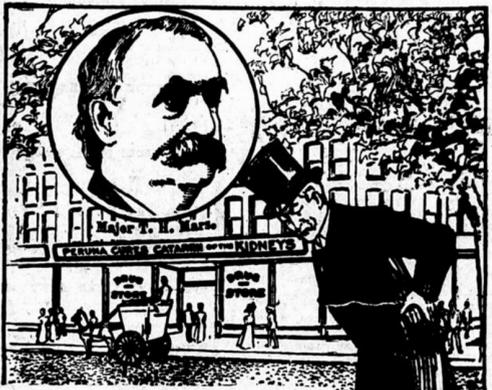


PE-RU-NA CURES CATARRH OF KIDNEYS EVERY TIME



DAINGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

Pe-ru-na Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Afflictions of the Kidneys.

Major T. H. Mars, of the First Wisconsin Cavalry, writes: "My kidney trouble is much better. I have improved so much that everybody wants to know what medicine I am using. I recommend Pe-ru-na to everybody and some have commenced to use it. The folks all say that if Dr. Hartman's medicine cures me it must be great."—John Vance.

Mr. John Vance, of Hartford City, Ind., writes: "My kidney trouble is much better. I have improved so much that everybody wants to know what medicine I am using. I recommend Pe-ru-na to everybody and some have commenced to use it. The folks all say that if Dr. Hartman's medicine cures me it must be great."—John Vance.

Mr. J. Brake, of Petrolia, Ontario, Canada, writes: "Four years ago I had a severe attack of Bright's disease, which brought me so low the doctor said nothing more could be done for me. I began to take Pe-ru-na and in three months I was able to do a well man and have continued so ever since."—J. Brake.

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Pe-ru-na should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very root of the disease. It at once relieves the catarrhal condition of the stagnant blood, preventing the escape of serum from the blood. Pe-ru-na stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumulating poisons, and thus prevents the complications which are sure to follow if the poisons are allowed to remain. It gives great vigor to the heart's action and digestive system, both of which are apt to fail rapidly in this disease. Pe-ru-na cures catarrh of the kidneys simply because it cures catarrh wherever located.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na, 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.

An Unknown United States Senator. Some years ago Idaho sent a man to the Senate whose name was McConnell. He enjoyed a brief term of about five or six weeks, and then he disappeared. The other day Mr. McConnell visited the Senate chamber again. Very few of the Senators knew him. His presence, however, recalled the fact that when he was in the Senate he lifted up his voice and made a speech. He was then an almost utter stranger. Old Senator Edmunds looked at him in astonishment.

"Who is this man talking?" asked Edmunds of a page. "Senator McConnell, of Idaho," responded the boy.

"Well," said Edmunds, "when it comes to the point that in the United States Senate a man can make a speech whom I never saw before, I think it is time for me to leave."

And Mr. Edmunds, in disgust, retired to the cloak-room.

If you wish beautiful, clear, white clothes use Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Belgium exported over \$343,000 worth of firearms to this country during a single quarter last year.

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Buy your goods at Wholesale Prices.
Our 1,000-page catalogue will be sent upon receipt of 15 cents. This amount does not even pay the postage, but is sufficient to show us that you are serious in good faith. Better send for it now. Your neighbors trade with us—why not you also?
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CHICAGO
The house that tells the truth.

Good enough for anybody!
ALL HAVANA FILLER

China has a canal 2,100 miles long. This is in excess of any inland waterway of similar usefulness in the world.

Queensland, Australia, is twelve times larger than England.

I can recommend Pisco's Cure for Consumption for Asthma. It has given me great relief.—W. L. Wood, Farmersburg, Ind., Sept. 8, 1901.

Always in the Superlative.
Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Johnson says she is the most unhappy creature on earth. When we stop to seriously consider the benefit to be derived from its use, will not be without it at any cost.

Neither would thousands of others. We refer to Vogler's Curative Compound; it does so much good and seems to reach every form of stomach trouble, that people have found that it is the one true specific. And what are stomach troubles? The easiest answer is that three-quarters of all the diseases and ailments which affect us proceed from one form or another of stomach trouble.

Indigestion is one of the worst and most prevalent troubles, but Vogler's Curative Compound cures indigestion. Here is one instance:
Mr. W. Bowell, of 34, Priory Street, Winchester, Col., writes: "I wish to state that my wife has been taking Vogler's Curative Compound for a long time, and it is the only thing that has done her any real good for indigestion, in fact nothing would induce her to be without a bottle now."

When we stop to seriously consider the benefit to be derived from its use, will not be without it at any cost.

St. Jacob's Oil, Ltd., Baltimore, Md., will send you a free sample bottle. Write them.

FLORODORA BANDS are of same value as tags from STAR, HORSE SHOE, SPEARHEAD, STANDARD NAVY, OLD PEACH & HONEY and J. T. Tobacco.

WHEN JUDY SINGS.

When Judy sings,
Sure, quakes an' sings
Attitud wid looks surprisin',
The woods an' hills
Sind joend thrills
Horizon to horizon.

The liches mate
To circulate
Her honey-laden quavers,
An' angels pause
To give applause
To her entrancing favors.

The little thrush,
Wid many a blush
For his own song-creations,
Cocks up his ear,
Surprised to hear
Such heavenly modulations.

The brazes lay
They flutes away,
As be some myst'ry hanted,
An' music's silt
Gilds on the shift
An' hoids her brith enchanted.

Hut man! So schwate
Her v'ice tw'ud bate
Fantasy or aydud,
An' Susy's hand!
They'd quit the land
Et once they'd hear my Judy.
—Richmond Dispatch.

HOW ROD WON MANHOOD.

THE inquisitive branches of the cottonwood tree that peeped through the windows of the frame schoolhouse at Gray Creek had witnessed many exciting things since that pioneer building was opened. But the greatest, though least noisy, sensation occurred upon a November morning, when they shed their last leaf on the head of a new pupil, who passed unhesitatingly through the school grounds, and took his seat among a score of rough but punctual scholars, awaiting the arrival of their teacher.

These tall lads and fresh-cheeked girls, who had started in with zest when school opened in this Kansas valley, looked as if they had already begun to feel proud of their miniature republic, and jealous of its honor. The majority scowled in dismay, as if the very spirit of disorder had appeared among them, when the new pupil, a boy of 15, timidly seated himself, throwing glances of appeal and defiance at his future class mates. "Hello! who's that feller? Hain't seen him before since school started," said Curley Wiggin, stretching five feet eleven of ignorance, and nudging Jem Tracy, his neighbor.

"Huh! don't you know who he is?" gurgled Jem, in incredulous excitement. He—he's Rod Dixon, son of Big Dixon, who was caught last fall for train wreckin' over in Haymarket County! Rod's gran-dad has took charge of him now—Old Man Barber, o' Spruce Hill ranch."

"Son of a train wrecker! Huh! don't know as teacher ought to admit him to this school," blustered Curley, glancing at the new fellow on the front bench, who shivered as if a gust had struck him, for Curley's bossing whisper was very audible. "He sort o' looks as if he had gallons o' wild blood in him. Guess he'll never turn out a decent citizen, anyhow!"

"If—if you say that again, I'll lick you, big as you are! I guess I am going to turn out a decent citizen; I am going to do the right sort o' thing—an' make a man o' myself!"

The new boy had jumped to his feet, facing his dozen young judges with this roar, which had been as savage as if it hadn't trembled over tears. His face was a mixture of precocious daring and appeal. His chest heaved and heaved, until his challenge was stung out again by some awakening power within.

"Why—why can't I be a decent citizen as well's you?" he gasped, his voice seeming to burst a husk of feeling. Why ain't I fit for this school? I never done nothing."

But just here the courage of the outlaw's son seemed to fall him; and his shame swept upon him like a deluge, until his voice sank and he was drowned in it. Swaying like the bare branches of the cottonwood tree beyond the window, to which his eyes turned as if for help he wheeled round and dropped hopelessly into his seat again, as a sun-rimmed shadow streaked the floor, and the tall figure of the teacher came into an uncomfortable silence.

The room grew stiller yet—and stiller, until the unusual lull appeared ominous to Mr. Meyers, who gazed around for signs of brewing mischief. He could detect none. Every scholar's gaze was focused on his face, trying to read his puzzling page, as he called the new pupil to his desk, to learn his age, name and address. Curley Wiggin, recovering his breath, whispered to Jem that the teacher looked kinder struck as he identified this addition to his school. But the smile with which he dismissed Rod to his place was full of light; it seemed to the quivering boy to illumine those distant peaks of manhood which he had set out to climb; it glided black-board and lesson book till they caught his wayward thoughts.

"Tass, he done pretty good this mornin'." But shucks! he won't stick to it; he'll be playing hooky inside of a week, an' the sooner the better. I guess we don't want any wrecker's cub here!" said Curley, his severe Judge, again discussing Rod during recess.

And again Rod, concealed by the cottonwood's broad trunk, heard and trembled. Now, instead of flaring up, he seemed to turn cold, as if all his hopes were popped into a refrigerator. With a reckless glare he drew his cap over his eyes and disappeared through the gate.

"If I'm going to play hooky before the week's out, I may as well begin now!" he gasped through his shut teeth, swallowing something more acid than vinegar. "I—I guess it ain't much use trying to do the right sort o' thing. I—I guess it's the bad that'll win out."

He was sobbing now, big, unblinking sobs, that made him tear along blindly, trying to outrun his weakness. Rod gasped, as he saw the new pupil, which lately attacked him more than once during his lonely ranch life with his grandfather, as if a brute and an angel were fighting in him. And, though he understood nothing about the help-

ful influence of one boy's faith in another, he felt through and through him that Curley's hopeless predictions had powerfully strengthened the brute.

He flung himself down at last, weary and choking, on a brown mat of leaves in the corner of an unfamiliar orchard. A well was near, and presently hauling up the bucket, he took a long drink of rather cloudy-looking water, trying to cool his fever within.

"Papa won't let me drink that water less'n it's boiled," said a sudden and shrill voice behind him. "He—he says there's—there's scroobies in it."

"Scroobies?" ejaculated Rod, dropping the bucket with a wild splash, and turning on a golden-faced little girl who had stolen unheeded over the noise leaves. "Scroobies?" he repeated, mystified, wondering what unknown monster dwelt in the well, for he had not been long enough at school to guess that she meant microbes.

"You—you was kying!" declared the child, looking up at his eyes with grave conviction. "Guess you oughter ask God to take that mis'er'ble face off you, same's mamma makes me do when I feels bad."

"Who—who's your pap-pa?" gasped Rod, staring at this free little preacher in numb surprise.

"He teaches school down to Gray Creek," was the quick reply. "Guess you's one of his boys an' you runned away to-day—you's bad!"

"I'm not," roared the goaded boy, desperately, leaving out his heart secret. "I—I want to be good!"

She shyly retreated two steps, frightened at his vehemence, but the miniature well of a woman's pity bubbled in the child's breast.

"Then I guess you be good," she faltered, after a doubtful minute, the sun of confidence in her eyes. "See!" kicking among the leaves. "I—I broke my wheel; it can't run any more."

"Show me! Perhaps I can fix it," proposed Rod, in a strange glow of interest; it seemed ages since he had done anything for a girl, for one year is sometimes to a boy as a thousand, but there had been a small sister who died when his mother died.

He set eagerly to work with his pocket knife, pine splinters, and string which the child fetched from her home. She brought, too, a piece of gingerbread, warm from the touch of her little hand, and a mug of clearer water.

"Guess you's hungry, or you would not ha' felt so bad!" she said, reasoning from her own small experience, as she pushed the spiced bread under his nose.

Rod quickly discovered that he was hollow as a drum, but for a minute he could not attend to that feeling because of another which occupied him; it seemed as if a cold band which had been tightened round his heart strangled for the last hour his desire to make a man of himself, suddenly loosened and set him free again.

He felt three parts a man already, while he labored for this child, and she trusted him, cuddling down on the leaves beside him, until he rubbed his freckled face against her shoulder, feeling as if he were wiping off smears of sensitiveness and shame.

So Mr. Meyers found the pair later, when he returned home with the weariness of many hours' struggle with ignorance and the fact. Rod had then discovered that his friend's name was Margery, and that she was the Gray Creek teacher's only child. He rose in great trepidation.

"So you cut school this afternoon, Dixon," said the man, in a rallying tone. "I didn't imagine you were such a mushy sort of a fellow as to quit so soon because of anything the other boys might say."

Rod had not thought it himself until to-day. He gazed down at Margery's head, and then up, with a flush under his freckles, and his half-healed heart shined in his eyes.

"I'm not going to be a quitter!" he said resolutely. "I—I'm going to do the right sort o' thing."

"That's good!" answered the teacher, heartily, and passed on, muttering something about letting that boy work out his own salvation, with Margery's help. But in a few minutes he appeared at his door again.

"Say, Dixon," he called out, "there is to be a spelling match this evening over at Englewood between our school and the Englewood boys. Don't you want to come along and hear the fun? I'm going to tramp over with some of our fellows. We can come back on the 11:15 train from Burlington; that'll drop us three miles from home."

Rod looked grateful, but his assent, or dissent, was unintelligible. And at 6 o'clock that evening when Mr. Meyers and his champion spellers, with one or two spectators going along for sport, mustered under the school cottonwood.

John Rodwell Dixon, whose two first names had been abbreviated by his wild father to Rod, was at that hour perched on a bowlder near his grandfather's ranch house, tracing with his eyes the route through the valley beneath which the Gray Creek detachment would take on its way to the spelling match.

"I guess I'd have liked the fun real well," he muttered, with a cold choke in his throat; "an' Mr. Meyers—he's all right. But the boys—"

He sprang up suddenly, and began to hustle his evening chores; well he knew Curley Wiggins and the other boys would have looked sourly on a wrecker's cub among the picked band which was to uphold the honor of their school. But Rod, determined not to be a mushy sort of fellow, gave himself no time for self-pity. And when, two hours later, he flung off jacket and shoes, and huddled down by the moon-whitened window of the little room where he slept, he was too tired to think of any one but Margery—her queer talk about scroobies, and the like—and to watch the silver twilight stealing through the valley.

As this grew brighter he could distinguish the curving railroad by which the boys would return from Englewood, and the long bridge of iron and wood where their train must dash over a deep, dark gully. He heard a heavy freight truck across now; the sparks gay scarlet motes, which struck from the rails, seemed fluttering toward him. His remembrance of Margery blurred into a recollection of his gentle, honest mother. With a prayer which she had taught him hovering on

his lips, Rod slept, and dreamed he was making a man of himself, while he asserted that manhood in blustering swears.

When he woke there was a strange, red change in the valley beneath him, which he could not for a breathless minute understand.

Before his misted eyes darted fiery, bewildering meteors, all seeming to shoot out from the distant railway bridge. Then suddenly and sharply his sight cleared, as if a knife had cut the film from those terrified eyes. The blood jumped in the chilled veins under his thin shirt.

"My senses!" gasped Rod, feeling as if these senses were cooing out through his suddenly damp skin. "It's—it's a fire on the track! It's the bridge over the gully—the trestle is burning!"

It required ten seconds for him to swallow this awful fact, to realize the tongues of flame curling out from the wooden trestles which spanned the gorge, the billowing smoke that resembled curdled moonlight, the red riot of sparks. Then swift thoughts stung him as the strokes of a whip.

"The train! the 11:15 passenger from Burlington—Mr. Meyers an' the boys coming on it. That bend in the road! Engineer can't see the bridge till he's most on to it—train'll go into the gully!"

Rod's face flamed red, as if the glow of the distant burning touched it. Through the window he went at a jump—hatsless, shoeless, coatless—shuddering from head to foot with the conviction that no one saw the fire but himself, that the train must soon come along, full speed, that only his warning could save it, for the bridge with its flame-entred trestles would surely go.

"I've got to stop it!" he feebly gasped. "Father was in a gang that wrecked one, an' I—I guess I'm hitting the ground in high places now!" as he leaped with stag-like bounds from mound to mound down the hill, though rocks led his feet, and bushes tore the thin shirt from his shoulders.

Breathless, fainting, reeling, he reached the railway where the bridge's now fiery span ended. Catching up a piece of burning timber that dropped from the burning trestle, he stumbled onto the rails, waving the flame-signal above his head, shouting until his yell died to a blend of pain, as an oncoming rumbled inside his ear, and the torch, which he would not drop, burned his fingers.

"Hello! I don't know what to make o' that," grumbled Engineer Morse, who was pulling the night train from Burlington, seeing the waving light upon the rails.

But he understood presently when his slackened engine crawled past a scorched, half-clad boy, who feebly called to him that the bridge ahead was burning.

Rod knew no more after he saw a gleaming headlights go by and half short of danger until a conductor's lantern flashed across his face, and he found himself the center of a group of male passengers, among whom were Mr. Meyers and his companions returning victorious from the spelling match.

But the greater victory was Rod's, for he heard a voice which he knew to be Curley Wiggins' mutter:

"He said this mornin' he'd make a man o' himself. But I guess he's a little man a ready!"—American Tribune.

FOUR SENATORS

Whose Political Histories Have Been Unique.

Four men sit shoulder to shoulder on the Democratic side of the Senate whose political histories have been unique. They are Turner of Washington, McLauren of South Carolina, Harris of Kansas, and Teller of Colorado.

Turner was a Republican until 1896, when he went over to the Bryan ticket, gradually passing through the stages of Silver Republicanism, Fusion and Populist into the Democratic party. He is an able man, and possessed of large wealth. McLauren was born and bred a Democrat in South Carolina, but has now affiliated himself with the Republicans, although he keeps his seat on the Democratic side. He and Turner are as far apart as the poles. The next man, Harris of Kansas, being a Virginian, grew up amid Democratic surroundings, but when he began to mix in politics in Kansas joined the Populists and came to Congress as one of their representatives. He is now back in the Democratic party. And last of all is Teller, who was a cabinet officer in a Republican administration, and who withdrew from the party of his own allegiance when it declared for gold in St. Louis in 1896. He has been in public life for a great many years, and, like Turner, has passed from straight Republicanism to Democracy through the intermediate stage of Silver Republicanism. All of these four Senators with checked political careers are now congressmen on the same side of the Senate chamber, although the probability is that eventually Mr. McLauren will go over to the Republican side, and thus break up the interesting quartette.

Making Use of His Learning.
A small boy known to the New York Sun was introduced by the teacher to the ditto mark. Its labor-saving possibilities appealed to him, and he soon found occasion to turn his knowledge to account.

While away on a short visit he wrote to his father. The letter ran:

Dear Father,
I hope you are well.
" mother is "

" sister "

" grandmother is well. "

" wish you were here. "

" mother was "

" sister "

" Dick "

" grandmother was here. "

" you would send me some money. Your aff. son, Tom.

Financial Plans.
Osmond—You always pay as you go, don't you?
Desmond—No, indeed; I pay as free people come after me.—Detroit Free Press.

A man may have sufficient courage to beard the lion in his den, yet be shy when it comes to facing the cook in his kitchen.

Some of the recent magazine articles seem to prove that a little learning is a dangerous thing.

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For Infants and Children.
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Dr. J. C. Hathorn
In Use For Over Thirty Years
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Assisted by CUTICURA OINTMENT, for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, for cleansing the scalp of crusts, scales, and dandruff, and the stopping of falling hair, for softening, whitening, and soothing red, rough, and sore hands, for baby rashes, itchings, and chafings, and for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Millions of Women use CUTICURA SOAP in the form of baths for annoying irritations, inflammations, and excoriations, for too free or offensive perspiration, in the form of washes for ulcerative weaknesses, and for many antiseptic purposes which readily suggest themselves to women and mothers. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odors. No other medicated soap is to be compared with it for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands. No other foreign or domestic toilet soap, however expensive, is to be compared with it for all the purposes of the toilet, bath, and nursery. Thus it combines, in ONE SOAP, the BEST FACI, the BEST SKIN and complexion soap, and the BEST toilet and baby soap in the world.

Complete External and Internal Treatment for Every Humour, Cuticura

Consisting of CUTICURA SOAP (50c), to cleanse the skin of crusts and scales, and soften the thickened cuticle; CUTICURA OINTMENT (50c), to instantly allay itching, inflammation, and irritation, and soothe and heal; and CUTICURA RESOLVENT PILLS (50c), to cool and cleanse the blood. A SINGLE SET is often sufficient to cure the most torturing, disfiguring, itching, burning, and scaly skin, scalp, and blood humours, rashes, itchings, and irritations, when all else fails. Sold throughout the world. British Depot: 27, 28, Charterhouse Sq., London. French Depot: 1 Rue de la Paix, Paris. PORTER, DRUG AND CHEM. CO., Sole Proprietors, Boston.

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Altitude in Architecture.
The Brooklyn bridge towers are 277 feet high. The famous spire of old Trinity, New York City, is 284 feet high. The present height of the pyramid of Cheops is 451 feet, although it was originally 481 feet. The Washington monument is 555 feet. The leaning tower of Pisa was begun in 1174 and inclines 13 feet and 8 inches. About half of the sinking took place during the construction and the efforts made to correct it resulted in the convexity of ten inches on its southern side.

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