

## The Evolution of Household Remedies

The modern patent medicine business is the natural outgrowth of the old-time household remedies.

In the early history of this country, EVERY FAMILY HAD ITS HOME-MADE MEDICINES. Herb teas, biters, laxatives and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, compounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as pears, which was aloe and quassia, dissolved in apple brandy. Sometimes a hop tonic, made of whiskey, hops and bitter barks. A score or more of popular, home-made remedies were thus compounded, the formulae for which were passed along from house to house, sometimes written, sometimes verbally communicated.

The patent medicine business is a natural outgrowth from this wholesome, old time custom. In the beginning, some enterprising doctor, impressed by the usefulness of one of these home-made remedies, would take it up, improve it in many ways, manufacture it on a large scale, advertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LATTERLY THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY BUSINESS TOOK A MORE EXACT AND SCIENTIFIC FORM.

Peruna was originally one of these old time remedies. It was used by the Mennonites, of Pennsylvania, before it was offered to the public for sale. Dr. Hartman, THE ORIGINAL COMPOUNDER OF PERUNA, is of Mennonite origin. First, he prescribed it for his neighbors and his patients. The sale of it increased, and at last he established a manufactory and furnished it to the general drug trade.

Peruna is useful in a great many climatic ailments, such as coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and catarrhal diseases generally. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES HAVE LEARNED THE USE OF PERUNA and its value in the treatment of these ailments. They have learned to trust and believe in Dr. Hartman's judgment, and to rely on his remedy, Peruna.

Seventeen persons in a hundred in the State of New York live to be over seventy years of age.

A man's heart beats 92,160 times a day.

### A MISSOURI WOMAN

Tells a Story of Awful Suffering and Wonderful Relief.

Mrs. J. D. Johnson, of 603 West Hickman St., Columbia, Mo., says:

"Following an operation two years ago, dropsy set in, and my left side was so swollen the doctor said he would have to tap out the water. There was constant pain and a gurgling sensation around my heart, and I could not raise my arm above my head. The kidney action was disordered and passages of the secretions too frequent. On the advice of my husband I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Since using two boxes my trouble has not reappeared. This is wonderful, after suffering two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



### His Best Answer.

The meekest kind of a little boy joined a Sunday school class in a West Philadelphia church. He did not know the other scholars and appeared nervous, half-scared and ready to cry at any second. The teacher, however, treated him kindly and the lessons proceeded without any outburst. After a short reading from the Bible the teacher began to question the pupils on their last lessons and asked:

"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

As no one answered she looked from boy to boy. At last her gaze rested on the new boy. He started guiltily and said, between sobs:

"It wasn't me, honest, teacher. I just moved here last week from Ohio."

—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Oldest House in New York.

The oldest house in New York State is situated at the lower end of Staten Island in Tottenville. It is known as the "Billogg house," and was built in 1608. The Duke of York presented Captain Christopher Billogg with a tract of land on Staten Island, whereon he built this stone mansion, which still overlooks the waters of Raritan. That it was well built its survival during 238 years attests. In it have been many notable gatherings, and here was held the peace conference. During the revolution Billogg's descendants were loyalists, and the famous generals of the British were entertained at the old house.

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### Mexican Church Legends.

Queretaro was a town before the Spanish conquest and was made a city in 1655. A legend of Queretaro is that an Otomite chief, Fernando de Tapia by name, undertook to convert the city to Christianity in a way that seems novel to us, but was common enough to his day. He came from Tula with a challenge to the people of Queretaro to a fair stand up fight. If he won, the people surviving were to be baptized. The challenge was accepted, but while the fight was in progress a dark cloud came up and the blessed Santiago was seen in the heavens with a fiery cross, whereupon the people of Queretaro gave up and were baptized. They set up a stone cross to commemorate the event on the site of the present church of Santa Cruz. There is scarcely a church in Mexico which has not a legend of this kind attached to it.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

There are 252,436 miles of ocean cable in use.

### Accounted For.

"Your wife doesn't worry about you when you are sick nearly so much now as she did when you were first married."

"Nope."  
"Hard to account for woman's vagaries, isn't it?"  
"Not in this case; I have my life insured now and I did not then."—Houston Post.

A "Guild of Tubalines" has been formed in an English Episcopal church. Its especial business is to keep bright the brass gas fixtures of the church.

At the government station Lulea, in Sweden, experiments are being made to secure varieties of plants not likely to be injured by frost.

# DOOMED.

By WILLARD MacKENZIE

### CHAPTER VIII.—(Continued.)

In music and pleasant conversation the evening passed quickly away. Arthur was rapidly falling in love, and Constance, too, could not help confessing to herself that had they met a twelvemonth before, she might have one day been the mistress of Penrhuddyn Castle.

While these thoughts were passing through her mind, Arthur, who was looking through some portfolios of music, came upon a number of French ballads, which, from their worn and discolored appearance, seemed to be very old.

"They were my mother's," said Constance; "she greatly valued them; they belonged to her grandmother, by whom they were brought from France during the Revolution."

"Was your mother, then, of French extraction?" inquired Arthur.

"Oh, yes; she was descended from a branch of one of the old nobles. Her grandfather and grandmother fled to England during the Reign of Terror, saving only their bare lives; they died soon after their arrival, and then their children settled down here, after making an unsuccessful attempt to recover something out of the property they had lost."

"What was the name of the family, might I inquire?" asked Arthur.

"You will find it upon the back of that song you have in your hand," answered Constance.

He turned over the sheet, and found inscribed in one corner, in stiff, angular characters, "Marguerite de Soissons."

"Was she a De Soissons?" asked Arthur, faintly, the memory of his own family legend rushing back upon his mind.

"Yes; and intensely proud she was of her lineage," answered Constance.

It was Arthur's turn to be cold now. The conversation flagged, he finding it impossible to support his share in it, and presently he rose to take his leave. The parting was equally cool on both sides.

Upon consulting a railway time table, Arthur discovered that he should be able to catch the last train.

In less than half an hour he was on his way back to London.

### CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Wylie's place of business did not lie in the city, but some distance west of Temple Bar. In a retired street, against the door post of a tall, dingy brick house, was inscribed the legend, "James Wylie, General Agent, 1st Floor."

At 12 o'clock on the second morning after the ball, Mr. Wylie was seated at his desk, looking through his multifarious correspondence and making brief notes in a pocketbook. In the midst of this occupation he was interrupted by the entrance of a taciturn clerk, who stood silently just inside the doorway, until his master should address him.

"Well, Mr. Fig?" said Wylie, raising his head.

"Mrs. Castleton!" enunciated the clerk, in a dry, thin voice, that sounded like the crackling of parchment.

"Show her in."

The next moment a lady, all black velvet, sealskin and lace, entered the room. Her age could not have been more than twenty. Her figure was fragile as a sylph; purely black hair, drawn back from the face, falling in showers of ringlets at the back of the head, contrasted finely with a skin white as marble, and with the delicate flush upon the cheek, which owed something to art. The features were exquisitely delicate and perfect—low forehead, small nose, a mouth like a rosebud, and violet eyes that could glitter or blaze, laugh or languish. But it was the wonderful nobility of the features that constituted their greatest charm; their expressions were as shifting and various as those of the atmosphere upon an April morning.

"Wheel me that easy chair to the window, Fig," she cried, in a languid tone.

"Do you ever ventilate this place? How you can endure such an atmosphere of must and dry rot I cannot imagine."

Mr. Fig's parchment face never moved a muscle, but Mr. Wylie grinned his hyena laugh, and tried to gnaw a fragment off his forefinger nail.

"We will see what can be done for you in the way of fresh air by the next time you come," he answered with a sneer.

"But had we not better defer this sanitary discussion to another day, as we have some business to talk over, and I am much engaged just now. Fig, we shall not require you just at present."

"Well, why have you sent for me? Tell me as briefly as possible, that I may get away from this poisonous hole before I am ill." She took a bottle of eau de cologne from her pocket, and sprinkled her dress, and threw it about her with an air of ineffable disgust.

"There was a time, Mrs. Castleton, that this place was not so unsavory in your nostrils—that was before your taste became so exquisitely refined," said Wylie, with an unpleasant look.

"That was in my green days, when I thought you were a gentleman, and I was not so sensible of the moral atmosphere of the place," she answered, carelessly.

"Had we not better leave morality out of our discussion?" retorted Mr. Wylie.

"Decidedly; on the principle that it is ill bred to talk of the gallows to the relations of a man who has been hanged. But before we proceed farther in our interesting conversation, I may as well inform you that I want money."

"Then you must sell out more stock:

old Castleton's money will soon melt away at this rate. Lightly come, lightly go."

"What do you mean, James Wylie?" she said, starting up with eyes all aflame. "Beware how you insult me, or I will horsewhip you like a cur as you are. You may well say 'lightly go' when the money is in your hands. I know you are robbing me—"

"Robbing you!" he cried. "How dare you? You can employ a lawyer to examine into your accounts, or I will relinquish the care of your property into the hands of any person you may appoint. I shall only be too glad to wash my hands of it, but I will not be insulted!"

"A lawyer to examine into my accounts!" she cried, contemptuously. "They are too admirably kept for the acutest to find a flaw in them. You know that I have not a scrap of paper to show what I have, or what I have not, received; thanks to my carelessness and hatred of trouble. I want a hundred to-day, and I will have it!"

Wylie listened to her bitter words with downcast eyes, and a face of which the livid pallor was the only sign of the passion that raged within him.

"But for me," he said quietly, "you would never have been Mrs. Castleton."

"You served me to serve yourself!" she retorted. "What is the simple history of that transaction? A few years ago a certain incident placed me in your power, and you thought a young and beautiful girl might be a useful tool. The market was soon found. One of your clients became infatuated with me, and you managed affairs so cleverly that he

made me his wife. I loathed him, but I married him for the luxuries he could give me; but not before you had obtained a bond from me to pay you a large sum of money for the bargain. Then, upon his death, a twelvemonth ago, you managed to get all the property he left me into your own hands. A large debt of gratitude I owe you, certainly!"

"And, having helped you to one husband, suppose that I were to propose to you another?" said Mr. Wylie, after a pause, darting at her a keen look.

"No more horrible old men," she answered, with a shudder; "I cannot endure that again, not even for money!"

"Oh, it is no old man I speak of this time, but a young and handsome one, who will, some day, have a handle to his name. Think of being my lady!"

An eager look lighted up her face, as she listened. "Who is it? Do I know him? What is his name? How am I to become acquainted with him?"

"That, with a few suggestions, I must leave to your own wit. There is another woman in the way—an heiress—one to whom he is about to be engaged. Your task is a difficult one, but the prize is worth the trouble."

"Is she beautiful?" inquired Mrs. Castleton, eagerly.

"Very."

"You will find her a dangerous rival; it will cost you all your fascinations to conquer her," he said, purposely piquing her vanity to the contest.

"Give me a fair field, and I will win any man against a dozen!" she exclaimed, with a superb air of dauntless vanity. "But his name—I want to know his name?"

"His name is Arthur Penrhuddyn."

"What! the son of Sir Launce Penrhuddyn, of Cornwall?" she cried, with a strange look.

"The same—do you know him?" asked Wylie.

"No; but I have heard of him," she answered thoughtfully. "And what is your motive in all this?" she cried, suddenly turning upon him.

Mr. Wylie paused to consider a moment, and then replied, "I wish, for reasons of my own, to break off this engagement with the lady I have spoken of."

"Your interest in this must be very powerful," she said, suspiciously. "And how am I to obtain an introduction to him?"

"Well, you know Parsons? He has some acquaintance with Penrhuddyn, and I think he can manage it for us."

Having come to a certain understanding in regard to her designs upon Arthur, and having received a cheque for the hundred pounds she demanded, Mrs. Castleton bade Wylie good morning, and, descending the stairs, stepped into her brougham, that stood waiting outside the house.

"Now, the next thing to be done," man-

tered Wylie, "is to bring Stafford and Constance together. Let me see"—referring to some notes in his pocketbook—"gone into Cornwall, on a sketching tour, and may visit Penrhuddyn, Cornwall! Let me see—let me see!" And biting his nails, he fell into deep thought.

### CHAPTER X.

Sir Launce had returned to Cornwall on the day previous to the ball, and it was by his desire that his son remained in town. "You have worked hard at the university," he said; "now take your recreation. Of your future career in life nothing can be determined until after the 30th of November. If we tide over the difficulty, you will live as your ancestors have lived before you—upon the produce of your estate. If we are shipwrecked, you will have to make your way in the world by means of your education and talents, and such limited interest as I possess to back them. But do not return to Penrhuddyn; you have been so much absent from it that it is not at present endeared to you by many personal associations. If the blow must fall, spare yourself the shame and humiliation of seeing it fall."

Although, from his secluded life in so remote a district as Cornwall, Sir Launce knew but few people in the great world of London, yet his name would have been a passport sufficient to admit his son into the best society. But Arthur was reserved, and almost shy, and had but little relish for such. His family connections were extremely limited.

And thus it was that Arthur Penrhuddyn was an idler about town. His life was a strange, unsatisfactory one, and so he felt it. With a soul formed for friendship in its noblest meaning, he possessed only casual acquaintances; and with a heart yearning for love and sympathy, he was loveless.

One evening he strolled into the stalls of the Haymarket theater. He had not been seated many minutes before he felt a tap upon the shoulder; and upon turning round, recognized in a tall, aristocratic looking man of some forty years, an acquaintance he had made some time back in Stafford's studio.

After the first greetings, and some general remarks upon the performance, were exchanged, the gentleman said suddenly, "By the way, Penrhuddyn, I must introduce you to a lady friend of mine—the loveliest woman you ever saw. She is in that private box yonder," pointing to one upon the first tier. "She is the young widow of a man of good family, from whom she inherited a handsome little fortune."

Unable, without rudeness, to decline the introduction, Arthur followed his conductor upstairs to the private box. Upon the door being opened, he saw a lady, attired in superb evening costume, and enveloped in a cloud of costly lace, sitting just behind the left-hand curtains. As the door closed behind them, she gave a slight start, and turned her head. A thrill of admiration went through the heart of Penrhuddyn at the lovely face that was thus disclosed to his view.

"Oh, Parsons, how you frightened me!" she cried, with the most bewitchingly startled look.

"I have taken the liberty of bringing in a friend of mine, whom I wish to introduce to you," said Mr. Parsons. "Mr. Arthur Penrhuddyn—Mrs. Castleton."

With hat in hand, and face all aglow, Arthur bowed lowly, in acknowledgment of the introduction. As he raised his eyes, he encountered her lovely violet orbs gazing upon him; but they were as instantly dropped, with the prettiest confusion, as she invited him to take a seat beside her.

"Pardon my not conversing with you until the act-drop descends; I am so much interested in the play," she said.

She knew how well that look of childlike interest she turned upon the stage became her face; into what a graceful position it enabled her to throw herself; how admirably it displayed the contour of her head, and of the beautiful arm and hand that supported it.

Mr. Parsons endeavored to engage Arthur in conversation, but he had no eyes, no ears for anything but the lovely vision thus revealed to him.

At length the act terminated, and then she again turned upon him those violet eyes suffused with moisture. "You will think me very stupid to shed tears over the mimic woes of the stage, will you not?" she said.

Arthur hastened to assure her that he had himself frequently been guilty of the same folly, if folly it were.

(To be continued.)

A Probable Diagnosis.

"How about that engagement between Cholly Oldtree and Miss Smart?"

"That's died a natural death."

"What's the matter?"

"Heart failure, I believe."—Balt'more American.

# SKIN DISEASES

## HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I suffered with Eczema for forty years and could find nothing to cure me until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning; pustules would form from which there flowed a sticky fluid; crusts would come on the skin and when scratched, the skin was left as raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the long years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.

C. H. EVANS,  
Stockman, Neb.

**S.S.S.**  
PURELY VEGETABLE

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.