My Lungs

"An attack of la grippe left me with a bad cough. My friends said I had consumption. I then tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it cured me promptly."
A. K. Randles, Nokomis, Ill.

You forgot to buy a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral when your cold first came on, so you let it run along. Even now, with all your hard coughing, it will not disappoint you. There's a record of sixty years to fall back on.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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MADE BY THE MAKERS OF
ON SALE everywhere. Illus. Catalogues, Comments and Prices Tower Co. Boston, Mass.
TOWER'S FISH BRAND
OILED CLOTHING
HAVE THE SAME POINTS OF EXCELLENCE AND GIVE COMPLETE SATISFACTION.

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Cascarets
10c. 25c. 50c. BEST FOR THE BOWELS Druggists.
Genuine stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

150 Kinds for 16c.

It is a fact that Salzer's vegetable and flower seeds are found in more gardens and on more farms than any other in America. There is reason for this. We own and operate over 1000 acres for the production of our choice seeds. In order to induce you to try them we make the following unprecedented offer:
For 16 Cents Postpaid
20 kinds of purest luscious radishes,
12 magnificent earliest melons,
16 sorts glorious tomatoes,
25 peerless lettuce varieties,
12 splendid best onions,
25 gorgeously beautiful flower seeds,
to all 150 kinds positively furnishing bushels of charming flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalogue—telling all about Teosinte and Pea Oat and Bromus and Spelta, Onion seed at 60c. a pound, etc., all only for 16c. in stamps. Write to-day.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

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From Toledo, Detroit, Defiance, Fort Wayne, Huntington, Wabash, Peru and Other Stations
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For full particulars and Excursion Tickets, call on or address any Agent Wabash R. R. or connecting lines, or write to
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The Hotel Empire restaurant is noted for its excellent cooking, efficient service and moderate prices.
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Send to Empire for descriptive booklets.
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McKinley's Good Bye—His dying words. Sheet Music for piano or organ. Postpaid 25c. CHAS. A. RAPP, 635 Vincennes Ave., Chicago.

SALZER'S Superior FODDER PLANTS
VICTORIA RAPE
About 30 miles ahead of Dwarf Essex Rape in business, in vigor and nourishing quality. It makes it possible to grow swine and sheep and cattle all over America at 1c. a lb. It is marvelously prolific. Salzer's catalog tells.
Giant Incarnate Clover
Produces a luxuriant crop three feet tall within six weeks after seeding and lots and lots of pasturage all summer long besides. Will do well anywhere. Price dirt cheap.
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Our catalogue is brimful of thoroughly tested farm seeds such as Thousand Headed Kale; Teosinte, producing 80 tons of green fodder per acre; Pea Oat; Spelta, with its 80 bushels of grain and 4 tons of hay per acre, Billion Dollar Grass, etc., etc.
Salzer's Grass Mixtures
Yielding 6 tons of magnificent hay and an endless amount of pasturage on any farm in America.
Bromus Inermis—6 tons of Hay per Acre
The great grass of the century, growing wherever soil is found. Our great catalogue, worth $100 to any wide awake American gardener or farmer, is mailed to you with many farm seed samples, upon receipt of but 10 cents postage. Catalog alone 5 cents for postage.
JOHN A. SALZER SEED COMPANY, La Crosse, Wis.
A MONEY MAKER — THE FARMER'S FRIEND

Well-Preserved.

The man who essays to give a lecture or talk in the "slums" must have his wits well in hand. He may encounter apathy, but he is sure also to find an embarrassing readiness of tongue.

An earnest young man from a college settlement was addressing a company of fathers and mothers on the subject of "Christmas in the Home," telling them of ways in which the day might be made bright although money was scarce. He had visited many houses in many cities, and was well-informed.

"I'm not talking about what other people have told me," he said, genially; "it's what I know from my personal experience. I have seen over a hundred Christmas celebrations and—"

"Man, dear," came in a rich Irish-American voice from the rear of the room, "it's wonderfully preserved ye are for a man that old!"

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Wise Patient.

One of these "healers" who was in Georgia some time ago was approached by a man with the rheumatism and a gold-headed cane.

"Drop the cane," said the healer, "and depart in peace!"

"Never!" exclaimed the man. "That cane cost me $12."—Atlanta Constitution.

Many School Children Are Sickly.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, break up Colds in 24 hours, cure Feverishness, Headache, Stomach Trouble, Teething Disorders and Destroy Worms. At all druggists', 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Could Promise That.

"Penelope," said her mother, "I notice you allowed young Hankinson to walk home with you from church last Sunday morning. Don't let it happen again."

"I won't, mamma," dutifully responded Penelope.

Then, sotto voce: "I'll do it on purpose next time!"—Chicago Tribune.

Lane's Family Medicine

Moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Acts gently on the liver and kidneys. Cures sick headache. Price 25 and 50c.

Rudyard Kipling recently received a half-sovereign and a request for "a sentiment" from a California girl. The author sent her a card on which he had written the words, "Hurrah for California."

AIR CUSHION RUBBER STAMPS.

All Kinds of Stamps. Also Printing Outfits, Daters, Etc. Send for Catalogue and Price List. Lock Box 219, Fort Wayne, Ind.

The strongest fortress in the world is Gibraltar.

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A BOON TO HUMANITY!
St. Jacobs Oil
cures the most difficult cases of Rheumatism—after every other form of treatment has failed.
St. Jacobs Oil Never Fails
IT CONQUERS PAIN
Price, 25c and 50c.

Capsicum Vaseline
Put Up in Collapsible Tubes.
A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate skin. The pain allaying and curative qualities of this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache at once, and relieve headache and sciatica.
We recommend it as the best and safest external counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic, neuralgic and gouty complaints.
A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will be found to be invaluable in the household. Many people say "It is the best of all your preparations."
Price 25 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers, or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps we will send you a tube by mail.
No article should be accepted by the public unless the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not genuine.
CHEESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.,
17 State Street, New York City.

Nasal CATARRH
In all its stages.
Ely's Cream Balm
cleanses, soothes and heals the diseased membrane. It cures catarrh and drives away a cold in the head quickly.
Cream Balm is placed into the nostrils, spreads over the membrane and is absorbed. Relief is immediate and a cure follows. It is not drying—does not produce sneezing. Large Size, 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; Trial Size, 10 cents
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

ASTHMA
POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC
Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One dose sent postpaid on receipt of 81.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

THE VALENTINE MAN.

The man who makes the valentines—the comic ones, I mean—
Who hits us off in reason and in rhyme;
Must be very, very merry in the month of February,
For he's laughing at the whole world all the time!

Perhaps he's in a building half a hundred stories high,
Where steeple-bells monotonously chime;
And he looks down on us mortals as we crawl beneath the sky,
And he's laughing—laughing at us all the time!

He has left the world forever, with its wheat and with its chaff;
And in colors—for a penny, or a dime,
He roasts its fads and follies till he holds his sides to laugh—
In fact, he's laughing at us all the time!

Perhaps he was a toiler in the musty, dusty ways
Where poverty's accounted as a crime,
And couldn't pay the rent up on the bill-collecting days,
And the world was laughing at him all the time!

Perhaps he loved—was slighted by a jeweled maiden fair
Who heeded not his passion all sublime,
And tossed her curls and told him that she really didn't care,
And laughed him from her presence all the time.

And so, in desperation he departed from the scene,
To mock the world in reason and in rhyme;
And he's very mad and merry in the month of February,
And he's laughing at the whole world all the time!
—Atlanta Constitution.

Rastus Johnson's Valentine

BY LENA ILINN LEWIS.

VALENTINE'S DAY came on Friday, and Miss Gray, the teacher of room No. 3, had consented to allow the scholars to celebrate. For a week there had been much suppressed excitement, and the improvised postoffice in the room was fast filling with envelopes. A nice program had been prepared, and the mothers of the girls and boys were invited to attend. Homer was not a very large village, and so the interest in the school entertainment was widespread, and quite a number of guests were present.

Rastus Brown was the only colored boy in Homer, and everyone liked him because of his cheery face and his willingness to help anyone at any time. He lived with his grandmother, and she did the most she could for him and managed to keep him in school. He was greatly interested in the coming entertainment and had committed a poem to memory, hoping he would be asked to take part. Mammy had promised to go to the school that afternoon, and she, too, wished her little grandson would be invited to speak, but nothing was said about it. Rastus suggested that perhaps someone might forget his piece, and then he would be ready to fill in the empty place, so Mammy put on her black merino dress and her old straw bonnet and went along. Rastus was very proud of his grandmother, and his little black face was full of joy when he led her to Miss Gray and said earnestly: "Mammy's come, too."

Miss Gray welcomed the old lady warmly, but she felt sorry she had come, as she remembered that Rastus had not been invited to take part in the entertainment; she had entirely forgotten him, and she knew how sensitive he was, being the only colored boy in the school, but she thought of the valentines and that Rastus would be happy when his name was called to receive one, and she dismissed it from her mind.

The program went off nicely and no one forgot his part, as Rastus had thought possible; but as the large box

"OH, CAESAR, I FEELS BAD."

of valentines was placed on Miss Gray's desk and she began to read off the names, he forgot his disappointmen and watched each valentine eagerly, thinking the next one would be for him. He had spent the dime that Mammy gave him Christmas for a valentine for Miss Gray, and he saw her look at it earnestly and then look his way and smile, and he knew that she was pleased. Mammy, too, was watching and listening for Rastus' name, and twice she whispered, "Your name will come next, honey;" but it never came, and before they were missed, Mammy and Rastus slipped quietly away and out into the storm, where Caesar, the faithful old donkey, was waiting to carry them home. The snow was coming down very rapidly, but Caesar trotted along at his best pace, wondering what had happened to make his master so quiet. Mammy sighed once or twice and Rastus blinked real hard, but neither said a word until they reached the little house on the hill.

Rastus opened the door for her to go in and then led Caesar to the shed, which served as a barn; the cracks were stuffed with straw and the roof was covered with branches from the trees, and the donkey found it a comfortable home. Slowly Rastus took the harness off, and then he looked the old donkey in the face and put his arms around its neck and his head close to its ear and burst into tears.

"Oh! Caesar, I feels awful bad; I wisht I hadn't gone to school; you know, Caesar, this is Valentine's day, and mos' everybody got a valentine but me, I guess."

Caesar looked very solemn in sympathy as he pricked up his long ears and rubbed his nose against the dusky cheek.

"Rastus! R-a-s-t-u-s!" called his grandmother.

"Yes, I'se comin', mammy," and wiping the shining drops from his sorrowful face he tried to look cheerful and went to the woodpile for an armful of sticks, making a poor attempt at whistling.

* * * * * *

Miss Gray had noticed that Rastus had received no valentine, and she blamed herself greatly, although she had left that part of the program entirely to the pupils; but she felt amends must be made in some way, so she gathered together as many of the boys and girls as she could to talk the matter over. She reminded them that in olden times a valentine was a gift of love, not only a pretty or a funny picture, and she suggested that they all together give Rastus an old-fashioned valentine.

"His face is black, but his heart is just as tender and sensitive as our own; we were all very thoughtless and I am sure will not feel happy until we do our best to make Rastus forget our slight."

"He is always ready to do for others," said Mildred Hale; "he often sharpens my pencils for me."

"And mine, too," added Nellie Smith, and all the rest agreed that Rastus was the nicest kind of a boy, and they felt very sorry that they had neglected him.

Miss Gray had a plan to propose.

"I think it would be nice to surprise him to-morrow evening and take him a new set of books. I know his slate is cracked and his geography is all to pieces; it is one I found in the cupboard and gave to him. His reader has no cover at all, and he has no spelling book."

The next evening they were all gathered at Miss Gray's, ready to start for the little house on the hill. The snow had piled high in drifts and everything seemed fairly buried from sight.

Rastus had worked hard to shovel a path from the house to the road, saying: "It don' seem so lonesomelike when der's a path out to de road." He sat by the fire that evening reciting his geography lesson to Mammy, as she darned his mittens. There was a loud rap on the door and they were startled, for it was seldom anyone came to see them at night. When the boy cautiously opened the door he was met with a loud "Hurrah for Rastus Johnson!" and the boys and girls poured into the little kitchen and deposited their bags of nuts, candy and popcorn on the table, and the box containing the valentine was left in the shadow behind the door. Rastus hurriedly built a fire in the front room and they were soon all having a merry time, while Miss Gray helped Mammy prepare some nice hot coffee to serve with the rolls she had brought.

At 11 o'clock the young folks all went home, leaving a very happy boy and a mysterious box behind them. When Rastus opened it he saw written on a beautiful new slate, "A Valentine," and as he unpacked the books and everything a boy could use in school, he said softly to Mammy: "I guess Saint Valentine totched der hearts, and dey hab touched mine."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THERE are few Americans who will deny to Abraham Lincoln the highest tribute that the citizen of a democracy may bestow upon a fellow citizen. Abraham Lincoln was the greatest of America's citizens. Not alone was his greatness manifest in his mastery of circumstance and grasp of tremendous event, but he was great in the nobility of character that lifts men to greatness among their fellow men in spite of circumstance. Abraham Lincoln was born great.

A sentimental patriotism has erected Washington upon the pedestal of a deity in the national pantheon and it is not so long since that a jury of his countrymen voted him the greatest of Americans. But Washington was not greater than Lincoln. He has been called the Father of his Country and he deserved the title; but Lincoln has been called the Savior of his country, and his memory is revered by the posterity for whom he preserved this national heritage.

The perspective in which the character of Washington is viewed by this generation is far removed, and the mists of a century lie between. There is a glamour upon the actual presence and our estimate of the man is influenced by a patriotic prejudice acquired in the schools of our youth. We do not see Washington the man—we worship at the shrine of Washington the hero. There is no deception in our view of Lincoln. He stands close to us. His rugged, serious face is familiar to living men as one that looked upon them but yesterday. Lincoln is still with us, human like ourselves, subject to human passions, oppressed as we are by human sorrows, beset by human vicissitudes and disturbed by human doubts. Washington was one sort of gentleman; Lincoln was a gentleman of quite another sort. It was the boast of Lincoln that he was of the people, and so true was this that to-day the memory of Lincoln is paramount in the hearts of the American people. Washington was a man of the time—Lincoln was a man of the people and of all time. What Washington accomplished might have been accomplished by any great man; that which Lincoln accomplished could only have been accomplished by Lincoln. If the circumstance had not been fit there would have been no Washington; there would have been a Lincoln in spite of circumstance.

History is already beginning to parallel and compare these two men—the greatest in American history; and the historian of the future will be called upon to decide between them upon the distinctive merit attaching to a greatness that created a nation and a greatness that has saved a nation.

Lincoln was a typical American. He was an American of the stock that conquered the wilderness in the second generation succeeding the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; he was the strain that fought at Lexington and Bunker Hill and planted the flag of the young republic on the outworks of Yorktown; he was a lineal product of the sturdy American backwoodsmen who followed Boone and Crockett into the pathless West to found a mighty empire. The country is steadily outgrowing the conditions that served to produce Lincoln. The energy that wrestled with nature in the forest and on the broad prairies is now concentrating in a struggle with kindred energy for supremacy in the market places of great cities and within the forums of States more densely populated than was New England when Abraham Lincoln was born.

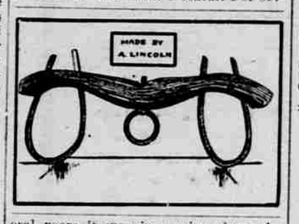
And the American of the distant future will think of Lincoln the man more intently than he will think of Lincoln the statesman and President of the American republic. Our history will record the careers of men more brilliant mentally than was Honest Old Abe, but the historian will concern himself only with the public acts of these men, whereas he will dwell upon the virtues, the splendid manly qualities and the good sense of Lincoln. He will set down the traits of kindly disposition and the homely utterance of this immortal commoner because it will be necessary to do so if the generations of Americans for whom he writes would thoroughly understand the motives and purposes of the man who saved the nation from the greatest peril by which it has been or ever will be menaced.

And the final verdict of history will be in the record that shall pronounce Abraham Lincoln the greatest of Americans.

OX YOKE THAT LINCOLN MADE.

A recent rearrangement of relics in the agricultural museum of the University of Illinois brought to light the old ox yoke made by Abraham Lincoln and presented to the university in the early '70s. By orders of President Draper the yoke was inclosed in a glass-topped case made of boards from the old Lincoln home at Springfield.

The yoke was made by Lincoln when he was on a farm near Decatur. For several years it was in service about the Lincoln homestead.



The yoke is of black walnut, and shows evidence of hard usage. The workmanship is rough, the iron parts being especially crude.

One of the Marvels of History.

Abraham Lincoln is assuredly one of the marvels of history. No land but America has produced his like. This destined chief of a nation in its most perilous hour was the son of a thriftless and wandering settler, bred in the most sordid poverty. He had received only the rudiments of education, and though he afterward read eagerly such works as were within his reach it is wonderful that he should have attained as a speaker and writer a mastery of language and a pure as well as effective style. He could look back smiling on the day when his long shanks appeared bare below the shrunken leather breeches which were his only nether garment. His frame was gaunt and grotesque, but mighty.

He had a strong and eminently fair understanding, with great powers of patient thought, which he cultivated by the study of Euclid. In all his views there was a simplicity which had its source in the simplicity of his character. His local popularity was due largely to his humor. At the same time he was melancholy, touched with the pathos of human life, fond of mournful poetry, religious, though not orthodox, with a strong sense of an overruling providence, which when he was out of spirits sometimes took the shape of fatalism. His melancholy was probably deepened by his gloomy surroundings and by misadventures in love.—Goldwin Smith.

LINCOLN'S HAT.

Interesting Relic of the Great President Owned by an Illinois Man.

When Abraham Lincoln selected his wardrobe preparatory to leaving Illinois for the White House he carefully laid by several characteristic hats. A man of spare proportions, he never enjoyed the freedom of sartorial choice, and his hats, more than any other articles of his clothing now treasured as souvenirs, express his peculiar individuality.

This hat was one of those chosen by Mr. Lincoln before leaving Springfield, and it is authoritatively stated that he

LINCOLN'S HAT.

wore it on his journey to Washington. In the years which followed he often used it. After his assassination, in 1865, Mrs. Lincoln found the hat among his effects, and when returning to Springfield she packed and checked it as one of the forty-six pieces of baggage she brought home with her.

J. Galliger, a transfer man at Springfield, delivered the hat case, and as Mrs. Lincoln chanced to be near when he unloaded it she told him that he might have it as a token of remembrance. It remained a highly valued heirloom in the Galliger family until recently, when it was purchased by Samuel Hinkle, of Springfield. The hat is 8¼ in size, and is in an excellent state of preservation.—St. Louis Republic.

Kindness of Heart.

President Lincoln's kindness of heart was known to everybody. His doorkeepers had standing orders that, no matter how great might be the public throng, if either Senators or Representatives had to wait, or to be turned away, he must see before the day closed every messenger who came to him with a petition for the saving of life. A woman carrying a baby, waited three days at the White House to see Mr. Lincoln. Her husband, who had sent a substitute, had enlisted subsequently himself when intoxicated and had deserted, been captured and sentenced to be shot. On his way through the ante-room Mr. Lincoln heard the baby cry. He instantly went back to his office and rang the bell. "Daniel," said he, "is there a woman with a baby in the ante-room? Send her to me at once." She went in, told her story, and the President pardoned her husband.

THE OLDEST MAN IN AMERICA

Tells How He Escaped the Terrors of Many Winters by Using Pe-ru-na.

Mr. Brock's Age is 114 Years.

MR. ISAAC BROCK, BORN IN BUNCOMBE CO., N. C., MARCH 1, 1788.

His age is 114 years, vouched for by authentic record. He says; "I attribute my extreme old age to the use of Pe-ru-na."

Born before United States was formed.
Saw 22 Presidents elected.
Pe-ru-na has protected him from all sudden changes.
Veteran of four wars.
Shod a horse when 99 years old.
Always conquered the grip with Pe-ru-na.
Witness in a land suit at age of 110 years.
Believes Pe-ru-na the greatest remedy of the age for catarrhal diseases.

ISAAC BROCK, a citizen of McLennan County, Texas, has lived for 114 years. For many years he resided at Bosque Falls, eighteen miles west of Waco, but now lives with his son-in-law at Valley Mills, Texas.

A short time ago, by request, Uncle Isaac came to Waco and sat for his picture. In his hand he held a stick cut from the grave of General Andrew Jackson, which has been carried by him ever since. Mr. Brock is a dignified old gentleman, showing few signs of decrepitude. His family Bible is still preserved, and it shows that the date of his birth was written 114 years ago.

Surely a few words from this remarkable old gentleman, who has had 114 years of experience to draw from, would be interesting as well as profitable. A lengthy biographical sketch is given of this remarkable old man in the Waco Times-Herald, Dec. 4, 1898. A still more pretentious biography of this, the oldest living man, illustrated with a double column portrait, was given the readers of the Dallas Morning News, dated Dec. 11, 1898, and also the Chicago Times-Herald of same date. This centenarian is an ardent friend of Peruna, having used it many years.

In speaking of his good health and extreme old age, Mr. Brock says:

"After a man has lived in the world as long as I have, he ought to have found out a great many things by experience. I think I have done so.

"One of the things I have found out to my entire satisfaction is the proper remedy for ailments that are due directly to the effects of the climate. For 114 years I have withstood the changeable climate of the United States.

"I have always been a very healthy man, but of course subject to the little affections which are due to sudden changes in the climate and temperature. During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, and diarrhoea.

"I had always supposed these affections to be different diseases. For the last ten or fifteen years I have been reading Dr. Hartman's writings. I have learned much from his books, one thing in particular: that these affections are the same and that they are properly called catarrh.

"As for Dr. Hartman's remedy, Peru-na, I have found it to be the best, if not the only, reliable remedy for these affections. It has been my standby for many years, and I attribute my good health and extreme old age to this remedy.

"It exactly meets all my requirements. It protects me from the evil effects of sudden changes; it keeps me in good appetite; it gives me strength; it keeps my blood in good circulation; I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things for which I need medicine.

"I believe it to be valuable to old people, although I have no doubt it is just as good for the young. I should be glad if my sincere testimony should become the means of others using this remedy, because I believe it to be the greatest remedy of this age for catarrhal diseases.

"When epidemics of la grippe first began to make their appearance in this country I was a sufferer from this disease.

"I had several long sieges with the grip. At first I did not know that Peru-na was a remedy for this disease. When I heard that la grippe was epidemic catarrh, I tried Pe-ru-na for la grippe and found it to be just the thing.

"It has saved me several times from a siege of the grip. I feel perfectly safe from this terrible malady so long as I have Peruna at hand. I hope that Dr. Hartman may live to be as old as I am, to continue the good work of teaching people the value of his great remedy, Peruna.

Very truly yours,
Isaac Brock,

For a free book on catarrh, address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Paderewski Outwitted Him.

An interesting story is told of the minuet which is perhaps the most popular of all Paderewski's compositions. Paderewski, while a professor at the Conservatoire of Warsaw, was one evening at the house of the Polish poet, Swieztochowski, who expressed the opinion that no living composer could compare with Mozart in beauty and simplicity. At the moment Paderewski merely shrugged his shoulders, but the following evening he appeared and asked permission to play his host a little thing of Mozart's, which perhaps he did not know. He played the minuet. Swieztochowski was enraptured and cried triumphantly:

"Now you must acknowledge that a piece like that could not have been written in our time."

"Well," said Paderewski, quietly, 'that happens to be a minut composed by me."

Coughing Leads to Consumption.

Kemp's Balsam will stop the cough at once. Go to your druggist to-day and get a sample bottle free. Sold in 25 and 50 cent bottles. Go at once; delays are dangerous.

An argument in a saloon is not always in the line of a "joint" debate

Queen & Crescent.

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