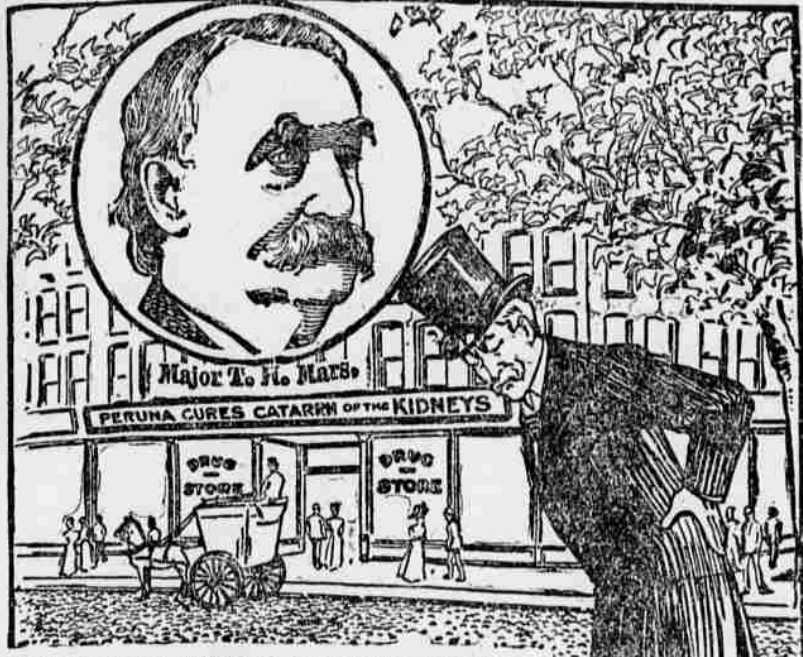


**FOR TWENTY YEARS MAJOR MARS
SUFFERED FROM CATARRH OF THE KIDNEYS**



DANGEROUS KIDNEY DISEASES CURED

Pe-ru-na Creating a National Sensation in the Cure of Chronic Ailments of the Kidneys.

Major T. H. Mars, of the first Wisconsin cavalry regiment, writes from 1425 Dunning street, Chicago, Ill., the following letter:

"For years I suffered with catarrh of the kidneys contracted in the army. Medicine did not help me any until a comrade who had been helped by Peruna advised me to try it. I bought some at once, and soon found blessed relief. I kept taking it four months, and am now well and strong and feel better than I have done for the past twenty years, thanks to Peruna."—T. H. Mars.

At the appearance of the first symptom of kidney trouble, Peruna should be taken. This remedy strikes at once the very roots of the disease. It at once relieves the catarrhal kidneys of the stagnant blood, preventing the escape of serum from the blood. Peruna stimulates the kidneys to excrete from the blood the accumulating poison, and thus prevents the convulsions which are sure to follow if the poisons are allowed

to remain. It gives great vigor to the heart's action and digestive system, both of which are apt to fail rapidly in this disease.

Peruna cures catarrh of the kidneys simply because it cures catarrh wherever located.

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.

The Will and the Way.

Grieved Sister—Oh, Edgar, you don't know how it would please me if you would only settle down and go to work with a will.

Wayward Brother—Never mind, sister; just wait till the old man shuffles off this mortal coil and you'll see me go to work with a will, if that document doesn't suit me.

To Break in New Shoes.

Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, itching, swollen feet. Cures corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. At all druggists and shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Frogs Are Not Fishes.

The French court of cassation, the highest tribunal in France, solemnly decided that frogs are not fishes. The case concerned fishing privileges in certain streams and went through three courts before the question was finally decided.

Enviably.

"Yes," said the nervous man, "I have a habit of talking in my sleep."

And the eminent citizen who is expected to respond to an ovation in every town that the train goes through murmured:

"What a valuable accomplishment."

For bronchial troubles try Piso's Cure for Consumption. It is a good cough medicine. At druggists, price 25 cents.

Follies of Long Ago.

Bibbs—No man knows himself. Gibbs—That's true. I have just been reading over some letters I wrote to my wife before we were married.—Phiadelphia Ledger.

In a Quiver of Rage.

First Actress—I was entirely beside myself with rage.

Second Actress—You certainly were. Why, you quivered even in the places you were upholstered.—Life.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL EPISODE

BETTY RAWLINS had a bank account, and a huge one at that. But Betty had a greater fortune in her face, for she was as pretty as a spring beauty, and though she was perverse and pouty when she wanted to be she was ordinarily as sweet as a violet.

Betty lived in the summer time at Lowland Glen, not many miles removed from Fort Sherman, a big garrison with enough young officers on duty to fill the ranks of a company had they been forced to drop the sword and shoulder the Krag-Jorgenson. Betty loved the military—what girl doesn't?—and if the truth be told Betty's heart was set on marrying into the soldiery, but she had made up her mind secretly that he couldn't think of looking at anything less than a colonel, and when she thought of it she sighed, for the colonels in Uncle Sam's regulars were all so dreadfully old, and Betty was only 19, mind you.

There was young Roy Lanyard stationed at Fort Sherman. He was mighty good looking, Betty admitted this to herself, and it wouldn't be a bit hard to love him, but Roy was only a captain, and nothing but a colonel would do. Captain Lanyard, to get into the middle of things at once, was just as desperately in love with Betty as a young soldier just old enough to know his own mind can be. He didn't care a rap about Betty's

dances and about three words during the entire week.

"No show for one of Uncle Sam's poor artillerymen when there's one of King Edward's men with a drawl and a monocle about," sighed poor Captain Roy.

Colonel Reginald Southcote was not long in finding out that Betty Rawlins had a pot of money and that she adored the military. Betty asked him one day what his regiment was, and he replied promptly: "I am the colonel of the Royal Yorkeshire Regiment," he said.

Betty had heard tales about Englishmen pretending to be what they were not, but the colonel looked honest enough, and the girl was half ashamed of herself when she went to a library in the city and took down a British military gazette from the shelf and looked for Royal Yorkeshire Regiment. She found it all right, and with the name of Reginald Southcote set down as colonel thereof.

From that time Betty was very cordial to the colonel. She turned the conversation occasionally on the Boer war, expecting to hear some deeds of daring modestly told, but the colonel was strangely silent on the subject of field service, and Betty put it down to a brave man's reticence when it came to speaking of his own acts on the field of battle. Betty might not have liked it had she known that when she was looking up the colonel's regiment he was making inquiries in certain financial circles about the extent of her bank account. The report seemed to please him, and he proceeded to make hay while the sun shone, and it was a particularly cloudless month at Lowland Glen.

Betty knew with a girl's intuition that an offer was not far away. She felt a pang, however, every time she saw Captain Lanyard and saw how miserable he looked, though he tried to put a brave face on the matter. If the truth be told, Betty cried a little in the privacy of her room when she looked at the glorious old flag floating in the sunshine at the flagstaff peak in the fort beyond, and sighed and sighed again.

One day Lawyer Coke, who looked after Betty Rawlins' estate, heard from a close friend that a certain Englishman had been inquiring about Betty's financial standing. "Fortune hunter if not a fraud," said old Coke to himself, and then, as luck would have it, he happened to pick up a copy of the Broad Arrow, the journal of the united services of Great Britain. Lawyer Coke looked at it. His eye fell on a paragraph and he chuckled. He folded the paper up, put it in his pocket and took the first train for Lowland Glen. He marked the paragraph in the paper and put it where he knew Betty would be sure to pick it up, and from the nature of the publication he knew she would be sure to read it from start to finish.

Betty Rawlins felt that the hour was coming when she would have to answer a question put to her by Colonel Reginald Southcote. She was thinking of this when she picked up the Broad Arrow. She knew what the paper was, for she had heard of it. She read it eagerly. The date of the paper was three months back. The marked paragraph caught her eye. She read this:

"General Powell-Baden inspected the Royal Yorkeshire Regiment last Thursday. It was the first training day of this militia organization for a year. The new men were in poor trim, and Colonel Reginald Southcote, who has seen no foreign service and very little at home, had hard work to give commands and to sit his horse properly. The regiment will need overhauling to bring it up to even militia standards."

The paper dropped from Betty's fingers. "Militiaman; never saw a day's real service; couldn't sit on his horse;" and then Betty gasped. Her thoughts turned to another paragraph that she had read in an American journal. It told how one Captain Roy Lanyard had received the Congressional medal of honor for personal gallantry in the saving of the life of a comrade under fierce fire in the Philippine Islands.

Betty knew that night at the ball at the hotel that Colonel Reginald Southcote was seeking her out, but she avoided him. Captain Roy Lanyard met her and she smiled on him, and there was a look in her eyes that won't the young soldier's heart leap. "Won't you go for a walk with me?" he said.

"Yes," she answered softly. As they passed down the hotel steps the moonlight fell full upon them, and Lawyer Coke, who was standing on the veranda, smiled, and, being a bit of a wag, he turned to a friend who had been watching the course of events for a month past and said:

"Alas! Poor Yorkeshire."—Chicago Record-Herald.

After all, the greatest aid to health is regulating the diet.



CAPT. ROY LANYARD LOOKED ON AND WAS MISERABLE.

bank account; in fact, he never gave it a thought. It was just Betty herself that he wanted, but he didn't dare say so.

Now Betty had another failing, not uncommon among American girls not old enough thoroughly to understand that Yankee husbands are the best in the world, and that was a firm belief that the ideal condition in married life would be that which would come from a husband who was a combination of Englishman and English army officer. "The colonels are younger over there," said Betty to herself, "and they are all of aristocratic family, and, oh well, Englishmen are just too lovely for anything."

The summer colony at Lowland Glen was unusually large that season. There were bunches of swell doings, as the slangy Yale cousin of Betty would put it. The army officers from Fort Sherman were much in evidence, and one young captain in particular was very much in evidence in the vicinity of Miss Betty Rawlins. Betty saw the evidence clearly, and how she did wish that the president would retire some few hundreds of superior officers so that Roy Lanyard could tack the abbreviation "Col." to the front part of his name.

One day there was excitement at Lowland Glen. Mrs. Calumet had invited two Englishmen, one of them an army officer, to spend the month with them at their summer home. The news reached Betty the morning after the arrival of the Calumet's two guests. Twenty young women had told her about it. Let the girls alone for spreading news of this kind. "And Betty," said one of her informants, "one of the Englishmen is a colonel in his majesty's service, and young and good looking at that."

Betty's heart gave a thump. "At last," she murmured to herself.

The next afternoon Betty met the Englishmen at the Dexter Country Club. Her heart fluttered a little as the younger of the two men—the other was old and out of the running—was introduced to her. Colonel Reginald Southcote was his name. It fairly rang of aristocracy and militarism. Betty knew that he was a simon-pure Englishman all right enough because of his name, his accent and his clothes—which didn't fit.

For the next week Colonel Reginald Southcote was Betty Rawlins' shadow. Captain Roy Lanyard looked on and was miserable. Betty gave him two

Dragged-Down Feeling

In the loins. Nervousness, unrefreshing sleep, despondency.

It is time you were doing something. The kidneys were anciently called the reins—in your case they are holding the reins and driving you into serious trouble.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Acts with the most direct, beneficial effect on the kidneys. It contains the best and safest substances for correcting and toning these organs.

Made a Difference.

Miss Mainchance—I suppose you've heard of my engagement to Mr. Jenks?

Her Friend—Yes, and I confess I was surprised. You told me once that you wouldn't marry him for ten thousand pounds.

Miss Mainchance—I know, dear, but I discovered later that he had fifty thousand.—Cassell's Journal.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Equally Divided.

"You allow no beer in the house?"

"No; my wife and I never drink anything but wine and water."

"In what proportion do you take it?"

"I drink the wine and my wife drinks the water."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Thoughtful.

Doctor—I think you understand fully now the directions for these medicines and this is for your dyspepsia.

Patient—Why, I haven't dyspepsia, doctor.

Doctor—Oh, I know; but you will have it when you have taken those other medicines.—Tit-Bits.

\$100 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 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 the patient strength 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 it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Misplaced Affection.

She kissed him and caressed him, But 'twas not what he desired; He only looked at her and growled— For she made the poor pug tired.

Human Nature.

Some people practice what they preach, But it's a lead-pipe cinch They preach to others by the yard And practice by the inch.

Then and Now.

"When I was courting my wife," said the sad-faced man, "we were two souls with but a single thought."
"How about you at the present writing?" asked the inquisitive youth.
"We still have but a single thought," replied the proprietor of the sad visage.
"We both think we made fools of ourselves."

Contemporary.

May told a joke to Flo one day, "Oh, my! that's old," said Flo.
"Oh, is it, really, dear?" said May.
"Of course, you ought to know."
—Philadelphia Press.

Most Essential.

"What do you consider most necessary for a literary aspirant?"
"Unfailing optimism."—Chicago Post.

The Unexpected Happens.

"Why that look of surprise?" asked Blowell, who had just finished relating a remarkable story. "Don't you believe it?"
"Yes; that's the peculiar part of it," replied his friend Naggsby. "I happen to know that it is true."

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."—J. A. Gruenfelder, Grantfork, Ill.

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend.

Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

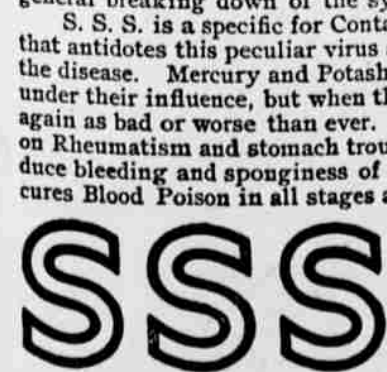
\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

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.

The Innocent Suffer With The Guilty

The world to-day is full of innocent sufferers from that most loathsome disease, Contagious Blood Poison. People know in a general way that it is a bad disease, but if all its horrors could be brought before them they would shun it as they do the Leprosy. Not only the person who contracts it suffers, but the awful taint is transmitted to children, and the fearful sores and eruptions, weak eyes, Catarrh, and other evidences of poisoned blood show these little innocents are suffering the awful consequences of some body's sin. So highly contagious is this form of blood poison that one may be contaminated by handling the clothing or other articles in use by a person afflicted with this miserable disease. There is danger even in drinking from the same vessel or eating out of the same tableware, as many pure and innocent men and women have found to their sorrow. The virus of Contagious Blood Poison is so powerful and penetrating that within a short time after the first little sore appears the whole system is infected and every drop of blood in the body is tainted with the poison, and the skin is soon covered with a red rash, ulcers break out in the mouth and throat, swellings appear in the groins, the hair and eyebrows fall out, and unless the ravages of the disease are checked at this stage, more violent and dangerous symptoms appear in the form of deep and offensive sores, copper colored spots, terrible pains in bones and muscles, and general breaking down of the system.

BLOOD POISON IS NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS



S. S. S. is a specific for Contagious Blood Poison and the only remedy that antidotes this peculiar virus and makes a radical and complete cure of the disease. Mercury and Potash hold it in check so long as the system is under their influence, but when the medicine is left off the poison breaks out again as bad or worse than ever. Besides, the use of these minerals bring on Rheumatism and stomach troubles of the worst kind, and frequently produce bleeding and sponginess of the gums and decay of the teeth. S. S. S. cures Blood Poison in all stages and even reaches down to hereditary taints and removes all traces of the poison and saves the victim from the pitiable consequences of this monster scourge. As long as a drop of the virus is left in the blood it is liable to break out, and there is danger of transmitting the disease to others. S. S. S. is guaranteed purely vegetable and can be taken without any injurious effects to health, and an experience of nearly fifty years proves beyond doubt that it cures Contagious Blood Poison completely and permanently. Write for our "Home Treatment Book," which describes fully the different stages and symptoms of the disease.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.