A Beautiful Girl's Affliction.

From the Republican, Versailles, Ind.

The Tuckers, of Versailles, Ind., like all fond parents, are completely wrapped up in their children. Their daughter Lucy, in particular, has given them much concern. She is fifteen, and from a strong, healthy girl, three years ago, had become weak and kept falling off in flesh until she became a mere skeleton. She seemed to have no life at all. Her blood became impure and finally she became the victim of nervous prostration. Doctors did not help her. Most of the time she was confined to bed, was very nervous and irritable, and seemed on the verge of St. Vitus' dance.

"One morning," said Mrs. Tucker, "the doctor told us to give her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which he brought with him. He said he was treating a similar case with these pills and they were curing the patient. We began giving the pills and the next day could see a change for the better.

The doctor came and was surprised to see such an improvement. He told us to keep giving her the medicine. We gave her one pill after each meal until eight boxes had been used when she was well. She has not been sick since, and we have no fear of the old trouble returning. We think the cure almost miraculous."

FRANK TUCKER.
MRS. FRANK TUCKER.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 28th day of April, 1897.
HUGH JOHNSON, Justice of the Peace.

These pills are wonderfully effective in the treatment of all diseases arising from impure blood, or shattered nerve force. They are adapted to young or old, and may be had at any drug store.

SOMETHING HAPPENED.

A Bit of Excitement in the Nevada Desert.

The town of Galt, in the middle of the Nevada desert, contains 11 houses, and you step out of the First precinct of the First ward into boundless alkali-covered space. For two hours we had been lying on the main track waiting for the engineer to find out just what was the trouble with his locomotive and to remedy the disability, and there was little prospect of a resumption of the journey short of half a day of lingering. Every passenger had already investigated the half-acre of town at least six times, and the delay was becoming so monotonous that complaint rose and traveled in waves.

"For heaven's sake!" cried a stout wine dealer from California, "doesn't anything ever happen in such a town as this? Can't somebody think of something to do to pass the time? What interesting occurrences have you here, anyway?" The last question was addressed to a thin, lazy-looking young man, the only male adult resident in Galt who was visible among the 12 or 14 women and children gathered at the railroad tracks.

"Don't nothin' much ever happen here," said the local dweller. "Blame it all, ev'ry goin's on is up at Podiga, the county seat, where there's as many as 17 houses. They've got a trial up there this week, an' all our men folks has been drawed on the jury. That's why I'm the only one here. I'd a gone, too, but I got a sore knee, an' the shurreff wouldn't take me. Always my luck. Never see nothin' nor have no experience. Them six men that went from here'll come back an' talk for two years about bein' on that jury. Plagued shame. A man with a sore knee'd make as good a feller for a jury as anyone else."

"Well, can't we get up a fight or something diverting to pass time away?"

"I ain't agin fightin', but I don't fight only with Ben Hackbarth, fer I can lick him easy. But Ben's on the jury. He'll come back an' blow about it, too. Dog him."

"I'll give a dollar if you'll wrestle or run a race or dance a jig or—or—or—by thunder, anything!"

"Ain't never rassled with anybuddy but Ben Hackbarth, 'cause I can throw him; an' I don't care to run a race, either, unless with Ben, an' he's on the jury. Wisht I was up there havin' experiences, too."

"Well," desperately pursued the tired-out passenger, "isn't there something you can do without Ben Hackbarth? Anything? Anything, I say. I'll make up a purse of $10 for any—"

"Mister, did you say $10?" one of the younger of the bystanding women interrupted. The wine dealer said "Yes," and the girl called the disappointed youth aside and the two talked for a few moments. The proprietor of the lame knee then approached the knot of passengers and said:

"We've decided we'll take you up, mister. That is, if there's ary preacher with you."

"Preacher? You bet your life! We've got a bishop!" yelled the New York business man of berth 7. And he rushed for the sleeper, for he understood the purport of the remark of the Galt man.

"The idy is this here," said the latter. "Ben Hackbarth an' me both been kind o' tryin' around fer this young lady to marry us, an' Ben bein' a kind o' traveled an' experienced man seemed like it'd be natcherl fer her to take him, as she told me in our talkin' just now."

"He'd been as fur as Elko once," said the girl.

"But when you spoke of givin' $10 fer anything, from gittin' married to shootin' at a mark, just so it was done right here and now, she took a notion—"

"Ten dollars is $10," said the girl, succinctly.

The bishop was not averse to uniting two loving hearts, and the whole train turned out to celebrate the occasion. The marriage took place on the rear platform of the sleeper, and some of the women passengers lent effects to deck the bride out regardless. The festivities continued up to the time when the engineer announced that he had patched the defect in the locomotive and was ready to proceed, and then the wine dealer took up a fund for the new family. The conductor even agreed to carry the couple on to the next station for a bridal tour and the Pullman conductor welcomed them to the fine furnishings of his domain. The two left the train at El Boco, being in a sort of daze of delight. The last observation we heard from the bridegroom was this prophetic remark: "I'll bet when them six fellers git back from Podiga they'll be sorry fer thinkin' that nothin' ever happens at home. They'll be sorry they was ever called onto that jury. 'Specially," with a grim smile, "Ben Hackbarth."—Chicago Record.

Disqualified.

"Oh, yes, Miss Birdling is a cultivated singer, but she will never pass for a great artist, you know."

"And why not, pray?"

"Because she can sing in nothing but English."

"Oh, dear! Is that so?"

"Yes, and it is abominably good English, too. You can understand every word she says."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Beyond His Knowledge.

"Do you really mean to stand by what you say about retiring from public life?" inquired the intimate friend just before an election.

"How do I know?" responded the politician. "I'm no prophet."—Washington Star.

A Useful Bequest.

Cumso—I hear that Mr. Scadds left $100,000 to Yellyard university.

Cawker—Is it to be applied to any particular purpose, such as the endowment of a chair?

"The money is to be used for the endowment of a football hospital."—Puck.

Useless Study.

Teacher (severely)—Tommy Smith, come here! Why haven't you learnt your geography lesson?

Tommy—'Cause the papers say there's going to be a change in the map of Europe.—Pearson's Weekly.

A Puzzled Infant.

"Paw," asked the little boy, who had been tackling statistics in the daily paper, "how does it come that most of the whisky and beer is drank by people in the temperate zone?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

From Clue to Climax.

BY WILL N. HARBEN.

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CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

He sat down and tried to collect his thoughts, but it was impossible. Half an hour went by. He heard the jury tramp through the hall, cross the veranda and go out at the gate. Then Matthews rapped on the door.

"Come in," said Whidby.

"Two undertakers are waitin' outside, sir," said the servant. "They both want the job. I tol' 'em I'd see you about it."

"Use your judgment; engage one of them. I can't attend to it." Whidby called to the old man as he was closing the door. "What was the verdict of the jury?" he asked.

"Met his death by the hand of some person unknown, sir. They called me back to open the windows, and I stayed."

"Ah, you remained in there?"

Matthews opened the door a little wider and stood in the opening. "Your name came up mighty often, sir, after you went out."

"My name? What did they say about me?"

"I didn't catch it all, sir, but the detective mentioned the stain on your hand and said it no doubt came from the sheet or from the curtain between the rooms. He said your explanation satisfied him, and that he did not believe a guilty man would wait for the police to come before he washed his hands and then do it right before 'em. It seems to me it would be foolish to mix you up in it, sir, even if you did know about the will."

"Will? What will are you talking about?" asked Whidby, abruptly.

"Why, master's will, sir. They must 'a' opened his desk an' got into his private papers, for they said there was a will makin' you heir to all the property. They seemed to think there was motive enough, but they couldn't fasten it on you."

"What else did you hear, Matthews?" Whidby had turned pale, and was twisting his handkerchief tightly in his hands. "If one is to be suspected of murdering one's nearest relative in cold blood, it is a substantial comfort to know that there is not enough evidence to convict. Did you hear anything else?"

"Nothin' important, sir. There was a good deal said about a report that master was thinkin' about gettin' married, and that he would likely alter his will if he did. Mr. Soddingham mentioned that it had been talked of at the club, but that you had laughed at the report. They seemed to have found some of the young lady's letters with master's papers, and they appeared to point that way."

"I think I did deny the report at first," said Whidby, thoughtfully, "but I confess I had just begun to think my uncle was in love. She is a worthy young woman, but much too young for him, and was influenced by his wealth. Perhaps you had better go and speak to the undertaker. I suppose they will want to put up the coffin in here. I shall go upstairs and occupy the front room. I don't feel like going out; my head aches, and I don't seem to have my wits about me. I could not rest in my old room with the undertaker in the other."

CHAPTER III.

As Whidby ascended the stairs in the hall, Matthews admitted one of the undertakers and his assistants and showed them into Strong's room. Whidby went into the bedroom above, closed the door, threw himself on a lounge, and shut his eyes. In a few minutes he began to feel less nervous. A restful sensation stole over him, and he felt sleepy. Suddenly his mind reverted to what seemed a vague dream of the night before. Was it a dream, or could it have been reality? He sprang up, quivering all over with excitement, but the more he thought of it the more the memory evaded him, till in desperation he sat down on the lounge and buried his face in his hands. Just then he heard a step in the hall, and some one rapped on his door.

He rose and went to the door. It was Matthews.

"Col. Warrenton is dowstairs, sir, and vants to see you."

"Send him up here," said Whidby. "I don't care to go down."

In a moment Col. Warrenton entered. He was a short, middle-aged man, with a red face and iron-gray hair. He put his silk hat on a table and gave Whidby his hand.

"I was dumfounded by the news," he said. "We are such good friends that I waived all ceremony and came right round."

"I'm glad you did, old man," returned Whidby. "Sit down, and excuse me if I am not entertaining. The truth is, I am badly broken up over this affair. Something is wrong with me; I am not myself at all."

The visitor's glance wandered aimlessly about the room in the silence that followed Whidby's remark. Then the colonel said:

"You need not tell me anything. I have heard all about it from Capt. Welsh. He and I have been intimate friends for years. You have not asked for my advice, but, I love you like a brother, and I don't want to see you run your head into trouble for the lack of a lawyer's opinion."

"Why do I need legal advice?" asked Whidby, nervously. "In what way? I don't understand."

The lawyer drew his chair nearer to the young man, who was seated on the lounge, and laid his hand on his knee.

"Of course it is absurd to think of your being concerned in Strong's death, Alfred," he began; "but I am obliged, through the force of habit, to look at such affairs from a professional standpoint. I know you are innocent; but innocent men have been hanged before this, and I have seen men put on trial for murder with less circumstantial evidence against them than there is against you."

Whidby brushed back his disheveled hair with a quivering hand, and stared at his friend.

"You mean that I may yet be accused?"

"It all depends on Hendricks," the colonel interrupted. "He is the brightest man in his line in the world. If he gets on the track of the real criminal, you are all right, and not a soul will accuse you; but if his investigations should be confined to this house it might grow very unpleasant for you. It struck me that this view of the case might not occur to you, and that is the reason I am here. You see, it is well that I came of my own accord, for if you had sent for me it might have an ugly look."

The young man rose and began to walk to and fro across the room. "I am very much obliged," he sighed. "I never dreamed of being suspected. Matthews said that after I left the room during the inquest something was brought up about the blood stain on my hand and uncle's will; but that did not trouble me."

Col. Warrenton's glance followed his friend's form back and forth for a moment; then he said:

"Pardon me, my boy, but do you really know if you got the blood on your hand from the sheet, or from the portiere? Is your memory clear on that point?"

"No; I did not notice it till I started to wash my hands. In fact, the detective called my attention to it. I must have been very much excited, or I would have noticed a thing like that; but, old man, my head is in such a whirl that I do not know what I am saying. I overslept, and feel as if I had been drugged. Besides"—Whidby stopped at the colonel's side and put his hand on his shoulder—"besides, to tell the truth, something has come into my mind since I have been in this room—something I did not remember at the inquest. Perhaps I ought to tell the police about it, since I did not think of it when testifying. As I was lying down just before you came up, something flashed into my mind like a dream. I seemed to recall waiking about my room and being half waked by stumbling over a chair near my bed. I caught the chair to steady myself, and half remember that my shirt, which I had thrown on the chair when I went to bed, fell on the floor. It seems to me that I picked up the shirt and replaced it, and then went back to bed. I know the shirt was on the chair when I waked this morning, but I can't imagine what I was doing up in the night."

"Ah, that is indeed curious," said the lawyer, thoughtfully. "Can you remember passing the portiere, or touching it with your hand?"

"No; I have told you all I remember."

"Was the chair between the portiere and your bed?"

"Yes."

"Was the back or the front part of the chair towards the portiere?"

"The back."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes; it is quite clear to me, though I can't explain why, that I ran against the back of the chair."

"Then you were undoubtedly coming from the direction of the portiere and going towards your bed?"

"It seems so."

"Do you walk in your sleep?"

"Not now; at least, not to my knowledge. I used to do it when I was a boy."

"At that time were you ever conscious afterwards of having done so?"

"Yes; I would sometimes get lost in my room and be unable to find my way back to bed till I waked."

"That showed you had a habit of walking about and unconsciously returning to bed. It was only when something half roused you that you were unable to act for yourself." Col.

"I am sorry about this."

Warrenton reflected for a moment; then he said: "Look here, Alfred; I want to give you some advice. You have truthfully testified on oath as to what happened last night to the best of your memory at the time you were questioned. This little circumstance has since come into your mind. Now, my advice to you is to keep this to yourself, unless, of course, you should be called to testify again."

"Why?" asked Whidby.

"For the sake of your personal safety. Innocent men have been executed for crime too often for one to deliberately put his head into a halter."

"Pooh!" said the young man, uneasily. "It seems like confessing to guilt to keep back anything bearing on the case."

"You are not capable of seeing what is best for you to-day, my boy. Don't say anything about it for awhile, anyway, at least, not till I see you again."

"All right; I can promise that," said Whidby, as he shook hands with the lawyer.

Whidby continued to pace the floor of the room until Matthews rapped at the door.

"What is it now?" asked Whidby, admitting him.

"A lady in the library to see you, sir."

"A lady to see me? Who is it?"

"I took her to be Miss Delmar, sir."

"Annette—Miss Delmar? You must be mistaken."

"I think not, sir."

"Tell her I will be down at once." Whidby turned to a mirror and stared his haggard features and dishevelled hair. "I wonder what she can want," he said to himself, as Matthews softly closed the door. "This is no place for her. Poor girl! She has heard the reports, and could not wait."

Descending the stairs and turning into the library, Whidby found the visitor standing at a window looking into the yard.

"Annette!" he exclaimed, as she turned, and he advanced to her with extended hands.

"Oh, Alfred!" she cried, softly, as she put her hands into his. "I am so sorry about this." Then she saw his face in the light from the windows, and shrank back in amazement. "Why, why, you are ill! You look—I never saw you look so badly. What is the matter?"

"I have had an awful time of it," he said, drawing her into his arms. "I suppose I show it. But why did you come here? Why didn't you wait? I was coming round as soon as possible."

"I couldn't wait, dear," she said. "I simply should have gone mad. I knew you could explain." She shuddered. "Where is it?—your uncle, I mean."

He nodded towards the room across the hall.

"In there. The undertakers have it in charge."

She drew more closely to him.

"This is certainly a proof of my love, Alfred," she said, smiling faintly. "There never lived a soul with a greater horror of such things than I have, and yet I came. No, I could not wait. You know how papa is. He never had much faith in you anyway, and this morning when he heard the news down town he came right home to see me. Oh, he acted shamefully! I hate to think that he is my father. I could not tell you all he said."

Her voice had sunk into a whisper, and she hid her pretty face on his shoulder to keep him from seeing the tears in her eyes.

"What did he say?" asked Whidby.

"Oh, he says they think you did it. He says there is undoubted evidence against you."

Whidby was silent for a moment, drawing his breath rapidly, and looking more careworn than ever. He raised her face with a trembling hand and looked into her eyes.

"Pshaw! Didn't he know that the coroner's jury gave a verdict that—that uncle met his death at the hands of some person unknown?"

"Yes, but he said you were going to be tried for the crime, and that it was the general opinion you'd be found guilty. He said your movements were watched by the police, and that you could not escape. I stood up for you, and we had some hot words. He forbade me to receive you at home, and so I stole away and came here. Nothing on earth would make me think you could do such a thing, and I know you will establish your innocence."

Whidby made no reply. He was thinking, with a heavy heart, of the dream-like impression he had recalled of being up in the night, and of the blood-stain on his hand. To avoid the girl's searching eyes, he turned and led her to a sofa.

"What is the matter?" she asked, taking his hand in both of hers when they were seated, and anxiously stroking it. "You seem absent-minded. You are not like yourself."

"I am awfully done up, Annette," he answered. "You don't know what I have gone through. I am acting on the advice of Col. Warrenton. He is sure that he can pull me out of this, though even he says I am in danger unless—unless the real criminal can be traced."

"In danger? Does he think that? Oh, Alfred, I can't bear it! It was already hard enough as it was, with papa's objection to you on account of your lack of means, and now—to think that you—you! must be tried for your life, that you must be suspected of—Oh, I can't bear it!" And the girl burst into tears.

Whidby tried to soothe her with caresses and tender words, but the horror of his situation bore down on him with such force that he found himself utterly helpless to console her.

"You'd better not stay, darling," he said, presently. "They are going to bring the coffin into this room, and you must not be here. Poor little girl! To think that I would bring such trouble on you!"

Miss Delmar rose and wiped her eyes.

"I was a goose to break down that way," she said, forcing a smile. "I came to try to comfort you with an assurance of my faith in you, and I've acted like a schoolgirl. You will write to me, or send Col. Warrenton to see me, as soon as you know anything definite, won't you?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Don't worry. It will all come out right. You shall hear from me every day. I will send the colonel round this evening."

Whidby stood at the window and watched her graceful figure pass through the gate and cross the street.

"I'm sure I did right in not telling her about that afterthought of mine," he reflected. "It would only worry her, and—and perhaps it means nothing after all. And yet— My God! it will drive me mad! Could I have done it? Will it all come back to me some day?"

He sank on the sofa, covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ALTRUISM IN PRACTICE.

No Place for Extreme Self-Denial in Large Cities, However.

There was once an altruist who had an important engagement in a distant town. Accordingly he went to the railway station to buy his ticket; passengers were not allowed to pay on the train.

This man possessed an athletic and sharp-eyed conscience, which he took along with him because he never could succeed in leaving it behind.

Arrived at the station he found several other people waiting to buy tickets; so he took his place at the end of the line. When he got to the window he was just about to ask for a ticket to ——, when he glanced over his shoulder and saw another man waiting. Preferring others to himself, the altruist stepped aside, and the other man bought his ticket. The altruist was again about to buy when he observed a woman waiting, and again made way.

After her came a number of men, women and children, who crowded so closely together that the altruist could not get into line again and had to go to the foot. Even here fresh people were constantly coming in at the door and he made way for each of them, and held their bundles while they went up to buy their tickets, so that night came before he had got his own at all.

"But there is just time now," said the altruist. So he made a dash for the ticket window, but his conscience caught him by the collar.

"How selfish," it said, severely. "You are going to take the last chance; there is another man who wants it." So the other man bought the ticket, and the window was closed for the night.

"I'll manage better to-morrow," said the altruist. So the next day he came early and headed the line. But just as the ticket window was opened the man behind him said: "Just let me ahead, won't you? I'm in a hurry." So the altruist made way.—Lippincott's.

—A man is never at a loss to know what his duties are, so long as he has kin.—Atchison Globe.

THE ILL-FATED MAINE.

Description of the Battleship Destroyed in Havana Harbor.

Regarded by Experts as One of the Most Effective Warships in the Navy—Her Cost Estimated at $2,500,000.

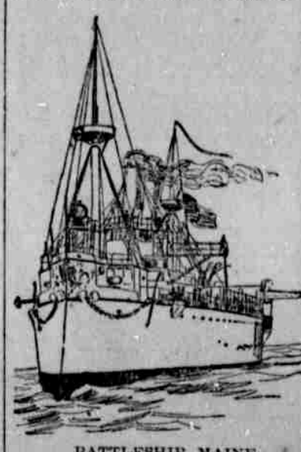
The Maine was regarded as one of the most effective vessels in the American navy. In speaking of her just after she was put in commission a naval officer said that she "is not a cruiser, but a fighting ship, a floating fort. She is meant strictly for business."

The keel of the Maine was laid in the Brooklyn navy yard, in October, 1888. The dimensions of the hull were: Length over all, 324 feet 4½ inches; at water line, 310 feet; breadth of beam, 57 feet; mean draught, 21½ feet; displacement, 6,648 tons. A sail area was allowed of 7,135 square feet, to be used barque-rig.

Work progressed slowly, for a plant had to be built up. The vessel, without armor and fittings, was launched November 19, 1890, in the presence of a great crowd and with much ceremony, her sponsor being Miss Alice Tracy Wilmerding, granddaughter of Secretary Tracy, then at the head of the navy department. Her official trial took place in October, 1894.

The Maine was a twin-screw, armored turret vessel of the belted cruiser type, that is, having an armor belt to protect the vitals of the ship, even though the other parts of the construction should be riddled with shot.

The Maine had for protection against an opponent's projectiles an armor belt 12 inches thick, tapering to seven inches below the water line. The ends were unprotected by side armor, but at both ends there were transverse armor bulkheads of sufficient thickness to deflect any projectiles that might reach so far. A curving steel deck protected the engines and boilers. The barbette armor was 12 inches in thickness and the turret armor plates were eight inches thick.



BATTLESHIP MAINE.
(Blown Up in Havana Harbor on the Evening of Feb. 15.)

As a fighter the Maine was a formidable ship. Her main battery consisted of four 10-inch breech-loading rifles in the two turrets and six 6-inch breech-loading rifles. The secondary battery consisted of four 57-millimeter and four 47-millimeter rapid-fire guns, four 47-millimeter revolving cannon and four Gatlings. There were also three torpedo tubes below water and four on the berth deck. Two torpedo boats 61 feet long, drawing 2½ feet, of 14 2-3 tons displacement, were part of the equipment.

The turrets containing the 10-inch guns were arranged en echelon, so that all four could be trained directly ahead or astern, with a range arc of 240 degrees. This arrangement of guns was most effectual in the case of the Japanese fleet at the battle of the Yalu river. The 6-inch rifles were planned to be worked by hand, and were protected by steel shields two inches thick.

The weight of a broadside of the Maine would have been 2,700 pounds, exclusive of the secondary battery.

The Maine had eight steel horizontal boilers, vertical inverted cylinder direct acting triple expansion twin screw engines of 9,000 indicated horse power. She carried 822 tons of coal, with which she could steam 2,770 knots at 14.8 knots an hour, or 7,000 knots at 10 knots an hour. She has a double bottom and numerous water-tight compartments.

The full complement of men carried by the Maine when she was put in commission was 396, besides the officers and 40 marines.

The Maine, though of a type of construction vastly improved upon, was one of the best vessels of America's new navy. She cost, all told, $2,500,000.

Sugar Cane Is Nutritious.

It has been remarked that the negroes in sugar-cane regions depend to a considerable extent upon the juice of the cane for nourishment. By the use of Mosso's ergograph, Dr. Harley found that sugar promoted muscular power wonderfully. On a fasting day it increased his ability to work 61 to 76 per cent. Taking ordinary meals, he found that eight and three-fourths ounces per day increased his work capacity 22 to 36 per cent. In these days, when athletes are so much inclined to use special stimulants for immediate preparation for their contests, it might be interesting to try sugar as a substitute for the possibly injurious preparations sometimes in vogue.

Was a Union Officer.

Col. Emil Frey, formerly president of the Swiss republic, and for five years Swiss minister to Washington, is at present director in chief of the international telegraph system of Europe. He fought in the union army during the civil war and was for a time a prisoner in Libby prison.

A Thoughtful Little Girl.

All Boston children are thoughtful. It was a dear, thoughtful little Boston girl who, when told by her mother of the death of a grandmother she greatly loved, sat silent awhile, and then, looking up, said: "Mamma, what time did grandma die?"

"At four o'clock in the afternoon," was the answer.

Again the little girl lapsed into mournful silence, until, as though a ray of sunshine had broken through the gloomy cloud, she devoutly exclaimed: "Then I'm so thankful she had dinner first!"—Buffalo Commercial.

MAYOR OF COLUMBUS.

The Executive of the Capital City of Ohio Speaks.

HON. SAMUEL L. BLACK.

Executive Department,
City of Columbus.

To Whom It May Concern:

I can most cheerfully recommend Peruna as of the very greatest possible benefit in cases of catarrh and other diseases of the mucous membrane. This remedy has established itself in the minds of the people as of the greatest possible worth and genuineness.

I have known Dr. Hartman for a number of years and am pleased to say that he is one of the leading citizens of this city, a man of the very highest standing and character in the community.

Respectfully, Samuel L. Black.

The old saying that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country," does not hold true of Dr. Hartman's great catarrh remedy—Peruna. Peruna is in great repute, not only in the city of Columbus, where it is made, but in the county and the State. The city officials, county officials, state officials of Ohio have given Peruna the highest endorsements that words could convey. It is the greatest known catarrh remedy. It cures catarrh wherever located. Send for a copy of the National Witness, which is filled with home testimony concerning Peruna as a catarrh remedy. Address The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Company, Columbus, Ohio.

THE TRUTHFUL HUSBAND.

He Wouldn't Stoop to Lie About a Measly Letter.

"George," said Mrs. Wellwood, "I am going to ask you something, and I want you to cross your heart and tell me the truth."

"My darling," he cried, catching her in his arms, "you know I never tell you anything but the truth. Why will you go on mistrusting me?"

"Forgive me, dearest," the beautiful woman said, "if I have pained you. I know you always tell me the truth. You are the dearest old fellow in the world. I'm sorry for what I said, and you needn't cross your heart if you don't want to. I'll believe you without that."

After he had kissed her, she continued: "You know that letter to mother which I gave you last week—the one inviting her to come here and visit us?"

"Yes," he replied, gazing steadily into her eyes.

"Well, she never received it. I thought it was queer she didn't answer, and so I wrote again, and her reply came to-day. George, did—you—mail—that letter?"

"Yes, darling, cross my heart."

"There," she exclaimed, throwing her arms around his neck, and standing on tiptoe to kiss him, "I knew you did! I believe you when you look at me that way and say yes. I suppose it was lost in the mails, some way. You have made me so happy, dear. You don't know how miserable I have been ever since the horrible thought that you might do such a thing first occurred to me." * * *

"No," George Wellwood said to himself when he was alone, "there's no use making it necessary to lie about a thing like that, when one can neglect to put on a stamp and still be able to tell the truth."—Cleveland Leader.

He Needed a Chaperone.

Just before a recent dinner given in honor of some magnate, a young swell, whose chief claim to distinction seemed to be the height of his collar and an eyeglass, addressing a stranger, said:

"Beastly nuisance, isn't it? Spoke to that fellah over there—took him for a gentleman—and found he had a ribbon on his coat; some blooming head waiter, I suppose?"

"Oh, no," replied the other; "that's Blank, the guest of the evening."

"Dash it all, now, is it?" said the astonished swell. "Look here, old fellow, as you know everybody, would you mind sitting next me at dinner and telling me who everyone is?"

"Should like to very much," replied the other man, "but you see I cannot. I'm the blooming head waiter!"—San Francisco Argonaut.

Preparing for Trouble.

"Have you de ring, Mistah Johnsing?"

"No, sah, I ain't got no ring. Fac' is, pahson, I done expect trouble wid some o' my creditahs, an' I put up de ring foh 75 cents so's I wouldn't have no vallerables on my pusson. I spec' it'll be 'bout de same thing if Lucindy puts her finger troo a hole in the ticket. Thank you, pahson."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A HEART PROBLEM.

It Was Easily Solved with the Right Method.

"I will not deny, Mr. Harkalong," the young woman said, with down-cast eyes, "that your attentions are agreeable to me. I—I am always glad to have you come."

Mr. Harkalong attempted to shorten the distance between them.

"And yet," she went on, restraining him by a gesture, "I hardly know my own mind. I—"

"Miss Gillenwaters — Bertie!" interrupted the young man, "Never mind your mind. Listen to your heart, dear girl. Listen to your heart!"

"That's what I am trying to do," she replied. "If I could only—"

"If you could only be sure I am worthy? Of course I'm not, dear! No man on earth is good enough—"

"No, it isn't that. I—"

"Your people object?"

"O no!"

"Neither do mine!" he exclaimed, rapturously.

Again he attempted to shorten the distance, and again she restrained him.

"Bertie Gillenwaters," hoarsely, he asked, "would you miss me if I never came here again?"

"That's it, Mr. Harkalong," murmured the agitated maiden, looking at him with tears in her eyes. "I don't want you to quit coming. Indeed, I don't. I should miss you. Indeed, I should! Mr. Harkalong"—and a tear rolled down her cheek—"you bring me the best chocolate creams I ever get!"—Chicago Tribune.

Golf Legally Defined.

Just before the rising of the law courts a case involving the playing of golf was heard, and a queen's counsel engaged in it thus described for the instruction of the judge the ancient and royal game: "I believe, my lord, that the game of golf is played in irregular fields or waste grounds with a small ball which the player tries to hit with a stick. If he succeeds in hitting the ball he spends the remainder of the day in looking for it. That, as I am informed, my lord, is the game of golf."—London Telegraph.

Only Half Sure.

Bookstore Salesman—What can I show you, madam?

Mrs. Struckett-Ritch—I want to order the complete works of—the complete works of—there, I've forgotten again! I know it's either Wordsworth or Southworth, but I can't remember which. About the same thing, ain't they?—Chicago Tribune.

No Room to Turn.

"Did you ever turn over a new leaf the first of the year?"

"Gracious! no; we live in a flat."—Detroit Free Press.

You can tell a good deal about a man by the kind of team he drives.—Washington Democrat.

Pleasure soon palls when it costs nothing.—Ram's Horn.

Humbug—A bug that always preys upon the unwary.—Chicago Daily News.

Love—A game the result of which is often a tie.—Chicago Daily News.