, and the result is that they are never sick, but are always strong and healthy. I have gained forty pounds since taking Pe-ru-na.

John F. Schmidt, Carthage, O.

**Pelvic Catarrh.**

I received your book on Gynecology and commended the use of your medicine at once. I took five bottles of Pe-ru-na and two of Man-a-lin. I feel like a new woman, and I can do my own work. I wish every woman who was suffering as I was would send for one of your books on Gynecology. It is a God send to suffering women. May God bless you and spare you many years to relieve women who are suffering as I was. I am anxious for every woman who is suffering as I was to know what your medicine did for me.

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