

The Evolution of Household Remedies.

The modern patent medicine business is the natural outgrowth of the old-time household remedies.

In the early history of this country, EVERY FAMILY HAD ITS HOME-MADE MEDICINES. Herb teas, bitters, laxatives and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, compounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as picra, which was aloe and quassia, dissolved in apple brandy. Sometimes a hop tonic, made of whiskey, hops and bitter bark. A score or more of popular, home-made remedies were thus compounded, the formulae for which were passed along from house to house, sometimes written, sometimes verbally communicated.

The patent medicine business is a natural outgrowth from this whole-some, old-time custom. In the beginning, some enterprising doctor, impressed by the usefulness of one of these home-made remedies, would take it up, improve it in many ways, manufacture it on a large scale, advertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LATTERLY THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY BUSINESS TOOK A MORE EXACT AND SCIENTIFIC FORM.

Peruna was originally one of these old-time remedies. It was used by the Menonites, of Pennsylvania, before it was offered to the public for sale. Dr. Hartman, THE ORIGINAL COMPOUNDER OF PERUNA, is of Menonite origin. First, he prescribed it for his neighbors and his patients. The sale of it increased, and at last he established a manufactory and furnished it to the general drug trade.

Peruna is useful in a great many climatic ailments, such as coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and catarrhal diseases generally. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES HAVE LEARNED THE USE OF PERUNA and its value in the treatment of these ailments. They have learned to trust and believe in Dr. Hartman's judgment, and to rely on his remedy, Peruna.

GONE FOREVER.

Ten years ago a farmer put his initials on a dollar bill. The next day he went to the nearest town and spent it with a merchant. Before the year was out he got the dollar back. Four times in six years the dollar came back to him for produce and three times he heard of it in the pocket of his neighbors.

The last time he got it back four years ago. He sent it to a mail order house. He never has seen that dollar since, and never will. That dollar bill will never pay any more school or road tax for him, will never build or brighten any of the homes of the community. He sent it entirely out of the circle of usefulness to himself and his neighbors.

Patronize your local merchant who helps you to pay your taxes, support your schools and churches, and lends a helping hand in times of sickness and trouble.

Great Stunt by Geronimo.

In a single day Geronimo, when in his prime, ran 40 miles on foot, rode 500 miles on one stretch, as fast as he could change horses, and so completely wore out the column which finally captured him that three sets of officers were needed to finish the chase, and not more than one-third of the troopers who started were in at the finish, says a writer in Outlook.

Wrinkled and crafty and cruel is his swarthy face to-day, but the fire of his infernal energy has died and he is no more than a relic of the Geronimo of whom Gen. Miles said after their first meeting:

"He rode into our camp and dismounted, a prisoner. He was one of the brightest, most resolute, determined men I ever met, with the sharpest, clearest dark eye. Every movement showed power and energy."

SKIN SORE EIGHT YEARS.

Spent \$300 on Doctors and Remedies but Got No Relief—Cuticura Cures in a Week.

"Upon the limbs and between the toes my skin was rough and sore, and also sore under the arms, and I had to stay at home several times because of this affliction. Up to a week or so ago I had tried many other remedies and several doctors, and spent about three hundred dollars, without any success, but this is to-day the seventh day that I have been using the Cuticura Remedies (costing a dollar and a half), which have cured me completely, so that I can again attend to my business. I went to work again to-night. I had been suffering for eight years and have now been cured by the Cuticura Remedies within a week. Fritz Hirschblatt, 24 Columbus Ave., New York, N. Y., March 29 and April 6, 1906."

Custom Strict in Japan. Society is very strict in Japan about the little matters of hairdressing, and the little woman who would neglect to abide by the prevailing custom. Not alone in the better classes, but among the poorer people as well, the eligible young woman, the widow who wishes to marry again, and the widow who doesn't, may always be distinguished by the way in which they dress their hair.—Modern Society.

Lies often tread on the toes of the washed truth.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST," etc.
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CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

As the Albatross steamed into the little harbor, I saw Mowbray Langdon's Indolence at anchor. I glanced toward Steuben Point—where his cousins, the Vivians, lived—and thought I recognized his launch at their pier. We saluted the Indolence; the Indolence saluted us. My launch was piped away and took me ashore. I stroled along the path that wound round the base of the hill toward the kennels. At the crossing of the path down from the house, I paused and lingered on the glimpse of one of the corner towers of the great showy palace. I was muttering something—listened to myself. It was: "Mullolland—Mrs. Mullolland and the four little Mullollands." And I felt like laughing aloud, such a joke was it that I should be envying a policeman his potato patch and his fat wife and his four brats, and that he should be in a position to pity me.

You may be imagining that, through all, Anita had been dominating my mind. That is the way it is in the romances; but not in life. No doubt there are men who brood upon the impossible, and moon and maunder away their lives over the grave of a dead love; but doubt there are people who will say that, because I did not shoot Langdon or her, or myself, or fly to a desert or pose in the crowded places of the world as the last scene of a tragedy, I therefore cared little about her. I offer them this suggestion: A man strong enough to give a love worth a woman's while is strong enough to live on without her when he finds he may not live with her.

As I stood there that summer day, looking toward the crest of the hill, at the mocking mausoleum of my dead dream, I realized what the incessant battle of the street had meant to me. "There is peace for me only in the storm," said I. "But, thank God, there is peace for me somewhere."

Through the foliage I had glimpses of some one coming slowly down the zigzag path. Presently, at one of the turnings half-way up the hill, appeared Mowbray Langdon. "What is he doing here," thought I, scarcely able to believe my eyes. "Here of all places!" And then I forgot the strangeness of his being at Dawn Hill in the strangeness of his expression. For it was apparent, even at the distance which separated us, that he was suffering from some great and recent blow. He looked old and haggard; he walked like a man who neither knows nor cares where he is going.

He had not seen me, and my impulse was to avoid him by continuing on toward the kennels. I had no special feeling against him; I had not lost Anita because she cared for him or he for her, but because she did not care for me—simply that to meet would be awkward, disagreeable for us both. At the slight noise of my movement to go on, he halted, glanced round eagerly, as if he hoped the sound had been made by some one he wished to see. His glance fell on me. He stopped short, was for an instant disconcerted; then his face lighted up with devilish joy. "You!" he cried. "Just the man!" And he descended more rapidly.

At first I could make nothing of this remark. But as he drew nearer and nearer, and his ugly mood became more apparent, I felt that he was looking forward to provoking me into giving him a distraction from whatever was tormenting him. I waited. A few minutes and we were face to face, I outwardly calm, but my anger slowly lighting up as he deliberately applied to it the torch of his insolent eyes. He was wearing his old familiar air of cynical assurance. Evidently, with his recovered fortune, he had recovered his conviction of his great superiority to the rest of the human race—the child had climbed back on the chair that made it tall and had forgotten its tumble. And I was wondering again that I, so short a time before, had been crude enough to be fascinated and fooled by those tawdry posings and pretenses. For the man, as I now saw him, was obviously shallow and vain, a slave to those poor "man-of-the-world" passions—ostentation and cynicism and skill at vicious odds as mankind and tedious as a treadmill, the commonplace routine of the idle and foolish and purposeless. A clever, handsome fellow, but the more pitiful that he was by nature above the uses to which he prostituted himself.

He fought hard to keep his eyes steadily on mine; but they would wander and shift. Not, however, before I had found deep down in them the beginnings of fear. "You see, you were mistaken," said I. "You have nothing to say to me—or I to you."

He knew I had looked straight to the bottom of his real self, and had seen the coward that is in every man who has been bred to appearances only. Up rose his vanity, the coward's substitute for courage.

"You think I am afraid of you?" he sneered, bluffing and blustering like the school bull.

"I don't in the least care whether you are or not," replied I. "What are you doing here, anyhow?"

It was as if I had thrown off the cover of a furnace. "I came to get the woman I love," he cried. "You stole her from me! You tricked me! But, by God, Blacklock, I'll never pause until I get her back and punish you!" He was brave enough now, drunk with the fumes from his brave words. "All my life," he raged arrogantly on, "I've had whatever I wanted. I've let nothing interfere—nothing and nobody. I've been too forbearing with you—first, because I knew she could never care for you, and then, because I rather admired your pluck and impudence. I like to see fellows kick their way up among us from the common people."

I put my hand on his shoulder. No doubt the fiend that rose within me, as from the dead, looked at him from my eyes. He has great physical strength, but he winced under that weight and grip, and across his face flitted the terror that must come to any man at first sense of being in the angry clutch of one stronger than he. I slowly released him—I had tested and realized my physical superiority; to use it would be cheap and cowardly.

"You can't provoke me to descend to

expression. I rather expected him to

show some of that amused contempt

with which men of his sort always

receive a new idea that is beyond the

range of their narrow, conventional

minds. For I did not expect him to

understand why I was not only will-

ing, but even eager, to relinquish a

woman whom I could hold only by

asserting a property right in her. And

I do not think he did understand

me, though his manner changed to

a sort of grudging respect. He

was, I believe, about to make some

impulsive, generous speech, when

he heard the quick strokes of iron-shod

hoofs on the path from the kennels

and the stables—there any sound

more arresting? Past us at a gallop

swept a horse, on his back—Anita.

She was not in riding-habit; the wind

fluttered the sleeves of her blouse,

blew her uncovered hair this way and

that about her beautiful face. She

sped on toward the landing, though I

fancied she had seen us.

Anita at Dawn Hill—Langdon, in a

furious temper, descending from the

house toward the landing—Anita pres-

ently, riding like mad—"to overtake

him," thought I. And I read confirma-

tion in his triumphant eyes. In an-

other mood, I suppose my fury would

have been beyond my power to re-

strain it. Just then—the day grew

dark for me, and I wanted to hide

away somewhere. Heart-sick, I was

ashamed for her, hated myself for

having blundered into surprising her.

She reappeared at the turn round

which she had vanished. I now noted

that she was riding without saddle

or bridle, with only a halter round the

horse's neck—then she had seen us,

had stopped and come back as soon

as she could. She dropped from the

horse, looked swiftly at me, at him, at

me again, with intense anxiety.

"I saw your yacht in the harbor

only a moment ago," she said to me.

She was almost panting. "I feared

you might meet him. So I came."

"As you see, he is quite intact,"

said I. "I must ask that you and he

leave the place at once." And I went

rapidly along the path toward the

kennels.

An exclamation from Langdon

forced me to turn in spite of myself.

He was half-kneeling, was holding her

in his arms. At that sight, the sav-

age in me shook himself free. I

dashed toward them with I knew not

what curses bursting from me. Lang-

don, intent upon her, did not realize

until I sent him reeling backward to

the earth and snatched her up. Her

white face, her closed eyes, her limp

form made my fury instantly collapse.

In my confusion I thought that she

was dead. I laid her gently on the

grass and supported her head, so

small, so gloriously crowned, the face

so still and sweet and white, like the

stainless entrance to a stainless

shrine. How that horrible fear

changed my whole way of looking at

her, at him, at her and him, at every-

thing!

"I shan't indulge in flapping," I

went on. "I'll be frank. A year ago,

if any man had faced me with a claim

upon a woman who was married to me,

I'd probably have dealt with him as

your vanity and what you call 'honor'

would force you to try to deal with a

similar situation. But I live to learn,

and I'm fortunately, not afraid to fol-

low a new light. There is the vanity

of so-called honor; there is also the

demand of justice—of fair play. As I

have told her, so I now tell you—she

is free to go. But I shall say one thing

to you that I did not say to her. If

you do not deal fairly with her, I shall

see to it that there are ten thorns

to every rose in that bed of roses on

which you lie. You are contemptible

in many ways—perhaps that's why

women like you. But there must be

some good in you, or possibilities of

good, or you could not have won and

kept her love."

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