

THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY.

A Mother's Story

By Itta Ellen Fellner

THE afternoon sun sinking to rest in the west east for a moment its brilliant and departing rays upon a solitary farmhouse in the Berkshire hills, then the bright glows faded away; the sun disappeared behind the mountain, and it was a soft, beautiful twilight. It was May, and the spring had been unusually early. All the air was filled with the fragrance of May flowers. The apple trees in the orchard were laden with pink and white blossoms. All along the streams and upon the hillsides the frogs were croaking in absolute contentment. It was a pleasure to breathe that delicious country air. It was a pleasure to live on this glorious evening, even if one's horizon was narrowed to the limits of a farm among the hills.

Two women come out of the farmhouse and sit down upon the porch in the twilight. They are mother and daughter. The mother has an earnest, thoughtful look in her face, which is fair still, although her hair is snowy white. The girl is beautiful truly, and her mother is very fond and proud of her. The mother sits in a large armchair and her daughter on the steps at her feet. As the mother tenderly strokes the abundant tresses upon her fair young daughter's head she questions her very earnestly.

All around the farmhouse there is peace and quiet, the silence broken only by the mother's sweet, calm voice as she addresses her daughter thus: "So my little lassie has had an offer of marriage and cannot decide what her answer shall be? Ah! do not blush, my dear, for I have known all along how John loved you, though I have been worried for fear you did not appreciate his good heart and honest nature. I was afraid you would hesitate, dear, before you gave him your answer, because he is only a farmer lad; but John would be loyal and true to his wife; besides he is a thrifty, industrious young man. Ah, yes; I will admit John's not stylish, or what some would call refined, but it is character, dear, one must look at, and all the neighborhood knows John's good



I HAVE COME TO GIVE YOU YOUR FREEDOM.

principles. Yes, dear, we know all about that young man from the city, and I am not denying but what he has been kind and polite to you; but John loves you, and a true, honest heart has John.

"You don't like the idea of farming? Why, your father's a farmer, child! Was it not only this morning that you were telling me how dearly you loved your father and what a grand good man he was? You think that a father's occupation is different from a husband's? My dear little girl, one must be wise in making a choice for life. 'Fine feathers do not make fine birds,' and though John is rather plain in his looks he would always be proud of his wife. You say you are not sure that you love him and that you may love that city young man?"

"Well, dear, I will have to tell you the story of my own love affair, a story you have never known. I should not tell it to you now, but it may help you to decide about John. As you know, I was born down in the village, and was considered the village belle. My father was a graduate from Williams college, although he was poor and a farmer, so I had better advantages in the way of education than most country girls, and was deemed quite accomplished. When I was about your age I, too, had a lover—he was something like your John. He was rough in his ways, a farmer, and often his hands were soiled with honest work, which did not please my girlish fancy then; but I lived to learn that it was better to have soiled hands than to have a soiled soul.

"But at 18 I felt as you do now, and knew that my lover was rather plain and old-fashioned in his ways. One winter, just before we were to have been married, some city young men visited our village and gave concerts and shows in the schoolhouse. Much to our astonishment they remained in the village all winter, and one of them boarded at our house. My mother was dead then and father and I lived together. The city young man seemed to admire me very much, and soon I was listening to his flattering speeches and forgetting my betrothed lover. My new admirer was making love to me, and vowing that he adored me, he asked me to be his wife. He told me I was too beautiful to pass my life in a dreary farmhouse, and that the man I had promised to marry was only an ignorant country farmer—and I, foolish girl that I was, listened to him and believed him.

"I began to be ashamed of my lover and of my engagement and to look with

great pride and admiration upon my new lover's soft white hands and his stylish and expensive clothes. He was very handsome and apparently refined, and believing him wise and good I loved him and promised to be his wife. He paid me marked attention before everyone. When my old lover heard of it he came at once to my father's house. Taking me by the hand, he said: 'My girl, they are saying in the village that you have grown tired of me and that a man has come between us. I have come to give you your freedom, I am glad you have a chance to marry a fine gentleman, for I was a fool to think I was worthy of you. I hope you will be happy but I shall not forget you, lassie, and wherever you may go to live remember I shall always be your friend, for I love you with all my heart.'

"I blushed before his honest eyes, but I could not deny the truth. I was in love with the city young man and wanted to marry him, so I thanked my old lover for his kindness and bade him good-by. I shall never forget his look of pain and sorrow, as he took my hand and said 'Good-by,' and the real tears in his honest eyes troubled me for many a day.

"Well, I married my New York lover and went to the city to live. At first I was very happy, but as the weeks went by I found out that my husband had many vices. I learned with horror that he was a gambler, and was also dishonest. The stylish clothes which he always wore were not obtained honestly. He drank and gambled a good deal. He was always in debt and trouble. I discovered with keen sorrow that the winter he had spent in the country was while he was avoiding the law. He had many disreputable companions, and often I was obliged to listen to fiendish plots. I was heart sick and discouraged and knew not what to do. Twice during the first year of our marriage he struck me while he was under the influence of drink. In less than two years he deserted me. Deserted me for another fair young girl whom he had won by flattering speeches as he had won me. He left me without a penny, and with a baby girl only a few weeks old.

"God alone knows what I went through then. I was a sad, broken-hearted woman, grown old in two short years. I was weak and ill, utterly poor and so terribly wretched that I prayed earnestly for God to let me and my poor baby die. But we did not die. A poor woman who lived in the house with me was kind to me and nursed my wee baby for me. I could pay her nothing; she knew that, but she helped me because she was a woman and knew what a woman could suffer.

"Two months after my husband deserted me I read of his death. He was killed in a gambling saloon by a man whom he had robbed, and all the New York papers published scandalous accounts of it. How I suffered then! But had he lived I should never have seen him, for he had cast me aside as easily as he would have cast aside a suit of worn clothing.

"With no money or friends in New York, I knew I could only starve or beg in the streets, so for my baby's sake I wrote and told my father everything, and he came to New York and brought me home, back here to the Berkshire hills. How sorry I was that I had ever left the dear, peaceful old place!

"The news of my husband's disgraceful death had preceded me, and everyone in the village knew that he had been a gambler and had shamefully deserted his wife. It was an awful blow to my high spirits and pride, and to my old father's, too, for all the townspen had thought I had married so well. The neighbors were all kind and good to me, and I learned then that country-bred people are not the kind to love you in prosperity and hate you in adversity. I found I had many good friends at home, and no one was more true and loyal than my old rejected lover.

"A year after I returned home my father died and his old place was sold for the mortgage. Again my baby and I were without a home. Then my old lover came to me, and, taking my hand, he said: 'I love you, my lassie, the same as ever. Be my wife and forget all the trouble you have had. The baby needs a father, and my home is all ready and waiting for you both. Will you come?'

"We were married soon after that and came to live in this farmhouse. I fully appreciated then all my old lover's manliness and goodness of heart. I loved him dearly then and I love him dearly now. He has been kindness itself to me all these years and has made me a happy wife. He has made us very happy here and done for us all he could. He has been so affectionate to my poor little baby girl that she has never known that he was not her own dear father, and now she is a grown woman and has lovers of her own.

"There, dear, do not cry; it was best that you should know the story. Father and I have known all along how you have felt about your lovers, and we want you to marry John.

"What is that you are whispering, lassie? You have loved John the best all the time and that he is coming tonight for his answer, and you are sure now what it will be? Ah, I know you will never be sorry, for John is a good lad and true, and father is as fond of him as he would have been of his own son."

For a moment there was silence, then as a distant step was heard as if some one were approaching, the mother arose from her armchair and said: "It has grown quite dark already, and there is some one coming through the orchard. Yes, dear, I know it is John coming for his answer, and you may run into the orchard and meet him and ask him to come into the house to tea. Listen—he is whistling 'Annie Laurie.' How happy the dear boy is!"—Troy Times.

To Make an Impression. Use the fewest possible words when you have anything to say.—Chicago Daily News.

HEBREWS IN FIERY FURNACE.

International Sunday School Lesson for July 10, 1890.—Text, Daniel 3:14-28.—Memory Verses, 10-18.

(Specially Adapted from Peloubet's Notes.) GOLDEN TEXT.—Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us.—Dan. 3:17.

READ THE ENTIRE CHAPTER. LIGHT FROM OTHER SCRIPTURES. Examples of Deliverance.—Joseph, Noah, Heshkiah, Peter, Paul and Heh. 11:22-27; Rev. 7:14-17; Promises.—Isa. 43:2; Psa. 124:6-10; Jer. 33:19; 2 Cor. 4:17-18; Rom. 8:17; Jas. 1:2, 3, 12; 1 Pet. 1:7; 4:12-14.

PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—Soon after the conquests described in 2 Kings 24:1-21; 2 Chron. 36:11-21; Jer. 51:1-18.

PROPHETS.—Jeremiah at Jerusalem, Kohelel who lived by the river Chebar, in Babylonia, perhaps the royal eunuch from the Euphrates to the Tigris, 80 miles from Babylon. Daniel in Babylon.

TIME.—The date is uncertain, but probably between 585-580 B. C., soon after the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, and the completion of his conquests over most of the then known world.

PLACE.—The plain of Bura, within the limits of Babylonia, where a mound of brick 10 feet high now exists, which Oppert thinks was probably the pedestal of this colossal image, so Scribner's Dictionary of Bible, 1884.

RULES.—Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylonia (584-561). Zedekiah, last king of Judah. Pharaoh Hophra, king of Egypt. The seven wise men of Greece (Solen, etc.) flourish at this period.

EXPLANATORY. Introductory.—Nebuchadnezzar had just returned from a triumphant campaign against his enemies in the west and south—against Egypt, Syria, and Arabia—and he celebrates his return by the erection of a colossal image and a grand religious festival. The image was made of gold, probably not of solid gold, but of wood or clay covered with plates of gold. The great image of Bel is said, in Bel and the Dragon (v. 7), to have been of clay within and brass outside.—Apoerypha.

"Nebuchadnezzar, like other despots who suffer from the vertigo of autocracy, was liable to sudden outbursts of almost spasmodic fury. We read of such storms of rage in the case of Antiochus Epiphanes, of Nero, of Valentinian I., and even of Theodosius. The double insult to himself and to his god on the part of men to whom he had shown such conspicuous favor transported him out of himself."—Farrar.

I. The Faithful Three Arraigned before the King.—Vs. 14-19. "Is it true?" Is it of purpose? Did you intend to refuse my command, or was it a misunderstanding that can be passed over? V. 16. "We are not careful." Old English for anxious, solicitous. R. V. We have no need. (1) Because it would be useless to reply to the king in his present temper. They could not change him. (2) Their actions had answered him already. (3) Their minds were made up, and nothing could change them. V. 19. "Nebuchadnezzar full of fury," so that his "visage was changed" with his passionate excitement.

II. In the Fiery Furnace.—Vs. 19-23. "Heat the furnace one seven times more!" Expressing the fierceness of the fury burning in his heart, and rendering it impossible that any could be rescued from such flames. The fact is mentioned to show the greatness of the deliverance that followed. V. 21. "Bound in their coats," etc. "Herodotus describes the Babylonians as wearing a long undergarment or shirt of linen, which reached down to the feet. Over this they wore a woollen gown or tunic, shorter than the other (hats in A. V.) and a short hood or cape over their head and shoulders. This description is exactly borne out by the sculptures on the monuments. 'Coats' are the long undergarment; 'hosen' is the cape that was thrown over the head and shoulders, and bound round the head with a fillet, exactly as to this day the Bedawee and Syrians wear the kedieh of silken or woollen stuff, and fasten it round the head with a camel's-hair cord."—Canon Tristram.

V. 25. "The fourth is like the Son of God!" As the article is wanting in the sacred text, it is more correct to read a son of the gods (as in R. V.). Only a divine being, the king knew, could live thus in the fire himself, or preserve others there. No doubt in reality it was the Son of God, who, as "the angel of the Lord," at various times appeared to the Old Testament saints. He it is who may be found in every fiery furnace of life into which His servants are thrown.

III. The Deliverance.—Vs. 26-28, 26. "Come forth, and come hither!" Nebuchadnezzar makes sure that what he sees is real, and not a mere vision. V. 27. "The princes . . . saw these men." The deliverance was public, unmistakable, and proved by many witnesses. V. 28. "Blessed be the God of Shadrach," etc. The king recognized the power of the Jew's God, and His readiness to defend those who obeyed Him. The miracle would make such an impression on the prince and people that the king could more easily treat the Jews more kindly. The effect on the exiles was also good. It would enrich their faith; it held before them noble examples; it would enable them to realize the power and goodness of God; it was one of the forces that during the exile entirely cured them of idolatry, and prepared them for the return and the rebuilding of their city and temple. Doubtless also it raised them to a higher place among the people, and enabled them to serve their God with less opposition and persecution.

PRACTICAL. There are still erected golden images, before which the world commands us to bow down and worship—success, pleasure, wealth, popularity, sinful custom, palatable doctrines, an easy, lax morality.

We sometimes have to do right, even when it seems disobedience to our country's orders. Doing right is the best way to preserve our country. There are still fiery furnaces for those who refuse to worship the golden image—social ostracism, unpopularity, losses of place and honor, failure in business.



BITTEN BY A SERPENT.

Fatal Recklessness of a Keeper of Reptiles as a Result of Too Much Rum.

What an awful thing it is to be bitten by a serpent! I dare say some of you remember the case of Gurling, one of the keepers of the reptiles in the Zoological gardens. It happened in October, 1852.

This unhappy man was about to part with a friend who was going to Australia, and, according to the wont of man, he must needs drink with him. He drank considerable quantities of gin, and though he would probably have been in a great passion if anyone had called him drunk, yet reason and common sense had evidently been overpowered. He went back to his post at the gardens in an excited state. He had some months before seen an exhibition of snake charming, and this was on his poor, muddled brain. He must emulate the Egyptians and play with serpents. First he took out of its cage a Morocco venom snake, put it around his neck, twisted it about, and whirled it round about him. Happily for him, it did not rouse itself so as to bite him.

The assistant keeper cried: "For God's sake put back the snake!" but



"FOR GOD'S SAKE PUT BACK THAT COBR!"

the foolish man replied: "I am inspired."

Putting back the venom snake, he exclaimed: "Now for the cobra." This deadly serpent was somewhat torpid with the cold of the previous night, and therefore the rash man placed it in his bosom until it revived and glided downward till its head appeared below the back of his waistcoat. He took it by the body, about a foot from the head, and then seized it lower down by the other hand, intending to hold it by the tail and swing it round his head. He held it for an instant opposite his face, and, like a flash of lightning, the serpent struck him between the eyes. The blood streamed down his face, and he called for help, but his companion fled in horror, and, as he told the jury, he did not know how long he was gone, for he was in a maze.

When assistance arrived, Gurling was sitting in a chair, having restored the cobra to its place. He said: "I am a dead man." They put him in a cab, and took him to a hospital. First, his speech went, he could only point to his poor throat and moan; then his vision failed him, and lastly his hearing. His pulse gradually sank, and in one hour from the time at which he had been struck he was a corpse. There was only a little mark upon the bridge of his nose, but the poison spread over the body, and he was a dead man.—Pennyarth Methodist.

TEMPERANCE TIDINGS.

Whisky straight makes crooked paths.—Chicago Record. The real reformer desires to reform, whether he will profit by it or not.—Searchlight.

Havana, Cuba, maintains about 7,000 saloons and cafes. In 500 of these American whisky is sold.—Lever. The Union Pacific Railway company has abolished the sale of liquor in every eating house and at all the railroad stations on their lines.

Two thousand saloons have been started in Cuba since the war closed. Can it be that the saloon has forged to the front as the advance agent of American civilization?

Six of the national soldiers' homes spent over \$234,000 for beer last year in their canteens. Many of the veterans spend more than a half of the amount of their pensions for drink.

Making groceries respectable by law with a view of curtailing drink and removing temptation is like making hell appear a paradise with a view of keeping people away from it.—Searchlight. Mr. G. Aylward, master of Kensington workhouse, recently said: "My experience of nearly 25 years is that if you can keep the working classes away from the public houses my occupation would be gone."

"Can a man take fire in his bosom, and his clothes not be burned?" He cannot; neither can he indulge even moderately in the use of intoxicating drink without putting soul and body in peril.—United Presbyterian.

Hoopston, Ill., boasts of never having a saloon within her border, and yet visitors declare she has more paved streets and sidewalks than any city of her size in the state. She has electric lights, water works, Greek college, splendid high schools, and the largest cannery factory in the world.

INEBRIETY AMONG NOBILITY.

Decay of the Leading Families of Europe Through the Indulgence in Alcoholic Drinks.

In one of the leading quarterlies there is a very significant paper on the decay of the leading families of Europe. While this is only a natural sequence of causes, both physiological and social, the prominence of inebriety in these cases gives it a special interest. It appears that inebriety and gambling are the most prominent features of the final collapse of these families. One old house of Austria had two generations of opium inebriates. At the final breaking up the last member, a prince, had 130 pairs of trousers, 220 coats and 80 pairs of shoes, and other equally numerous articles of clothing.

He appears to have spent most on opium and clothing, and his special pastime was borrowing and swindling his friends and tradesmen.

The female members of the family gave great attention to dress, and followed the changing fashions, using opium in the meantime with spirits, and dying early. Another French family dissolved apparently by the inebriety and marrying propensities of the father and two sons. For many years they were hard drinkers and constantly engaged in intrigues and alliances with women. The estate dissolved and death left a second son a pauper, who disappeared. The collapse of the family extended over two generations, and was complete in embracing every member, who all drank and showed sexual delirium.

A prime minister of England, who was of an old titled family and of great wealth, died from gout due to wine excess, 30 years ago. His son and grandson have wrecked the estates and the family has disappeared. Both the son and grandson were gamblers and drank to excess and died, and the name is now only known to history.

Two old noted Scotch estates, whose history and names have been prominent for three centuries, have been sold recently by the sheriff, and the descendants have all disappeared. The same inebriety appeared in all branches of the family associated with reckless living and gambling.

This is the history of nearly all the old families of the nobility. In some there is a persistence of race stock and a renewal of vigor by intermarriage outside and more healthy living.

It would seem that inebriety is the most fatal of all diseases which destroy these old families. Gambling and speculation may involve the estates and cripple them, and political changes may dissolve and separate the family, but the name continues and the family often appears again on the former plane of eminence. But when the inebriety breaks out, the rule is extinction, to which there are but few exceptions.

These old families are governed by the same laws of dissolution seen in all circles, only they are supposed to be more stable and persistent, owing to more settled surroundings. When they begin to dissolve, they fall apart more quickly and have very little vitality to transmit to the next generation.—Journal of Inebriety.

BRITAIN AND HER COLONIES.

Liquor Comprises Large Part of Her Trade with Them—Our Attitude Towards New Possessions.

Look at Great Britain's colonies and the dimensions of the liquor as carried on by what is claimed to be a Christian corporation, viz., the British Royal Niger company. This corporation operates in the West African dependencies of Lagos, Sierra Leone, the Niger coast protectorate, etc. In 1897 one-fifth of the total import trade into that region represented gin. During 1897 nearly 199,000 cases, or about 2,277 tons, of gin were exported to the West African country. In 1898, the traffic from the two ports of Rotterdam and Hamburg, under the auspices of the British Royal Niger company, amounted to some 124,200 cases, or 3,207 tons of gin. And it is reported by the Rotterdam correspondent of a London newspaper that at the present rate of shipment the exports of 1899 will surpass those of the two previous years. In January and February about 45,000 cases of gin were shipped from Rotterdam and Hamburg for the benefit of the natives of tropical West Africa, in the name of philanthropy and for the cause of civilization. The traders exchange this vile stuff for goods which the natives produce, and then the natives get gloriously drunk, which is another triumph for Anglo-Saxon civilization.

Are the Americans any better than the English in this respect? What of New England's exports of rum to the Congo? What is our record as to whisky in aboriginal America? The Filipinos are now famous for their abstinence from strong drink. They look with horror and contempt upon intoxication. The same is true, although in a less degree, of the Cubans and Porto Ricans, for excessive drinking of intoxicants is not a national vice of Spaniards. The Americans cannot improve upon the civilization the Spaniards have left behind them in this respect, yet there is the greatest danger that American whisky and gin will flow in a steady stream to these new possessions, carrying demoralization and ruin to the native character before the boasted advantages of our rule can render them immune from our great national vice.—National Advocate.

Who Pays the Revenue? Some people say the saloons pay the revenue and so save the people immense amounts of money. What generous fellows saloonkeepers are to be sure! They drain the pockets of the people, mostly the poorer classes, then from their immense profits they turn a small share over to the government. Who pays the revenue after all?—Indiana Patriot-Phoenix.

"He That Stays Does the Business."

All the world admires "staying power." On this quality success depends. The blood is the best friend the heart has. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best friend the blood ever had; cleanses it of everything, gives perfect health and strength.



Never Disappoints.

Wise Hen.

A duck which had faithfully stuck to business during the summer and laid several dozens of large, lawn-colored eggs complained that she wasn't appreciated. "See that hen over there," said the duck, "she hasn't laid as many eggs as I have, nor as big, but she has books written about her and verses composed in her honor, while nobody is saying a word about me." "The trouble with you is," said a wise rooster that was standing near, "that you don't tell the public what you have done. You lay an egg and waddle off without saying a word, but that sort of noise never lays one without letting everybody in the neighborhood know it. If you want to cut any ice in this community you must learn to advertise."—Boyc's Huetter.

Immaterial.

"Hello!" said the voice at the other end of the telephone, "is this Grandma?" "Yes." "Did you write up that story of the man who had inherited a million dollars and was going to try his luck in stock speculation?" "Yes." "Professors say they can't make out from your copy whether you meant to say 'he will find brokers ahead' or 'he will find brokers ahead'?" "I am it all the same. Either one will do. Ring off!"—Chicago Tribune.

Epworth League Convention—Indianapolis Ind., July 20-24.

The Cincinnati Hamilton and Dayton Ry. is the ideal route from Cincinnati, having six fast week-day trains with every convenience in the way of solid vestibuled trains with Parlor and Cafe Dining Cars and Comfortable Sleeping Cars at night. Tickets will be sold at half rates July 20, 21 and 22 with return limit of July 24. If more time is desired a further extension until Aug. 30 may be had by depositing ticket with Joint Agent at Indianapolis and paying a fee of 50 cents. See that your ticket reads via this route. Dr. G. Edwards, P. O. Cincinnati, O.

Route.

"You are wanted around the corner," exclaimed the citizen, combatively. The policeman laughed aloud. "When I am wanted I can't be found. Since I have been found, I can't possibly be wanted!" Here we see how important after all it is to understand something of the formal of scholastic logic which has become the fashion of modern science to sneer at.—Detroit Journal.

Do Your Feet Ache and Burn?

Shake into your shoes, Allen's Foot-Powder, a powder for the feet. It makes tight shoes feel easy. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen Feet, Calluses, Itches, and Itching Feet. All Druggists and Shoe Sheds sell it. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Full of Waste.

First Cat—You appear to be rather muscular to-night. Second Cat—Yes; I caught a nice canary for dinner.—Ohio State Journal.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

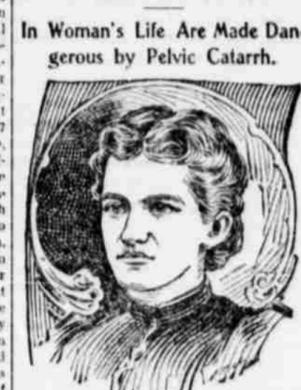
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

When a man is injured in a railway wreck he first asks his doctor if he can recover, and then his lawyer, and about how much.—L. A. W. Bulletin.

Samson was a professional strong man, whose last act brought down the house.—Spare Moments.

CRITICAL PERIODS

In Woman's Life Are Made Dangerous by Pelvic Catarrh.



Mrs. Mathilde Richter, Doniphan, Neb.

"I suffered from catarrh for many years, but since I have been taking Pe-ru-na I feel strong and well. I would advise all people to try Pe-ru-na. As I used Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin while I was passing through the change of life, I am positively convinced your beneficial remedies have relieved me from all my ills."

Pe-ru-na has raised more women from beds of sickness and set them to work again than any other remedy. Pelvic catarrh is the lane of womanhood. Pe-ru-na is the bane of catarrh in all forms and stages. Mrs. Col. Hamilton, Columbus, O., says: "I recommend Pe-ru-na to women, believing it to be especially beneficial to them."

Send for a free book written by Dr. Hartman, entitled "Health and Beauty." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Remember that cholera morbus, cholera infantum, summer complaint, bilious colic, diarrhoea and dysentery are each and all catarrh of the bowels. Catarrh is the only correct name for these affections. Pe-ru-na is an absolute specific for these ailments, which are so common in summer. Dr. Hartman, in a practice of over forty years, never lost a single case of cholera infantum, dysentery, diarrhoea, or cholera morbus, and his only remedy was Pe-ru-na. Those desiring further particulars should send for a free copy of "Summer Catarrh." Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O.

Advertisement for PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the cure.