

Not... **Agreed With Me**



M. S. L. NORA BODENHAMER

Mrs. Lenora Bodenhamer, R. F. D. 1, Box 99, Kernersville, N. C., writes: "I suffered with stomach trouble and indigestion for some time, and nothing that I ate agreed with me. I was very nervous and experienced a continual feeling of uneasiness and fear. I took medicine from the doctor, but it did me no good.

"I found in one of your Peruna books a description of my symptoms. I then wrote to Dr. Hartman for advice. He said I had catarrh of the stomach. I took Peruna and Manalin and followed his directions and can now say that I feel as well as I ever did.

"I hope that all who are afflicted with the same symptoms will take Peruna, as it has certainly cured me."

The above is only one of hundreds who have written similar letters to Dr. Hartman. Just one such case as this entitles Peruna to the candid consideration of every one similarly afflicted. If this be true of the testimony of one person what ought to be the testimony of hundreds, yes thousands, of honest, sincere people. We have in our files a great many other testimonials.

**A Cooling Thought.**

What makes one man warm makes another cool. During the hottest week last summer a gentleman walked into the country store to get his mail. An old "darky" was sitting in the blazing sun, in a rocking chair, on the piazza of the store, looking "as comfortable as a chocolate ice cream." The white man sank into another chair and fanned himself with his limp handkerchief.

"Well, Uncle Jeb," he said, "I must say that you seem pretty comfortable. How do you manage to keep so on a day like this?"

"Massa," said the negro, "I's thinkin' dat de sun what's makin' dis yer heatness is a-smillin' down on all de watermillions in Georgia, an' makin' dem jest so red an' ripe dat my mouf most can't keep from swallerin'. I shaon't min' de heatness when I speculate on dem watermillions."

**FITS** St. Vitor's Dance and various diseases permanently cured by Dr. J. J. Kane's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 531 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A representative of the French government has been investigating the clothing manufacturing industry of the United States. He says we excel in the art, and particularly in the ready-made branch.

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

**Had a Reason.**

"Well, Sagebrush Sam has had his fish. He always wanted to die with his boots on."

"Yes; but they didn't know why until they took his boots off. He didn't wear my socks."

**Could Believe That.**

Bloward—I hesitate to tell you what that automobile cost me. You wouldn't believe it. I paid a fabulous price for the machine, though, I can tell you.

Kohlfax—I don't doubt it. What I want to know is the real price you paid for it.

**Shake Into Your Shoes**

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Would Not Pay Charges.**

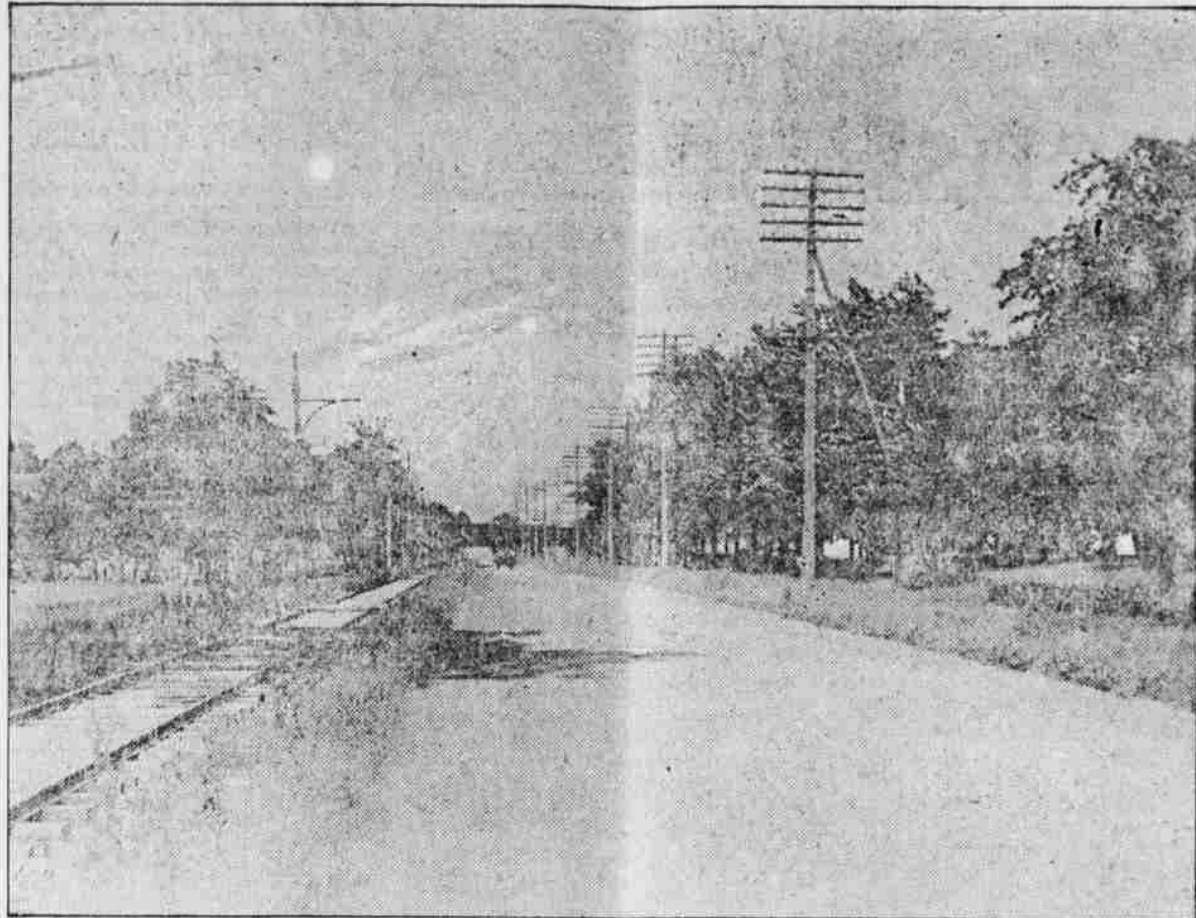
He was an impunctuous nobleman with air castles in sunny France. After much deliberation he sent the following note to the pretty helress:

"Dear Miss: I love you, but do not know how to express myself. How would you advise? Count De Bust."

And the helress penned the following: "Dear Count: Express yourself any way you wish except C. O. D., as you are not worth the charges."



**THE MOVEMENT FOR GOOD ROADS.**



Williamsville Road, Erie County, New York, Just Out of Williamsville. This Road Was Treated with Tarvia in the Fall of 1907.

**THE SILENT RULER.**

We only know he walks with noiseless tread, Unresting ever—voiceless as the dead.

We only know he brings us loss or gain, The rose of pleasure, or the rue of pain—

All changes manifold of life or death, From a leaf's promise to a dying breath.

We only know when this old earth and sky Pass into nothingness, he cannot die—

The silent ruler with his scythe and glass, Our Father Time, who sees the nations pass—

Yet gives no token over land or sea Of his new reign—the veiled eternity. —William Hamilton Hayne.

**Jimmy Was Pleased**

One day a new boy came to the school, a rather chubby, round-faced, good-natured looking boy, who wore very coarse and clumsy shoes and carried his lunch wrapped in a newspaper and stuffed into the side pocket of his skimpy and threadbare jacket. He said his name was Jimmy Stagg.

Percy Heffner, whose mother fitted him out with a clean waist every day of his life and wouldn't let him wear darned stockings, took notice of Jimmy for some reason and strolled up to him as he was eating his lunch. It was bread and butter. Just plain bread and butter.

Percy looked rather disgusted. "Ain't you got no pie, even?" he asked.

"Got er napple," said Jimmy, with his mouth full. "Want a bite?"

Percy shook his head. "I just threw away a big piece of apple pie," he said, "and some fried chicken."

Jimmy did not seem to be at all impressed. "Pie ain't good for the stumnick," he remarked. "My father says so, an' it ain't good to eat meat more'n once a day. I like bread an' butter. My mother made the bread an' we churned the butter ourselves. It's Heekin' good."

"Why don't you carry it in a lunch-box?" asked Percy.

"I'd sooner have it in paper," replied Jimmy. "I'd have to pack the lunchbox back. When I get through I can just roll the paper in a wad an' throw it away."

Percy seemed to think there might be something in that argument, but he departed, leaving the new boy contentedly munching his bread and butter, while he polished the rosy apple on the leg of his trousers.

The next day one of the other boys spoke in derogatory terms of Jimmy's shoes.

"Them shoes!" cried Jimmy, opening his eyes in amazement. "Them shoes is made of real cowhide. See here!"

He went to the wall and rubbed the toes of the shoes vigorously against the brick and then directed the attention of the spectators to the small effect the friction had on the leather. "Them shoes won't never wear out," he declared, proudly. "Come an' feel 'em."

Which they did, admiringly, involuntarily. Percy went to the wall and rubbed his toes against it and came back to the group with holes in the thin caps. One or two others tried the experiment, with like results. Percy went

home and asked if he couldn't have some awfully thick shoes made of real cowhide.

Jimmy's parents were not well-to-do, but according to their son they had more delightful possessions than anybody else in town. There was the cow. There was the tremendous mangle in the shed that Jimmy was allowed to operate when his mother was rushed with work. There was the model ship that Jimmy's uncle, who had been a sailor, had carved with his own hands and no other tool than a jack-knife. No end of things. Jimmy had a dog.

"He's just a cur," said Percy.

"He suits me," said Jimmy. "I bet you he's smarter than any dog you know. You ought to see him go after a rabbit. He can do tricks, too. I'll show you."

"Anything that you've got is all right," said Percy, with intended sarcasm.

"I'm lucky, that's all," said Jimmy, simply. "It just seems to come that way."

"My father says folks that are always satisfied with everything don't never get anywhere," said Percy.

That saying, by the way, made a great impression on Percy. He thought of it often in after years as he shifted about from one place to another, moved by a divine discontent.

It occurred to him when he, a clerk in a bank, met Jimmy and found that Jimmy felt not at all abused by fate in the lowly occupation of office boy in

home and asked if he couldn't have some awfully thick shoes made of real cowhide.

Presently the special drew up to the platform and a chubby, round-faced man of prosperous appearance got out and walked briskly into the telegraph office. In a few minutes he came at again and was about to re-enter the car when his quick glance encountered Percy's stare and he stopped.

"Heffner!" he exclaimed. "Why, what in the world! What are you doing here?"

"Is it Jimmy Stagg?" asked Percy, limply accepting the proffered hand and shrinking a little under the slap on his back. "I'm going to Chicago as soon as I can get a train."

"Here's your train," said Jimmy. "Jump aboard and we'll talk. This'll your baggage? Yes? Hey, George!"

A porter leaped for Percy's suitcase and Jimmy holstered his boyhood friend into the car. In another minute the train was sliding out of the junction and Percy was gasping at his luxurious surroundings from the depths of a leather upholstered chair.

"Whose car is this, anyway?" asked Percy, as soon as he got his breath.

"It's mine," replied Jimmy. "All right, isn't it? I think it's about the best that ever ran on rails myself. Suits me."

"You're still with the road, then?" said Percy, feebly.

"I own the road," smiled Jimmy. "Pretty good little road, too. It isn't a trunk, but you show me a better managed one or a better paying one. I'm satisfied with it. Say, we'll eat now. Lunch is just ready. Don't you tell me that you've eaten, because I've got the best cook in this country. You always did think I was easily pleased, though."

"That's right," assented Percy. "I did think so, but I know now that it was nothing but a bluff."—Chicago Daily News.

**STICKING TO THE POINT.**

**The Question That Won a Good Position for a Boy.**

A lawyer wanted an apprentice and placed an advertisement in the local paper. A number of boys replied, so he gathered them all together in his office at once and looked them over. He found it pretty hard to make a choice, but at length a happy idea struck him.

"Once upon a time," he said, "a farmer was very much annoyed by a huge rat that made a very comfortable living by feeding upon his grain and other products. He tried traps of all kinds to catch it, but the wily rodent evaded them all and apparently enjoyed the game of hide and seek that the farmer had devised for its recreation. One day, however, as the farmer turned the corner of a haystack, carrying a gun in his hand, he spied the troublesome rodent at the edge of the hay. Instantly raising his gun, he fired, but the blazing gun was dropped among the hay!"

Here the lawyer stopped, and, looking at the boys, he said, "If any of you want to ask a question, write it on a piece of paper." Each did as suggested, and here are some of the questions that were asked:

"Did he set the hay on fire?"

"Was the stack burned to the ground?"

"Did the farmer have his hay insured?"

"Was the fire engine near at hand?"

"Was the rat killed?"

The boy that asked the last question was chosen because he stuck to the point.—American Photography.

After acquiring a business of your own learn to attend to it.

**Night Doctor Only.**  
An uptown doctor has a new idea. He practices at night only. He found that so many night cases coming on the top of his office hours and visits wore him out, so he determined to save his energy for the night work, which paid best anyway. He says he finds patients prefer having a doctor who is fresh and wide awake instead of one who is tired out after a day's work.—New York Sun.

**By Way of Encouragement.**  
"May I ask how you earned your first dollar?" queried the reporter.

"I earned it, young man," said the financial magnate, "many years ago by doing just what you are doing now, as my first assignment on a newspaper. I went out to interview a man, and it may interest you to know that I got a good deal more information out of him than you're going to get out of me."—Chicago Tribune.

The Saxon railway from Limbach to Waldenburg is to be one of the first German roads to be changed from steam to electricity.

**One of the Essentials**

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.

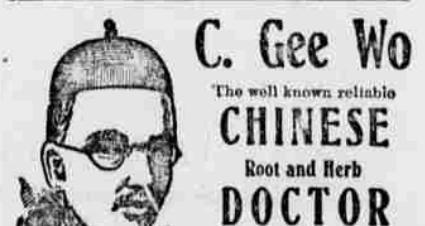
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This sterling household remedy is most successfully prescribed for a "world of troubles." For derangements of the digestive organs it is a natural corrective, operating directly upon the liver and alimentary canal, gently but persistently stimulating a healthful activity. Its beneficial influence extends, however, to every portion of the system, aiding in the processes of digestion and assimilation of food, promoting a wholesome, natural appetite, correcting sour stomach, bad breath, irregularities of the bowels, constipation and the long list of troubles directly traceable to those unwholesome conditions. Kasparilla dispels drowsiness, headache, backache and despondency due to inactivity of the liver, kidneys and digestive tract. It is a strengthening tonic of the highest value. If it fails to satisfy we authorize all dealers to refund the purchase price. HOYT CHEMICAL CO. Portland, Oregon



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