

Dewey's New Responsibility. The boy pupils of a down-town school were studying the history of the war with Spain, says the Philadelphia Times. One boy seemed to have difficulty in remembering the names of some of the American naval commanders who were conspicuous in that role.

"Here," the teacher said, finally, going to her desk and taking out some coupons of the Jubilee parade of 1890, "take these buttons home this afternoon, study them overnight, and tell me in the morning which is the button which is Dewey and which is Sampson. She handed him buttons, bearing the likeness of the three commanders, and the boy took them and went home.

In the morning the teacher called him to her desk and asked him if he knew the names of the three officers. He produced two buttons, saying, "This is Schley, and—" handing out the second one—"this is Sampson."

"That's right; that's right; very good! Of course the third is—where is the third button I gave you?"

"Please, ma'am," he replied, "me madder took Dewey and sewed him on me fadder's pants dis morning."

Unable to Rise.

Morend, Mich., Sept. 28.—Mr. J. S. Whitehead, of this place, has given the following letter for publication. It is addressed to the editor of the Detroit Free Press.

"I have suffered for several years with chronic catarrh of the stomach. The doctors prescribed for me without my receiving the least benefit. Through one of your pamphlets I began the use of Peruna, and two bottles have entirely cured me. I recommend Peruna to all my friends."—O. Bertolotto.

"I cannot describe the pains I suffered for they were something fearful. About seven or eight months ago I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and I began to feel that they were helping me."

"I can truthfully say that they have done me more good than all the other medicine I have ever taken."

"I have been greatly benefited by them and it is my desire to let others know so that if anyone is suffering as I suffered they may know where a cure may be found."

Insurance Claims.

It almost goes without saying that accident and other insurance companies have some curious and absurd claims made upon them, but none surely more singular than the following:

"Removing my shirt a starched portion struck my right eye, scratched the eye-ball, causing the same to inflame."

"Riding bicycle, and when about to raise my hat, lost control of bicycle and collided with a fence."

"It is with much pleasure that I take in hand my pen to inform you of my accident to my finger."

A physician certifies that the symptoms of death were "cramp, assemblage of friends and notices in paper."

Another "had brain fever in my head with a fever and a kind of Delirium."

Accident policy holder "came in contact with clap-board saw."

"Attempting to kick a dog off porch of my residence my foot struck a nail."

"Being in a room dancing, one of the men dancers slipped and fell and in doing so kicked me violently over the shinbone."

Please remember Mrs. Austin's Pancakes.

A Cliché.

The Boss—No, I must have a married man for this position.

Applicant—Just keep it open for an hour; it's easier to get married than it is to get a job.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price 75 cents.

That man is worthless who knows how to receive a favor, but not how to return one.—Plautus.

Sunday Excursions to Chicago. Every Sunday during the summer beginning next Sunday, the Nickel Plate Road will sell excursion tickets from Fort Wayne to Chicago and return for \$2.00, good on the N. & W. and on train No. 6 returning same day. See Ticket Agent on C. A. Asteria, T. P. A., Fort Wayne, Ind., No. 126.

The lowest body of water in the Dead Sea, nearly 1,300 feet below the level of the sea.

Please remember Mrs. Austin's Pancakes.

Milwaukee has a bowling club, four of whose members weigh 1,000 pounds.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Taylor.

THERE IS NO SLICKER LIKE TOILET SOAP. Forty years ago and after many years of use on the eastern coast, Tower's Waterproof Toilet Soap were introduced in the West and were called Slickers by the pioneers and cowboys. This graphic name has come into such general use that it is frequently though wrongly applied to many substitutes. You need the real thing. Look for the Sign of the Fish and the name Tower on the wrapper.

MADE IN NEW YORK AND SOLD BY REPRESENTATIVE TRADES IN ALL CITIES. A. J. TOWER CO., BOSTON, MASS., ESTABLISHED 1854.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever. Dr. J. C. Taylor's Oriental Hair Restorer. It is a perfect hair restorer, and every hair that falls out grows again. It is a perfect hair restorer, and every hair that falls out grows again.

FREE TO THE FARMER. OUR 200 PAGE BOOK. Treatise on All the Live Stock. Send to your dealer and receive one FREE by return mail.

LIVE STOCK REMEDY CO. FORT WAYNE, IND.

WANTED. Men for the United States. Good boys age 15 to 17. Write for information. Send 10 cents for catalogue.

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# POLITICS OF THE DAY

The Portion Labor. As in a former article, the biggest giants with the heaviest clubs became chiefs of their tribes, and to want their power and grip their pride, decorated their caves with the emptied skulls and cleanly gnawed bones of their victims, just so our own metropolitan combination beat down and reduce to bare bones the labor of to-day, glutting their greed upon its flesh, its blood, its marrow and its brain.

True, their caves are gilded now and we call them cannibals, but mill-lionaires.

But the primal instinct of man, evil-lionel but unregenerate, remains the same; the cruelty is but refined; the greed is but further-reaching.

So the problem is not a new one in our time or in our age. The self-defense of labor against the cruel power created in the accumulation of its own product, is as old as organized greed.

Only the American has been slow to learn the world-wide truth that social misery comes more from inequality of privileges regarding property than from inequality of political rights.

At last we are being forced to recognize the fact that with our long-boasted security of political equality, the despots of Europe are being fastened upon us.

The long blindness originated in the teachings and training of past generations. Our fathers, having braved the perils of unknown seas and lived through the privations of a howling wilderness, that they might believe in and after, without fear or restraint, certain religious maxims, came in time to believe that there was a political gospel, somewhat akin to their theological creed, in which national salvation could be assured by simply uttering from time to time, certain glittering generalities of political abstractions.

So we came to be a race of political phrase-eaters.

Ephraims that have been passed down to us—canned and labelled, we bolt down without inspection or test.

To maxims and proverbs—such, for instance, as "Government of the people, by the people and for the people."

"All men are created equal," and "Infirmity—we look for our sole political and social sustenance."

To this fool's paradise we have been greatly helped by the happy circumstances attending the early conquest of our continent. The deep rich soil of our wide domain, which offered free homes to the industrious, saved us for a time, from the fierce competition that crowds the hungry masses down and gives to organized greed its great advantage.

Falling to comprehend from what we gained our prosperity, we attributed all the good we enjoyed to our "free institutions," as we proudly called them, and blindly proceeded to cut from under our good fortune the very foundation of our advantage.

We donated whole territories of our precious domain to corporations until the surplus land is practically exhausted, and now, with the same conditions that have so long afflicted Europe, we begin to wonder that our "free institutions" seem to have lost their charm!

They talk of "prosperity," but even that is "made by a trust" and its production may be curtailed at will.

The ballot fails to bring just remuneration for toil.

While hundreds hoard, millions work and want.

Starvation presses its skinny face against the pane where plenty waste-fully feasts.

It asks for crumbs and gets a laugh of scorn.

And we say the reason these things are is that organized wealth buys from our lawmakers their manhood.

Let us not be too sure that is the real reason.

First, let us be sure that wealth has not bought our own manhood, without paying the price.

Labor is sovereign, not in theory alone, but in every truth, and all this it bears are borne through tolerance.

Could Labor feel its wrongs and know its rights and act in wisdom and force, it would bind its giant tyrant and foot.—Des Moines News.

Helps to Trust Prosperity. The President in one of his New Hampshire speeches on prosperity told his hearers that "all the government can do is to create conditions under which prosperity can come."

The individual citizen lacks the thrift, the energy, the power and the mind to work no laws will make him prosperous. Our paternal government, for example, so "creating conditions" for the steel trust through the Dingley tariff that it has charged and got \$11 a ton more for rails in the market than in England, and other steel products in proportion. By the same law the beef combine is put in a position where it need fear no outside competition and can charge monopoly prices at home while selling lower to London in competition with meat from South America and Canada.—New York World.

Hanna's Idea of Trusts. Senator Hanna's declaration that there are no monopolies—save those which are protected by patents—has been received by patrons of the bill with interest. Possibly he does not include the beef packing industry among monopolies, and perhaps, again, the proprietors of the slaughter houses have found some means of copyrighting the cow. Senator Hanna's expressions of opinion on this subject have been frequent and consistent, and it is not the result of investigations which go beyond the popular interpretation of the word "trust."—Bangor Commercial.

May Set Them to Thinking. The high protectionist contingent in the Senate is likely to fight reciprocity just as vigorously in the coming session as in the last, and yet it may be that the congressional campaign on which we are entering will afford sufficient indication of the temper of the people to cause some sober, second thinking, even in the ultra-protectionist camp.—Indianapolis News.

State of Chronic Unrest. Without justifying the conduct of the coal miners or denouncing the conduct of the operators, one fact remains conspicuous, from which the public is at liberty to shape its own minor premise and conclusion. There is no other single industry in which there is so much friction between the employer

# THE BATTLE-FIELDS. OLD SOLDIERS TALK OVER ARMY EXPERIENCES.

The Blue and the Gray Review Incidents of the Late War, and in a Graphic and Interesting Manner Tell of Camp, March and Battle.

"At the Washington Park connect the other night," said the Confederate captain, "there came over me that feeling so often experienced in the army that something aside from the usual or routine order was going to happen. I said so to my wife, and she said joyfully that I was probably to have supper in the way of meeting some old comrade who wore the gray. Thereupon we both looked about with greater interest in the individuals near us, and in two minutes we stood face to face with a man in a gray uniform, the hand of a boy about 7 years of age.

And just as I was about to say that the man reminded me of a certain night in Calpeper county, Virginia, when the lady turned toward me with a look of surprise and recognition, and I knew her, although I had not seen her for nearly forty years. I gave my name and the name of her father, and she was soon going over the story of our last meeting, as follows.

In the winter of 1862 I was an officer in Gen. Jeb Stuart's cavalry on outpost duty near Germanna ford, on the Rappahannock. Myself and other officers were visitors at Shadeless, a large plantation lying between the Rapidan and the Rappahannock, near the foot of the mountain of the Shenandoah, and was at that time in the hands of the Confederates, and was being used for the purpose of forming Confederate plans to the north.

"One of his sons was in prison with him, and there were at home the wife and two daughters. One of the latter was the daughter of a Union soldier, the younger daughter and her mother were staunch Unionists and made no secret of it. As Stuart's men were mainly from Calpeper, Orange, Madison and adjoining counties, the most of us knew all about the family, but for old acquaintance sake some of us were entertained at Shadeless, as before in other old Virginia families. With this difference, however, at Shadeless, as on the night in question, the older daughter sang Southern songs and the younger Yankee songs. The latter played well and sang well, and was a beautiful girl, but she would not play or sing unless we would listen to the old patrician songs.

"Rather than not hear her splendid voice, we listened to her songs, and she made the most of her opportunity to sing Unionism at us. In conversation she never referred to the North, but in her singing she was a Yankee, Unionist, and as charming as she was brave. On a particular evening several of the younger officers were present and there was much good-natured bantering of the beautiful girl who could be so gracious as a hostess and so bold a Unionist in the presence of Confederate officers. Her face and personality and the charming manner of her singing, long lingered in my mind, and I don't believe any of the group of officers ever forgot the look on her face as she sang into our faces 'The Star-Spangled Banner' and 'Yankee Doodle.' In the middle of one of her songs there was a knock at the door, and the girl started to go to the door, and she saw that she believed the man to be a spy on herself or on us, and that she would not fix his status. The stranger was thinly clad and his cavalry boots were worn and ragged and held in place by pieces of galvanized tin around them. He answered all my questions without hesitation, and his name as Chamberlain, of one of the Mississippi regiments in our division, and at my suggestion was permitted to remain and receive food. But the girl was not satisfied, and as I learned later, carried the case to her mother, who was in an adjoining room.

"She told her mother of the stranger's presence and expressed the opinion that he was a spy attracted by her singing of Union songs. She suggested that her mother ask the man if he would have mush and milk, and if he answered yes, it was safe to say he was a Yankee. The suspected spy was taken to the kitchen, and she explained that the man had all gone to the quarters, and as there was no food cooked she could give him nothing except mush and milk. The girl replied that that was the very thing that he had been raised on, and he could make it himself. The lady's suspicions were justified, and the mother said frankly to her suspected, he was a Northern and a spy, and if he was, his presence in her house would involve her family in new hardships, as her husband and son were in Libby and she was alone on the plantation with her daughters and children, and she could not afford, as he could see, to harbor a spy.

"The man spoke in reply as frankly. He said he was a Pennsylvanian, caught in the South at the beginning of the war and had enlisted with a view to getting through the lines and returning to his home in Pennsylvania. He explained that he had heard the story of the family and that he had some of them in the belief that they might call him to make his escape, but said he would do nothing to embarrass them. He ate his mush and milk, went back to his regiment, and disappeared. Later the family removed to Baltimore, and after the war Chamberlain came to Baltimore, and after nearly forty years had brought me face to face with her at a park concert, where the music led me to make a remark that renewed the acquaintance of war times."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Dead at Vicksburg. A newspaper correspondent of the time writes of the dead who had fallen in one of the most desperate of the Union assaults on Vicksburg.

"They lay in all positions, some with muskets gaped as though still contending; others with the cartridge in the fingers just ready to put the deadly charge where it might meet the foe. All were in a group."

A remarkably sweet and youthful face that of a rebel boy, Scarce 15, and fair as a maiden, with quite small hands, he had long hair of the pale golden hue that Auburn changes to when much in the sun, and ending at the ends. He had on a shirt of coarse white cotton, and brown trousers, well worn, while upon his feet were worn the shoes of about the size known as 'foamers.' To delicate was his frame for war, perhaps some mother's child. His left side was torn by a shell, his left shoulder shattered.

"Two men who had caught at a fire to assist them up a steep embankment lay dead at his feet; the brains which they caught was still in their grasp."

"In one trench lay two grasping the same weapon, friend and foe. On the faces of both was the calm that follows sleep. In some places the dead were piled like sacks of grain."

Osterhaus and His Bell Sweet. "General Osterhaus," said the Major, "was, even in his serious moods and of his most passionate outbursts, a source of amusement to his men. He mastered nearly the French language, but he could not master the English language and some of his characteristic expressions were as household words to the men of his division. When General Leggett's division was formed for an attack on Little Kennesaw, the General in command sent Captain Evans of his staff to Osterhaus to ask the latter to concentrate his artillery fire on Braselton mountain, and make a diversion in our favor."

"Captain Evans found Osterhaus seated at a little table eating a very frugal meal. He saluted and said 'General Leggett's compliments to General Osterhaus. He directs me to say that he is about to attack the enemy's position about the mountain, and if you will concentrate your artillery fire on Braselton mountain, the diversion will be of great assistance to him. Osterhaus looked at Captain Evans a full minute without speaking, and then said, 'You make my compliments to General Leggett, and say as soon as I get through with this little matter, I will make an attack on Braselton feller hill.' And before Captain Evans could report to his chief, Osterhaus's guns were blazing away so effectively as to silence the enemy's batteries."

Osterhaus and Sigel were on opposite sides in the disturbances of 1848-49 in Germany. Osterhaus having a commission in the Prussian army, and Sigel being conspicuous in the revolutionary forces, and they had no liking for each other after they entered the Union army in 1861. Knowing his sensitive nature as Sigel, Osterhaus's staff officers were in the habit of dragging Sigel's name into the conversation when they wanted to see the old German soldier at his worst in handling the English language. On one occasion he burst out with 'Sigel, Sigel, I heard nothing but Sigel's fighting. What did he ever do yet? In a fight, I could kick Sigel, with one hand tied behind me.'"

"General Whittaker," said the Sergeant, "was a character, but he had no trouble with the English language, even when well spaced with profanity. At Lookout Mountain, our brigade, Corse's, supported Whittaker's, whose flank rested near the Palisades. We had made of stones and dirt a low line of breast works, and by lying flat and close were fairly under cover, while Whittaker's line was exposed to rifle fire from the forest and from overland. I don't think I like the mountain, and he came down on a sharp run to consult with Colonel Corse, following a path through Craven's orchard."

"He leaped over the works of the Thirty-sixth Indiana, seated himself on a stone under an apple tree, only a few feet from our line. He said he would want to see the old German soldier, and boys told him they didn't think he would, as he was the only man on the line not under cover. He had been seated only a minute when a rebel bullet cut a twig off the apple tree close to the General's head. Our boys shouted: 'Slide, General, slide!' and as if obeying orders the General slid off the stone, down the mountain, and landed on his feet, however, and remarking that it was too hot in the rear for non-combatants, said he would return to the front. He soon was at the head of his brigade, driving the rebels across Chattanooga Creek valley, and Corse's brigade was in line with him. Whenever our boys saw Whittaker they would shout 'General, slide, General, slide,' and the General would smile and swear."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Well Trained. He had been to the boarding school to pay a surprise visit to his daughter, his only child. He had parted from her, proud to be the parent of such a handsome maiden, pleased with the innocence of budding womanhood. The principal accompanied him to the door. "What a beautiful girl," he said, with deep feeling. "I owe you much for the manner in which you have reared my child since she has been under your care. When I notice the contrast between that innocent maiden and some of the girls of her age who have not had the advantage of such strict supervision I feel that I have indeed done wisely in placing her under your care."

"And how proud you must be," said the principal, glowing with satisfaction, to be the father of so large and devoted a family."

"Largely devoted!" gasped the proud parent. "What do you mean?"

"Devoted to each other," said the principal. "No fewer than seven of your children have been here during the past three weeks to take her out, and she is expecting another to-morrow."

He knew His Business. "Want any pertaters to-day?" asked the farmer, as he pulled up in front of a house.

"No," replied the housekeeper. "The last lot we bought of you was not satisfactory."

"What was the matter with 'em?" asked the farmer.

"The pertaters at the top of the bag get were nice and large," replied the woman, "but in the bottom they were tiny things."

"That was no fault on my line," rejoined the honest farmer, "it was because of the good growth of weather we've bin havin'. Pertaters air growin' so fast lately that by the time I get a basketful of 'em the last ones air ever so much bigger'n the first ones."

The destruction of stores and clothing by both armies during the Civil War is estimated at \$100,000,000.

The average cost of maintaining a man in the American army is \$1,300.

# LIGHTHOUSE AT CAPE HORN.

The World's Commerce Is Interested in Chilean Survey.

David E. Hunt, late conservator of the Harve Humbert, gives the following extract from the letter of a Chilean naval officer, describing his visit to Cape Horn for the purpose of selecting a suitable site on which to erect a lighthouse. Mr. Hunt mentions also the recently formed hydrographical department of the Chilean government, which has already made a study of the navigation of the Magellan straits by erecting a lighthouse at each entrance, and by placing beacons and buoys on several of the more intricate parts of the passage.

The Chilean officer writes, says the London Times, as follows: "We were on the cruiser President Errazuriz, under the command of Captain Arturo Cuevas, C. N., surveying the bay that the captain named Allen Gardiner, on the north side of Hardy peninsula, between Cape Jackson and Packeradilly, where the mission station is. We also were exploring the unsurveyed parts of these regions. When in Allen Gardiner we waited for a good day and went to Cape Horn at the rate of fifteen knots. We got quite close to the land and found landing places on the east side of the island and well protected from the west winds, which are dominant in these parts."

"In the first place, it was a question of finding proper landing places; secondly, a well-protected place, solid foundation, good sea view, good anchorage, not so low that the waves would lather and not so high that the clouds would cover it; thirdly, that the island should be fit for living. There are good slopes and valleys on the east side, protected from the winds, with streams of water and big woods for obtaining firewood. Having assured ourselves of these things, it is a very easy matter of making the proper plans and outfitting the lighthouse. If I say easy I do not mean it is an easy task—long way from it—but that it is possible and that there would never be the immense difficulties there were in the building of the Evangelist lighthouse on the rocks of the Straits of Magellan."

Record of the Past. The best guarantee of the future is the record of the past and over fifty thousand people have publicly testified that Doan's Kidney Pills have cured them of numerous kidney ills, from common backache to dangerous diabetes, and all the attendant annoyances and sufferings from urinary disorders. Here is one case:

Samuel J. Taylor, a retired carpenter, residing at 312 South Third street, Gosport, Ind., says: "On the 23rd day of July, 1892, I made this further statement that during the five years which have elapsed I have had no occasion to use either Doan's Kidney Pills or any other medicine for my kidneys. The cure effected was a permanent one."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Taylor will be mailed on application to any part of the U. S. Address Foster-McMillan Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, 50c per box.

A Hopeless Case. There was a brilliant reception at the house of Mrs. Amory. Among the guests was a certain M. Maceknee, a man of grave and somewhat taciturn demeanor, whom several of the young ladies present had tried to engage in conversation, but without much success.

One of them spoke to the hostess about him.

"He seems to be rather uneasy and out of place at a party like this," she said.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Amory, with a bright smile, "he can't talk anything but sense."

Cure for Asthma. Sufferers from Asthma, Hay Fever or Bronchitis will be interested to learn that Dr. R. Schellmann's "Asthma Cure" instantly relieves the most violent attack, insures comfortable sleep and has effected cures in thousands of cases that had previously tried every other remedy in vain. No waiting for results. Its action is immediate, direct and certain. So firm is his confidence that the doctor requests this paper to announce that he has sent to druggists of this town, as well as to all other druggists in this country, sample packages of his remedy which will be given free to sufferers of above complaints, who apply promptly, thus offering an opportunity to such as have not yet tried the remedy to make a personal test which will convince the most skeptical.

Persons failing for any reason to receive a sample package from their druggist will receive one free by mail by sending name and address (enclosing 2-cent stamp for postage) to Dr. R. Schellmann, Box 514, St. Paul, Minn.

Estetico. "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," exclaimed the mystic.

"But you can't find a polliwog when you want him!" I demanded with a gesture of impatience.

The fellow hung his head. I was sorry to have wounded him, but I was thoroughly tired of his cultivation of Estetico to no effect upon practical affairs.—Detroit Free Press.

Please remember Mrs. Austin's Pancakes.

Precarious. "I think I shall take my daughters out of society long enough to give them a liberal education."

"But then they won't want to go back."—Brooklyn Life.

I cannot praise Pico's Cure enough for the wonders it has worked in curing me.—R. H. Sidel, 2205 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo., April 15, 1901.

So many lovers have committed suicide together of late in Italy that the authorities now indict the survivor of any such tragedy for murder.

Do you want a Self Inking Dating Stamp for 75 cents? Address, Lock Box 219, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Sartorial Rector. Customer—This suit isn't well made. Tailor—If it were it wouldn't fit you.—Journal Amusement.

Please remember Mrs. Austin's Pancakes.

Not a Question of Orthogorphy. Mrs. Smithers—Which is correct: The biscuit are light or the biscuits are light? Star Brawler—Neither. The biscuits are heavy, is correct.

A Difficult Feat. Manhattan—How careworn old Bend rocks look.

Broadway—Well, it is no wonder. After spending thirty years walking the sidewalks of commercial success he is now trying to climb the greased pole of social distinction.—New York Sun.

Please remember Mrs. Austin's Pancakes.

Not a Question of Orthogorphy. Mrs. Smithers—Which is correct: The biscuit are light or the biscuits are light? Star Brawler—Neither. The biscuits are heavy, is correct.

Insist upon your printer using Eagle Linen Paper for your Letter Paper. This is the proper thing. Take no other.

Customer—This suit isn't well made. Tailor—If it were it wouldn't fit you.—Journal Amusement.

Please remember Mrs. Austin's Pancakes.

Salt thrown on a coal fire when the brick stack will prevent blazing from the dripping fat.

RUBBER STAMPS. All kinds of Rubber Stamps Made to Order. Call on the Rubber Stamp Co. 101 N. LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill. Send for Catalogue to Lock Box 219, Fort Wayne, Ind.

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# AN ITALIAN CAPTAIN Cured by Pe-ru-na of Catarrh of the Stomach After Doctors Failed.

Hon. J. D. Botkin, Congressman from Kansas, Writes an Interesting Letter.

The following letter from Congressman Botkin speaks for itself: HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, O.: My Dear Doctor—It gives me pleasure to certify to the excellent curative qualities of your medicine—Peruna and Mastella. I have been a afflicted much less for a quarter of a century with a catarrh of the stomach and constipation. A residence in a warm climate and a few bottles of your medicine have given me the almost complete relief, and I am sure that a continuation of them will effect a permanent cure. Peruna is surely a wonderful remedy for catarrhal affections.—J. D. Botkin.

This is a case of catarrh of the stomach which had run for twenty-five years according to his statement, and Peruna has at once come to his relief, promptly accomplishing for him more benefit than he had been able to find in all other remedies during a quarter of a century.

It stands to reason that a man of wealth and influence, like a Congressman of the great United States, has left no ordinary means untried and no stone unturned to find a cure.

If such cures as these do not verify the claim not only that dyspepsia is due to catarrh of the stomach, but also that Peruna will cure catarrh of the stomach, it is impossible to imagine how any evidence could do so.

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.

IF LAME, STIFF, OR SORE, USE MEXICAN Mustang Liniment. For SIXTY YEARS. The Best Remedy known for Man or Beast.