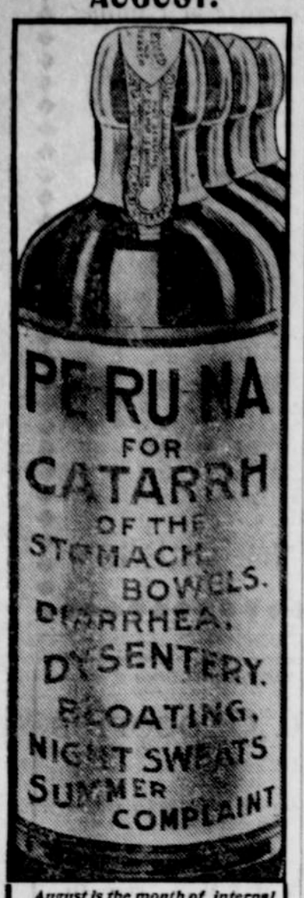
HEALTH NOTES FOR AUGUST.



August is the month of internal catarrh. The mucous membranes, especially of the bowels, are very liable to congestion, causing summer complaint, and catarrh of the bowels and other internal organs. Pe-ru-na is an excellent remedy for all these conditions.

A Failure.

Not long ago a man appeared at the capitol and had his card taken in to Senator Bailey. The Senator did not recognize the name, but, in accordance with his usual courtesy, came out to where the stranger was waiting.

It took only a few minutes' conversation to develop the fact that the individual simply desired to make a "touch." It was the regulation "Been unfortunate, sah, and desire to get back to my own country, sah."

"What is your business, colonel?" the Senator inquired. The rusty frock coat and black hat seemed to warrant the title.

"Why, I am a gentleman, Senator," the stranger replied, pompously.

"Oh, I see," the Senator said, pleasantly. "Have you instituted bankruptcy proceedings yet?"—Philadelphia Record.

Way of One Man.

He was romantic, but bashful for his age. At 25 it is expected nowadays that a man should be matter of fact. She was his equal in romance, but a trifle older, old enough, indeed, to be a widow. The conversation had turned on the ever-important subject of mothers-in-law. There was a lull in the argument. Gazing far, she sighed and said:

"Ah, me! I shall never have another mother-in-law!"

He looked at her with interest for a moment, and then suddenly blurted out:

"My mother died when I was very young!"

"It was an inadvertence, but he could not draw back. She threw herself into his arms, and they have lived happily—up to now.—Pittsburg Press.

Her Majesty's Etiquette.

Queen Alexandria of England is strict on such points of etiquette as make it a breach of decorum, for instance, to hand anything but new and unused coin, fresh from the mint, to the consort of the British sovereign. To make love to her majesty is punishable, by the law of Britain, with death, unlesss, of course, one happens to be the king.

Mineral Wealth of the South.

About one-seventh of the mineral production of the entire country comes from the Southern States. Of bituminous coal, the most valuable mineral, the South produces one-fourth, and of iron about one-ninth. Its total coal resources amount to nearly 600,000,000,000 tons, or more than one-fourth of our estimated coal reserve.

Of mineral chemical materials the South supplies more than one-half, chiefly phosphate rock, all of which is produced in Florida; Tennessee and South Carolina, and nearly one-third of the mineral pigments. Of precious stones the whole country produces only $325,000 worth, with the South furnishing its fair share.

The showing in iron ore reserves is quite as good; a safe minimum is 3,000,000,000 tons, or nearly one-third of the nation's total. Of workable iron ore the South contains one and one-half times as much as the famous Lake Superior district, and this does not include the deep lying southern ores.

On a basis of value of product the South furnishes more than two-sevenths of our oil and more than one-sixth of our gas.—New York Sun.

She Had It.

Secretary Shaw paid a visit to the plebelt region of New England the past summer. He stopped one night at a small country hotel, where the youthful daughter of the proprietor officiated as waitress. Seating himself at the breakfast table the next morning Mr. Shaw asked: "Have you any breakfast food, young lady?" The ingenuous little Vermonter stared perplexedly at the secretary, cast her eyes with significance over the well-laden table, upon which was spread the usual assortment of preserves, jellies, pickles, Worcestershire sauce, ham, eggs and bread, and stammered out: "Excuse me, sir, but what did you want?" "Why, some breakfast food, please," repeated Secretary Shaw, politely. The girl frowned and then, with sudden illumination of the distinguished guest's meaning, replied glibly, "Oh, yes, sir; we have apple, pumpkin, gooseberry, and—I believe—squash pie!" And she hurried from the room to execute Secretary Shaw's order.—Exchange.

Noble Duties.

Several of the English dukes have an annual duty to perform in accordance with the patent of their peerages. The Duke of Wellington commemorates the day of the battle of Waterloo by sending miniature reproductions of the French and English flags to the king. The Duke of Marlborough presents an annual flag to King Edward on the day of the battle of Blenheim; and the Duke of Hamilton, as hereditary keeper of Holyrood palace, is involved in the duty of sending a fat buck to the Guard of Honor on the occasion of their yearly dinner. While writing of these matters, it may be mentioned that one or two peerages are in receipt of government grants in perpetuity. For example, the Nelson earldom gets $25,000 a year, and the barony of Rodney is in receipt of $10,000 a year. But the annual $10,000 granted to the baronies of Raglan and Napier of Magdala will die with the present holders of these titles.

198 Chances.

Gov. Stuart of Pennsylvania said recently in Harrisburg of a bill that he opposed:

"This bill, at first glance, is full of promise and enthusiasm and hope, but it is naive. It is like the young man of Kensington who proposed for the hand of the millionaire's daughter.

"'Well,' said the millionaire, frowning thoughtfully, 'what are your prospects? Is there any chance of promotion in your business?'

"'Any chance?' cried the young man. 'Well, I should say so. Why, we employ 200 men, and my job is next to the lowest in the establishment.'"

Slaves Serve as Money.

Perhaps the queerest money in the world is represented by the boy and girl slaves in Mohammedan Africa. One of these will buy two camels. It is a currency much favored, for it will carry itself, and increases in value like the best real estate.

Modesty.

"Whom do you regard as the greatest living actor?"

"My friend," answered Mr. Stormington Barnes, "the question is not considerate. You know how I hate to talk about myself."—Washington Star.

THE INDIANS' NEMESIS.

A Nonogenarian Who in His Day Has Killed Hundreds of Redskins.

Upon a bank of the Missouri River in Cedar County, Nebraska, lives alone a man ninety years old, who has killed hundreds of Indians. No one knows how many "redskins" he killed. He does not himself know. But forty-three years of his life were devoted to the one effort of killing as many as he could in revenge for the massacre of his three children.

Hanson Wiseman and his wife and baby went from West Virginia to Northeastern Nebraska long before the war. That country was then the wild West.

In 1862 he enlisted as a member of Gen. Sully's Nebraska brigade, and in spite of the warning of his neighbors he departed with the troop. Less than a year later Wisemen's three children were murdered and his cabin burned by marauding Indians. Mrs. Wiseman had gone to Yankton after supplies, leaving her 16-year-old son to protect his little sister and baby brother. On her return on the fifth day she found the cabin a partial ruin and the boy and baby dead. Her daughter was still alive, but with scalp gone and tongue cut out she lived but a few days. The mother, crazed with grief, ran away.

The news reached Wiseman in Montana. Without asking leave he started back to Cedar County. After a long search he found his wife, but it was a year before she was able to tell him the story.

Close by where the Wisemans had lived was the hunting ground of the Poncas, and the Territory was now and then invaded by the Yankton Sioux, who were ever at conflict with the Nebraska reds. Wiseman was never able to discover whether it had been Sioux or Ponca that had murdered his family.

Upon the graves of his children he swore the vendetta of the West Virginia hill tribes, and he kept it. Just how many Indians he killed no one pretends to know. A few years ago a geologist discovered at the foot of the bluff upon which his children were buried the remains of twenty-four Indians. It was pronounced to be an Indian burying ground, but Wiseman's neighbors assert it was the old man's private graveyard, and the bodies were those of his victims.

Wiseman stalked his game in forest and over prairie. He always hunted alone, and he made it a point to pick off every stray Indian he ran across. On one occasion, when the government was moving the Poncas from Nebraska to the Indian Territory, Wiseman lay in wait at a point close by his home, and as the first two canoes rounded the bend he opened fire with a Winchester. He killed several and maimed others before the frightened reds could get out of range. An investigation was ordered by the government, but nothing ever came of it, as none of his neighbors would give testimony against him.

Wiseman is 90 years old, and has lived alone for thirty years in a rude habitation along the Missouri bluffs. His house is built of rough, unpainted oaken planks, with barred windows and loopholes, a miniature fortress of the frontier type. He had it fireproofed in every particular, so that it might not be burned over his head by his red enemies. He has the hallucination that they are still on his trail, and he sits with a loaded rifle across his knees and a shotgun at his feet.—Chicago Chronicle.

Couldn't Go Abroad.

"Am I going abroad this summer?" exclaimed the society woman. "My dear, I shall be obliged to go. I did not intend to, and I feel that I cannot really afford to, in view of all the other things I have to do and prefer to, but I see no other way. My cook sailed last Saturday and my waitress will sail next week. My maid and her sister are going to the Italian lakes about the middle of June, and my coachman has with difficulty been induced to await my plans before sailing to spend the summer in Norway. I simply cannot be outdone by my own servants, so I have to take a chateau in France for the summer in order to keep them from looking down on me."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

That Law Again.

For miles and miles the through passenger train has plodded along in the wake of the slow freight. The travelers grow irksome and even petulant.

"Conductor," says one of the boldest of them, "why do you not get that freight to take a siding while we go by it?"

"Under the new Hepburn law," explains the conductor, sadly, "we are not allowed to pass anything."—Success Magazine.

Her Purpose.

The friend of the actress looked at her in some surprise.

"But why should you work so hard and be so saving?" he asked.

"My dear friend," she lightly replied, "I am working with an object in view. I want to save enough money to warrant me in securing a boy husband."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Eggs Galore.

Foote Lighte—That fellow Hamm told me that in a western town he had 1,000 eggs thrown at him one night.

Miss Sue Brette—One thousand eggs? What are you talking about?

"Yes, 1,000 eggs. They were contained in a can of caviar!"—Yonkers Statesman.

When Clever Men Meet.

When George Bernard Shaw came down to the dock to meet Mark Twain he put out his hand.

"Awf'ly glad to see you, Mark," he exclaimed.

And Twain, with extended hand, cordially murmured, "Shaw!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

It is only fair to say that after a man has attended preaching services twice a week for thirty or forty years, he becomes a pretty severe and capable critic of sermons.

It is an unusual father who will whip his son for fighting if the son happens to be victorious.

LONELINESS IN NEW ZEALAND.

Great Stretches of Country There with Few Houses and Towns.

As nothing in Europe astonishes the New Zealander so much as the crowds, so nothing in New Zealand is so surprising to the Englishman as the vast sketches of uninhabited land, says Macmillan's Magazine.

Even the tourist on the coach roads may easily travel twenty miles without passing a single house. On the road leading to one of the most popular resorts of the North Island along fifty miles of highway there is but one small inn where the horses are changed and one Maori village, with a solitary white teacher for its school. The rest is scrub or swamp where wild horses roam or cleared brush where blackened stumps still stand or fern land with patches of rough pasture.

And to reach the far-famed lakes of the South Island, beautiful enough when they are reached, the coach toils for two whole days through inches of dust or mud, according to the season, dragging its slow way past miles of seeming desert, where even the yellow tussock grass is supplanted by thistles or by patches of green lichen resembling nothing so much as verdigris.

In New Zealand they appraise land by the number of sheep it will carry and this is five or six acres to a sheep, and a merino sheep into the bargain.

The driver as he passes flings out letter bags at the little wayside postoffices or tucks them into wooden boxes perched by the highway. In this way the post is delivered twice or possibly thrice a week in summer and once in winter. But this is along the coach roads—and even they are often impassable for wheeled traffic in winter. Then the post cart, sunk to its axles, lumbers along at the rate of two miles an hour, or the postman rides in mud up to his horse's girths, and those who have business abroad do likewise or wait at home for better weather.

Luckily, in no part of New Zealand are the winters so long and so severe as in England; but material for road making is scarce in New Zealand and labor is scarcer and dearer. When one thinks of all that has been done, and of the fifty years or so that it has been done in, the wonder is, not that the roads are bad, but that there are so many roads of any kind.

On many big runs, which years of toil have gone to make, all the winter's stores must be housed not later than April, because when the rains come only an ox dray or a pack horse can travel along the road to the township, and that with difficulty; and the storekeepers must bring all their wares from the nearest railway station or coast town before the weather breaks, standing out of their money for many months, or else they must suffer the loss of oxen and horses bogged or exhausted with the heavy winter's work.

No wonder store goods are dear. "Four foot deep and four foot wide," is the familiar description of roads in "the roadless north," which has a preeminently evil reputation in that way; but even in the old settlements southward walking is often out of the question, not only because there is nowhere to go within walking distance, but also because of the roads and the unbridged rivers. Nor is that the worst that can befall, for in many districts even yet there are no roads, only bridle paths, or foot tracks ending at the water's edge, whence a boat can be rowed to the nearest port of call for coasting steamers.

MILLIONS FOR STEEL CARS.

Pennsylvania Road to Have 2,000 Coaches of This Material.

Within the next three years it is proposed to buy and construct 2,000 all-steel passenger cars for the Pennsylvania railroad. This marks a complete change in all existing standards of passenger equipment and entrance into an entirely new field, and involves a tremendous cash outlay, says the Philadelphia North American.

At present prices of materials close estimates put the construction cost of all-steel passenger cars such as it is proposed to build at more than $15,000 each, or double the cost of the present standard type of wooden car. On this basis 2,000 all-steel passenger cars will cost $30,000,000.

This year it is the purpose to build about 200 steel passenger cars. Space for construction of 150 has been arranged for with the American Car and Foundry Company. About fifty cars will be built in the Pennsylvania railroad shops at Altoona.

What the Pennsylvania railroad management is aiming for is to have sufficient all-steel passenger equipment for every train which will be operated into the New York tunnel terminal system. This should be completed about the beginning of 1909.

Besides the coaches, baggage and mail cars which the railroad will supply, the Pullman company will have to provide nearly 500 steel sleeping and parlor cars. These will cost close to $50,000 each.

Thus it appears that the Pennsylvania railroad's New York tunnel terminal, to be operated by such high-voltage electric power as to make the use of wooden cars too dangerous, will compel an expenditure of fully $50,000,000 for all-steel and non-inflammable passenger equipment.

Of the proposed 2,000 steel passenger cars, 500 are for the Long Island railroad, which will be compelled to discard all its wooden equipment with the opening of the New York tunnel terminal. At the end of last year the total passenger equipment of the Pennsylvania railroad system was about 5,300 cars.

In Nice.

Once, in Nice, an Englishman and a Frenchman were about to separate on the Promenade des Anglais.

The Englishman, as he started toward the Cercle Mediterranee, called:

"Au reservoir!"

And the Frenchman waved his hand and answered:

"Tanks."—Argonaut.

When an agent calls to collect, he is not near as polite as he was when he called to coax you into signing the contract.

When the Hair Falls

Then it's time to act! No time to study, to read, to experiment! You want to save your hair, and save it quickly, too! So make up your mind this very minute that if your hair ever comes out you will use Ayer's Hair Vigor. It makes the scalp healthy. The hair stays in. It cannot do anything else. It's nature's way.

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The New Opium Cure.

We put very little faith in the new specific for the opium habit, but its success in the region of Singapore equals that claimed here for Christian Science. As a result the importation of opium in the Malay States has been reduced from eighty to fifty chests a month and thousands have been cured.

The plant is a climber, botanically called Combretum sondaicum. A decoction of the plant is put into two bottles, into one of which is added as much burut opium as the patient is accustomed to use in a day. When he craves opium he is given two tablespoonfuls from the latter bottle and as much from the other bottle replaces it to fill the space.

This is now repeated when called for, but no new opium is added. The patient is cured in from ten to fifteen days. It looks like a plan for "tapering off," with the assurance that the medicine does it.—The Independent.

It Wasn't New York.

A gentleman who had occasion to go to an inland New England village ten miles from a railroad was met at the station by an old fellow who looked as if he might have just awakened after a Rip Van Winkle sleep. His horse and buggy were in keeping with their owner's ancient appearance.

"Here we air at last," said the driver, when they finally came to three houses and a blacksmith's shop.

"This isn't much of a place, is it?" said the depressed stranger, looking around.

"Oh, you don't see all o' it from here," was the reply. "Thar's two more houses over behind that hill thar, an' a cooper's shop jest around that bend in the road thar. Come to bunch 'em all together an' it's consid'able o' a place—but o' course it ain't New York."—Woman's Home Companion.

Carrying Tunes.

"Did you want to hire a boy?" asked the applicant at a music store.

"Yes," said the manager. "What musical ability have you?"

"None."

"Can you even carry a tune?"

"Yes."

"Then you'll do. We want you to hurry these phonographic records down to the shipping department."—Kansas City Times.

The Prize Cow.

Take for yourself a well bred cow, get her on full feed, cram and feed and stuff and cram her for, say, a year. Go to the trouble of washing and currying and scrubbing and combing her twice a day, get down on your hunkers, my friend, sandpaper her hoofs, groom her legs, polish her horns and brush her tail, and by the time show season comes around you should have a very creditable looking show cow.—Sheridan (Mo.) Advance.

His Lack of Courage.

"Little boy," asked the gentle voiced matron, "how does it happen that you don't catch any of these fish but the smallest ones?"

"It happens, ma'am," answered Tommy, choking back a sob, "'cause the other boys ain't afraid to lie like blazes, blame their pictur's, an' I am."

An Anatomical Puzzle.

Behind the bridge of your nose is a little cavity in the skull, the origin of which appears to be unknown. It probably was a gland, consisting of two tiny lobes, joined together, and is named the Sella turcica. Physiologists believe that this is the remains of a sixth sense, which was of practical value to our antediluvian ancestors, but whether it enabled them to see in the dark in days before they possessed fire or helped them to find their way through trackless forests as wild beasts can to-day or what other purpose it may have served we do not know and probably never shall know.

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

The Age of Discretion.

Senator Dillingham, discussing immigration in New York, made use of the phrase, "the age of discretion."

"What is the 'age of discretion,' Senator?" asked one of his auditors.

"I should say," returned Senator Dillingham, smiling, "that the age of discretion is reached when a young man removes from his mantel the rich collection of actresses' and dancing girls' photographs and substitutes the portrait of his rich bachelor uncle."

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Witty Journalism.

Jacob A. Riis, the author and journalist, was talking about witty newspaper headlines.

"As witty a headline as I know," said he, "was written by a youth of 18 in a San Francisco newspaper office. There was a bill up to prohibit the sale of alcoholic drinks within four miles of the University of California, and this bill the youth headed:

"'An Act to Promote Pedestrianism Among Our Students.'"

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So Many!

They went in to dinner together. He was very bashful, and she tried in vain to draw him out. Finally she began to talk books, and he became responsive. "And Hugo?" she asked. "Do you like his style?"

"Oh, yes," he replied. "I find him intensely interesting. I've read a number of his books."

Then she asked, "Have you read 'Ninety-three'?"

"No, I've—er—only read three. I didn't know he had written so many."—Lippincott's.

Different.

"Who is that happy, contented-looking chap?"

"Oh, he' a chap who married a girl because she was a fine cook."

"And who is the poverty-stricken, sad-looking chap talking to him?"

"That's a man who married a girl because she was a fine dresser."—Houston Post.

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Extenuating Circumstances.

"What brought you here?" asked the judge.

"That," replied the prisoner, pointing to a policeman, "but I was drunk."—Houston Post.

Prizes for the best patriotic songs for the use of school children were offered in Brussels, and the first prize was won by a Frenchman.

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If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

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CATARRH BLOOD DISEASED AND SYSTEM DISORDERED

Catarrh is not merely an inflammation of the tissues of the head and throat, as the symptoms of ringing noises in the ears, mucous dropping back into the throat, continual hawking and spitting, etc., would seem to indicate; it is a blood disease in which the entire circulation and the greater part of the system are involved. Catarrh is due to the presence of an excess of uric acid in the blood. The Liver, Kidneys and Bowels frequently become torpid and dull in their action and instead of carrying off the refuse and waste of the body, leave it to sour and form uric acid in the system. This is taken up by the blood and through its circulation distributed to all parts of the system. These impurities in the blood irritate and inflame the different membranes and tissues of the body, and the contracting of a cold will start the secretions and other disgusting and disagreeable symptoms of Catarrh. As the blood goes to all parts of the body the catarrhal poison affects all parts of the system. The head has a tight, full feeling, nose continually stopped up, pains above the eyes, slight fever comes and goes, the stomach is upset and the entire system disordered and affected by this disease. It is a waste of time to try to cure Catarrh with sprays, washes, inhalations, etc. Such treatment does not reach the blood, and can, therefore, do nothing more than temporarily relieve the discomfort of the trouble. To cure Catarrh permanently the blood must be thoroughly purified and the system cleansed of all poisons, and at the same time strengthened and built up. Nothing equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It attacks the disease at its head, goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and makes a complete and lasting cure. S. S. S. removes every particle of the catarrhal poison from the blood, making this vital stream pure, fresh and healthy. Then the inflamed membranes begin to heal, the head is loosened and cleared, the hawking and spitting cease, every symptom disappears, the constitution is built up and vigorous health restored. S. S. S. also tones up the stomach and digestion and acts as a fine tonic to the entire system. If you are suffering with Catarrh begin the use of S. S. S. and write us a statement of your case and our physicians will send you literature about Catarrh, and give you special medical advice without charge. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

I had Catarrh for about fifteen years, and no man could have been worse. I tried everything I could hear of, but no good resulted. I then began S. S. S., and could see a little improvement from the first bottle, and after taking it a short while was cured. This was six years ago, and I am as well today as any man. I think Catarrh is a blood disease, and know there is nothing on earth better for the blood than S. S. S. Nobody thinks more of S. S. S. than I do. M. MATSON, Lapeer, Mich.

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PURELY VEGETABLE

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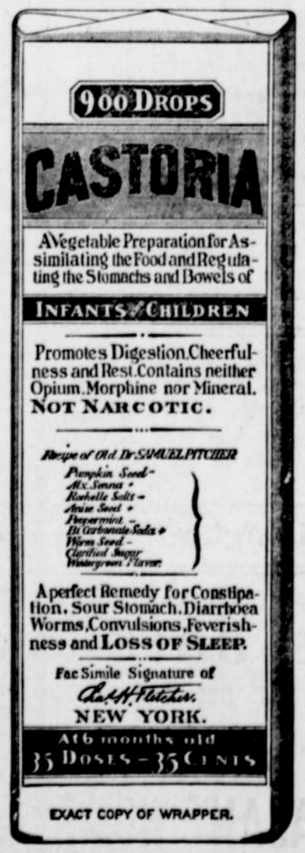

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