## Two Big Pains

seem to be the heritage of the human family everywhere, viz:

**Rheumatism**

and

**Neuralgia**

but there is one sure and prompt cure for both, viz:

## St. Jacobs Oil


### GENERALITIES OF INTEREST.

Athletic sports are taking strong hold in the European universities.

Austria and Mexico have resumed intercourse for the first time since the execution of Emperor Maximilian.

When a crew sets out for the north pole the cost is no small matter. The item of food supply for the Baldwin expedition will amount to $50,000 or $60,000.

In Russia the sunflower is cultivated as a staple crop. The sunflower seeds are an article of diet, being eaten either raw or roasted. The oil is also used liberally in cooking, being practically equal to olive oil.

### NEARLY GONE.

**Mrs. Julia A. Mallahan, of Owosso, Mich., Has a Very Narrow Escape —The Doctor Had Little Hope.**

Owosso, Mich., March 25 (Special).—Elite Rebekah Lodge, No. 2, I. O. O. F., of this town, came very nearly losing their esteemed and capable Secretary, Mrs. Julia A. Mallahan. Mrs. Mallahan caught a severe cold last winter, and like many others, failed to recognize the dangerous possibilities until it had settled in her kidneys, and left her with very severe bearing down pains and almost constant back-ache. It almost carried her off. Mrs. Mallahan tells the story this way:—

"I caught a cold last winter, which I neglected until it settled in my kidneys, causing severe bearing down pains and almost constant back-ache. My health had previously been so good, that I paid little attention to these symptoms, until the disease had gone so far, that my doctor entertained but a slight hope of my recovery.

Fortunately, one of our Lodge Members mentioned Dodd's Kidney Pills. Her description of the cures they had effected sounded like a fairy tale, but I sent for a box, deciding to give them a trial. I soon found that she had but half told the story of what they could do. I bless the day I first tried them, and have nothing but the highest praise for them."

Many very valuable lives have been saved by the timely use of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and not a few of these have been in Owosso and other neighboring Michigan towns. There seems to be no case of kidney trouble or back-ache that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

They are 50c. a box, six boxes for $2.50. Buy them from your local druggist if you can. If he cannot supply you, send to the Dodds Medicine Company, Buffalo, N. Y.


## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

## Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Price 25 Cents. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

**In 3 or 4 Years an Independence Is Assured**

FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

If you take up your homes in Western Canada, the land of plenty. Illustrated pamphlets, giving experiences of farmers who have become wealthy in growing wheat, reports of delegates, etc., and full information as to reduced railway rates can be had on application to the Undersigned, who will mail you atlases, pamphlets, etc., free of cost. F. PEDLEY, Supt. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada; B. DAVIES, 154½ E. Third Street, St. Paul, Minn.; T. O. CURRIE, Box 76, Milwaukee, Wis. Special excursions to Western Canada during March and April.

$25 to $50 a WEEK

That's what agents can make selling IWAN'S PATENT IMPROVED POST HOLE and WELL AUGER. A man can do thrice the work with an "IWAN" than with any other. Used by the U. S. Government, which buys only the best. Highest Award, World's Fair, 1893. Price, each, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 inch, $2.50; 10 inch, $3.00. Users value them at $20.00. Inquire of hardware dealers, or write us for particulars of our full line. IWAN BROS., Box A, Streator, Illinois.

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Allen's Ulcerine Salve cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Ulcers, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Ulcers, Indolent Ulcers, Mercurial Ulcers, White Swellings, Milk Leg, Eczema, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, all old sores. Positively no failure, no matter how long standing. By mail, 65c. J. P. ALLEN, ST. PAUL, MINN.

By Will N. Harben.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

The major was deathly pale and his hands quivered as with palsy. For a moment he could only stare into the sympathetic eyes of his ward, who like a shapely pillar of consolation stood before him.

"Blanche, do you think—think she has gone?" he asked.

"I can't say, dear, dear guardian. I hope not. Don't give up."

He seemed to have a sudden inspiration.

"Come into my study," he said.

She followed and stood in the dark as he fumbled with the electric light fixture. In a moment the little room was illuminated. He pointed to a big iron safe in the corner, and said, huskily:

"She could not go without means. She saw me put $5,000 away yesterday. She has always known the combination."

"Oh, she wouldn't dare to take your money!" exclaimed Blanche.

"She knew I had a deposit in the bank," he said; "besides, what is mine is hers. She knows that."

With trembling fingers he turned the combination bolt. In a moment the heavy door was opened. He drew out a strong box from one of the compartments in the safe and raised the lid.

The money was gone.

"That settles it!" Goddard said this with more calmness than Blanche had expected, but it was the calmness of utter despair. He closed the box almost with scrupulous exactness, then shut and locked the door of the safe. He went back into the library and stood before the fire, his limp hands clasped in front of him.

"Tell me what to do, Blanche," he said, plaintively. "I can't give her up. I simply cannot! I have been under bursting shells and whistling lead as thick as hail and not cared so much as that" (he snapped his fingers), "but I can't face life without her."

A door opened cautiously. Wilkins put in his bald head, fringed with gray locks.

"Shall I serve dinner?" he asked.

"Yes, but I shall not wait," said his master. "I am going back to the city."

Just then there was a ring at the door. Goddard drew himself up and listened, a light of sudden expectation in his eyes.

"Sign here," a boyish voice said to the footman who had opened the door.

"A telegram!" cried the major, and he went to the door and brought it back, tearing it open excitedly.

"Detained in town," he read, triumphantly. "Perhaps you ought to come to the Palace hotel to see me. Will return in the morning. Jeanne."

"Thank God!" he exclaimed, joyously; then his eyes snatched a thought from the depths of his ward's great staring orbs which made him glance towards his study, and she saw the joyous light in his face flicker as if a strong breeze of suspicion had blown upon it. "Ah," he sighed, "but she intended to go, Blanche; she intended to leave me!"

He dropped his hand heavily on the old-fashioned silver bell on the table.

"My overcoat, and the carriage, James," was his husky command.

Blanche linked her tapering fingers over his arm.

"But not before you have eaten your dinner, dear guardian," she pleaded. "When you get to the city she will have dined and you may be the worse for it."

He waited till James had left the room; then he said:

"I could not eat a bite right now if my life depended on it."

When she had seen him put on his coat and leave the room she ran to the window and watched the carriage drive away at the highest speed of the blooded horses. Then she went into the dining-room, bowing to Mr. Talley, who stood waiting for her. They took their places at the long table, he on one side, she on the other. He was a handsome man of perhaps 27, who wore no beard and had the strong features of a successful actor; his hair was thick, moderately long and of a blackness which went well with his dark eyes.

"Is the major coming in now?" he asked her, deferentially.

"No, he has had to go back to the city, Mr. Talley; it was a telegram, I think."

"Ah!" the young man seemed unable to control his surprise, and then it became evident that he found much in her tell-tale face to confirm his sudden suspicion that all was not going well with his employer.

"I only wished to ask his advice about some correspondence he directed me to write." And the secretary's words contained a polite suggestion of apology for his inquiry.

The soup was brought on by Sarah.

"I beg your pardon, miss, but you have forgotten to take your medicine," she said.

"It doesn't matter," answered Blanche. "Never mind about it."

"But Dr. Fleming told me to be sure to see that you took it before each meal, miss."

"Well, bring it to me, Sarah; you are a good doctor yourself."

Blanche followed the girl into the pantry, and when she had taken the medicine she said: "Mrs. Goddard was detained in town to-night. Maj. Goddard has gone to meet her; she will return to-morrow. If the servants inquire you may explain." Then she went back to the table and she and Talley ate their dinner silently. It was as if he knew something had happened to which he had no right to allude.

CHAPTER III.

It was nine o'clock when Goddard reached the city. Immediately on leaving his train he engaged a hansom and was driven over to Fifth avenue and up that thoroughfare to the Palace hotel.

By temperament he was given to introspection and an almost morbid habit of analyzing his feelings, especially when his feelings were hurt. To-night his emotions had crowded him into an attitude of deep self-pity. He told himself that no man had ever suffered as keenly as he was suffering.

The cab took him past the building of which the second floor had been occupied by Jeanne's fashionable establishment when he had met her, fallen under her inexplicable charm and married her hurriedly. It was now with a feeling bordering on suspicion that he saw the brown stone walls of the unlighted structure flit by. He remembered how she had made him faithfully promise that he was never to ask her about her past connections. She had wept copiously at this juncture and he had somehow gathered that her relatives had belonged to such humble walks in life that she dreaded the loss of his love if he were to come in contact with them. He had laughed at such an idea, but in the years of Jeanne's rigid silence on the subject this very mystery had heightened her charm in his eyes.

He alighted from the hansom under the arched portico in the flare of lights about the entrance of the Palace hotel and went into the commodious office, which was at the juncture of two long corridors filled with well-dressed men and women seated in big chairs or strolling about. Strains of music from a Hungarian orchestra filled the air and there was afloat an odor which emanated from a Turkish smoking-room, where dim, sensuous lights burned under massive shades of crimson silk. As he threaded his way to the counter behind which stood the clerks of the house he had a queer feeling in his knees as if he had been sitting too long in a cramped position in the train. How strange for him to ask to be conducted to the room of his own wife! At that moment she seemed quite separated from him.

"My wife is here, I believe," he said to one of the clerks.

"What is the name, please?" asked the man.

"Mrs. Goddard," replied the major.

The clerk consulted a big book of entries with penciled remarks opposite the names.

"You were to come right up, Maj. Goddard," he said. "But your wife said that perhaps it would be better for you to send up your card."

Goddard fumbled in his pockets; he had forgotten his cardcase.

"I have no card," he said, "but I will write one."

The clerk gave him a blank card and a pen.

The major's hands were cold and numb, and the pen slipped from his fingers and fell. The clerk gave it to him again.

"I shall go up without that formality," the major said, drawing himself

"YOUR WIFE SAID IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR YOU TO SEND UP YOUR CARD."

up as if on parade. "What is the number of her apartment?"

"Fifty-six, at the top of the first flight—second door to the left."

The major decided to walk rather than to take the elevator, and he hastened to the stairway indicated by the clerk. He found that his wife had secured one of the best suites of rooms the hotel afforded. She met him at the door and received him in a most splendidly appointed private parlor. It was cozy, too; a lamp with porcelain green-lined shade stood on a center table surrounded by books, late papers and magazines not far from a cheerful grate fire.

"Come in, Rowland, and don't scold me," she said, throwing her shapely arms round his neck. "I know you must have been frightened when you missed me."

He found himself all of a tremble, and his voice refused to come to him readily. He could only press her to him convulsively as he moved towards the sofa and drew her down by his side. Despite her warmth of greeting he was unable to conquer the fears which had laid such a firm hold on him during his lonely ride.

"Why did you do this, Jeanne?" he managed to say, presently.

"Don't scold me," she repeated, but there was a certain reserve in her tone which made him feel that her words had only a perfunctory significance. Something seemed to whisper that he was on the eve of battle, but the war spirit was dead within him; he had the feeling of being conquered.

"Why did you have me meet you here?" he demanded.

"To prove your love for me, Rowland," she replied, and the smile which accompanied her words was the coldest he had ever seen on her face, and yet if but for its remote kinship to former smiles of hers he adored it.

"You never doubted my love, Jeanne; that is a certainty."

"Then I have had you come that we may agree on a plan of action," she said. She nestled nearer to him and took one of his cold hands and pressed it.

"I missed the money, too, Jeanne?"

"Oh, did you? Well, I may as well confess that this meeting is an afterthought, and I do think, if you care for me, that you ought to appreciate that."

"You intended, then, to desert me?"

"Yes, that was the intention forced on me."

"Forced on you?"

"Yes, I cannot go on at Lyndhurst as it is. You knew when I became your wife that I could not remain stationary—not progress. When I married you it was clearly understood that I was to be able to gratify certain desires that I frankly confessed had always had a firm hold on me. Well, your recent speculations have reduced us to Lyndhurst and a trivial income."

"But it will be secure," he rejoined, desperately.

"Oh, I don't doubt its security, Rowland, dear, but it is hardly more than these two hands and my brain used to earn. Oh, you can see what I mean! I am simply an ambitious woman. I want things. I want power, and I am going to get my desires through you, dear husband, or we must part company. I love you as much as any woman could love a man, but my ambition is at least half of me, and it will drag me away from you if you don't come to my assistance."

"Jeanne, you know I would do anything in my power to gratify you. I know I have violated part of our matrimonial contract, but I could not help things taking such an unexpected turn."

She stroked his hand caressingly and raised it to her warm, red lips.

"Listen to me," she began, laying her head on his broad shoulder. "I want to tell you something you do not know, then I shall propose a plan. You remember that Dr. Fleming, the famous English expert on heart troubles, came to see Blanche a month ago—the day before he returned to London."

"Yes, I remember that," said the major, wonderingly.

"Well, perhaps it was because he thought I looked as if I could keep a secret—and some one ought to know the truth—that he made an important disclosure to me. He was deeply concerned after he had examined Blanche and sent for me to meet him in the library. He then told me, and his face was actually pale, for he seemed to like her, that she had the most fatal case of 'aortic aneurism' he called it—an acute disease of the heart—that he had ever met with in all his experience."

"My God, you can't be serious!" exclaimed the major. "She looks so well—and yet, I remember, she is taking his medicines."

"Dr. Fleming explained that to all outward appearances she would be, even to the end, as healthy looking as a perfectly sound person. He says she cannot possibly live longer than two years, and that it is most likely that she will drop off sooner—at any moment. The least excitement or unusual exertion may kill her instantly."

"Does Blanche know of her condition?" asked the major, almost forgetting his own troubles in his vast sympathy for his ward.

"No; oh, no! Dr. Fleming said that the knowledge of it would only prey on her mind and hasten the end. He was afraid to tell you; he said men were apt to show so much concern over matters of that kind that patients would suspect the truth. I promised him faithfully not to hint it to a soul, so you must never mention it or let her suspect you are anxious about her."

"Can nothing be done?"

"Absolutely nothing; the medicine she is taking is just what she needs, and he even advised me not to have her consult any other doctor. I presume, considering the fact that he is such a great authority, his wishes, even on that score, ought to be respected."

"I presume so," responded the major; "but isn't it awful?" Then he came back to his own affairs almost with a start. He frowned and sat silently looking at the fire. It was as if he were wondering what connection this disclosure could have with his wife's strange flight. He gently expressed this idea to her presently.

"After I left you to-day I got to thinking about it," was her answer, and her fingers tightened on his. "Blanche has, as you know, about three millions in her own name."

"I know that," answered the major.

"When she drops off suddenly all that money will go legally to people she never saw, an aunt and cousins for whom she doesn't care a pin."

"That is the truth, Jeanne, but—"

"Please do not interrupt me, dear," pursued his wife, and she began stroking his hand again. "You told me that since you had taken charge of her affairs Blanche's money has more than doubled."

"Yes, I happened to invest it better than I did my own capital."

There was silence in the room for a moment. The muffled strains of the orchestra below stole up to their ears. The handsome woman had never thrown so much power of enchantment into her beautiful, long-lashed eyes as at this moment. She held his gaze as a reptile might that of its wondering, bewildered victim.

[To Be Continued.]

**Penn's Remedy.**

William Penn's keen understanding was often directed toward drunkenness. "All excess is ill," he wrote, "but drunkenness is of the worst sort. In fine, he that is drunk is not a man, because he is so long void of reason, that distinguishes a man from a beast." But if Penn was the living spirit of aphorism, he also knew when and how to apply his maxims. Given a drunkard, he could treat his case in a characteristic yet plain and reasonable way. He was once advising a man to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered Penn. "It is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me." "Well, my friend," said the great Quaker, "when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that grasps it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again." The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it.—Short Stories.

**One of John Brougham's Jokes.**

At the close of a performance given as a benefit to John Brougham, the actor and dramatist, one of the audience threw upon the stage a purse of gold. Brougham picked it up, and after examining it, said: "Ladies and gentlemen, circumstances compel me to pocket the insult, but (looking grim) "I should like to see the man who would dare to repeat it!"—San Francisco Argonaut.


# THOUSANDS OF FAIR WOMEN HERALD PRAISES FOR PERUNA.

**Catarrhal Dyspepsia and Nervous Prostration Make Invalids of More Women Than All Other Diseases Combined.**

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**Letters from Women.**

Every day we receive letters from women like the following. Women who have tried doctors and failed; women who have tried Peruna and were cured.

Miss Katie Klein, 6125 Bartmer avenue, St. Louis, Mo., writes:

"Peruna has done me more good for catarrh than the best doctors could. I had catarrh so bad, but after taking Peruna it is entirely gone, and I feel like a different person."

**Miss Anna Prescott's Letter.**

Miss Anna Prescott, in a letter from 216 South Seventh street, Minneapolis, Minn., writes:

**"I am sincerely grateful for the relief I have found from the use of Peruna. I was completely used up last fall, my appetite had failed and I felt weak and tired all the time. My druggist advised me to try Peruna and the relief I experienced after taking one bottle was truly wonderful.**

**"I continued its use for five weeks, and am glad to say that my complete restoration to health was a happy surprise to myself as well as to my friends."—Anna Prescott.**

A constant drain of nervous vitality depleting the whole nervous system causes the mucous membrane surfaces to suffer accordingly. This is the condition called systemic catarrh. It very nearly resembles, and there is really no practical difference, between this condition and the condition known as neurasthenia, or nervous prostration.

Peruna will be found to effect an immediate and lasting cure in all cases of systemic catarrh. It acts quickly and beneficially on the diseased mucous membranes, and with healthy mucous membranes the catarrh can no longer exist.

**Peruna a True Friend to Women.**

Mrs. F. J. Lynch, writes the following from 324 S. Division street, Grand Rapids, Mich.:

The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O.:

Gentlemen—"I earnestly recommend Peruna to any suffering woman, as it cures quickly. Last year I had a most persistent cough which nothing seemed to cure. Two bottles of Peruna did more for me than all the doctors seemed to do. In a couple of weeks I found myself in excellent health, and have been enjoying it ever since. Hence I look on Peruna as a true friend to women."—Mrs. F. J. Lynch.

Peruna is equally efficacious in curing catarrh of the throat as in curing systemic catarrh or catarrh of the stomach. Catarrh is essentially the same wherever located. Peruna cures catarrh.

**Peruna Makes You Feel Like a New Person.**

Miss Mary Coats, a popular young woman of Appleton, Wis., and president of the Appleton Young Ladies' Club, also speaks in glowing terms of Peruna. A letter recently received from her by The Peruna Medicine Company, of Columbus, Ohio, reads as follows:

"I am glad to call the attention of my friends to Peruna. When that languid, tired feeling comes over you, and your food no longer tastes good, and small annoyances irritate you, Peruna will make you feel like another person inside of a week.

"I have now used it for three seasons, and find it very valuable and efficacious."—Miss Marie Coats.

Diseased nerves are traceable directly to poor digestion, and poor digestion is directly traceable to catarrh. With the slightest catarrh of the stomach no one can have good digestion.

Very few of the many women who have catarrh of the stomach suspect what their real trouble is. They know they belch after meals, have sour stomach, a sensation of weight or heaviness, a fullness, irregular appetite, drowsiness, gnawing, empty sensations, occasional pain—they all know this; but they do not know that their trouble is catarrh of the stomach. If they did they would take Peruna.

Peruna cures catarrh wherever located. As soon as Peruna removes catarrh from the stomach the digestion becomes good, appetite regular, nerves strong, and trouble vanishes. Peruna strengthens weak nerves, not by temporarily stimulating them, but by removing the cause of weak nerves—poor digestion. This is the only cure that lasts. Remove the cause: Nature will do the rest. Peruna removes the cause.

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

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

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