IN WATERMELON TIME.

I've no pronounced objection to the apple or the peach;
I rather like a berry, either black or straw or blue,
There's a quality or flavor I am partial to in each;
I can eat a plum or cherry with no small enjoyment, too;
In its season I can tackle a nice orange or a fig;
There are times when pears or nectarines go promptly to the spot.
But there's no fruit of them all that suits yours truly like a big
And juicy watermelon when the weather's blazing hot.

I love it, cool and dewy, in its pretty, greenish rind.
When, fagged and warm and parched with dust an inch thick in my thro
I see its rosy pulp—that is, I see it in my mind—
Its generous proportions, and upon the same I gloat.
But when that vision's realized I ask for nothing more;
I'm perfectly and blissfully contented with my lot.
I think there never could be greater happiness in store
Than a juicy watermelon when the weather's blazing hot.

I don't require a silver fork; a plate I'll do without;
A little shade, a butcher-knife—these simple things I pray.
I do no fancy carving, but with reverence devout
I slice it down the middle in the good, old-fashioned way.
I take a semi-circle and my face therein inclose,
I shut my eyes in ecstacy. Maybe you think I'm not
In earnest when I tell you that the finest fruit that grows
Is a juicy watermelon when the weather's blazing hot.
—Chicago Daily News.

Billy's Sacrifice

By JOHN H. RAFTERY.

His name was William Lowther Hereford, but the Gales all called him Billy except Mr. Gale, the head of the family, who didn't like the young fellow. Mr. Gale's dislike for Billy may have been prejudice or it may have been foresight, but it began while his son Bruce was at college and was founded upon and strengthened by Bruce's stories of his friend's lawlessness. Bruce called it "spirits," but his father, who suspected that his boy's extravagance was due to bad company made a shrewd guess that Billy was at the bottom of all the devilment which kept Bruce in debt to tradesmen and in disfavor with his professors.

But Bruce was loyal to his friend, brought him home for the vacation at the end of their junior year and—made him acquainted with Marjory, his only sister, an impulsive, beautiful, athletic and self-willed girl of 20. The Gales expected to find Billy a restless, laughing, harum-scarum "boy" of 24, and, as Mr. Gale expressed it, "nobody expected much of him," but they were surprised, to say the least, at his appearance. Of good height, paler than the athlete Bruce, with very black, wavy hair, calm, wistful, gray eyes, a mouth like a woman's, gentle-mannered, low-voiced, sure of himself, but modest, cheerful, without levity, handsome when he smiled, but seldom laughing; in a word, quite a contradiction to their anticipations of a young man famous among his friends as the most reckless, insubordinate, fun-loving roysterer that ever tantalized a worthy dominie or upset the decorum of a morning chapel.

"I like him," said Mrs. Gale.

"On his good behavior for a purpose," growled Papa Gale, who evidently didn't like him.

"He seems quite civilized," said Miss Marjory, rather spiritedly, but as nobody gain said her opinion, she left the room and joined Bruce and Billy in the tennis court.

His visit lasted but a fortnight then, but when he said good-by and drove away in the pony cart with Marjory, "who was going to town anyway," everybody, including Mr. Gale, felt a trifle lonesome.

"He's poor, isn't he?" the rich man asked his son.

"Yes, but he doesn't know it and wouldn't care if he did," replied the son.

"How does he manage to 'hold up his end,' as you call it, at college?" Mr. Gale looked very foxy now.

"Oh, he doesn't spend money," smirked Bruce, "he doesn't have to—"

"Not while there are spendthrifts like you to spend it for him, I suppose!" grunted the 'old man,' whose ideas of economy were forever getting him into ill humor. He marched off with a warning about the necessity for economy during the coming year, but Bruce lighted a cigarette and went whistling to the stables. Marjory came back in an hour looking quite forlorn.

"You like him, don't you, Marjy?" her brother said, tossing a crab apple at a peacock.

"Indeed I do," she answered frankly, "He isn't a bit like you—like what I expected. If I were you, though, I'd quit telling papa about those pranks at college. He's so prejudiced already that he just can't see any good in Bil—in Mr. Hereford. As for me, I don't mind telling you. I don't believe he could do a mean thing if he tried."

And Bruce was grateful to his sister for these praises of Billy, for, selfish as he was and necessary as Hereford's superior talents were to his success at college, he came nearer to loving Marjory than anyone except, perhaps, himself.

The winter after Bruce graduated, after many objections from the pleasure loving youth, he "went into business" with his father on condition that Billy Hereford also be given a place in the office. Mr. Gale didn't like the idea, but as he happened to need a cashier, and as Bruce's heart seemed set on having his friend with him, and as he couldn't think of any serious "count" against Billy, the thing was settled, and the two friends entered simultaneously as cashier and credit man of the Gale factory. Then it was Mr. Gale's turn to be astonished, not at Bruce's quick progress—that was to be expected of the son of so famous a business man—but at almost supernatural aptness for all manner of commercial achievements which Billy at once displayed. In six months he was easily the best informed man about the place. He coached Bruce now as he had coached him at college, taught him the mysteries of "double entry" and the science of journalizing, "worked" him on the books after office hours and divided the work with such effect that the two young men between them were soon equal to and familiar with every department of the business.

Meanwhile Billy was a frequent visitor at the Gale home. Mr. Gale continued to dislike his cashier, but he could find no fault with him. Mrs. Gale was beginning to "need" him. Marjory—but that was her secret.

It was in November that Billy's visits to the Gale house suddenly ceased.

"How is Mr. Hereford?" asked Marjory's mother, noticing the silent, sullen faces of her husband and Bruce.

"He's gone, absconded, rubbed us!" roared Mr. Gale, with an oath. "Got away with $5,000 before—"

"How dare you!" said Marjory, turning very pale, but her father paid no attention. Billy, he said, had made away with the money; an overdraft at the bank had betrayed the theft. There was no doubt about it, Hereford either could not or would not explain. That was enough for them to know. Mr. Gale would let him go his ways, not because he had any doubts of his guilt, but, well, because he was Bruce's friend, or had been.

It was early in June the following year that the Gales went east for Marjory's sake. She had been failing for quite awhile, and the doctor urged a change of scene, sea air and what not. When they were installed in their cottage at Chelsea, Mrs. Gale telephoned for a phaeton with a driver to take Marjory along the shore drive. Her mother cautioned the man, who was bearded and bronzed, to be very cautious. He seemed very nervous, almost ill, and his hand shook, but the girl climbed in and the phaeton started. When it was in the thicket at the foot of Rogers' Hill, Marjory, tears in her eyes, and her lips quivering, put her wasted hand on his arm, on "the driver's" arm, and said:

"I know you, Billy."

"I wish you did, Miss Gale," he answered, very quietly, looking out across the sea.

"I know you didn't do it, Billy," she whispered, "you needn't prove it, I'm quite satisfied—"

He looked 'round quickly, his fine eyes dilating, his brunet face flushing beneath the tan.

'What—who—did Bruce tell you? He should not have done it. He promised me he would keep silent. But you won't hold it against him, will you, Miss Marjory. It was gambling, nothing else. Bruce is all right, Mar—Miss Gale, 'just can't overlook a bet,' as he used to say. He promised me he'd quit it."

"But—so Bruce is 'all right,' but mean enough to let you suffer for him? He—"

"No, no, he wanted to explain, to confess, indeed he did," interrupted Billy. "didn't he tell you? I wouldn't let him. He had everything to lose and nothing to gain by disgracing himself, and all of you. While I! What did it, what did it matter? I have nobody, no friends except Bruce—and—"

"You have me, Billy." There was a long pause before he said: "God bless you, Marjory. I hoped so, and—and, I intended to find out for sure, but Bruce got away from me too soon, and then it was too late."

And, though Marjory went driving every day till September, it took all her ingenuity and all her eloquence to persuade her driver that the best thing to be done for Bruce, for herself, for Billy, for all of them, was to put up her brother on his honor to "square" Hereford with Mr. Gale at any cost. And he did it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

TRIUMPH OF WOMEN.

A Number Who Have Distinguished Themselves by Deeds of Daring.

In Brooklyn the other day Mrs. Lennie Kelley saved the life of her aged father by climbing over the dashboard of the buggy in which they were driving on the Coney Island boulevard and seizing the reins that had dropped from his hand and were dangling at the heels of their runaway horse. Would Pamelia or Clerissa, or even Mme. de Stael's extraordinary heroine, Delphine, have done that? asks the Philadelphia Times. In Pittsburg Mrs Sarah E. McCloy, in a law court, has just excelled in the intellectual feat of Portia, and has surpassed many shining masculine lights of the bar, for she managed her own case in a breach of promise suit, and proved, too, contrary to the old adage, that she did not have a fool for a client. There were some novelties in her methods of examining witnesses, as, for instance, her telling one of them point blank that he was a liar. In the first case there was a triumph of nerve and muscle, and in the second of nerve and intellect. The obvious conclusion is that the era in which woman was a "downtrodden creature" is fully past, for, with qualifying experience of the world, she is now quite capable of defending her own and of holding it.

Geography and Poker.

According to Representative Kyle, this episode happened in Pickaway county, O.:

There is in the county a certain crossroads where a patient teacher struggles daily with the development of the young idea. One morning she was giving the school a lesson in geography.

"What is a cataract?" she asked.

There was absolute silence in response, and she explained the meaning of the word.

"What is a cape?"

This was better. One of the children knew it was a point of land jutting out into the water.

"What is a strait?"

Over in the corner a hand went up. "I know, teacher," said a small boy.

"Well, what is it?"

"It beats three of a kind," was the triumphant answer. — Washington Post.

Opium smoking is stated to be on the increase among Russian officials in eastern Siberia.

THE BOY AND THE MERCHANT.

By Sundry Tests an Employer Selects An Errand Boy, and Gets Left.

A merchant prince of this city, needing additional help, inserted the following advertisement in a morning paper:

"Boy Wanted—$4 a week; $6 to the right one."

A group of two or three dozen applicants awaited the merchant the next day in his office, relates the Philadelphia Record. One at a time they were admitted, and to each in turn the merchant said:

"Take this book and read on without a pause or a break until I tell you to stop."

The boy would take the volume and begin to read. The merchant, after a moment, would rise with a sharp exclamation and drop a heavy paperweight on the floor. This, usually, would excite the curiosity of the reader, who would pause and raise his eyes from the text to see what was going on. But if he refrained from doing this, if he kept up a continuous flow of reading, the merchant would put him to another test by taking a puppy dog from a closet and beginning to romp with it.

All the boys but one fell before the test of the puppy dog. They stopped reading, they looked on at the romp with smiles, and some of them even went so far as to say:

"What's the dog's name, mister?"

Those who failed like this were bidden to depart. But the one boy who did not fail the merchant took by the hand. "I want you," he said, "for it is plain that you are master of yourself. I told you to keep on reading, and you kept on, though to test you I dropped an iron paperweight and played with a puppy dog. I'll take you, therefore, into my employ at $4 a week, and if you do as well as I think you will your salary will be raised to $6 a week within nine months."

The boy, who had an honest, open countenance, said: "I thank you, sir. Mother will be glad to hear of this. I will report for duty at eight o'clock to-morrow morning."

And bowing politely, the lad withdrew, holding his cap in his hand.

The merchant gave him, the next morning, $25 in greenbacks to deposit in the bank. "You are master of yourself," he said, "and without fear I give you a position of trust at once."

The boy set out for the bank, but never reached it. Neither did he ever return to his employer again. He disappeared completely. He was a scoundrel and a thief.

Thereafter, in engaging help, the merchant was guided by references rather than by tests.

TO CAN FRUIT PULP.

Timely Recipes from a Reliable Source for the Preserving Season.

Use only fresh, ripe fruit, sorting it over so as to remove all decayed pieces, says Table Talk. Mash thoroughly with a wooden beetle and measure. For moderately sweet fruit such as cherries and raspberries allow one-half of a pound of sugar to the pint of fruit; for those more acid a larger proportion of sugar must be taken—currants, which are usually most acid of all, needing one pound. For each quart of pulp allow one-half of a pint of water. Bring water and sugar to a boil, stirring until the latter is dissolved. Add the pulp, bring to the boiling point and simmer for from five to ten minutes, according to the natural firmness of the fruit. Pour at once into jars or cans and seal. This method will give a fruit pulp such as is now in use for soda fountains.

If a clear fruit juice is what is desired, the fruit, after being mashed, should be turned into a preserving kettle and heated slowly to the scalding point. Turn into bags made of two or more thicknesses of cheese cloth wrung out of cold water, and let drip until all the clear juice has drained out. If it is desired to extract every particle of juice the bags may now be squeezed, but the resultant juice should be kept separate, as it will not make a clear syrup. Have ready a quantity of syrup made with equal quantities of water and granulated sugar stirred until dissolved and brought to the boiling point, then kept warm at one side of the fire. To the fruit juice add sufficient of this syrup to sweeten to taste. Have ready a number of jars or bottles which have been sterilized in boiling water; if jars, sterilize the tops as well; if bottles, place the corks in boiling water and boil slowly for half an hour. Also have on the fire a patent canner or a boiler partly filled with warm water and so protected at the bottom with straw, hay or some narrow boards, that the jars will not be cracked. Fill the jars, place in the canner or boiler, cover closely, and when the water reaches the boiling point keep it at that temperature for from 30 to 45 minutes, according to the size of the jars or bottles. Before lifting from the fire put on the covers or corks and tighten as they cool. If corks are used drive them in well, tie down with fine but strong twine, and when cold dip the cork and mouth of each bottle into melted parraffine.

Cherry Custard Pudding.

Line a dish with slices of sponge cake, then add a layer of stoned cherries; then pour in rich almond custard; then add a layer of cake, and continue till the dish is filled, having the last layer cake. Frost the top thickly with a soft white icing, flavored with bitter almond. Serve very cold with a cherry juice sauce.—Ladies' World, New York.

English Walnut Cake.

Four eggs, two cups sugar, one cup butter, one cup milk, three cups flour, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one pound English walnuts, mix sugar and butter to a foam with the hands, add walnuts in small pieces.—Boston Globe.

Kiss Pudding.

One pint of milk, one-half cup of sugar, yolks of three eggs, whites for the top, one and one-half tablespoonfuls of cornstarch. Let milk, sugar and eggs come to a boil, then add the cornstarch.—Detroit Free Press.

THE REALM OF FASHION.

Pretty Combinations of Lace Appliques and Embroideries in Summer Costumes.

One of the latest fancies in the way of trimming is the use of very fine woolen laces and insertions in ivory white, cream color, and pale soft tints to match etamine, voile, albatross, or other woolen gowns. They appear in the form of yokes, blouse vests, sailor collars, edgings, and medallions of various sizes, and are in design like the old yoke patterns, only the new weaves are altogether finer and more like the silk laces with fine net backgrounds, reports the New York Post.

The combination of lace bands and appliques with fine Swiss embroideries of different tints and widths is very popular. This is one of the forms of decoration in which endless changes are now made; and waists and skirts of white India mull, batiste, linen lawn, and real French organdie are combined with ecru laces. Persian appliques that are rather decided in coloring, and delicate Swiss embroideries. To produce a still more striking effect, many Parisian designers add black velvet ribbon threadings, swinging loops, and choux to various portions of the blouse bodice.

On some of the latest picture and garden-party hats are seen garlands of tea roses, pink geraniums, or carnations combined with pure white quills, wings, or with an entire blackbird of good size nestled on the very top of the flat crown among soft loops and draperies of white malines, net, or chiffon. The hats are otherwise severe in effect, the edges bound in black velvet, a simple band of twisted lawn being laid under the roses.

Plain colored muslins are considered newer and smarter than the figured, but never have there been more fancy mulls and muslins worn. A charming creation for afternoon wear is of cream-white silk muslin patterned with shadowy flowers and foliage in the various deep and delicate shades of green. The demi-trained skirt is in five-gored form, with entre deux of cream lace covering each seam, and the upper and lower edges of the circular flounce. Rows of the insertion cross the full blouse front a la Breton, and similar lines finish the edges of the open bodice vertically. The blouse and undersleeves are formed of cream-colored batiste, with transparent collar of featherboned net, covered entirely with lace. To be worn with this costume is a Maud Muller hat of cream-colored Tuscan, decorated with mignonette blossoms, and rose and fern foliage matching the design in the dainty muslin, and bound on the edges with a wide bias of moss-green velvet.

Lace which is used so lavishly on gowns and fancy waists, is also used on many of the summer wraps. A black lace Charles IX. cape, bordered with a white lace flounce, which falls in turn over an accordion-plaited one of fluffy white chiffon, is lined also with the chiffon. There is a bertha-like collar about the open neck, which is strapped with guipure lace insertion bands laid over green mousseline de soie, and held down with emerald buttons at the pointed end of each strap.

THE HUMILIATION OF SMITH.

A Student of Sociology Mistakes His Man and Gets Serious Set-Back.

Self satisfaction, now that self-preservation is quite unimportant compared with the selection of a police force, is the first law of nature, and it is amazing how easily the great majority of humanity manage, in spite of physical, mental or moral imperfections, to carry the command: "Be satisfied," into effect, says the Detroit Free Press.

To be satisfied with one's self and envious is not a class prerogative. The man on Grub street is as content with his position in life as the one on Millionaire's row can hope to be. Money is not the secret of it, neither is education.

The incident to be related is not broadly illustrative; but it may be illuminating.

Smith is a man of education, whose particular study is sociology. Much of his time is spent among children of the poorer classes, and in the vacation period, when these are congregated in the play grounds of the city, he works among them directing their play.

Visitors to the grounds are frequent, but few ask questions. Recently, however—so Smith informed the writer—a young fellow appeared, watched the children for a time, seemed interested, and asked a few questions about them.

As the young man was neatly dressed, clean shaven, quiet in manner, and not unintelligent looking, Smith was prepared to find him a student of problems, like himself.

"Are you interested particularly in this kind of work? Perhaps you are doing elsewhere as I am doing here?" said Smith.

Smith said that the smile which preluded his reply was crushing. "O, no," said the youth, "I've got a good trade."

Pineapple Jelly.

Cut fine the core and eyes of pineapples that have been used for preserving. Wash and cut, without peeling, some tart apples; cut them in quarters; remove the core and cut the quarters in thin slices; measure the pineapples and the apples, and allow for each tin quartful one pint of water; place them in a kettle with the water over the fire and cook, without stirring, till tender. Put a sieve over a bowl; pour in the fruit and drain off the juice without disturbing the apples. Place a colander over another bowl and a square piece of flannel in the colander; pour in the juice and strain it; then measure. Allow for each pint one pound of sugar, place the liquid and sugar over the fire and boil till a drop put on a plate will retain the shape of a bead without spreading. All scum should be carefully removed while the boiling is going on.—Ledger Monthly.

Contrary Indeed.

"He is the most contrary man I ever knew.'"

'What has he done now?"

"Why, he actually contested his wife's suit for divorce."—N. Y. Times.

CUTTING THE KEY LOG.

Thrilling Story of Self-Sacrifice in Releasing the Victim of a Log Jam.

The logs heaped upon themselves, wedged and ground into one another in what seemed to be an inextricable mass. A few individual logs were drawn out with the rope and horses, but the other logs only seemed to groan, make a little move, and pack the closer. One, two, three, four days they all worked and failed. The water had risen considerably because of the jam and was forcing other logs back against the banks above the falls, relates a writer in the Christian Endeavor World.

Almost distracted with his perplexity, Mr. George was carefully examining this backward action, when the logs under him made a move, dropping him into the water, and pinning him at the thigh between the logs and the rocky shore. It looked as if his legs would be crushed—such was the backward force of the water and logs. Alarm was sounded. Men tried to force the logs back to get the young master out, but in vain. A rope was tied around his waist, and they tried to draw him out, but that also was in vain.

The foreman, who had been making a new and careful survey of the jam, came up to report to Mr. George that he had found the key log, and that there was no other way in which to break the jam than by getting that log out, or by having some one go out over the falls, in front of that mighty mass of timber, and accumulated water, and cut that log. But he found his young master pinned by the logs and unconscious with pain.

He called some of his men for consultation. They all agreed that the only way to break the jam and free their master was to get that key log started or broken. To this log the rope was fastened, and with horses and men another effort was made to extricate it; but it would not move. The foreman seized an axe and started for the log.

"Boys," said he, "look after Mr. George. When the logs move, drag him out quickly at all hazards. If I am killed, give my respects."

And the noble, stalwart man, nimble as a cat, ran over the logs and began chopping the key log in two. There were men on the bank ready to help him if he could be helped. Swiftly the big chips flew. Suddenly, with a growl, a crash, a thundering roar, the jam broke, and ere the brave man could reach the shore it carried him among the tumbling logs and seething waters to an untimely end. At the first movement of the jam the logs that pinned the master were loosened and he was dragged up and laid on the bank, bruised, but with no bones broken. It was not, however, till after four days' search that the body of the brave foreman was found, and then it was an almost unrecognizable mass of pounded flesh and broken bones.

A DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

Vivid Description of the Biting Scourge of Winter in the Home of Furious Blasts.

The August Century brings forward a new writer in "Eleanor Gates" with chapters from "The Biography of a Prairie Girl." The scene is Dakota 25 years ago, and every phase of frontier life is to be set forth in the completed volume, which is said to be not less strong in its reflection of child life than in natural description:

"An icy blizzard, carrying in its teeth the blinding sleet that neither man nor animal could breast, was driving fiercely across the wide plains; and the red frame dwelling and its near-lying buildings of sod, which only the previous morning had stood out bravely against the dreary white waste, were wrapped and almost hidden in huge banks that had been caught up from the river heights and hurled with piercing roars against them.

"The storm had begun the day before, blowing first in fitful gusts that whistled under the eaves, sent the hay from the stacks flying through the yard, and lifted the ends of the roof-shingles threateningly. By noon it had gradually strengthened to a gale and the steady downfall of flakes had been turned into a biting scourge that whipped up the soft cloak from the face of the open, treeless prairie and sent it lashing through the frigid air. Long before night had begun to settle down, no eye could penetrate the scudding snow a foot beyond the window-ledges, except when a sudden stilling of the tempest disclosed the writhing cottonwood break to the north, and the double row of ash saplings leading south to the blotted printless highway.

"With darkness, the fury of the blizzard had redoubled, and the house had rocked fearfully as each fresh blast struck it, so that the nails in the sheathing had snapped from time to time, ringing in the tense atmosphere like pistol-shots. Momentary lulls—ominous breathing-spells—had interrupted the blizzard; but they had served only to intensify it when it broke again. As it rose from threatening silence to rending shrieks, the bellowing of the frightened cattle, tied in their narrow stalls, had mingled with it, and added to its terrors.

"But, when another wild, sunless day had come in, the drift-piled home had ceased to shiver and creak or admit any sounds from without. Hour by hour it had settled deeper and deeper into the snow that weighted its roof and shuttered its windows, until, shrouded and almost effaced, it lay, at last, secure from the tempest that swept over it and deaf to the calls from the buried stables."

Sounds Like It.

Mrs. Richmond—I hear that Mr. Westchester has distinguished himself at ping-pong.

Mrs. Bronxborough — Ping-pong? Let me see. Is that in the Philippines or in China?—Judge.

A Sure Sign.

"Is he rich?"

"Oh, dear, no! Why, the coming of the tax assessor doesn't even worry him.—Philadelphia Post.

Most Extraordinary.

"I have noticed," said Willie Spanker, "that a felt slipper is not felt so much as one which is not felt at all."—Judge.

CONGRESSMAN ALDRICH ENDORSES THE TONIC, PERUNA.

Says: "It Will Build Up a Depleted System Rapidly."

Hon. W. F. Aldrich, Congressman from Alabama, writes from Washington, D. C.:

"This is to certify that Peruna, manufactured by The Peruna Medicine Co., of Columbus, O., has been used in my family with success. It is a fine tonic and will build up a depleted system rapidly. I can recommend it to those who need a safe vegetable remedy for debility."—W. F. Aldrich.

H. S. Emory, Vice Chancellor and Master of Arms, K. P.'s, of Omaha, Neb., writes from 213 North Sixteenth street, the following words of praise for Peruna as a tonic. He says:

Catarrh of Stomach.

"It is with pleasure I recommend Peruna as a tonic of unusual merit. A large number of prominent members of the different Orders with which I have been connected have been cured by the use of Peruna of cases of catarrh of the stomach and head; also in kidney complaint and weakness of the pelvic organs.

"It tones up the system, aids digestion, induces sleep, and is well worthy the confidence of sufferers of the above complaints."—H. S. Emory.

Nervous Debility.

Everyone who is in the least degree subject to nervousness, sleeplessness, prostration, mental fatigue or nervous debility in any form, finds the hot weather of June, July and August very hard to bear, if not dangerous.

Hon. W. F. Aldrich.

The only safe course to take is to keep the blood pure, digestion good, and sleep regular. No remedy equals in all respects, Peruna for these purposes. If the system is run down and weakened by catarrh, Peruna renovates and rejuvenates the nerves and brain.

A book on the catarrhal diseases of summer will be mailed to any address, upon request, by The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio.

The above testimonials are only two of 50,000 letters received touching the merits of Peruna as a catarrhal tonic. No more useful remedy to tone up the system has ever been devised by the medical profession.

BABY'S DELIGHT — MOTHER'S COMFORT

FOR IRRITATIONS, CHAFINGS, ITCHINGS, Rashes, Heat, Perspiration, Lameness, and Soreness no other application so soothing, cooling, and healing as a bath with CUTICURA SOAP, followed by gentle anointings with CUTICURA, the Great Skin Cure. It means instant relief for skin-tortured babies and rest for tired mothers.

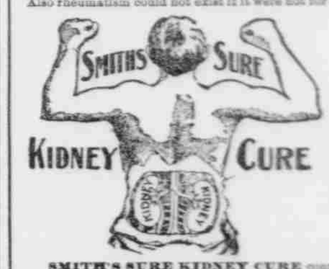
No amount of persuasion can induce mothers who have once used these great skin purifiers and beautifiers to use any others for preserving, purifying, and beautifying the skin, scalp, hair, and hands of infants and children. CUTICURA SOAP combines delicate emollient properties derived from CUTICURA, the great skin cure, with the purest of cleansing ingredients, and the most refreshing of flower odours. Together they form the only speedy, economical, and infallible cure of itching, scaly, and crusted humours, rashes, and irritations of the skin, scalp, and hair from infancy to age. Guaranteed absolutely pure.

Sold throughout the world. British Depot: F. Newbery & Sons, 27 Charterhouse Sq., London, E. C. Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

Have You Kidney or Bladder Trouble?

The Case of Mrs. Nancy Ball.

There are no diseases that more quickly and surely derange the entire constitution than Kidney or Bladder trouble, and it behooves every man and woman suffering from these diseases to have themselves cured at once. The body depends upon the Kidneys to throw off the waste matter of the system, and when it fails to do this the result is an interference with digestion, a sudden stoppage of the free circulation of the blood and a serious weakening of the heart. Also rheumatism could not exist if it were not for weak and deranged Kidneys.



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