Health

"For 25 years I have never missed taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla every spring. It cleanses my blood, makes me feel strong, and does me good in every way."—John P. Hodnette, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Pure and rich blood carries new life to every part of the body. You are invigorated, refreshed. You feel anxious to be active. You become strong, steady, courageous. That's what Ayer's Sarsaparilla will do for you.

$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. He knows all about this grand old family medicine. Follow his advice and we will be satisfied.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

HIS COMPLAINT.

I am a baby, eleven months old, and nearly worn out already. Please let me alone.

I am not a prodigy, except on the extent that, not having anything to say I don't talk. Two big persons claim to be my parents—why can't they let it go at that? I have never denied the charge. I haven't much data to go by, but I do think I am either a magician, a learned pig, or a virtuoso. I don't hanker for applause; so, it will be an appreciated favor if you won't put me through any parlor tricks.

If I have my wealthy old Uncle Ezra's nose, congratulate Uncle Ezra, but don't blame me. I may be a kleptomaniac, for all I know, but I can't help it.

Don't rattle rattles at me—they rattle me. Don't goo-goo and ootsie-kootsie at me. I can't understand it any better than I can the English language.

The pain I have is not in my stomach, but in my neck. I don't want to be entertained or mystified or medicated or applauded. And, if you don't want me to grow up to be a hypochondriac, a stamp-collector, an awful example, a pingpong enthusiast, or a misanthrope, you just lemme be!—May Smart Set.

If by any chance the Detective Bureau officials got hold of Talbot Smith's story, "A Perfect Disappearance," which is one of the features in Ainslee's for May, they will be likely to congratulate themselves on having an explanation to offer for their many unsolved murder mysteries. It's not a bad explanation, and they ought to welcome it.

THOSE WOMEN.

Miss Passe—A new beauty formula says that if a woman believes and thinks with the whole strength of her mind that she is beautiful, the result will be that she will become as beautiful as she thinks she is.

Miss Pert—But you have disproved that theory, haven't you, dear?—Houston Post.

CURE BLOOD POISON, CANCER.

Aching Bones, Shifting Pains, Itching Skin, Pimples, Eating Sores, Etc.

If you have Pimples or Offensive Eruptions, Splotches, or Copper-Colored Eruptions, or rash on the skin, Festering Swellings, Glands Swollen, Ulcers on any part of the body, old Sores, Boils, Carbuncles, Pains and Aches in Bones or Joints, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, persistent Sore Mouth, Gums or Throat, then you have Blood Poison. Take Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.) Soon all Sores, Pimples and Eruptions will heal perfectly. Aches and Pains cease, Swellings subside and a perfect cure never to return cure made. B.B.B. cures Cancers of all kinds, Suppurating Swellings, Eating Sores, Ugly Ulcers, after all else fails, healing the sores perfectly. If you have a persistent pimple, wart, swollen glands, shooting, stinging pains, take Blood Balm and they will disappear before they develop into Cancer. Druggists, $1 per large bottle, including complete directions for home cure. Sample free by writing BLOOD BALM CO., 19 Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

The eye is most sensitive to green colors.

Two boys, aged fourteen and fifteen, recently committed suicide in Berlin with the same revolver.

The Higher Culture.

"So nice to meet you! I have just come from Mrs. Meekwun's tea."

"Oh, did you go? I had a card, but I never think of attending."

"Well, I felt it a sort of Christian obligation don't you know? Poor thing, she makes such an effort."

"And such an appearance! Do tell me, was it the old torquoise tea gown I've heard so much about?"

"The same. But it was disguised, this time, with chiffon and bows. Of course, we all recognized it."

"And was the tea as bad as they say it always is?"

"Oh, I never taste it! I take the cup enthusiastically and exclaim, 'What delicious tea you make!' I stay ten minutes, chatting right and left to every one, and then I tell her I have spent a most delightful hour."

"In fact you do the whole duty of woman?"

"I do. I'm on my way now to my class for the Culture of Higher Ideals."

"Do you feel it helpful?"

"Oh, I am like a different being. I can feel that my life is daily broadened and enobled by the—the lofty thoughts and—Fortunately, you are not obliged to mix with the women you meet there, but the lecturer is a perfect delight."

"How charming."

"Yes. He's so handsome that you never care what he says. I really don't listen. The charm is just to sit and look at him. Do join!"

"Oh, I will. We all need these uplifting influences."—Town Topics.

INITIALS.

Enrolling Officer—What is your name?

Recruit—Owen Espy Casey.

Enrolling Officer (with evident irritation)—Shoot a few of those initials! O. N. S. P. K. C. what?—Chicago Tribune.

OSCULATORY.

"Well, I like that," said the maid, with an assumption of vast dignity after she had lured the lad on to kiss her.

"I don't mind it, either," said he, "let's have another."—New York Sun.

Miss Agnes Miller, of Chicago, speaks to young women about dangers of the Menstrual Period—how to avoid pain and suffering and remove the cause by ing **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.**

"TO YOUNG WOMEN:—I suffered for six years with dysmenorrhea (painful periods), so much so that I dreaded every month, as I knew it meant three or four days of intense pain. The doctor said this was due to an inflamed condition of the uterine appendages caused by repeated and neglected colds.

"If young girls only realized how dangerous it is to take cold at this critical time, much suffering would be spared them. Thank God for **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** that was the only medicine which helped me any. Within three weeks after I started to take it, I noticed a marked improvement in my general health, and at the time of my next monthly period the pain had diminished considerably. I kept up the treatment, and was cured a month later. I am like another person since. I am in perfect health, my eyes are brighter, I have added 12 pounds to my weight, my color is good, and I feel light and happy."—MISS AGNES MILLER, 25 Potomac Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The monthly sickness reflects the condition of a woman's health. Anything unusual at that time should have prompt and proper attention. Fifty thousand letters from women prove that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regulates menstruation and makes those periods painless.

READ WHAT MISS LINDBECK SAYS:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—**Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** has greatly benefitted me. I will tell you how I suffered. My trouble was painful menstruation. I felt as each month went by that I was getting worse. I had severe bearing-down pains in my back and abdomen.

"A friend advised me to try Mrs. Pinkham's medicine. I did so and am now free from all pain during my periods."—JESSIE C. LINDBECK, 1201 6th Street, Rockford, Ill.

FREE ADVICE TO WOMEN.

Remember, every woman is cordially invited to write to Mrs. Pinkham if there is anything about her symptoms she does not understand. Mrs. Pinkham's address is Lynn, Mass., her advice is free and cheerfully given to every ailing woman who asks for it. Her advice has restored to health more than one hundred thousand women. Why don't you try it, my sick sisters?

$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness.

Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

OLD TIME FAVORITES

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

These verses were written by J. L. McCreery, an Iowa editor, and were first published in Arthur's Home Magazine of July, 1863. Shortly after this the Farmers' Advocate, published in Chicago, printed an article written by Eugene Bulmer, who saw fit to attach the poem to the end of it. A Wisconsin editor clipped the poetry and credited it to E. Bulmer. Another editor thought "m" should be "w" and credited it to E. Bulwer, and in time E. Bulwer was transformed into Edward Bulwer, Lord Lytton. After a chase of nearly twenty-five years Mr. McCreery was able to catch up with the lie and nail it fast. He is now widely known as the author.

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some other shore,
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the forest leaves
Convert to life the viewless air;
The rocks disorganize to feed
The hungry moss they bear.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain, or mellow fruit
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait through wintry hours,
The warm, sweet breath of May.

There is no death! the choicest gifts
That heaven hath kindly lent to earth
Are ever first to seek again
The country of their birth.

And all things that for growth or joy
Are worthy of our love or care,
Whose loss has left us desolate,
Are safely garnered there.

Though life become a desert waste,
We know its fairest, sweetest flowers,
Transplanted into paradise
Adorn immortal bowers.

The voice of birdlike melody
That we have missed and mourned so long
Now mingles with the angel choir
In everlasting song.

There is no death! although we grieve
When beautiful, familiar forms
That we have learned to love are torn
From our embracing arms—

Although with bowed and breaking heart,
With sable garb and silent tread,
We bear their senseless dust to rest,
We say that they are "dead"—

They are not dead! they have but passed
Beyond the mists that blind us here,
Into the new and larger life
Of that serener sphere.

They have but dropped their robe of clay
To put their shining raiment on;
They have not wandered far away—
They are not "lost" or "gone."

Though disenthralled and glorified,
They still are here and love as yet;
The dear ones they have left behind
They never can forget.

And sometimes, when our hearts grow faint
Amid temptations fierce and deep,
Or when the wildly raging waves
Of grief or passion sweep—

We feel upon our fevered brow
Their gentle touch, their breath of balm,
Their arms enfold us, and our hearts
Grow comforted and calm.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread—
For all the boundless universe
Is Life;—there are no dead!

AN OCEAN FIGHT.

Battle With a Big Whale in the South Seas.

IN the dim and stuffy recesses of the fo'c'sle of the Beluga a silent, sullen company of men of all shades of color sat at their 4.30 a. m. breakfast. Some munched stolidly at blocks of fat pork and flinty biscuit, others just drank alleged coffee and smoked. And they were the majority, for few there are who, after a night of sleep, especially in such an atmosphere, can rise and begin the morning meal (and such a meal) in five minutes. But those who did not eat concealed their portions about their persons, usually in the breasts of "jumpers," for there was never more than enough to go round.

Suddenly, with a voice like that of a frantic bull, came the expected command, "Now, 'way boats, there." It was immediately followed by a stampede, each man struggling to be first up the narrow ladder, each man dreading the sure and painful position of the last. Reaching the deck, the rushing band divided itself in four, one part to each boat, where it hung gleaming spectrally against the violet sky. None cast a glimpse upward or around, for none had time or thought to spare. Yet the scene was entirely worthy of man's best notice. The daily miracle of dawn always is—but here! The ship lay motionless, anchored apparently upon a lake of transparent ink, in whose still depths strange gleamings occasionally heightened its mystery of utter darkness. Around rose the solemn tree-clad hills of Hapai, now in deepest shadow. Away to the south, southeast and east the way out to the broad bosom of the Pacific lay clearly open between the several islands, and although from the two former quarters there was as yet no lightening of the deep velvety purple of the night, there was a something remotely like the opening of a door leading from a dark hall into the clear air; a little draught of freshness seemed stealing in from thence. But from the east there came through that gap a quivering throb of opal-tinted light, just rippling along the horizon and touching the still waters that lay between it and us with the suggestion of glory to come, the first heart beat of that sweet day before which the modest stars paled and vanished. And overhead the returning legion of flying foxes, fresh from their long night's raid among the fruit trees, passed like squadrons of dark spirits hastening back to their native gloom at the advent of light, and occasionally from their midst came a wail wringing the heart like a sudden terror.

To most of us all this was but suggested, hardly realized; yet we moved with utmost quiet, unconsciously falling in with our environment. And when the rattle of a block, the sharp click of an oar on a gunwale, or a hoarse oath broke the sacred peace of the moment, an involuntary "Hush!" rose to the lips. Ten minutes after our appearance on deck we were all in our places and, with the steady, splashless stroke of trained whaling oarsmen, were silently gliding toward the portals of the day. As the oars rose and fell they lifted overflowing chalices of emeralds, and as the sweet dark crept away great lakes of ever changing color, of infinite and indescribable variety, stole over the placid surface of the quiet sea. A cool breath crept from the dawn point to meet us; it kissed our heated necks, put fresh vigor into our strokes, freshened, strengthened, until at a ringing shout of command we flung our oars with one accord and prepared to make sail. Is it of any use, I wonder, trying to describe the scene that greeted us as we did so? I fear not, where so many master hands have failed, so let me say simply that the pass ahead, leading seaward, was aflood with molten ruby, amethyst and opal, with a background of flaming gold, before which the shrinking eyes closed. "And the glory of the Lord was revealed." Ha, ha! how rapturously the blood, so sluggish before, courses through our veins as the boats, birdlike, skim over the sparkling waves on the lightsome way to windward. But the business of the day needs remembering. We are on after whales, and unto him who can first report the presence of one, afterward caught, shall be given $10. So a keen lookout is kept for a while, until the wonderful beauty of the scene obtains the sway over our minds again, and the boats glide swiftly along the steep shores of the outermost island.

"Ah-blow-w-w-w-w!" almost in a whisper and several hands are pointed to where, against the dark green of the cliffs, yet in shadow, three vapory spirals of varying heights show clearly. But what can three mean? Two of them we can account for—the broad, bushy one and the tiny jet only four or five feet high. The third, however closely associated with the other two, and of great height, puzzles us—does not delay us, though, for with paddles unshipped we urge the progress of our craft toward those vast unconscious mammals so pleasantly sojourning in the shade. We are abreast of them, helms are put up, and all four boats bear down upon them with the swoop of gigantic hawks. When but a ship's length away, sails are rolled up as if automatically. Noiseless as fish we glide into the shadow and—strike. What an awful uproar breaks up that sweet solitude; the shoutings of excited men, the furious struggles of wounded leviathans, whose mighty tail strokes reverberate in hollow thunder along the echoing cliffs. The heretofore placid sea hisses and boils, and the boats toss as in a maelstrom. What can be amiss? Not thus is the humpback mother wont to meet an attack unless her youngling is injured. Ah, that is it, surely. Her calf must be dead, and, if so, then heads must needs be cool and hands skilful or there will be many numbers lost from our good ship's messes.

Two boats disappeared to windward in a smother of spray, and we who remain dimly imagine in some disinterested fashion what manner of humpback they may be fast to. But not for long, for suddenly toward us comes rushing a faintly outlined black mass piled high with snowy foam, and we must needs exert every muscle to avoid that terrible onslaught. We do just succeed—the mighty one passes, and disappears. Oh, for some shelter, if only a shallow reef! But there is none. Crash! and like an earthquake shock come the maddened mother's flukes against the side of the other boat, hurling her and her disintegrated contents far shoreward. Never again will that boat molest a whale. And also, oh, sorrow and shame! never again will Hallett Winslow, best, brigitest, darest of harpooners, see the blessed sun rise. His neck is broken. Now, while she is venting her fury upon the floating fragments let us escape. But there are our shipmates, and as swiftly as our shaking limbs allow we pick them up, expecting every moment to go even as they went—and then?

The next few minutes passed like some hideous nightmare, frantic, joint-wrenching endeavors to keep out of the way of the monster bent upon our destruction, and sudden eruptions, upheavals of the sea, so close to us that destruction seemed impossible of avoidance. And all this time, wherever we went in the turmoil, we never lost sight of the calf whale. As if to call our crime continually to remembrance it kept us company, tossing helplessly upon the tormented waters. At last—and although I feel sure that half an hour had not passed, yet the time seemed interminable—we found ourselves, almost exhausted, close to the rocks, where an overhanging ledge, thickly clothed with drooping branches, jutted out above deep water, but only about three feet above the surface. With one last flash of energy we all sprang for shelter, scrambled like monkeys into the tangle of the trees, just as the unbreathed parent rushed at our deserted boat and crushed it into matchwood, returning again and again to the fragments until they were almost ground into splinters. All the while we hung precariously, fearfully, just above the terrible tumult, possessed with the idea that even here we were hardly safe from so redoubtable a foe.

And then into the blazing sunshine, which had now crept up to our refuge, there sprang the other whale, towing behind him the two surviving boats, still uninjured. Upon our almost benumbed brains fell a deeper fear. Were we about to witness the destruction of all that little company, so wittily nearing this place of utmost danger? No long suspense, for out from the shadow of our cliff sprang the vengeful mother to meet her spouse and finish her great work of retribution. But as she came we saw the bull whale slacken speed, saw the two boats spread out fanwise behind him, saw the cow rush between them fully exposed. A puff of white smoke, and presently a tiny report as of a revolver shot. Then for a few moments our view was obscured by tumbling waves raised by the two monsters in their fury, the one of death, the other of escape. And out of that boiling vortex emerged our two boats, still uninjured, a large black mass floating between them in utter immobility, while far to the windward a tall jet as of steam from a high pressure waste-pipe showed where the agile bull was making his utmost speed from the place of death. And in deepest silence and sorrow we distributed ourselves among the rescuing boats and prepared to tow to the ship our hardly won prize.—London Spectator.

A Jest of Fortune.

Here is one of the merry jests Fortune likes to play upon mankind: A drayman got seven hundred shares of Calumet stock and kept it until it was worth over half a million dollars, meanwhile continuing calmly to drive his dray. The man whose genius and industry discovered the mine, created its organization and launched it upon its wonderful career had 27,082 shares and could not keep any of them. He found himself reduced to poverty, when a single month's dividends on his former holdings would have made him rich.—From "Romances of the World's Great Mines," in the Cosmopolitan.

HABIT OF LYING.

Ways In Which Prevarication May Be Developed.

How does one become a liar? That is to say, how does the child discover a lie and habitually make use of it?

We can admit that at the beginning there is absolute sincerity. The child through all its first years neither lies nor dissimulates. Its sentiments, its desires, translate themselves into words and into acts. Its body is the constant and perfect expression of its inmost being. Such is the starting point—sincerity, absolute transparency.

There is a multitude of little lies tolerated which we treat as pardonable. We tell the domestic to say we are not at home when we are; we compliment people to their faces and criticise them when they are gone; we say we are happy to see some one and directly after speak of having been annoyed. No more is necessary. The example has been given.

We lie to the child himself; we are pressed by his many embarrassing questions and in order to free ourselves from the embarrassment reply with what is frequently a falsehood. Some fine day he discovers the truth, and the evil is done. The gravest case is when the child is taken as an accomplice in a lie, or when his mother tells him, "Above all, do not tell this to your papa." This is the ruin of morality.

The third stage is the first encounter of the child with society—the first shock with social life. The child who tells all he knows, sees and hears, all that he would better have left unsaid, is called the "enfant terrible." His parents do not tell him to lie, but they tell him it is not necessary to tell all he thinks. This is extremely serious, as it teaches the child that he cannot show himself as he is. This is the revelation of the lie obligatory. Above all, among his comrades he is naive—expresses all his joys, pains, desires—they make sport of him—nay, worse, they abuse his confidence; the hopes, projects which he has confided to them he some day sees used against him.

Thus the impossibility of living without lying is revealed to him. Society excuses certain forms of lying which are inspired by a feeling of politeness, modesty, shame.

The child becomes a liar because all the world about him lies. The distinction between the liar and the man of sincerity is only relative. There are in reality only two categories—those who content themselves with the lies exacted by social life and those who have habituated themselves to lying more than society wishes—to lie because of some personal interest.

An important cause in the development of lying in children is the employment of excessive and ill advised punishment. The child who becomes a liar is the one who lives in perpetual terror of reproaches, humiliation or strokes. The lie for him is a supreme resource.—Chicago Tribune.

Women and the Food Supply.

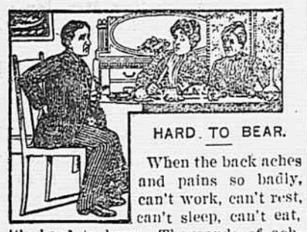
Manufacturers appeal to housewives by every advertising channel practicable to "ask your grocer," or "send us the name of your grocer," for articles newly put upon the market, it being a recognized fact that though grocers are always ready to order anything asked for, it is not easy to awaken the housewife's interest in anything out of the beaten track of "staples." The manufacturers do appeal directly to housewives is an acknowledgment that they—housewives—actually control the food supply question. How could it be otherwise? What the housewife is willing to use the manufacturer supplies; what she refuses to use finds no market. There is the food situation in a nutshell! If woman would but recognize its whole significance there would be no more question of food adulterations, fraudulent methods or inferior products. The grocer stands ready to command the out put of the manufacturer; and the manufacturer stands ready to meet all demands laid upon him; "my lady's" apathy alone stands in the way of perfect living.—Ella Morris Kretschmar in Good Housekeeping.

TOO HASTY.

"Yes," said the Proud Papa, "my boy always does exactly what I tell him——"

"Oh, back up!" jeered the Bold Bachelor. "You bragging fathers make me weary."

"—not to do," concluded the Proud Papa, unmoved. "You shouldn't be so quick at drawing conclusions, Bach!"—Cincinnati Tribune.



HARD TO BEAR.

When the back aches and pains so badly, can't work, can't rest, can't sleep, can't eat, it's hard to bear. Thousands of aching backs have been relieved and cured. People are learning that backache pains come from disordered kidneys, that Doan's Kidney Pills cure every kidney ill, cure bladder troubles, urinary derangements, dropsy, diabetes, Bright's disease. Read this testimony to the merit of the greatest of kidney specifics.

J. W. Walls, Superintendent of Streets of Lebanon, Ky., living on East Main street, in that city, says:

"With my nightly rest broken, owing to irregularities of the kidneys, suffering intensely from severe pains in the small of my back and through the kidneys, and annoyed by painful passages of abnormal secretions, life was anything but pleasant for me. No amount of doctoring relieved this condition, and for the reason that nothing seemed to give me even temporary relief I became about discouraged. One day I noticed in the newspapers the case of a man who was afflicted as I was and was cured by the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. His words of praise for this remedy were so sincere that on the strength of his statement I went to the Hugh Murrey Drug Co.'s store and got a box. I found that the medicine was exactly as powerful a kidney remedy as represented. I experienced quick and lasting relief. Doan's Kidney Pills will prove a blessing to all sufferers from kidney disorders who will give them a fair trial."

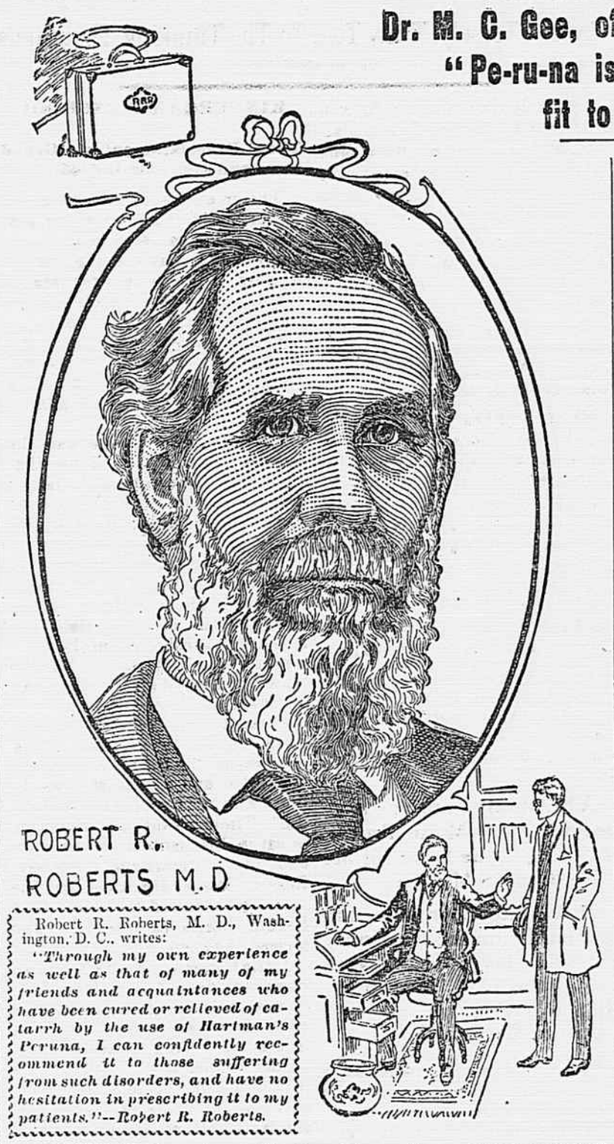
A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine, which cured Mr. Walls, will be mailed to any part of the United States on application. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

What He Gets Out of It.

Detroit Free Press: Mr. Cleveland is certainly having all the fun that comes from keeping everybody guessing.

PROMINENT PHYSICIANS PRESCRIBE PE-RU-NA.

Dr. M. C. Gee, of San Francisco, Says "Pe-ru-na is of Especial Benefit to Women."



Robert R. Roberts, M. D., Washington, D. C., writes:

"Through my own experience as well as that of many of my friends and acquaintances who have been cured or relieved of catarrh by the use of Hartman's Peruna, I can confidently recommend it to those suffering from such disorders, and have no hesitation in prescribing it to my patients."—Robert R. Roberts.

A CONSTANTLY increasing number of physicians prescribe Peruna in their regular practice. It has proven its merits so thoroughly that even the doctors have overcome their prejudice against so-called patent medicines and recommend it to their patients.

Peruna occupies a unique position in medical science. It is the only internal systemic catarrh remedy known to the medical profession to-day. Catarrh, as everyone will admit, is the cause of one-half the diseases which afflict mankind. Catarrh and catarrhal diseases afflict one-half of the people of United States.

F. H. Brand, M. D., of Mokena, Ill., uses Peruna in his practice. The following case is an example of the success he has through the use of Peruna for catarrh.

Dr. Brand says: "Mrs. C.,' age 28, had been a sufferer from catarrh for the past seven years; could not hear plain and had watery eyes. She came to me almost a physical wreck. She had tried the Copeland cures and various other so-called specialists, and had derived no benefit from them. She told me she did not want to spend any more money on medicines unless I could assure her relief.

F. H. Brand, M. D.

"I put her on Peruna and told her to come back in two weeks. The effects were wonderful. The cast-down look she had when I first saw her had left her and a smile adorned her face. She told me she felt a different woman, her hearing was improved and her eyes did not trouble her any more.

"This is only one case of the many I have treated with your valuable medicine."—F. H. Brand, M. D.

Catarrh may invade any organ of the body; may destroy any function of the body. It most commonly attacks the head, nose and throat, but thousands upon thousands of cases of catarrh of the lungs, stomach, kidneys, bladder and other pelvic organs have been cured by Peruna.

Peruna is able to cure catarrh wherever it may be located by its direct action upon the mucous membranes. Catarrh means inflamed mucous membranes. Peruna acts at once to cleanse and invigorate the catarrhal condition of the mucous membrane no matter where it may occur in the body. Its action is the same on the mucous lining of the nose as on the mucous lining of the bowels. It cures the catarrhal inflammation wherever it may occur.

Dr. R. Robbins, Muskogee, I. T., writes:

"Peruna is the best medicine I know of for cough and to strengthen a weak stomach and to give appetite. Beside prescribing it for catarrh, I have ordered it for weak and debilitated people, and have not had a patient but said it helped him. It is an excellent medicine and it fits so many cases.

"I have a large practice, and have a chance to prescribe your Peruna. I hope you may live long to do good to the sick and suffering."

We say Peruna cures catarrh. The people say Peruna cures catarrh. Prominent men and women all over the United States from Maine to California do not hesitate to come out in public print to say that Peruna is what it is recommended to be, an internal, systemic catarrh remedy, that cures catarrh wherever it may be located.

Dr. M. C. Gee's Experience.

Dr. M. C. Gee is one of the physicians who endorse Peruna. In a letter written from 513 Jones street, San Francisco, Cal., he says:

"There is a general objection on the part of the practicing physician to advocate patent medicines. But when any one medicine cures hundreds of people, it demonstrates its own value and does not need the endorsement of the profession.

"Peruna has performed so many wonderful cures in San Francisco that I am convinced that it is a valuable remedy. I have frequently advised its use for women, as I find it insures regular and painless menstruation, cures leucorrhoea and ovarian troubles, and builds up the entire system. I also consider it one of the finest catarrh remedies I know of. I heartily endorse your medicine."—M. C. Gee, M. D.

Women are especially liable to pelvic catarrh, female weakness as it is commonly called. Especially in the first few weeks of warm weather do the disagreeable symptoms of female weakness make themselves apparent. In crisp, cold weather chronic sufferers with pelvic catarrh do not feel so persistently the debilitating effects of the drain upon the system, but at the approach of summer with its lassitude and tired feelings, the sufferer with pelvic catarrh feels the need of a strengthening tonic.

Peruna is not only the best spring tonic for such cases, but if persisted in will effect a complete cure. Write for a copy of "Health and Beauty," written especially for women by Dr. Hartman. If you want to read of some cures, also, write for a copy of "Facts and Faces." That will surely convince you that our claims are valid.

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, Ohio.

A NOTABLE LOCALITY.

"Are there any historic spots in this vicinity?" queried the tourist.

"Well, mum, right over there by that tree Bill Jorkins once had a pile of coal that weighed purty nigh two tons."—Bryan's Commoner.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The beauty about diplomacy is that it enables both sides to claim a victory.

Beware of Ointments For Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

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Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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The bald-headed man realizes that there is plenty of room at the top.

You can't blow your own horn unless you are able to raise the wind.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Avenue, N., Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

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PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle, except green and purple.

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If your constitution needs amending, the proper draught is

Hires Rootbeer

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Capudine

Cures Nervousness AND NERVOUS HEADACHE.

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cartridges and shot shells are made in the largest and best equipped ammunition factory in the world.

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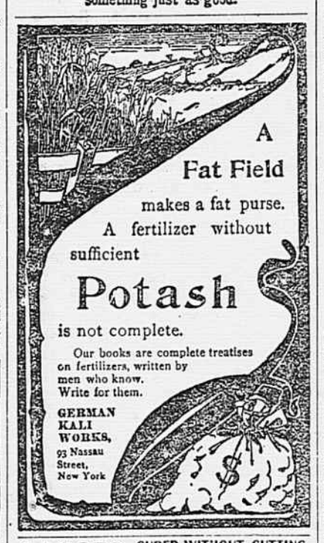

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PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS 50 CTS

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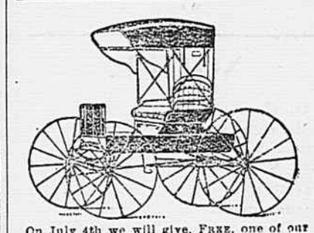

On July 4th we will give, FREE, one of our "WHITE STAR" Top Buggies to the person composing the greatest number of English words from letters contained in the sentence:

"WATCH THE WHITE STAR BUGGY."

Anyone who will devote an hour each day to this pleasant study can win the buggy.

No conditions to comply with except make up the list of words.

If this offer is not understood, any buggy dealer in your town who has the agency for the "WHITE STAR" Buggy will give you a copy of the rules.

When you have made out your list of words give them to our agent in your town, who will send them to us.

On July 4th we will notify every contestant who the winner is and number of words that won the "WHITE STAR" Buggy.

If you write us, enclose postage for reply.

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Dropsy CURED Gives Quick Relief.

Removes all swelling in 8 to 20 days; effects a permanent cure in 30 to 60 days. Trial treatment given free. Nothing can be fairer. Write Dr. H. H. Green's Sons, Specialists, Box B Atlanta, Ga.

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They are just as good in every way as those that have been costing you from $4.00 to $5.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.

Sold by retail shoe dealers everywhere. The genuine have name and price stamped on the bottom. Take no substitute. *Fast Color Eyelets used.* W. L. Douglas $3 Gilt Edge Line cannot be equalled at any price.

Established 1876.

The Douglas secret process of tanning the bottom soles produces more flexible and longer wearing leather than any other tannage. The sales have more than doubled the past four years, which proves its superiority.

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