

# HAPPY AND HEALTHY.

## A Beautiful Canadian Girl Saved From Catarrh of the Lungs by Pe-ru-na.



MISS FLORENCE KENAH.

Miss Florence E. Kenah, 434 Maria street, Ottawa, Ont., writes:

"A few months ago I caught a severe cold, which settled on my lungs and remained there so persistently that I became alarmed. I took medicine without benefit, until my digestive organs became upset, and my head and back began to ache severely and frequently. I was advised to try Peru-na, and although I had little faith, I felt so sure that I was ready to try anything. It brought me blessed relief at once, and I felt that I had the right medicine at last. Within three weeks I was completely restored and have enjoyed perfect health since. I now have the greatest faith in Peru-na."

WOMEN should beware of contracting catarrh. The cold wind and rain, sleet and snow of winter are especially conducive to catarrhal derangements. Few women escape. Upon the first symptoms of catching cold Peru-na should be taken. It fortifies the system against colds and catarrh.

The following letter gives one young woman's experience with Peru-na: Miss Rose Gerbing is a popular society woman of Crown Point, Ind., and she writes the following: "Recently I took a long drive in the country, and being too thinly clad I caught a bad cold which settled on my lungs, and which I could not seem to shake off. I had heard a great deal of Peru-na for colds and catarrh and I

**Colds Cured**  
LaGrippe and Neuralgia Banished  
BY THE USE OF  
**CAPUDINE**  
10, 25 and 50c. at Drug Stores.

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CANDY CATHARTIC  
Genuine stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk.  
Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

**DOUGLAS**  
SHOES \$3.50  
UNION MADE  
W. L. Douglas makes and sells the best quality of shoes in the world.  
REWARD

The Genuine TOWER'S POMMEL SLICKER HAS BEEN ADVERTISED AND SOLD FOR A QUARTER OF A CENTURY. IT IS THE BEST WATERPROOF CLOTHING. It is made of the best materials, in black or yellow, fully guaranteed, and sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

**ASPARGUS SPRENGERII FERN**  
Help a Southern woman who is helping her country. The Southern Woman's Flower, MISS COLLIE WATSON, MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

**DROPSY**  
10 DAY TREATMENT FREE.  
Have made Dropsy and its complications a specialty for twenty years with the most wonderful success. Have cured many thousands.

**WELL DRILLING**  
MA. KEINER & CO.  
I will drill a well for you in any part of the country. It is the fastest, cheapest, and most reliable method of drilling.

**POTATOES \$2.50**  
Largest growers of Seed Potatoes in America.  
I will send you a year's supply of the best potatoes for \$2.50. Free of charge.

**MILITARY LAND WARRANTS**  
Issued to soldiers of any War. Additional Homestead Rights. Write at once.

**PISO'S CURE FOR CHICKEN POX**  
Cures where all else fails. Best Cough Syrup. Throat Lozenges. In a minute. Sold by druggists.

# THE FOOTPATHS.

By MARTHA WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK.

Away and away I see them wind whenever I shut my eyes, Like delicate countless threads to bind our manifold destinies.

For over the circling world we go where dominant man has gone, And in the child's play and flow the way of its will has worn.

The rigid highways straightly pass by the fields unscathed, But the wanton path over dimpling grass escapes like a joyous child;

For nature tenderly decks the way that leads to her secret heart As a mother would tempt her babe essay the first few steps apart.

And the footpaths dance over hillsides cool, dividing the golden bloom, Lovelily meandering the peacock pool and the humming clover bloom.

Fern-waves cleaving in woodland vees (with the thrush and the veeer near) Where the lovely ferns of the wild flowers keeps its rhythm thro' the year.

They are always to the ferry, the forgo, the mill, or the clanging factory's gate, Or the tattered town up over the hill, or the fields where the milch cows wait.

For under the joy that moves us so, like an Arcadian child, we tread the human way that walk in the paths to-day.

Bird and blossom have made them sweet-scented of the fragrant soil— But each was carved by the patient feet of age-long daily toil.

Like leaved lanes part the rays as the bent forms come or go, Nor heed the hush of the dawning days, nor the peace of the evening glow.

Little can nature, mother dear, with her softest wile or play, The listless brow of the toiler cheer who has wrought: from break of day.

But we, we follow the pleasant way of pains we have never borne, Reaping the joy of the footpaths gray that labor's feet have worn.

—The Critic.

# A Hero--An Involuntary Trip Into a Fever-Stricken Country.

By A. S. DUANE.

I T is said that every man has a blind spot in his eye. Sometimes I think that I must have a blind spot in my brain, and that the disasters and the sufferings of humanity get before it. Floods and earthquakes and epidemics devastate the earth, but they make little impression upon me. I read the headlines in the newspapers, and when a man asks me for a dollar for a "sufferer" he generally gets it, but I have no rest worrying over his sorrows.

It may have been an unconscious seeking after an antidote for my entirely practical nature that attracted me toward Julia Maitland. Julia was beautiful, young and romantic, and did not seem to desire any corrective for her disposition in the way of an alliance with me. I asked her to marry me once, and when she declined I continued to visit at her home, with the full approval of her father, and with the full intention of asking her again.

She told me when she did so that she rejected me and liked me, but that she could never, under any circumstances, be happy with a man who could appreciate nothing but the solid side of life. She said she had noticed that when I looked at a painting I always valued it, took into consideration the reputation of the artist, and then gave my opinion upon it.

"It was just 10 o'clock when I left her office and finished up some correspondence, when the thought of a few hours with her had made to seem of the most trivial importance earlier in the evening."

We kept a light in the office all night. It looked a trifle brighter than usual as it came peering over the transom, but I had a genuine start of surprise as I opened the door with my key, and found Ransom, my bookkeeper, still busy. He looked up as though he had been expecting me.

"Mr. Duane," he said, "here are some letters that I think ought to be attended to at once."

I sat down and looked the letters over. The matter was much more serious than I had imagined it could be. After talking and writing, and talking again for an hour, we arrived at the conclusion that the only possible way to save the two or three thousand dollars involved was for me to make a trip to a city in the northern part of the State.

"There is a train at midnight—or half-past. Why don't you take that?" Ransom suggested.

It seemed the best possible thing to do. I walked over to the hotel where I lived, packed my satchel, and in another half hour was waiting in the station for my train. I took out some papers I had brought along with me, and went over them while I waited.

After a provoking delay the train pulled out and soon I ordered my berth made up and turned in for the night.

It was 10 o'clock next day when I awoke and dressed myself. I didn't think to look out of the window until my toilet was completed. I knew about where we would be at that hour. Already the lake breeze ought to be rushing through the car, and yet it seemed still.

I walked out in search of somebody official and met the conductor.

"What train is this?" I asked him, rather excitedly.

He looked at me in bewilderment. "Ain't you one of 'em?"

"One of what? Isn't this the train to Clinton? Where are we, anyway?"

The conductor looked at me stupidly.

"You didn't offer no ticket," he said finally.

"No, I didn't. I showed the porter my name—here it is—and told him to tell you to take it or to take it or to show it to you, and let me go to bed."

"Oh, him," the conductor said, plucking at his beard. "He can't read. He supposed it was like all the rest—they've all got 'em."

"All got what?" I fairly shouted at him. "What are you talking about?"

"Young man," said the slow fellow, solemnly—I found out afterward that he had been chosen for this mission on account of his calm nature—"you are on a special train, carrying nurses and doctors to the fever towns. You are in quarantined country now, and now you are going to get back I don't know."

"Oh, I'll get back," I said, cheerfully. "Just let me off at the next town, and I'll find my way back."

"I wouldn't do anything rash, if I were you," he said.

It was a very still little town where I stopped. There was only one other passenger for that place—a slender girl, with a clever face that looked too young for a nurse's. I walked briskly down the empty platform, hot with sunshine, and exuding a strong smell of rosin from the new pine boards. There was a black sign over one of the closed doors with "Telegraph Office" in white letters. Inside there was a "click, click" of instruments, but the door was locked. A negro lad came lounging round the corner.

"You shouldn't try to get in thah," he said importantly. "The operat'ah he is 'sain't. Th' fevah's got him."

"Is there anybody in this town who can send a message?" I inquired.

There was a touch on my arm. I turned, to see the girl. "I can," she said. "I am the volunteer operator who was sent to take charge of this office and send dispatches about the state of things here."

"Were't you afraid?" I asked her. She looked so young.

"No," she said. "I have had the fever. New Orleans is my native city, and I had it there years ago. I couldn't

"The nurses' train." "Yes, but before that. Had you a secret sorrow? Had your wife died, or your sweetheart jilted you, that you valued life so lightly?" "My sweetheart had jilted me, or refused to marry me, the night I started, but I can hardly say that I valued life much less. I am going back to try it over again."

"What is the matter with you?" Fanny Martin asked. "You seem like a very respectable person. The President of the C. A. & S. seemed to think you were a reliable man."

"I am. I am too respectable. She says I am 'practical.' For example, she says that all I see in a yellow fever epidemic is its effect on trade."

"And you came down here to nurse and show her better?"

"Not by a great deal!" said I emphatically. "And then I told her exactly how it all happened."

"And she wants a romantic lover?" "I suppose so."

"Ah!" said Fanny Martin.

It seemed to me that men looked at me oddly, and shook hands with me more heartily than usual. My friends are serious, hard headed fellows, a good deal like myself, not much given to effusive expression; but one of them actually called me a hero.

It is very possible that ladies visit my office, but as I went in I saw a gleam of summery apparel. A moment later there was a rush and a sob, and Julia, actually Julia, was in my arms.

"My darling girl!" I said. "What is the matter? Is your father ill? Is anything wrong?"

"No! No! Oh, suppose you had died! And it was my fault—I should have driven you to that dreadful death! Oh, I know you saved hundreds of lives, but what would that have mattered to me?"

"I'll be your child," I said, "will you tell me what is the matter?"

"I know you didn't want anybody to know it, and I am rightly punished for having driven you to it, by all this publicity. I am so proud of you!" And Julia, Julia who had scorned me, actually put her tear-stained cheek against my own, and then kissed me.

I turned to Ransom. "Now tell me," said I, "what all this is about."

He put his hand on his forehead, and took down a copy of a New York paper from the bureau before which he had just reached our town. He turned to a head-lined page, pointed out an article, and went back to work. I sat down and read it.

It narrated the experiences of one of the paper's young women correspondents, who had volunteered to go as telegraph operator to the yellow fever infected district. Half the letter was taken up with the noble self-sacrifice of the young millionaire business man from Ohio, Alfred Duane, who had brought not only his personal services and sympathy, but his wealth and influence to aid the sufferers. He had buried the dead with his own hands and that spirit became at the touch of this pen a beautiful girl, supported in her grief by Alfred Duane! And then of a strong man with a broken heart, hiding his own wounds by ministering to others, risking the life he no longer valued because the woman he loved had denied him his heart's desire! The letter was signed "Fanny Martin."—New York News.

On the Verge of Bright's Disease.—A Quick Cure That Lasted. CASE NO. 30,611.—C. E. Boles, dealer in grain and feed, 605 South Water street, Akron, O., made the following statement in 1906: "Ever since the Civil War I have had attacks of kidney and bladder trouble, decidedly worse during the last two or three years. Although I consulted physicians, some of whom told me I was verging on Bright's disease, and I was continually using standard remedies, the excruciating aching just across the kidneys, which radiated to the shoulder blades, still existed. As might be expected when my kidneys were in a disturbed condition, there was a distressing and inconvenient difficulty with the action of the kidney secretion. A box of Doan's Kidney Pills, procured at Lamparter & Co.'s drug store, brought such a decided change within a week that I continued the treatment. The last attack, and it was particularly aggravated, disappeared."

Three Years After. Mr. Boles says in 1909: "In the spring of 1896 I made a public statement of my experience with Doan's Kidney Pills. This remedy cured me of a terrible aching in the kidneys, in the small of my back, in the muscles of the shoulder blades, and in the limbs. During the years that have gone by I can conscientiously say there have been no recurrences of my old trouble. My confidence in Doan's Kidney Pills is stronger than ever, not only from my personal experience, but from the experience of many others in Akron which have come to my notice."

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

THE NATURAL LOCATION. "Mamma, where is the mouth of the Mississippi River?" asked Lucy. "I know," said little Johnny, looking up from his play, "it's right under its nose."—Little Chronicle.

The Monarch of the House. "Wives rule the husbands, children rule the wives and the cook rules the whole bunch of them"—New York Press.

Bathing the Sic'. Young mothers naturally feel anxious about their babies. It is best to begin at six weeks to put the little one in the bath, first folding a soft towel in the bottom of the basin. Use only Ivory Soap, as made by the highly colored and perfumed soaps are very injurious to the tender skin of an infant.—Eleanor B. Parker.

Some people have family trees, and others are content with rubber plants.

C100 Reward. \$100. The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving relief by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: Sold by Druggists, 736 N. Broadway, N. Y. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

When people are proud of their teeth it is sometimes false pride.

BIRDS WITH ODD WAYS. *Chlorophanes, Orioles, Catbirds and Mockers.*

Of course all birds live in more or less close relation to the earth, but some are peculiarly associated with it, or depend upon it more especially for certain requirements. Not the least interesting of these are the burrowing owls. These, unlike their tree or tower haunting relatives, make their home underground, digging their tunnels to such a depth that they are able to escape the heat of the sun and the cold of the winter. They are not nocturnal, but dig their burrows, catch their food and do their courting in broad daylight.

Ostriches, as mentioned as types of birds which have found it so good for them to spend their life in running that they are without the power of flight, and are never able to rise above the ground—"winged creatures" of the earth, not the "air."

The bird which is pre-eminently of the earth carries lives in the far antipodes—Australia and the Philippine Islands. It is the megapode, or mound builder, and has the curious habit of burying its eggs in the ground or in a mound of leaves and dirt, leaving the eggs to hatch from the heat generated in the pile of decaying vegetation. It is thought that the parents never see their offspring, which are fully feathered when they leave the egg and able to dig out and fly as one. This unusual development at birth is made possible by the great amount of nourishing yolk in the eggs, which are very large in proportion to the size of the bird. Think of a member of this class of birds, made to spend its life partly in the air, hatching in a tightly packed, damp mound of earth, a few feet below the surface! We cannot censure the parents for shirking the responsibilities of incubation when we think of the enormous amount of work necessary to collect such masses of rubbish, which measure, sometimes 50 feet in circumference and fourteen feet in height. Of course, this is not collected in one year, but it is a great undertaking for birds no larger than our common grouse. Thus we see man cannot take the credit of having first used an artificial incubator to hatch the eggs of birds. C. William Beebe, Curator of Ornithology, New York Zoological Society.

Chinese Careful Buyers. Of one thing the American manufacturer should be particularly beware, namely, of the delusion that it is possible to pass off a spurious article of the Chinese as the real thing. The Chinese are very careful in sampling the goods they buy, and they take nothing for granted on receiving the goods. They are especially patient in examining them, and they are not slow to explain to the manufacturer if there has been a tendency on the part of American exporters to the empire to ignore the fact. The first thing to get into his head is that he is dealing with a class of people fully his equal in business astuteness. The Chinaman knows what he wants, and he is no more disposed to take what he does not want than anyone else.—Wool and Cotton Textiles.

One in every five of the inhabitants of Edinburgh and Leith are depositors in the local savings bank.

# Avery & Company

SUCCESSORS TO  
AVERY & McMILLAN,  
51-53 South Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.  
—ALL KINDS OF—  
**MACHINERY**

Reliable Frick Engines, Boilers, all Sizes. Wheel Separators.

Miss Alice Bailey, of Atlanta, Ga., tells how she was permanently cured of inflammation of the ovaries, escaped surgeon's knife, by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"I had suffered for three years with terrible pain in the kind of menstruation, and did not know what the trouble was until the doctor pronounced it inflammation of the ovaries, and proposed an operation. I felt sure that I could not survive the ordeal. The following week I read an advertisement in the paper of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in such an emergency, and so I decided to try it. Great was my joy to find that I actually improved after taking two bottles, and in the end I was cured by it. I had gained eighteen pounds and was in excellent health."

—Miss ALICE BAILEY, 50 North Boulevard, Atlanta, Ga.—\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

The symptoms of inflammation and disease of the ovaries are a dull throbbing pain, accompanied by a sense of tenderness and heat low down in the side, with occasional shooting pains. The removal of pain sometimes shows some swelling.

On July 4th we will give, FREE, one of our "WHITE STAR" Top Buggies to the person composing the greatest number of 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.

"I feel sure that you will understand, 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.

Write your name, enclosing postage for reply, to: ATLANTA BUGGY CO., Atlanta, Georgia.

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

Your dealer tells it.

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**AMMUNITION**  
of U. M. C. make is now accepted by shooters as "the world's standard" for it snoots well in any gun.

GREEN RAPE 25 CENTS per TON.  
Greatest Cheapest Food for Cattle, etc.  
Billion Dollar Grass will positively make you rich. It is the best food for cattle, horses, sheep, etc. It is made in the U.S.A. and is sold in 100 lb. bags. Write for particulars to JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., WIS.

# MRS. RATH'S BABY

## Tired Mother's Touching Story of Anxiety and Suffering.

### Cuticura Brings Blessed Cure to Skin Tortured Baby and Peace and Rest to Its Worn Out Mother.

It is no wonder that Mrs. Helena Rath was taken sick. Single-handed, she did all the housework and washed, cooked and mended for her husband, Hans, and their six children. After a painful fight to keep on her feet, Mrs. Rath had to yield, and early in 1902 she took to her bed. What followed she told to a visitor, who called at her tidy home, No. 821 Tenth Ave., New York City:

"I hired a girl to mind the children and to do whatever else she could. I couldn't stay in bed long. She got more peace by day, and more sleep by night. The sores sort of dried up and went away. I shall never forget one blessed night when I went to bed with Charlie beside me, as soon as I got the supper dishes out of the way and the other children undressed: when I woke up the first time in six months I had slept through the night without a break.

"I wouldn't have believed that my baby would have been cured by a little thing like that. Not all of a sudden, mind you. Little by little, got more peace by day, and more sleep by night. The sores sort of dried up and went away. I shall never forget one blessed night when I went to bed with Charlie beside me, as soon as I got the supper dishes out of the way and the other children undressed: when I woke up the first time in six months I had slept through the night without a break.

"But the rash on Charlie's poor little face spread to his neck, chest, and back. I had never seen anything quite like it before. The skin rose in little lumps, and matter came out. My baby's skin was hot, and he was all the while crying. I would eat, and night after night I walked the floor with him, weak as I was. Often I had to stop because I felt faint and my back throbbled with pain. But worst of all, I was unable to see my poor little boy burning with those nasty sores.

"I believed he had caught some disease from the girl, but some of the neighbors said he had eczema, and that is not catching, they told me. Yes, I gave him medicine, and put salves and things on him. I don't think they were all useless. Once in a while the itching seemed to let up a bit, but there was not much change for the better until a lady across the street asked me why I didn't try the Cuticura Remedies. I told her I had no faith in those things you read about in the papers. She said she didn't want me to go on faith nor even to spend any money at first. She gave me some Cuticura Ointment, and I think the first time I was about half cured—a piece of Cuticura Soap. I followed

"Yes, that fat little boy by the window is Charlie, and his skin is as white as a snowflake, thanks to the Cuticura Remedies. I think everybody should know about the Soap and also the Ointment, and if it is going to help other mothers with sick babies, go ahead and publish what I have told you."

MRS. HELENA RATH.

The agonizing, itching, and burning of the skin in eczema; the frightful scaling, as in psoriasis; the loss of hair, and crusting of the scalp, as in scalled head; the facial disfigurements, as in pimples and ringworm; the awful suffering of infants, and anxiety of worn-out parents, as in milk crust, tetter and salt rheum,—all demand a remedy of almost superhuman virtues to successfully cope with them. That Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent are such stands proven beyond all doubt. No statement is made regarding them that is not justified by the strongest evidence, the certainty of speedy and permanent cure, the absolute safety and great economy have made them the standard skin cures, blood purifiers and humour remedies of the civilized world.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the civilized world. PRICES: Cuticura Resolvent, 50c. per bottle in the form of Chocolate Coated Pills, 25c. per bottle of 100; Cuticura Ointment, 50c. per box, and Cuticura Soap, 25c. per tablet. Send for the great work, "Humours of the Blood, Skin and How to Cure Them," 64 pages, 100 Illustrations, with Directions, Testimonials and Directions in all languages, including Japanese and Chinese. British Depot, 27-28, Charterhouse St., London, E.C. 3; French Depot, 10, Rue de Valenciennes, Paris; R. T. French Depot, 10, Rue de Valenciennes, Paris; R. T. French Depot, 10, Rue de Valenciennes, Paris; R. T. French Depot, 10, Rue de Valenciennes, Paris.

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**USE TAYLOR'S** Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein Nature's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe for 80 years. All Druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.