

REGISTER OF THE U. S. TREASURY USES PE-RU-NA FOR SUMMER CATARRH.

Summer Catarrh Afflicts Men and Women

Hon. Judson W. Lyons, Register of the United States treasury, in a letter from Washington, D. C., says: "I find Peru-na to be an excellent remedy for the catarrhal affections of spring and summer, and those who suffer from depression from the heat of the summer will find no remedy the equal of Peru-na."—Judson W. Lyons.

No man is better known in the financial world than Judson W. Lyons, formerly of Augusta, Ga. His name on every piece of money of recent date makes his signature one of the most familiar ones in the United States.

Two interesting letters from thankful women.

Miss Camilla Chartier, 5 West Lexington St., Baltimore, Md., writes:

"Late supper gradually affected my digestion and made me a miserable dyspeptic, suffering intensely at times. I took several kinds of medicine which were prescribed by different physicians but still continued to suffer. But the trial of one bottle of Peru-na convinced me that it would rid me of this trouble, so I continued taking it for several weeks and I was in excellent health, having gained ten pounds."—Miss Camilla Chartier.

SUMMER CATARRH.

Mrs. Kate Bohn, 1119 Willoughby Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"When I wrote you I was troubled with frequent headaches, dizziness, strange feelings in the head, sleeplessness, sinking feelings, faintness and numbness. Sometimes I had heartburn. My food would rise to my throat after every meal, and my bowels were very irregular."

"I wrote you for advice, and I now take pleasure in informing you that my improvement is very great indeed. I did not expect to improve so



HON. JUDSON W. LYONS.

quickly after suffering for five years. I am feeling very good and strong. I thank you so much for Peru-na. I shall recommend it to all suffering with the effects of catarrh, and I consider it a household blessing. I shall never be without Peru-na."

For those phases of catarrh peculiar to summer Peru-na will be found efficacious.

Peru-na cures catarrh in all phases and stages.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peru-na 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.

OLD FAVORITES

Casey at the Bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place. There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile on Casey's face. And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat no stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat!

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt. Ten thousand tongues applauded him as he wiped them on his shirt. And, while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip, Defiance glared in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air. And Casey stood a- watching it in haughty grandeur there. Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped. "That ain't my style!" said Casey. "Strike one!" the umpire said.

From the benches black with people there went up a muffled roar. Like the beating of the storm waves on a stern and distant shore. "Kill him! Kill the umpire!" shouted some one from the stand. And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone. He stilled the rising tumult and bade the game go on.

He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the ball it flew. But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two!"

"Fraud, fraud!" shout maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"

But one scornful look from Casey, and the audience was awed. They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain, And they knew that Casey would not let that ball go by again.

The smile is gone from Casey's face, his teeth are clenched with hate. And he beats with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.

And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go. And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright. The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light, and somewhere men are singing, somewhere children shout. But there is no joy in Mudville—mighty Casey has "struck out!"

The Heart Bowed Down.

The heart bowed down by weight of woe, To weakest hopes will cling, To thought and impulse while they flow, That can no comfort bring.

To those exciting scenes will blend, O'er pleasure's pathway thrown; But memory is the only friend That grief can call its own.

The mind will, in its worst despair, Still ponder o'er the past—On moments of delight that were Too beautiful to last; To long departed years extend, Its visions with them flown; For memory is the only friend That grief can call its own. —Alfred Bunn.

ONE OF NATURE'S DREDGES.

Great Lava Streams Attending an Eruption of Mont Pelee.

Since the disaster at Martinique most people, especially those of scientific and venturesome spirit, have taken a new interest in volcanoes. Old craters, whose tricks are still unknown, and craters that have just taught men to beware of them, have been studied with unusual care. Interesting experiences have been common. Hardly one of the recent papers on volcanoes is without some tale of adventure in which the human side appeals even more strongly than the scientific.

George Carroll Curtis in a paper entitled "Looking Into the Caribbean Craters," published in the Century Magazine, narrates an adventure he had on Mont Pelee. He says:

As we were passing on our return over the rugged, lava-like mud-flows three sharp peaks of thunder rang through the valley. Rolling up over the mountain top was a great brown, convoluting cloud. It ascended in dark, rounded masses, stately yet with great speed, thousands and thousands of twisting, worming globules, brain-shaped, cauliflower-topped, dark almost to blackness.

As it shot direct from the crater, this menacing shape spread out and charged toward us down the mountain-side.

Running would, I realized, be useless. The eruption and its nearness held me in wonder and dread, so that I did not call to my companions below, but waited until they had labored half way up the slope; then I shouted down, "Look at the mountain!" and scrambled to the highest point on the flat above. As I gained it in hard breath and looked back, a black thing jumped from behind a bend in the canon.

With a heavy, earthy roar, a plunging wall of blackish stuff hurled itself with fearful speed against the side of the ravine, bounded to the opposite slope and tore it down. It lashed and tore away the earth like paper.

We saw the banks melt away as in a nightmare. Sand, pebbles and masses of rock flew into the air before the resistless onslaught, and fell into the raging flood and were borne away like chaff. We could feel the shock of the ponderous mass plowing through the

ground, as when a train at high speed grinds the rails. Looking down in wonder, awe, perhaps fright, not one of us had spoken a word.

In twenty minutes the sixty-foot channel of the main stream was dug four feet below the mouth of a tributary, which, cooing in silent, molasses-like surges, dropped in a mud-fall into the river.

We watched for half an hour, by which time the stream had decreased a third, and the erosion of its banks was nearly ended. Already, however, the catastrophe had dredged the channel to a depth of ten feet and had carried off this vast load into the sea! And when in the gathering darkness we reached the coalesced mouths of the two rivers, the Seche and the Blanche, the hot ash-beds there, lying over the dead of the Guerni Sugar Works, were sending out such heavy volumes of steam that our sloop had left her mooring and was standing well offshore.

TEN YEARS WITH GYPSIES.

Romance of an English Lad Who Lived Among the Romanies.

A child romance, almost incredible in these days, is presented in the restoration to his friends of the youth Francis Joseph Holton, of Manor street, Woolwich common, after having been lost for ten years.

The police found him a few days ago sleeping on a Drury Lane doorstep, says the London Mail. Taken to the Bow street police court, he stated that he had run away from a caravan of gypsies, with whom, so far as he could remember, he had lived all his life. At any rate, he knew nothing whatever of his parents. From the police station he was taken to the Catholic home in Westminster bridge road.

The paragraphs in the newspapers reporting the boy's appearance at Bow street caught the attention of Mrs. Creed, of 8 Southbrook street, Shepherd's Bush. She went to her lodger, Mrs. Mead, exclaiming: "You have often said your little brother, aged 5, was lost ten years ago. Here's a case of a boy 15 who has escaped from gypsies. You ought to follow this up."

The result was that the boy was identified by a small birthmark on his face and a scar on the top of his head, the result of a fall before he left home. Sister and father and friends agreed that he was the boy who had suddenly disappeared on March 31, 1892.

When interviewed at his father's home in Manor street, Woolwich, the lad spoke clearly and readily of his sojourn of nearly eleven years with the gypsies. But as to his parents and his childhood his mind is an utter blank.

"There were seven of us in the caravan," said the lad, "the husband and wife, three daughters, a son and myself. We traveled up and down the country, making and selling brushes here, snaring hares and rabbits there, going into Kent for the hop-picking and fruit-gathering seasons, pitching our van on commons and by the roadside in lonely parts, visiting large towns like Birmingham and Manchester, and I had a hard time of it always."

"No, the gypsies' fare does not consist, as people seem to think, of rump steaks and hosts of good things. They gave me a rough time. My food was generally bread and cheese and water all the week, and a share of hare or rabbit or other flesh food on Sundays. Their living was but little better than mine."

"They never spoke any Romany—nothing but English. It was hard work most of the time, and my share was poor food and a thrashing when I did not work hard enough for them. We all worked at the hop-picking, but the man took all the money. At last I saw nothing to keep me with them, so I watched my opportunity and got quietly away."

"I have often been round this way with the gypsy caravan. Sometimes we came quite near my home. I used to come to these very barracks over here and beg some bread, little thinking I was close to my father's home."

Not Her Only Loss.

The widow Simmonds had appeared before Squire Benson with one complaint after another. This time she accused one of her neighbors of stealing two ducks.

"I missed them from the duck pond yesterday," she said, plaintively, "and this morning, square, I'm just as sure as I'm standing here that I saw them in Harriet Shaw's yard. They had a different look from her own ducks."

"O, nonsense!" said the squire. "Mrs. Shaw is as honest as the sun, and you know it! Why, I've got half a dozen ducks in my yard this minute that are exactly like yours!"

"Well, square," said the widow, lugubriously, "these two aren't the first nor the only ones I've missed this summer, but you know I never was one to make complaints till I'm sure of my ground."—Youth's Companion.

Route Is Shortened.

By making Galway, Ireland, the embarking point and sailing 1,816 miles direct to St. John's, N. F., and using railroads thence to New York, British shippers expect to cut one day from the time of crossing the Atlantic, according to a report made by United States Consul Mahin, at Nottingham, England.

Americans in Palestine. Jerusalem is greatly crowded just now with Americans.

There is a woman in town who promises to make women of 50 look like women of 30. We wish a man would come along able to make men of 50 look like men of 30.

Remember that a great many good things cost more than they are worth.

Gray Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for over thirty years. It has kept my scalp free from dandruff and has prevented my hair from turning gray."—Mrs. F. A. Soule, Billings, Mont.

There is this peculiar thing about Ayer's Hair Vigor—it is a hair food, not a dye. Your hair does not suddenly turn black, look dead and lifeless. But gradually the old color comes back,—all the rich, dark color it used to have. The hair stops falling, too. \$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Their Boats.

First Boy—My father's going to have a horseless carriage.

Second Ditto—Hub! That's nothing! We've had a coalless furnace at our house all winter."—Boston Transcript.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allens Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures chills, damp, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures Corns and Bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

Couldn't Bunco Him.

Grocer—I'll give you 5 cents a head for that load of cabbage, Uncle Josh. Uncle Josh—I ain't got no piker uv me makin' enny sich dicker as that. I kin git 7 cents down tow th' seegar faktry, b'gosh!

"The Klean, Kool Kitchen Kind" of stoves make no smoke, smell, soot, ashes, or excessive heat. Always look for trade mark.

Trolleys Best Steam Roads.

The statement is made that in Massachusetts last year four times as many passengers were carried by electric cars as on the steam roads, says the Iron Age. Of course that was due chiefly to the dense city traffic, but still the city street car systems were pretty complete seven years ago. The trolley passenger business, however, has doubled since that time, while the steam passenger business has actually declined.

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Following a Prescription.

Larry—How did Murphy break his arm?

Denny—Following the doctor's prescription.

Larry—Phwat?

Denny—Yis; it blew out av th' window, and Murphy went after it.

For forty years Pilo's Cure for Consumption has cured coughs and colds. At druggists. Price 25 cents.

Have a Purpose.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a waif, a nothing, a no-man. Have a purpose in life, and, having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you.

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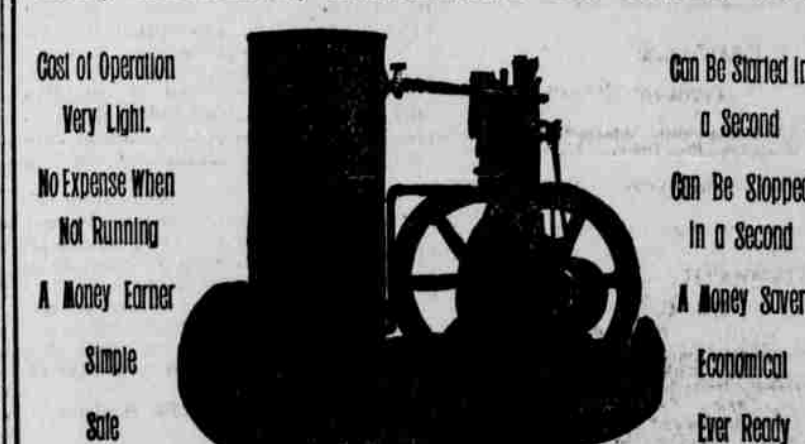
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