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CHAPTER V.

There had been a morning of jubilee in the camp of the Fifth Separate brigade, and a row in the tents of the regulars. Up to within a fortnight such a state of affairs would have been considered abnormal, for the papers would have it that the former were on the verge of dissolution through plague, pestilence and famine due to the neglect of officials vaguely referred to as "the military authorities," or "the staff," while up to the coming of Canker to command sweet accord had reigned in the regular brigade, and the volunteers looked on with envy. But now a great martial magnate had praised the stalwart citizen soldiery whom he had passed in review early in the day, and set them to shouting by the announcement that, as reward for their hard work and assiduous drill, they should have their heart's desire and be shipped across the seas to far Manila. It had all been settled beforehand at headquarters. The "chief" had known for four days that that particular command would be selected for the next expedition, but it tickled "the boys" to have it put that way, and the home papers would make so much of it. So there was singing and triumph and rejoicing all along the eastern verge of a rocky, roughly paved cross street, and rank blasphemy across the way. To the scandal and sorrow of the ——teenth infantry some of the recent robberies had been traced to their very doors. A commissary sergeant had "weakened," a cartman had squealed, and one of the most popular and attractive young soldiers in the whole command was now a prisoner in the guardhouse charged with criminal knowledge of the whole affair, and of being a large recipient of the ill-gotten money—Morton, of the adjutant's office, a private in company K.

What made it worse was the allegation that several others, non-commissioned officers and "special duty men," were mixed up in the matter, and Canker had rasped the whole commissioned force present for duty in his lecture upon the subject and had almost intimated that officers were conniving at the concealment of the guilt of their sergeants rather than have it leak out that the felony was committed in a company of their commanding.

He and Gordon had had what was described as a "red-hot" row, all because Gordon flatly declared that while something was queer about the case of the young clerk, he'd bet his bottom dollar he wasn't a thief. Canker said such language was a reflection on himself, as he had personally investigated the case, was convinced Morton's guilt could be established, and had so reported to the brigade commander in recommending trial by general court-martial. Indeed he had made out a case against the lad even before he was arrested and returned to camp. Gordon asked if he had seen the boy and heard his story. Canker reddened and said he hadn't, and he didn't mean to and didn't have to. Gordon said he had—he had talked with the lad fully and freely on his being brought to camp toward nine o'clock, and was greatly impressed with his story—as would anyone else be who heard it. Canker reddened still more and said he wouldn't allow officers to interview prisoners without his authority. "I'll prefer charges against the next that does it," said he.

And not three hours later, Mr. Billy Gray, sprawling on his camp cot, striving to forget the sorrow of the earlier morning, and to memorize a page of paragraphs of army regulations, was suddenly accosted by an orderly who stood at the front of the tent, scratching at the tent flap—the camp substitute for a ring at the bell.

"A note for the lieutenant," said he, darting in and then darting out, possibly fearful of question. It was a queer note:

"I am a total stranger to you, but I wore in brighter days the badge of the same society that was yours at the university. Three of the fraternity are in my company—one is on guard and he urged me to write at once to you. They know me to be a brother Delt, even though I dare not tell my real name. What I have to say is that the charge against me is utterly false, as I can convince you, but could not convince a court. I am confined at the moment of all others in my life when it is most vitally important that I should be free. Grant me ten minutes' interview this afternoon and if I do not prove myself guiltless I will ask no favor—but when I do convince you, do as you would be done by.

"Yours in Δ Σ Χ,

"GEORGE MORTON."

"Well, I'll be blessed!" said Mr. Gray, as he rolled out of his gray blanket. "Here's a state of things! Listen to this, captain," he called to his company commander in the adjoining tent. "Here's Morton, back from 48 hours' absence without leave, brought back by armed guard after sharp resistance, charged with Lord knows what all, wants to tell me his story and prove his innocence."

"You let him alone," growled his senior. "Remember what Canker said, or you'll go in arrest. What call has Morton on you, I'd like to know?"

The lad flushed. Fraternity was a very sacred thing in the Δ Σ Χ. It was "the most exclusive crowd at the 'varsity." Its membership was pledged to one another by unusual ties. It was the hardest society for a fellow to get into in any one of the seven colleges whereat it flourished, and its mystic bonds were not shaken off with the silken gown and "mortar board" of undergraduate days, but followed its membership through many a maturer year. It was a society most college men might ask to join in vain. Money, social station, influence were powerless. Not until a student had been under observation two whole years and was thoroughly known could he hope for a "bid" to become a "Delta Sig." Not until another six months of probation could he sport its colors, and not until he formally withdrew from its fold, in post graduation years, could he consider himself absolved from its mild obligations. But the boast of the "Delta Sig" had ever been that no one of its membership had ever turned a deaf ear to a fellow in need of aid. Who of its originators ever dreamed of such a thing as its drifting into and becoming a factor in the affairs of the regular army?

No wonder Gray stood for a moment, the paper still in his hands, irresolute, even disturbed. Not to answer the appeal meant to run counter to all the tenets of his fraternity. To answer might mean arrest and court-martial for deliberate disobedience of orders. Canker has no more mercy than an Indian. It was barely 48 hours since he had been publicly warned by an experienced old captain that he would find no "guardian angel" in Squeers. It would seriously mar his prospects to start now with Squeers "down on him," and as that lynx-eyed commander was ever on watch for infractions of orders, Billy well knew that he could not hope to see and talk with the prisoner and Canker not hear of it. To ask permission of Canker would only make matters worse—he was sure to refuse and then re-emphasize his orders and redouble his vigilance. To ask the consent of the officer of the day or the connivance of the officer of the guard was to invite them to court arrest and trial on their own account. He couldn't do that even to oblige a brother Delt. If only Ned Craven were officer of the guard something might be done—he was a college man, too, and though not a "Delt," but rather of a rival set, he "would understand" and possibly help. Guard mount was held toward dusk, and that was four hours away, at least. The prisoner's note and tone were urgent. An idea occurred to Billy: What if he could get Gordon to let him "go on" this very evening? It wasn't his tour. He had "marched off" only two days before, as he well remembered, for Canker "had roughed" him up and down about that little error in copying the list of prisoners from the report of the previous day. Moreover, he had counted on going to town right after "retreat," dining at the Palace, an extravagance not to be thought of at other times, so as to be on hand when the Primes and Amy Lawrence came down to dinner. He had planned it all—even to the amount of surprise he was to exhibit when he should discover about when he had finished his own dinner that they were just beginning theirs, and the extent and degree of pleasurable emotion he might venture on showing as he hastened over to greet them, and accepted their offer to be seated with them, even if he had been so unkind as to dine beforehand, instead of with them. He had set his heart on having a chat with Miss Lawrence as part recompense for all he had lost that morning, and all this he was thinking of while still fumbling over that disturbing note. Time was getting short, too; there was no telling how much longer they might stay. Mr. Prime had brought his only daughter all that long journey across the continent on the assurance that the boy he loved, with whom he had quarreled, and whom, in his anger, he had sorely rebuked, had enlisted there in San Francisco and was serving in a regiment at the great camp west of the city. He had come full of hope and confidence; he had found the young soldier described, and, in his bitter disappointment, he declared there was no resemblance to justify the report sent him by the boy's own uncle, who vowed he had met him with comrades on the main street of the city, that the recognition was mutual, for the boy had darted around the first corner and escaped. His companions were scattered by the time Mr. Lawrence turned to the spot, after a brief, fruitless search, but private detectives had taken it up and "located" young Prime and telegraphed the father in the distant east.

Now, Mr. Lawrence was away on business of his own. Written assurances that he couldn't be mistaken lost weight, and Mr. Prime, disheartened, was merely waiting the report of an agent who thought he had traced the boy to Tampa. In 24 hours he might spirit his daughter away on another chase, and then there would be no further warrant for Miss Lawrence's remaining in the city. She would return to her lovely home in one of the loveliest of California valleys, miles away from the raw fogs and chills of the Golden Gate, and would be no more seen among the camps. That, said Billy Gray to himself, would take every bit of sunshine from his life.

All this detail, or much of it, he had learned from the fair lips of Miss Lawrence herself, for Mr. Prime and his daughter seemed to shrink from speaking of the matter. From the first Miss Amy had had to take the young gentleman under her personal wing, as it were. In her desire to aid her uncle and cousins in every way, and knowing them to be strangers to the entire camp, she had eagerly sent for him as the first familiar or friendly object she saw. Then when he came and was presented, and proved to possess little interest to the careworn man and his anxious and devoted child, it devolved upon Miss Lawrence to make much of Billy in proportion as they made little of him, and for three days or so the blithe young fellow seemed fairly to walk on air. Moreover, she had taken him into family confidences in telling him of the missing son and brother, for both her uncle and cousin, she said, were so sensitive about it they could not talk to anyone except when actually necessary. They had leaned, as it were, on the general and on Col. Armstrong for a day, and then seemed to draw away from both. They even seemed to take it much amiss that her father had to be absent when they came, though they had sent no word, until late, of their coming. He was on his return, might arrive any hour, but so might they go. Now if Billy could only discover that missing son—

Then came an inspiration! Penciling a brief note he gave it to a soldier of his company and bade him take it to the guard tents. It told Morton of the colonel's orders, issued that very day, and bade him be patient—he hoped and believed opportunity would be afforded for an interview that evening. Then he hunted up a subaltern of his own grade whom he knew would probably be the detail for officer-of-the-guard that evening. "Brooke," he said, "will you swap tours with me if Gordon's willing? I have—I'd like mightily to exchange if it's all the same to you."

Brooke hesitated. He had social hopes and aspirations of his own. By "swapping" with Gray he might find himself doomed to a night in camp when he had accepted for some pleasant function in town.

"Thought you were keen to go in tonight—right after retreat," he hazarded.

"Well, I was," said Gray, pulling his drab campaign hat down over his eyes to shut out the glare of the westering sun. "But I've got—a new wrinkle."

"Some bid for Friday? That's your tour, isn't it?" And Brooke began counting on his fingers. "Wait till I look at my notebook. Friday? Why, that's the night of the Burton's card party—thought you didn't know them."

"I don't," said Gray, glad enough to escape the other question. "And you hate card parties, you know you do. It's a go, is it? I'll see Gordon at once." And off he went, leaving Brooke to wonder why he should be so bent on the arrangement.

But Gordon proved an unexpected foe to the plan. "Can't be done, Billy," said he, sententiously. "Canker watches those details like a hawk. He hasn't forgotten you only came off two days ago, and if I were to mount you tonight he'd mount me—with both feet."

"Think there's any use in asking him?" queried the boy, tossing a backward glance toward Canker's tent.

"Not unless you're suffering for another snub. That man loves to say no as much as any girl I ever asked, and he doesn't do it to be coaxed, either. Best leave it alone, Billy."

And then the unexpected happened. Into the tent, with a quick, impetuous step, came the commanding officer himself, and something had occurred to stir that gentleman to the core. His eyes were snapping and his head was high.

"Mr. Gordon," said he, "here's more of this pilfering business, and now they're beginning to find out it isn't all in my camp by a damned sight. I want that letter copied at once." Then with a glance at Gray, who had whipped off his cap and was standing in respectful attitude, he changed his tone from the querulous, half treble of complaint. "What's this you'd best leave alone?" he suddenly demanded. "There are a dozen things you'd best leave alone and a dozen you would do well to cultivate and study. When I was—however, I never was a lieutenant except in war time, when they amounted to something. I got my professional knowledge in front of the enemy—not at any damned charity school. You're here to ask some new indulgence, I suppose. Want to stay in town over night and fritter away your money and the time the government pays for. No, sir; you can't have my consent. You will be back in camp at 12 o'clock, and stop and report your return to the officer of the guard, so that I may know the hour you come in. Who's officer of the guard to-night, Mr. Gordon?"

"Mr. Brooke, sir."

"Mr. Brooke! Why, I thought I told you he was to take those prisoners in town to-morrow. He has to testify before that court in the case of Sergt. Kelly and it saves my sending another officer and having two of our lieutenants away from drill and hanging around the Bohemian club. Detail somebody else!"

"All right, sir," answered Gordon, imperturbably. "Make any odds, sir, who is detailed?"

Canker had turned to his desk and was tossing over the papers with nervous hand. Gray impulsively stepped forward, his eyes kindling with hope. It was on the tip of his tongue to launch into a proffer of his own services for the detail, but Gordon hastily warned him back with a sweep of the hand and a portentous scowl.

"No. One's as bad as the other. Next thing I know some of 'em will be letting prisoners escape right under my nose, making us the laughing stock of these damned militia volunteers." (Canker entered service in '61 as a private in a city company that was militia to the tip of its spike-tailed coats, but he had forgotten it.) "I want these young idlers to understand distinctly, by George, that the first prisoner that gets away from this post takes somebody's commisison with him. D'you hear that, Mr. Gray?" And Canker turned and glared at the bright blue eyes as though he would like to blast their clear fires with the breath of his disapprobation. "Has that young fellow, Morton, been put in irons yet?" he suddenly asked, whirling on Gordon again.

"Think not, sir. Supplies limited. Officer of the day reported half an hour ago every set was in use. Sent over to division quartermaster and he answered we had a dozen more'n we were entitled to now. Wanted to know if we meant to iron the whole regiment—"

"The hell he did!" raged Canker. "I'll settle that in short order. My horse there, orderly! I'll be back by four, Mr. Gordon. Fix that detail to suit yourself." And so saying the irascible colonel flung himself out of the tent and into his saddle.

"You young idiot," said Gordon, whirling on Billy the moment the coast was clear. "You came within an ace of ruining the whole thing. Never ask Canker for anything, unless it's what you wish to be rid of. Tell Brooke you're for guard, and he's to go to town instead."

"Hopping mad," as he himself afterward expressed it, Col. Canker had ridden over to "have it out" with the quartermaster who had ventured to comment on his methods, but the sight of the commanding general, standing alone at the entrance to his private tent, his pale face grayer than ever and a world of trouble in his eyes, compelled Canker to stop short. Two or three orderlies were on the run. Two aids-de-camp, Capt. Garrison and a comrade were searching through desks and boxes, their faces grave and concerned. The regimental commander was off his horse in a second. "Anything amiss, general?" he asked, with soldierly salute.

The general turned slowly toward him. "Can our men sell letters," he said, "as well as food and forage? Do people buy such things? A most important package has been—stolen from my tent."

[To Be Continued.]

Another Convert.

Miles—What do you think of this faith-cure business?

Giles—Oh, it's all right. I tried it once and was completely cured.

Miles—Indeed! Of what were you cured?

Giles—Of my faith in it. — Chicago Daily News.

CURRENT TOPICS.

The first newspaper advertisements appeared in 1652.

There are 219 national banks in operation in Illinois.

During the last two years 41,375 men have been killed in battle.

The present season has been one of particular benefit to oyster farmers.

Cape Town is ordinarily calculated as 22 days distant from Southampton.

A lawsuit which has lasted over a century has come to an end in Ireland.

The number of languages and dialects spoken in the world amounts to 3,064.

There was less poultry buying in London at Christmas than for many years.

In 1850 Texas raised 58,072 bales of cotton. Now she raises 12,000,000 bales annually.

There are 38 yoemanry regiments in England, with a muster exceeding 10,000 men.

The sales girls in a New Jersey town have started a crusade against the use of slang.

It is supposed that the average depth of sand in the deserts of Africa is from 30 to 40 feet.

The queen of Greece is said to be the finest needlewoman among European royalties.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

Forty-three per cent of the fruit trees in southern California are orange and 15 per cent lemon.

Female bootblack are increasing rapidly in France. They wear a costume not unlike that of nuns.

The name of Shakespeare can be spelt 4,000 different ways. The poet himself spelt it 22 ways.

President Eliot of Harvard is something of a pedestrian, and never rides when time and distance permit him to walk.

The longest continuous run of a railway train in Europe is that from Paris to Constantinople, 1,921 miles, in 64¼ hours.

The olive crop of the past year of southern California, including pickled olives and olive oil, was estimated at $100,000.

The number of Irishmen who have been prominently associated with the crisis and the war in South Africa is remarkable.

Pottery makers in Great Britain and the United States of America are drawing up a price list to govern prices in both countries.

Mrs. Gladstone attained her 88th birthday recently, and the bells of Hawarden church were rung in honor of the occasion.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

West & Truax, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Walding, Kinnan & Marvin, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Not So Sure.

At a dinner in Rottingdean lately, a royal academician stated to the company the curious fact that sugar and sumac are the only two words in English where su is pronounced shu. There was much interest shown in the discovery, when Rudyard Kipling was heard from the other end of the table: "But, are you quite sure?"—Chicago Chronicle.

6,434 Letters a Day.

The John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., received 6,434 orders Feb. 26, which is a monster day, but they expect to double this number by the middle of March. The firm is having a great trade in its specialties, potatoes, speltz, Bromus Inermis, Rape, Big Four Oats, Three Eared Corn and earliest vegetables. There is a wonderful demand for onions, cabbage, peas and bean seed this year. Early Bird Radish and Lightning Cabbage, the earliest of this kind in the wide, wide world, are having a tremendous sale. The firm above mentioned is a large advertiser and use weekly newspapers—that tells the story.

Hopeless Bachelor.

"What did Mr. Cummings say to you last night, Clara, when he was trying to button your glove?"

"Why, he said any man who made gloves that wouldn't button easier than mine ought to give up the business."

"Well, dear, take my advice and don't waste any more time in that direction."—Stray Stories.

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write *to-day* to Allen S. Olmsted, Leroy, N. Y., for a FREE sample of Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to shake into your shoes. It cures chilblains, sweating, damp, swollen, aching feet. It makes New or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for Corns and Bunions. All druggists and shoe stores sell it. 25c.

Charged to Account.—Father—"You're altogether too extravagant, sir. Now, what did you pay for that suit you've on you?" Son—"Oh, say, pop, you must think I'm a chump."—Detroit Free Press.

Low Rate Home Seekers' Excursions.

The Missouri Pacific Railway and Iron Mountain Route are now running a series of excursions to the West and Southwest. Tickets on sale March 6th and 20th, April 3d and 17th, at very low rates. Maps, folders, time cards and illustrated pamphlets on the various states mailed free on application to H. C. Townsend, G. P. & T. A., St. Louis.

You can't tell how strong affection is by its sighs.—Chicago Dispatch.

Fortify Feeble Lungs Against Winter with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Pike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

One vice gathers others like a rolling snowball.—Atchison Globe.

Thirty minutes is all the time required to dye with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

"First come first served" isn't saying how well.—Chicago Dispatch.

Piso's Cure is a wonderful Cough medicine.—Mrs. W. Pickert, Van Siclen and Blake Aves., Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 26, '94.

Wee are the people—the Bushmen.—Yale Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

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

The proper size for a lazy individual is exercise.—Chicago Daily News.

POSTED ON FINANCE.

At Least That Was the Impression She Gave Her Sister Club Members.

"It is simply impossible to keep posted on everything," said a club woman to a Daughter of the American Revolution.

"Yes, indeed, it is," admitted the D. A. R. "But sometimes, if you are not quite posted, you can wriggle out of a difficult situation without seeming so very ignorant. For example, I was just saved by my presence of mind at a D. A. R. meeting the other day. Prof. Sparks, of the university, you know, read a lovely paper on 'Governeur Morris, Financier of the American Revolution.'

"'Who is this Governeur Morris?' said a friend of mine from the Fortnightly club. 'Seems to me I never heard of him.'

"There were half a dozen women around, and I was frightfully embarrassed. I never had heard of Governeur Morris, either, but, you know, a D. A. R. is supposed to know all those things.

"'O, don't you remember?' I said. 'Morris was the man who financed the government and borrowed a lot of money to do it.'

"'Thank you,' said my friend from the Fortnightly.

"Now, the fact is, you know, dear," continued the D. A. R., "I really knew nothing of it whatever, except that Prof. Sparks' subject said that the man had financed the government, and I knew if he did that he must have had to borrow a lot of money."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

SCORE FOR THE MENU.

He Guessed at the French and Struck Nothing But Eggs and Toothpicks.

Gilson—Next time I take a girl to a French restaurant I won't be so all-fired smooth. I don't care a durn whether she believes I talk French in my sleep and take a French newspaper, or whether she thinks I don't know a French poodle from a dachshund!

Willets—What's the matter now?

"Last night I thought if I'd go right down the card and pick out something every couple of inches I'd strike it about right. If there's one thing I can't eat it's hen fruit. Well, the first round we got was soup with a dropped egg in it."

"Well, you didn't have to eat it!"

"The next prize package I drew was a plain omelette. I fought shy of it and said I was waiting for the real solid dishes."

"Yes."

"Well, next I got eggs broiled in butter and then egg sandwiches! I couldn't play off forever, and I had to eat 'em."

"Poor old chap!"

"Then I got mad and jumped clear to the last thing on the list for dessert. And what do you think the waiter brought us? Toothpicks!"—N. Y. Press.

Could Change His Mind.

Prof. Hendershott is well known in Pittsburgh as a man of affable temper, and it is rare that he shows even impatience. One day while traveling on a suburban trolley car to call on a friend, he asked the conductor to transfer him to the city street cars at a certain point. Soon afterward the car stopped and he was surprised to see outside the very friend he was seeking. He started to leave the car, when the conductor accosted him. "You can't change for your car here," he said, brusquely. The professor passed him, taking no notice. "Can't change cars here, I tell you," snapped the conductor again. The professor, deep in conversation with his friend, merely waved his hand to signify that the car might go on without him. "Here," cried the man in brass buttons, angrily, "don't I tell you that you can't change cars at this place?" Then the good old professor answered with severity: "But I can change my mind at this station, can't I?"—Golden Days.

Map Puzzle Educator.

Is Iowa as large as Maine? Which is the Pan Handle State? What state is bounded by four straight lines? These and many other questions relating to the geography of our own country answered by the map puzzle sent out by the Chicago Great Western Railway. It is a dissected map of the United States printed on heavy cardboard and the puzzle consists in putting the pieces together so as to form a complete map. It will be found interesting and instructive to old people as well as young. It will be sent to our readers sending 10 cents to F. H. Lord, G. P. and T. A., Chicago Great Western Railway, Chicago, Ill., mark envelope "Puzzle Department."

Was It Suicide?

Brakeman—The trainboy dropped dead in the baggage car a few minutes ago.

Conductor—Poor fellow! Heart trouble, I suppose.

"I don't think so. He had one of his own cigars in his mouth at the time."—Chicago Evening News.

The International & Great Northern railway are sending out a map of Texas, Mexico and surrounding territory that is an excellent production of the map engraver's art, both artistically and geographically. The map is made on an unusually large scale, and is as near perfect as to details as it is possible to make it. Mr. D. J. Price, general passenger and ticket agent of the system, at Palestine, Texas, is sending copies of this map to anyone who asks for it and encloses seven cents in stamps to pay postage.

She (after the proposal)—"You know papa is not rich." He (philosophically)—"Oh, well, I'd rather take his chances than mine."—Harlem Life.

A frog would leap from a throne of gold into a puddle.—Publius Syrus.

Working Women

are invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham for free advice about their health. Mrs. Pinkham is a woman.

If you have painful periods, backaches or any of the more serious ills of women, write to Mrs. Pinkham; she has helped multitudes. Your letter will be sacredly confidential.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is known wherever the English language is spoken.

Nothing else can possibly be so sure to help suffering women. No other medicine has helped so many.

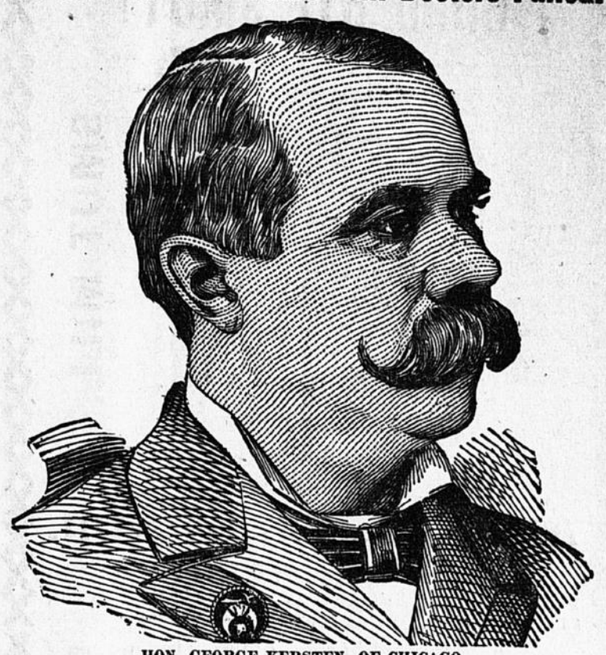
Remember this when something else is suggested.

Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass.

Her helping hand is always outstretched to suffering women.

A NOTED JUDGE SAVED BY PERUNA.

Had Catarrh Nine Years---All Doctors Failed.



HON. GEORGE KERSTEN, OF CHICAGO.

Hon. Geo. Kersten, a well-known Justice of the Peace, of Chicago, says:

"I was afflicted with catarrh for nine years. My catarrh was located chiefly in my head. I tried many remedies without avail. I applied to several doctors, but they were not able to cure me. I learned of the remedy, Peruna, through the daily newspapers. After taking the remedy for 18 weeks I was entirely cured. I consider my cure permanent, as it has been two and a half years since I was cured."

Any man who wishes perfect health must be entirely free from catarrh. Catarrh is well-nigh universal; almost omnipresent. Peruna is the only absolute safeguard known. A cold is the beginning of catarrh. To prevent colds, to cure colds, is to cheat catarrh out of its victims. Peruna not only cures catarrh, but prevents it.

All families should provide themselves with a copy of Dr. Hartman's free book entitled "Winter Catarrh." This book consists of seven lectures on catarrh and la grippe delivered at The Hartman Sanitarium. It contains the latest information on the treatment of catarrhal diseases. Address Dr. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio.

TOWER'S SEAL FISH BRAND

SLICKER

WILL KEEP YOU DRY.

Don't be fooled with a mackintosh or rubber coat. If you want a coat that will keep you dry in the hardest storm buy the Fish Brand Slicker. If not for sale in your town, write for catalogue to A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

CARPETS 5¢ by mail

Free at Your Home.

WALLBLOM PAYS THE FREIGHT.

Carpets Sewed free of charge. Sent fc to pay part postage on samples of latest weaves of carpets. Exquisite designs and colorings. Can save you nearly 50 per cent on a carpet.

Write for Furniture Catalogue FREE.

T. WALLBLOM FURNITURE & CARPET CO., 400-408 Jackson St., ST. PAUL, MINN.

Salzer's Rape gives Rich, green food, at 25c. a ton. Speltz—What is it? Catalog tells.

BUY NORTHERN GROWN SEEDS — FARM SEEDS — Salzer's Seeds are Warranted to Produce.

Mahlon Luther, E. Troy, Pa., astonished the world by growing 250 bushels Big Four Oats; J. Breider, Mishicott, Wis., 173 bus. barley; and H. Lovejoy, Red Wing, Minn., by growing 320 bush. Salzer's corn per acre. If you doubt, write them. We wish to gain 200,000 new customers, hence will send on trial

10 DOLLARS WORTH FOR 10c.

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