

MISS LEOPOLD, SECRETARY LIEDERKRANZ

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



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

"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.

"Peruna 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 Peruna my restoration to health and strength. I am glad to endorse it."

Per-na Restores Strength.
Mrs. Hattie Green, R. R. 6, Inka, Ill., writes: "I had catarrh and felt miserable. I began the use of Peruna 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 hot-house bluefish, sir."

His Handbook.
"Yes," said Mrs. Herlitz, 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 the 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. Herlitz, 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 broken 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.

The Books All Right.
The stamer was to leave in an hour, and Mrs. Lapsing was in a flurry 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 containing 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.

No Trick at All.
Candy Dams—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 depression, I became discouraged, weak, languid and depressed, so sick and weak that I could not keep up. As doctors did not cure 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 warm 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 me, 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 never within him burd' As home his footsteps he hath turned 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, wish claim— Despite those titles, power, and pelf, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust from whence he sprung Unwept, unobscured, and unused.

—Sir Walter Scott.

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, but the stage he 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.

Not Stealing.

Mr. Gaddie—The Forgmans celebrated their silver wedding last night, didn't they?

Mrs. Gaddie—Oh, no; I saw all the presents.

Mr. Gaddie—Oh? What do you mean?

Mrs. Gaddie—It seems to have been a silver-plated wedding. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Hitting Both Ways.

"There is one big advantage in this mattress-lid business," mused the handsome actor, as the curtain went down on his thirty-third encore; "when you hit a miss, you are always sure that you will never miss a hit." —Baltimore American.

ELECTRIC POWER IN AFRICA.

Transmission from the Falls of the Zambezi to the Rand Proposed.

It is gratifying to note that the technical press has sounded a note of warning against the preposterous proposal to generate hydraulic electric power at the Victoria falls of the Zambezi River and transmit it over a distance of 745 miles for use in the gold mines at Johannesburg. But although the proposal to deliver this power at a figure that would be at once economical to the consumer and profitable to the company has been ridiculed by the technical press, the lay public is liable to be misled by the scheme, which on the face of it would seem to hold out flattering prospects of success.

At the present time the most important transmission of energy for commercial purposes is that from Niagara to Buffalo, where the distance covered does not exceed twenty miles. The longest transmission, according to present information, is that which is in successful operation in California over a distance of about 220 miles. So that the proposed transmission line in South Africa will be 340 per cent longer than anything that has yet been attempted.

According to Professor William E. Ayton, who not long ago made a severe criticism of the scheme in the London Times, the Johannesburg mining district consumes about 150,000 horse power at an average cost of \$100 a horse power a year. Niagara sends 24,000 horse power to Buffalo, where it is sold at about \$125 a horse power a year, and Buffalo, as we have noted, is distant from Niagara only twenty miles.

Furthermore, in the neighborhood of Johannesburg are abundant supplies of coal, of which an excellent quality can be delivered on the Rand for \$2.60 to \$2 a ton. Even if the Victoria falls plant were to be built and a great transmission line constructed, it is not likely that the important mining industries in Johannesburg would be willing to trust the operation of their costly plants to the integrity of a few copper cables extending for over 700 miles through the wilds of a savage country.

In Haying Time.

Breathes there the man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land!" Whose heart hath never within him burd' As home his footsteps he hath turned 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, wish claim— Despite those titles, power, and pelf, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust from whence he sprung Unwept, unobscured, and unused.

—Sir Walter Scott.

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, but the stage he 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.

Not Stealing.

Mr. Gaddie—The Forgmans celebrated their silver wedding last night, didn't they?

Mrs. Gaddie—Oh, no; I saw all the presents.

Mr. Gaddie—Oh? What do you mean?

Mrs. Gaddie—It seems to have been a silver-plated wedding. —Catholic Standard and Times.

Hitting Both Ways.

"There is one big advantage in this mattress-lid business," mused the handsome actor, as the curtain went down on his thirty-third encore; "when you hit a miss, you are always sure that you will never miss a hit." —Baltimore American.



Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

Henry Phillips, who at an expense of about \$500,000 years, has hunted the Glen Quich deer forest in Scotland.

The Polite 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, round 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 cann