SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.
Completely Restored to Health.

Mrs. P. Brunzel, wife of P. Brunzel, stock dealer, residence 3111 Grand Ave., Everett, Wash., says: "For fifteen years I suffered with terrible pain in my back. I experimented with doctors and medicines, but got little if any relief. I actually believe the aching in my back and through the groin became worse. I did not know what it was to enjoy a night's rest and arose in the morning feeling tired and unrefreshed. My suffering sometimes was simply indescribable. Finally, I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised and got a box. After a few doses I told my husband that I was feeling much better and that the pills were doing me good. When I finished that box I felt like a different woman. I didn't stop at that, though. I continued the treatment until I had taken five boxes. There was no recurrence until a week ago, when I began to feel miserable again. I bought another box and three days' treatment restored me to health. Doan's Kidney Pills act very effectively, very promptly, relieve the aching pains and all other annoying difficulties. I have recommended them to many people and will do so when opportunities present themselves."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Brunzel 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.

"Are marriages made in heaven, mamma?" asked little Tessie.

"Some of them are, dear.."

"Where was yours made, mamma?"

ATTORNEY MOYERS DEAD.

Was Engaged in the Collection of War Claims for Nearly Forty Years.

Col. Gilbert Moyers, who for upwards of forty years was engaged in the collection of war claims against the Government, and who enjoyed the distinction of being at the head of this particular line of practice, departed this life June 13 at Washingon, D. C. In a recent interview at their offices in Washington, Attorneys I. M. Moyers and C. F. Consaul, formerly associated with him, stated that they are continuing the vigorous prosecution of all claims placed in Col. Moyers' hands, as well as of new cases, and report that the prospect for the collection of all such claims, for stores and supplies, rent and cotton, was never brighter than at present, and that earnest work by claimants and their attorneys during the next few years should result in large numbers of these claims being successfully prosecuted to collection.

That Yankee humor and shrewdness has not yet completed its mission in literature has been demonstrated frequently by the success of Joseph C. Lincoln. Of this another piece of evidence is supplied by Mr. Lincoln's story in Ainslee's for September, "The Cruise of the Dora Bassett." Every one who has been at a summer resort on the New England coast will recognize Captain Solomon Pratt at the first glance, and reading of him here is pretty nearly the same thing as talking to one of his many counterparts. The story is one of Mr. Lincoln's best.

"The Blue Moon," by Lucia and Esther Chamberlain, is the picturesque title of the novel in Ainslee's for September. It is a refreshing story, because the ingenuity of its plot does not in any way depend upon cheap devices of sensationalism; at the same time, it is dramatic, the action goes forward steadily and at just the proper pace, it has a strong and well-balanced love interest, and last, but not least, it possesses high literary merit.

Miss Gannon, Sec'y Detroit Amateur Art Association, tells young women what to do to avoid pain and suffering caused by female troubles.

"I can conscientiously recommend **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** to those of my sisters suffering with female weakness and the troubles which so often befall women. I suffered for months with general weakness and felt so weary that I had hard work to keep up. I had shooting pains and was utterly miserable. In my distress I was advised to use **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound,** and it was a red letter day to me when I took the first dose, for at that time my restoration began. In six weeks I was a changed woman, perfectly well in every respect. I felt so elated and happy that I want all women who suffer to get well as I did."—MISS GULA GANNON, 359 Jones St., Detroit, Corresponding Sec'y Mich. Amateur Art Association.—*$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.*

It is clearly shown in this young lady's letter that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will surely cure the sufferings of women; and when one considers that Miss Gannon's letter is only one of hundreds which we have, the great virtue of Mrs. Pinkham's medicine must be admitted by all.

Cross?

Poor man! He can't help it. He gets bilious. He needs a good liver pill—Ayer's Pills. They act directly on the liver, cure biliousness. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Want your moustache or beard a beautiful brown or rich black? Use **BUCKINGHAM'S DYE**

FIFTY CTS. OF DRUGGISTS OR R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.

CAPUDINE CURES Indigestion. Effects felt immediately. 10, 25 and 50c. at Druggists.

QUITE TOO SWEEPING.

BY NIXON WATERMAN.

There once was a woman so wofully neat
That she swept her whole family into the street.
She lectured on tidiness, day after day,
Till her children ran off to the neighbor's to play.
And, sometimes, the "lord of the manor" would roam
From his beautiful house which was never a home.
'Twas a splendid expression of beauty and art,
But it did not possess home's one requisite, heart.

But this woman worked on with her brush and her broom,
With her servants she battled through room after room;
She waxed and she polished her beautiful floors
Till her friends hardly ventured inside of her doors.
Her carpets so velvety one would refuse
To walk on, until he had dusted his shoes;
Her chairs all so tidied, without and within,
That to sit on them seemed little less than a sin.

Her children had toys which they never spread
O'er immaculate floors; nor could cookies or bread
Be eaten where crumbs might be scattered about,
For her house was like "wax-work" within and without.
Of dust, just the least little innocent bit
Would bring on something akin to a fit.
And a tidy or picture a trifle awry
Could never escape her most diligent eye.

Her children grew up and they hurried away
As soon as they could, scarcely caring to stay
Where brooms were a-whisking; they sighed for a nest,
Still neat, but inviting a spirit of rest.
And the day when the last of her little ones left,
And the home of their smiles was forever bereft,
She said, while for dust she still searched up and down,
"They know I'm the finest housekeeper in town."

—Good Housekeeping.

FIGHTING BY FIRELIGHT.

BY DAVID KER.

"IF they come at all, they'll come to-night!" Thus briefly and plainly, with true Anglo-Saxon coolness, did our sturdy leader inform us that, within a very few hours, hundreds of armed savages (and cannibals to boot) might be expected to fall upon our unarmed company of fifty-nine souls, two of whom were women, and seven more helpless invalids prostrated by the terrible African fever.

Our vessel had been cast away at the mouth of a small West African river three nights before, and had not our boats providentially touched the shore at the very point where two white traders had established themselves, a few months before, we should probably have been (as our Irish doctor poetically phrased it) "the deadest men alive!" Even as it was, when we at length succeeded in landing (after a series of sensational adventures too long to be told here), we had to show fight at once with oars, boat hooks, and even fists, against the marauding natives, who seemed bent upon stripping us of what few clothes the sea had spared.

But when once fairly housed after their five hours in open boats beneath the pelting African rain my brave comrades accepted the situation with thorough British stoicism, and made themselves as comfortable as could be expected where fifty-nine persons were crammed into a trading station originally built for two. No stranger could have found any token of peril or hardship in the merry talk and ringing laughter of these men who had just lost all they had except their lives, as they sat there around the one small lamp which our kind host's limited resources could furnish, chatting, singing, telling tales of adventure, reading the two or three soaked and tattered books which I had luckily brought ashore in my pockets, or drowning the moan of the night wind and the thunder of the breakers on the bar with the lusty chorus of an impromptu parody on "So Early in the Morning:"

"The sun it baked us black and brown,
The scorpions sauntered up and down,
And the flies kept gadding about like bricks,
Till you couldn't draw breath without swallowing six;

"Where we were wrecked that morning,
Where we were wrecked that morning,
Where we were wrecked that morning,
Before the break of day."

Briskest and blithest of all was poor Frank V——, Stanley's famous lieutenant on the Lower Congo, who, little dreaming of the miserable end that awaited him in the hideous swamps of the Niger not many months later, was the life and soul of our party. And yet all this time he knew well—and we all knew it as well as he did—that there was but a step between us and destruction.

For the first two days after the wreck, however, there was no sign of mischief, our fierce neighbors being fully occupied with the picking up of the countless waifs and strays which kept drifting ashore from our poor old steamer, while some of the bolder spirits among them, defying in their tiny canoes the fury of a surf that would have beaten any other craft to atoms, went out to the wreck itself, and helped themselves as freely as Robinson Crusoe. We could not look seaward in quest of a possible sail without seeing a swarm of human ants creeping up and down the two tall masts which stood gauntly up out of the sullen waters that had engulfed our lost vessel, and witnessing a hacking of sails and a chopping away of cordage from which our poor captain—already heart-broken at the loss of his ship—turned away his eyes with a stifled groan.

I may observe in parenthesis that the natives of West Africa can fairly claim at least one clause of the bitter old Levantine proverb, "The Greek wines steal all heads, the Greek women steal all hearts, and the Greek men steal everything." Nothing is "too hot or too heavy" for the savage of the Guinea coast. With him thieving is one of the fine arts; and while other thieves steal for the baser motive of gain, he steals in the spirit of an artist, for the mere pleasure of taking what does not belong to him, however useless it may be. The true West African will steal a Latin dictionary, a sextant, a map of ancient Greece; and in several of the native villages which I afterward visited higher up the river I found spoils quite as incongruous as these. I have known a "Kroo boy" spend a whole afternoon aboard a ship in patiently unscrewing the brass knob of a ventilator, which could be of no possible use to him when he had got it; and such a case is by no means unique.

Seeing the worthy savages so fully employed, we began to hope that, after all, the occupation of robbery might prove more attractive to them than that of murder. But, as third-rate novelists say when they want to be impressive, "the time was coming, and it came."

Our captain had foretold (as I have said) that the third night would be the critical one; and his seventeen years' experience of African savages gave special weight to his opinion, in which our two trader hosts fully concurred.

The wary traders saw at once that their small garrison would have no chance of being able to defend against a determined attack the wide circuit of the palisades which inclosed the station, and wisely decided upon trying to hold the house itself till the tribe beyond the river, with which they were on friendly terms, could come up to the rescue. This, indeed, they had already done on a similar occasion some months before, when a band of savages had assailed the "factory" at midnight. The house was completely surrounded, and the besiegers, despite the heavy fire poured upon them through the loopholes of the barred doors and shutters, were pressing close up to it to set it on fire, when all at once, in a momentary lull of the hideous uproar, there was heard far away amid the dark thickets a faint tinkling sound, growing ever louder and nearer. That sound was as sweet to the ears of the fainting garrison as Havelock's Highland war pipes to the hard-pressed defenders of Lucknow, for it told them that the friendly chief's followers (distinguished by the small brass bells at their necks) were advancing against the assailants, who knew better than to await their approach.

Our hosts rapidly made all their preparations, and, having posted their native musketeers in various parts of the building, placed two sentincls outside, with orders to fire a signal shot at the first sign of the enemy's approach, when (thanks to the glorious tropical moonlight) they would have ample time to do, the brushwood having been cut away to a considerable distance on every side of the house.

All being now ready, our leaders significantly advised us to lie down and sleep while we could. At such a crisis the suggestion sounded like a mockery; but (as I have had good cause to know) men can slumber even on the brink of destruction, and scarcely had we laid our heads upon our mail bags—which, gallantly saved from the wreck by the captain and purser, were now serving us as pillows—when we were all fast asleep.

* * * * * * *

Bang!

Clear, sharp and stunning came the report of a heavy musket from without, instantly followed by a second shot, and then by a confused clamor of hoarse outcries.

Instantly we were all on our feet, and ready for action; but I think the boldest among us—and our party contained more than one man whose courage might have matched the stoutest paladin of Froissart—was not wholly free from that sudden tightening of the heart which a man is wont to feel when fairly driven to bay, and about to struggle for life and death.

We sprang to the windows that overlooked the courtyard on the side facing the river, naturally supposing that we were attacked. And so we were—by an enemy more terrible and cruel and irresistible than the fiercest cannibal in Central Africa.

The red glare of a watch fire kindled by our vigilant sentinels, and the fitful light of the sinking moon, showed us a strange and fearful sight. Half a dozen goblin figures were leaping wildly to and fro only a few paces from the house, and flourishigg blazing torches, which they swept along the ground like scythes ever and anon, while the flames of these firebrands threw the contortions of their gaunt frames and grim faces into startling and hideous relief against the inky blackness of the background, through which glimmered spectrally the white seething foam of the unresting sea.

From the spot where this demon dance was in progress down to the farthest palisade the whole courtyard seemed covered with a sheet of black water, quivering, glistening and trembling incessantly. We were still gazing blankly at this bewildering spectacle, when the fatal truth was forced upon us by the cries of the black torch bearers, who shouted, or, rather screamed—

"The drivers! The drivers!"

Then the full horror of this ghastly dilemma burst upon us at once.

The terrible "driver ants" of West Africa, whose devouring jaws can in one night turn the carcass of an ox into a clean-picked skeleton, were upon us in an army millions strong; and should they succeed in forcing their way into the house our only way of escape from being actually devoured alive would be an instant flight down to the beach, a night upon which, unsheltered from the drenching rain which a mighty black cloud was fast bringing up against us from the sea, would be nothing short of certain death to the delicate women and fever-stricken invalids of our company.

There was no time to lose. Barely ten paces divided the advancing swarms from the front of the house; and should they once reach it all would be over. Darting like lightning down the little wooden stepladder that led to the courtyard, each of us seized a firebrand, and we fell upon the invaders like men who were fighting for their lives, and for other lives dearer thon their own.

All that passed after that moment was like the confused terror of a frightful dream. The ceaseless sweep of our flaming scythes, mowing down the destroyers by thousands, only to be replaced by fresh thousands in another moment—the frantic yells and wild gestures of our black followers—the fitful and unearthly glare of the firelight amid the utter darkness—the deepening gloom of the coming storm, blotting out the cold splendor of the moonlight—all were, indeed, like the visionary horror of one of those ghastly nightmares in which one seems inevitably doomed to struggle forever with some hideous peril, and to struggle in vain.

More than once it seemed as if the battle must go against us after all; and our hearts sank as we saw the bleeding arms and limbs of our native helpers, upon which the greedy destroyers fastened with such deadly tenacity as to let themselves be torn asunder rather than unclinch the grasp of their cruel jaws. Do what we would, on came the invaders over the blasted corpses of their comrades like a rising tide. We might as well have striven to drive back the inflowing tide of the sea.

But, while some of us were fighting their vanguard, others, under the direction of the experienced traders, were laying blazing splinters of wood in a line along the front of the charging column, and meeting it with an impassable barrier of fire, whence the rising wind, luckily in our favor, blew the flames right into the ranks of the assailants, destroying more of them than we could mow down with our firebrands.

Little by little, human energy and skill began to prevail over blind animal ferocity; and at length, to our indescribable relief, we saw the line of their march gradually slant off to the right, in a direction which would carry them past the house into the "bush" beyond it. Before the first drop of the gathering storm had fallen all was over and we were saved; and the deep "Thank God!" uttered by a brave missionary whose sick wife was among those for whose lives we had been so desperately battling found an echo in the heart of every man amongst us.—Waverley Magazine.

MACHINE LAYS RAILROADS.

Puts Down the Ties and Rails at the Rate of Three Miles a Day.

At the rate of three and a half miles a day a peculiar piece of mechanism is laying the tracks of the Cincinnati, Richmond and Muncie Railroad. This track-laying machine automatically and accurately lifts the ties and rails into position, the most drudging labor in all railroad construction. It also furnishes the motive power for its own construction train.

There were stretches of roadbed over which the construction train moved at the rate of 1800 feet an hour. The machine utilized was one which differs in many essentials from that which has been used west of the Mississippi River. One of the most interesting features is the manner in which the material is delivered to the roadbed, and the comparatively few men required for the different operations, as the ties and rails are lifted and moved from the cars on which they are carried to the roadbed, being connected and spiked while the train is in motion.

An endless chain carrier puts the ties in position, while a crane suspended upon a steel truss lowers the rails in advance of the construction train. In this manner the engineers in charge of the road hope to run into Cincinnati many weeks earlier than they could otherwise have done.

The machine weighs fifty tons, and was made in Scanton, Pa. It is the only one of its kind in existence, and its inventor, Mr. Hurley, who accompanies the machine, spent ten years in perfecting it and thousands of dollars on models before success crowned his efforts.

The work done upon the Cincinnati, Richmond and Muncie road demonstrated that a force of about forty competent men were all that were required to operate the machine to its fullest capacity, and that when conditions are favorable over three miles of track in a day of ten hours could be put down without difficulty, while an average of over two and one-half miles could be recorded. The gearing on which the material is conveyed from the platform through the machine can be operated at the same rate of speed at which the train is moved, or its speed can be doubled. The weight of the rails handled include the heaviest used for standard gauge construction, some of them averaging 400 tons to the mile.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Peril in Man's Instinct.

"Here's another automobiler's death recorded," said the chauffeur, "and the accident was due to the usual error—the error of taking off the brake instead of putting it on.

"In several makes of automobiles the brake is worked by means of a lever that has a backward and forward movement. To put on the brake you pull the lever toward you; to take it off you pull it away from you. Those movements are, somehow or other, confusing to the average man. They seem wrong to him—as wrong as it would seem to pull on a horse's right rein to make him turn to the left.

"Riding along swiftly in an automobile you have an instinctive feeling, as you hold the brake lever in your hand, that you should push this lever forward in order to put the brake on, and that you should bring it back toward you in order to take the brake off. This feeling, as I say, is instinctive, and it is apt to come over the most skilful driver in moments of excitement and peril. He yields to it; when he wants to put the brake on he moves the lever the wrong way; the next moment he is crushed against a stone wall, or he falls over a seventy-foot cliff.

"Therefore, those autos with brake levers that have a backward movement for 'on-brakes' and a forward movement for 'off-brakes' should have their levers' working reversed, out of consideration for men's instinct in this matter. Accidents, thereafter, would be more rare."—Philadelphia Record.

Cold Facts Spoil a Romance.

As is known, the new King of Servia married Princess Zorka, the eldest daughter of the Prince of Montenegro, and his supporters in Germany are now spreading a story of his marriage which is more romantic than exact. Peter Karageorgevitch served as a volunteer with the Montenegrins during the Turkish war, and toward the end of the struggle the Turks captured Prince Nicholas' camp and carried off his daughter. Peter at once got together his followers and started in pursuit. Coming up with the Turks he attacked them with the greatest fury, and with his own hand slew the soldiers who were carrying off the Princess. The Prince of Montenegro, delighted at the rescue of his daughter, asked the gallant Peter how he could reward him, but Zorka, throwing herself into her father's arms, exclaimed: "Father, let me be his reward!". Princess Zorka had before that hardly known Peter Karageorgevitch, but his desperate valor had made her fall violently in love with him, like a princess in a fairy tale. The story is such a pretty one that it is a great pity it has so very small a foundation in fact.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A New Headlight.

A recent improvement in railroad locomotive headlights is to send a beam of light vertically from the locomotive, as well as straight ahead. The column of light, rising from the locomotive, can be seen from a great distance, even though a hill should intervene to hide the ordinary headlight and dull the sound of the whistle. The searchlight effect used aboard ships is thus to some extent utilized. An approaching locomotive with this device always signals its coming with a "pillar of fire" by night, producing an impressive as well as most useful sight.

Caring for Your Books.

In nothing is it truer that "a stitch in time saves nine" than in the care of your good friends the books. Watch them, and as soon as signs of old age appear do your best to heal the ravages of time. A book-hospital might well be established in every household, so that the injured would receive "first aid"—the timely assistance that will prolong life and service. You will find the equipment of such a hospital a simple matter and not expensive. You will need a tube of paste, tough thin paper, strips of leather and of linen, water colors, transparent gummed paper, and so on. With these at hand you may easily graduate into a competent book surgeon. Torn leaves can be straightened, backs can be reinforced, missing pages replaced, copying the text from another volume. Thus many a good book rescued from early dissolution may go on to an honored and useful old age. Remember that a book of good fiction is seldom like a lump of chalk; the chalk is useful down to the last fragment, but a book rather resembles a scap bubble, being often destroyed by the first injury.—From Books and Reading in the September St. Nicholas.

The Automobile and the Cart Horse.

A swift automobile once swept proudly past a Tired Cart Horse.

"Hello, Old Stick-in-the-Mud!" it called, tauntingly. "Back to the Boneyard, you Dead One!" So saying, it disappeared in a Cloud of Steam.

A little farther down the Pike, the Tired Cart Horse came upon the Swift Automobile, now Busted.

"Aha!" said the Steed, with a Horse Laugh, "who is Stick-in-the-Mud now? You are indeed far from your Happy Home."

While the Cart Horse was thinking up other Biting Sarcasms of this Nature, they hitched him up to the Damaged Vehicle, and he was compelled to yank it laboriously to the stable, fourteen miles away on an up grade.

This fable teaches us that it is Wrong to gloat over the Downfall of our Enemies, until we are sure they can no longer injure us.—September Smart Set.

TO STUDY THE BAHAMA ISLANDS

An Expedition From Baltimore to Make a Thorough Report.

An expedition recently left Baltimore for the purpose of making an exhaustive study of the Bahama Islands, the report to be presented to the United States Government. The idea of the expedition originated with Professor George R. Shattuck, of the Johns Hopkins University, and is under the auspices of the Geographical Society of Baltimore, which defrays a portion of the expense.

Some of the principal lines of investigation will be concerned with the animal and plant life of the islands. The geology of the group will also be examined and a bench mark will be left with the view of ascertaining to what extent, if any, the Bahamas are sinking or rising above the level of the sea. Special attention will be given in the reports to the industries, commerce, physical condition of the inhabitants and any other economic feature which may suggest itself. An elaborate outfit of scientific apparatus for the study of climatic conditions has been provided. The diseases which may be prevalent and general sanitary conditions will be included in the investigation. This portion of the work will be in charge of Dr. Clement A. Penrose, assistant director of the expedition.

For the Family Furs.

When, for the first time, small Katherine witnessed a hailstorm she was very much surprised. Almost without warning, large, white globules fell pelting down out of the sky. Astonished Katherine, who was out-of-doors, lost no time in getting under cover.

"Oh, mamma!" she exclaimed, rushing into the house, "come quick. It's raining mothballs."—September Lippincott's.

Specifications.

Clerk—What kind of hammock do you wish?

Summer Girl—It needn't be double size, but it must be double strength.—September Smart Set.

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

There are 175 parts to a watch, and the first things a boy does when he gets one is to satisfy himself that they are all there.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

The man who is ashamed of his grandfather's trade doesn't deserve to have had a grandfather.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Some people who are weighed in the balance and found wanting will argue that the machine is out of order.

PUTNAM FADELESS D[illegible] to light and washing.

It's a good thing to kn[illegible] grasp an opportunity; also when to let go.

In England the annual consumption of southern fruit amounts to fifteen pounds a head. In Germany it averages not quite three pounds a head.

The Rivera memorial to the late Queen Victoria is to take the form of a cottage hospital at Nice.

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 you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists; price, 75c. per bottle.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

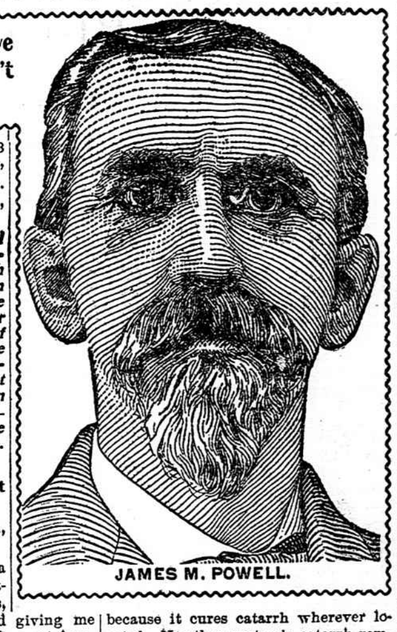
Hundreds of Indian laborers are being recruited for service in the Koffyfontein diamond mines near Kimberley

Edward Halley introduced mercury as the liquid for use in thermometers in 1680.

CATARRH DESTROYS THE KIDNEYS

Was Miserable---Could Not Stand Up or Walk---Pe-ru-na Cured.

Many Persons Have Catarrh and Don't Know It.



JAMES M. POWELL.

Mr. James M. Powell, 683 Troost street, Kansas City, Mo., Vice Grand of I. O. O. F., of Cherryville, Kan., writes:

"About four years ago I suffered with a severe catarrh of the bladder, which caused continued irritation and pain. I was miserable and could not stand up or walk for any length of time without extreme weariness and pain. I began taking Peruna and it greatly relieved me, and in eleven weeks I was completely cured and felt like a new man."---James M. Powell.

Hundreds of Dollars Spent in Vain.

Mr. Cyrus Hershman, Sheridan, Ind., writes:

"Two years ago I was a sick man. Catarrh had settled in the pelvic organs, making life a burden and giving me little hope of recovery. I spent hundreds of dollars in medicine which did me no good. I was persuaded by a friend to try Peruna. I took it two weeks without much improvement, but I kept on with it and soon began to get well and strong very fast. Within two months I was cured, and have been well ever since. I am a strong advocate of Peruna."—C. Hershman.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys, liver and other pelvic organs, simply because it cures catarrh wherever located. No other systemic catarrh remedy has as yet been devised. Insist upon having Peruna. There are no medicines that can be substituted.

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

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

WINCHESTER No. 12 NEW RIVAL LOADED 3¼ drs 3

"NEW RIVAL"

Loaded Black Powder Shells shoot stronger and reload better than any other black powder shells on the market, because they are loaded more carefully and made more scientifically. Try them. They are

THE HUNTER'S FAVORITE

Mount Assiniboine, long called "the Matterhorn of the Rockies," lies twenty miles from Banff, and towers, a mighty monolith, fifteen hundred feet above its neighbors. Attempts to scale the peak have proved futile, till James Outram, in company with four guides, was successful. The details of this mountaineering feat, "perhaps the most sensational yet achieved in North America," will be told in the September Century. Reproductions of a number of photographs will add to the vividness of the narrative.

SUBSIDIZING JOHNNY.

Father—Johnny, I saved you from a whipping last night, didn't I?

Johnny—Yes, pa.

Father—And you know I don't like to run that lawn mower.

Johnny—Yes, pa; I understand. Where's that big hammer?—Chelsea (Mass.) Gazette.

HOW IT AFFECTED HIM.

Mrs. Brownovich—I understand your husband is seriously ill.

Mrs. Smithinsky—Yes; he's too ill to do anything except make good resolutions.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Milesian character sketches of Seumas MacManus are not biting, only amusing. The tale called "How Miss Turkington Did Not See Queen Victoria," which appears in the September Lippincott is one of his sweetest and funniest bits of native drawing.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

She—Of course he bored me awfully, but I don't think I showed it. Every time I yawned I just hid it with my hand.

He (trying to be gallant)—Really, I don't see how a hand so small could—er—hide—er—that is—very beastly weather we're having, isn't it?—Philadelphia Press.

FREE STUART'S GIN and BUCHU

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