

MISS LEOPOLD, SECRETARY LIEDERKRANZ

Writer: "Three Years Ago My System Was in a Run-Down Condition. I Owe to Per-na My Restoration to Health and Strength."



Miss Ricka Leopold, 173 Main street Menasha, Wis., Sec'y Liederkranz, writes:

"Three years ago my system was in a terrible run-down condition and I was broken out all over my body. I began to be worried about my condition and I was glad to try anything which would relieve me. "Per-na was recommended to me as a fine blood remedy and tonic, and I soon found that it was worthy of praise. "A few bottles changed my condition materially and in a short time I was all over my trouble. "I owe to Per-na my restoration to health and strength. I am glad to endorse it."

Per-na Restores Strength. Mrs. Hettie Green, R. R. 6, Juka, Ill., writes: "I had catarrh and felt miserable. I began the use of Per-na and began to improve in every way. My head does not hurt me so much, my appetite is good and I am gaining in flesh and strength."

A Luxury. Two gentlemen dining in a New York restaurant were surprised to find on the bill of fare, the item, "green bluefish."

"Waiter," one asked, "what sort of bluefish are green bluefish?" "Fresh—right from the water," said the waiter, offhand.

"Nonsense!" said the man. "You know well enough they do not take bluefish at this season."

The waiter came up and looked at the disputed item.

"Oh, that, sir?" he said, with an air of enlightenment. "That's hothouse bluefish, sir."

His Hard Luck. "Yes," said Mrs. Herlihy, pressing a damp handkerchief to her eyes, "he's an unfortunate man, me Cousin Celia's man is. If I ever there's any chance of a good thing he's always a little to wan side. If it hadn't been for that he'd be in his home now, instead of in the hospital, ma'am."

"Why, I understood that Timothy stepped backward off the staging and fell clear to the ground," said the district visitor, sympathetic but puzzled.

"He did," said Mrs. Herlihy, with a fresh burst of tears, "but if he'd fell a bit more to the right, there was a great pile of bricks, and it would have broke his fall, anyway."

Why It Didn't Show. "Has that new friend of yours any business ability?" "Oh, yes."

"Well, it doesn't show on the surface."

"No, he's an official of the underground railway." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Trick at All. Canby Dunn—Do you take any stock in the story that a man engraved the entire alphabet on the head of a pin?

Y. Knott—Certainly. He could have engraved the ten commandments on it. It was a coupling pin. Ring off.

Could Not Keep Up. Broken Down, Like Many Another Woman, With Exhausting Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. A. Taylor, of Wharton, N. J., says: "I had kidney trouble in its most painful and severe form, and the torture I went through now seems to have been almost unbearable. I had backache, pains in the side and loins, dizzy spells and hot, feverish headaches. There were bearing down pains, and the kidney secretions passed too frequently, and with a burning sensation. They showed sediment. I became discouraged, weak, languid and depressed, so sick and weak that I could not keep up. As doctors had not cured me I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and with such success that my troubles were all gone after using eight boxes, and my strength, ambition and general health is fine."

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

OLD Favorites

We Have Drunk from the Same Canteen.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours, Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers. And true lovers' knots, I ween. The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss. But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—

We have drunk from the same canteen!

It was sometimes water and sometimes milk. And sometimes apple jack fine as silk; But, whatever the tipples has been, We shared it together in bane or bliss, And I warn to you, friend, when I think of this—

We have drunk from the same canteen!

The rich and the great sit down to dine, And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine.

From glasses of crystal and green, But I guess in their golden potatoes they miss

The warmth of regard to be found in this—

We have drunk from the same canteen!

We have shared our blankets and tents together

And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,

And hungry and full we have been; Had days of battle and days of rest, But this memory I cling to and love the best—

We have drunk from the same canteen!

For when wounded I lay on the outer slope

With my blood flowing fast and but little hope

Upon which my faint spirit could lean—

Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side,

And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died.

We drank from the same canteen!

—Gen. C. G. Halpine (Private Miles O'Reilly).

Patriotism.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead

Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land?"

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd

As home his footsteps he hath turn'd

From wandering on a foreign strand?

If such there breathe, go, mark him well!

For him no minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentr'd all in self,

Living, shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To vile dust from whence he sprung

Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

—Sir Walter Scott.

THE FELLAH'S YOKEMATE.

Some Occupations of the Egyptian Girl and Woman.

Her lot has improved vastly since those dark days of superstition when, in order to propitiate Serapis, the deity who presided over the waters of Father Nile, she was liable to be given as a sacrifice to the flood—custom which was until quite recently comm-memorated at the annual cutting of the Khaleef at Cairo by the erection of an earthen "bride," which was swallowed up by the rushing waters, says the Fort-nightly Review. Albeit the fellow's lines have never been cast in pleasant places, very early in her existence does her round of drudgery begin, for while still a tiny child she is allotted a variety of tasks. In the clover season one sees peasant baby girls posted as sentinels over the horses and cattle tethered in the vividly green beechen fields; mere children, placed in authority near a harshly creaking water wheel, follow with toddling steps the wily little donkey or gaunt, ugly buffalo harnessed to a wooden prop which is attached to the cogged wheel of the sakeeyeh. The little mites by voice and whip urge the weary blindfolded beasts to keep jogging along in the worn circular track, that the slowly revolving earthenware pots cease not to pour the fertilizing water into the trough.

The same little maidens, their hair generally plaited and the wispes and braids decked with coins, are often seen tending small herds of goats. At times, too, they are sent to forage for rare windfalls of firewood (rare, because in the delta wood of any sort is scarce), which, if they find, they carry homeward across the fields on their heads, the strings of beads and glass bracelets on their fat little necks and arms glistening in the bright sunshine; while those who dwell in woodless provinces are employed to collect manure, which, mixed with chopped straw, is pounded into round cakes and when dried in the sun forms the staple native fuel called "gelleh." Active little maidens carry diminutive hods or baskets of mortar or bricks when building operations are in progress, or are set to destroy caterpillars at seasons when these pests threaten destruction to the maize or other crops.

Should their village be within easy distance of a railway, girls of tender age are sent to hawk goshawks of cold water, hard-boiled eggs or fresh dates, figs or oranges, up and down the country-side stations; and these bright, clamoring, smiling, pearly toothed maidens are pleasantly familiar little figures to all travelers throughout the Delta. The bigger girls in time of wheat harvest will join with the older women in field labor, which is very fatiguing, as in many districts not only do they pluck and bind the corn, but afterward carry the sheaves to the threshing place. Not infrequently a

bevy of women laborers who have the leisure will proceed at harvest time from village to village, and so add a few more shillings to the modest family chest.

Few Egyptian village scenes appeal more forcibly to the cultivated taste or artistic sense than that of the village maiden fetching water from the river or the well. The lithe, elastic, well-developed figure of the peasant damsel seems singularly noble in its homely simplicity, draped in its loose dark blue garment, the beautifully molded earthenware pitcher poised upon her shapely head. Her long veil of coarse crepe, it is true, is half drawn to conceal her face from prying eyes, or, when she wears no veil—and often, owing to the exigencies of field labor, the burko (face veil) is dispensed with—its office is performed by gathering a fold of her head covering into a corner of her mouth. Yet the very poor are not always punctilious about keeping their faces hidden from strangers, and so sometimes one sees the indigo or greenish blue tatters clinging to the forehead or below the under lip. On reaching the river, where her shadow seems to kiss the ripples, the modern Rebekeh tucks the skirts of her raiment between her knees, enters the water to cleanse and fill her water jar (balass), and then, with a last feminine touch of adjustment to the folds of her dress, she raises the heavy burden into position and bears it away, spilling nothing of its limpid contents. She never loses her balance, having made a practice from early childhood of carrying all burdens on her head and having thus acquired a naturally upright carriage and statuesque gait.

A CUP OF TEA. Buying a cup of tea may be a tragedy or a comedy. Much depends on the sex of the buyer. This is the way a man buys it, says a writer in the London Sketch. He slides sheepishly into the shop, takes the seat in the draft of the door that everybody else has avoided, and says to the waitress with a diffident smile: "Oh, would you bring me a cup of tea?"

The waitress, who returns the smile or does not return it, according to the rule of the establishment in regard to tipping, brings him his tea, slams it down, scribbles out a check and sails away.

The man tastes the tea, finds that it is bitter from long brewing, slips out of his seat, pays the bill and hurries away from the shop.

Now let us see how a woman buys a cup of tea.

She marches into the shop with a little boy on one side of her and a little girl on the other.

"I want a table for three," she says. In the manner of one about to order a dinner at ten guineas a head.

"Yes, madam," replies the meek attendant. "Will you kindly step this way."

"Mummy," says the little boy, when at last the party is seated and the attendant is waiting to take the two-penny order, "mummy, why has that lady got a turned-up nose?"

"Want a scone," complains the little girl.

"A pot of tea for one," orders "mummy," "and would you mind bringing an extra cup, so that my little girl can have some milk?"

"One tea and one milk?" asks the attendant.

"No, thank you. I thought I gave my order quite distinctly. I want a pot of tea for one and an extra cup. That's all."

"Yes, madam," says the meek attendant, and drags herself away with the firm intention of becoming an actress, let the stage be what it may.

"Just one moment," says "mummy," when the tea is brought. "I should like to make sure that this is not too strong. Yes, it is much too strong. Will you let me have a pitcher of hot water, please? And I don't think you have brought quite enough milk."

Half an hour later she marches proudly from the shop, having paid exactly the same sum for these privileges as the wretched man who could not swallow a mouthful, and who sat in a draft.

Gen. Grant's Joke.

Secretary Taft, in discussing a certain hoax, said:

"It reminds me of the story about Sir Richard Owen, the famous English scientist. A footman came to Pembroke lodge, Sir Richard's residence, one morning, with a large bone wrapped in a cloth, and with a note from his master, Lord John Russell, asking if Sir Richard would please say what animal the bone belonged to.

"It required but a glance from the scientist to convince him that the bone was nothing but a hum bone from an ordinary pig. He sent a message back to that effect, and, meeting Lord John the next day, said:

"Why on earth did you send me a pig's ham bone yesterday?"

"I'll tell you," said the other. "General Grant, you know, is a great joker. He made me a present of what purported to be that rare delicacy, a grizzly bear's ham, but, as I had my doubts, I sent you the bone."

Out at Last.

"Why do they call these dentists' offices dental parlors?" asked Smith of his friend.

"Why, parlor is an old-fashioned name from drawing-room."

All that glitters can't be measured by the golden rule.

The Police Burman.

In the cities of Burma, where the natives have been long in contact with Europeans, says the author of "Burma Painted and Described," they have lost some of their traditional politeness; but in the country districts old-school courtesy is still the custom.

An English gentleman who had bought a new pony was trying him out on a Burman road, when the animal bolted, and ran at top speed down a narrow road.

In the way ahead was a native cart, in which was a family party out holiday making.

The pony dashed into the back of the cart, threw his rider into the midst of the merry-makers, and severely injured the Burman who was driving.

Before the Englishman had an opportunity to explain his unexpected onslaught the Burman picked himself up and bowed low.

"My lord, my lord," he said, apologetically, "the cart should not have been there."

Found He Was a Cannibal.

A new arrival in the town entered a restaurant and ordered his dinner. He had just been served when a large, rotund person entered and seated himself at the same table, and finally reached over and helped himself to his neighbor's bread; seeing that the other man's boiled potato had not been touched he took that and ate it without removing the skin. A piece of chicken followed.

By this time the waiter reappeared and handed the bill of fare to the newcomer.

"Roast beef, roast pork. Which shall I take?" said he. "Well, I guess you can bring me roast beef, a double order."

"Thank heaven," said the man opposite.

"Eh? What did you say, sir?"

"I said 'Thank Heaven!' I was afraid you were a cannibal."—Pittsburg Press.

Reciprocity.

"I declare," complained Mrs. Duzzit. "I shall certainly have to punish the children!" says a writer in Life. "What have they been up to now?" inquired her husband.

"They have simply upset my sewing room. Nothing is where it should be. Needles, spools of thread, scissors, darning balls, everything I have has been poked away into the most unexpected corners. It is perfectly exasperating."

Mr. Duzzit surveyed his wife with a benignant air.

"That wasn't the children, dear," he said. "I did that."

"What possessed you?"

"It was kindness of heart. After you straightened up the papers and books on my desk so beautifully, I thought it was no more than right that I should return the compliment by putting your sewing room in order. So I did."

The Books All Right.

The steamer was to leave in an hour, and Mrs. Lapsing was in a hurry of preparation.

"Mother," asked one of the children, "where are the books we want to read while we're on the boat?"

"Never mind the books," she said, with her mouth full of hairpins. "They're all packed in your father's esophagus."

In Use.

"Where's the box contricator forty feet long that you've got painted on the sign out in front?" demanded the visitor at the dime museum.

"This is wash day, and we're using him for a clothes line," explained the Circassian beauty.

How He Knew.

Wedderly: That milliner of yours must be a bird.

Mrs. Wedderly—Nonsense! She has neither wings nor feathers.

Wedderly—Yes, but just look at this bill of hers.

Slang Not All American.

Is "fired out" an Americanism? This question is put by a London paper in discussing the use of the expression by the Vienna correspondent of the Times in connection with the dismissal of the American ambassador to Austria-Hungary. Anything that seems slangy is generally stamped as an Americanism, but in this case, as in so many others of a similar nature, it is shown that the phrase can be found imbedded in the classics of the English language. "Fired out" an Americanism? Well, in one of Shakespeare's sonnets, as one of the London papers says, you may read:

Yet this shall I never know, but live in doubt,

Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

An American school teacher—and this is another illustration that comes to mind—decided that his pupils should drop the word "say" because it was inelegant. The tendency to begin a remark or a question with "say" may certainly be overdone, but as a bright pupil pointed out, if "say" is vulgar, how should we regard the use of it in the first line of "The Star-Spangled Banner"—"Oh, say, can you see?"

To Break in New Shoes.

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

Met Often.

"Why are you bowing to that man? Do you know him?" asked Madge, in surprise.

"Yes," said her chum. "He walked over me so many times getting out between acts at the theater last night that we got real well acquainted."—Detroit Free Press.

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

In Confidence.

"I knew," he declared, "that we were meant for each other from the very moment I first saw you."

"I knew it," she replied, "long before that."

"You did?"

"Yes, I may tell you now in confidence, since we're engaged and it's all settled, that mamma had been mapping out our accidental meeting for three months."—Judge.

FITS. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. of Lowell, Mass., have a special remedy for Epilepsy, St. Vitus' Dance, and all Nervous Diseases. It is permanently cured by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kim, Le Roy, N. Y., 201 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Discouraged.

Sherlock Holmes had announced his intention of abandoning detective work.

"My dear Holmes," said Dr. Watson. "You don't mean it?"

"Quite so, my dear doctor," he said. "Those Philadelphia detectives have made me look like a bungling amateur."

Shooting another charge of dope into his arm, he assumed a William Gillette pose and stared moodily into the fire.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Able to Retaliate.

Byron was writing his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

"They'll find I'm no Keats!" he exclaimed. "I'm a bad-man from the headwaters of Bitter creek, and I can hit back—darn 'em!"

Regretting that his lame foot was not a real club, so he could use it on them, he dipped his pen in the vitriol again and confided some more of his burning thoughts to the sheet of paper before him.

A Hair Dressing

Nearly every one likes a fine hair dressing. Something to make the hair more manageable; to keep it from being too rough, or from splitting at the ends. Something, too, that will feed the hair at the same time, a regular hair-food. Well-fed hair will be strong, and will remain where it belongs—on the head, not on the comb!

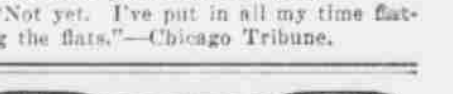
The best kind of a testimonial—"Sold for over sixty years."

Made by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of Sarsaparilla, Pills, Cherry Pectoral.

Woes of the House Hunter.

"Mrs. Newcome, have you shot the chutes since you came to town?"

"Not yet. I've put in all my time fastening the flats."—Chicago Tribune.



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