Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Peruna be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that each one of them was of undoubted value in chronic catarrhal diseases, and had stood the test of many years' experience in the treatment of such diseases. THERE CAN BE NO DISPUTE ABOUT THIS WHATEVER. Peruna is composed of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrh. Every ingredient of Peruna has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh.

Peruna brings to the home the COMBINED KNOWLEDGE OF SEVERAL SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE in the treatment of catarrhal diseases; brings to the home the scientific skill and knowledge of the modern pharmacist; and last but not least, brings to the home the vast and varied experience of Dr. Hartman, in the use of catarrh remedies, and in the treatment of catarrhal diseases.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

BUT THEY ALL FAILED TO BRING ANY RELIEF.

Dr. Hartman's idea is that a catarrh remedy can be made on a large scale, as he is making it; that it can be made honestly, of the purest drugs and of the strictest uniformity. His idea is that this remedy can be supplied directly to the people, and no more be charged for it than is necessary for the handling of it.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents showing that Peruna invites the full inspection of the critics.

Her Perch.

"Did he propose to her on his knees?"

"No, but she accepted him on them."—Houston Post.

Still Cutting.

The stranger returned to the village after a long absence.

"And what has become of the village cut-up?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, he is grown up now," drawled the old postmaster.

"And is he still a cut-up?"

"Oh, yes. He is one of these here appendicitis doctors?"—Chicago News.

All For Him.

Jigley—Your fiancee seems to have a will of her own.

Markley—Yes; and sometimes I half regret that I'm not the sole beneficiary.—Philadelphia Press.

Modified.

"One-half, the world," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "doesn't know how the other half lives."

"And it may also be stated without puncturing the truth," rejoined the wise guy, "that three-fourths of it doesn't know how it lives itself."

He Stays.

It was the traveler's first visit to Butte.

"I've always wanted to see this city," he said. "It interests me in many ways. I think I know nearly a score of actors that came from here."

"Yes, sir," commented the resident knocker. "I reckon they went from here because they wanted to get out of the durned town."—Chicago Tribune.

Sad Mistake of an Actor.

An actor without fund managed in some way to get a second-class ticket on a line of steamers running between Seattle and San Francisco. The voyage between these two points consumed the better part of three days and in view of the fact that his finances were at low ebb he solved the question in this way:

The first day out he slept all day to keep from eating, and remained up all night to keep from sleeping. The second day he took physical culture exercises. On the third day he could not stand the strain any longer and went down in the dining room and ordered the best meal on board the boat.

While eating this meal he could see in his mind's eye a picture of a cell in the bastile in San Francisco. After finishing his meal he said to the waiter: "How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing," replied the waiter, "your meals were included in your ticket."

Good Fellow.

"George, dear," said young Mrs. Maryat, "I got a recipe for a fruit cake to-day that will keep for a year."

"Oh," replied the husband, "you ought to keep it longer than that."

"What? Keep fruit cake longer——"

"No, the recipe. Mislay it somewhere."—Philadelphia Press.

Branded as a Deserter.

An army pension has just been granted to J. Tomlin, of Nottingham, England, who is now 81, and his medals, granted for Sevastopol, have been replaced.

It seems that he was invalided home from the Crimea and granted a month's furlough. While enjoying his rest he was stricken with typhoid fever, but, being unable to rad or write, did not acquaint the officers of his regiment with his misfortune or ask a friend to do so. The consequence was that when his furlough expired he was posted as a deserter, and while on his way to rejoin was arrested.

At Aldershot he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be branded with the letter "D."

Deaf Mutes Only.

Over on the West Side a prosperous merchant engaged in the bottling industry makes a specialty of employing deaf mutes in his establishment. These silent hands are reported to be more industrious than is usually the experience with unafflicted labor. On an average, the deaf mute bottler earns higher wages than his fellow workman, and he is generally more economical than the latter. Both in perceptive and receptive faculties the deaf mutes are said to excel as compared with those not so handicapped. In point of sobriety, the non-hearing, non-speaking brother is reputed to set an enviable example.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

No Chance at All.

"That Martel is really a terrible bore. He talked last night for hours and only stopped to cough."

"Well, I suppose you could get a word in edgeways then?"

"Rather not, for while he was coughing he made signs with his hands that he was going on afterwards."—Nos Loisirs.

Time to Move.

"They're putting out an awful lot of good songs these days," said Mr. Staylate.

"Yes?" queried Miss Patience Gonne, with a yawn.

"Yes; there's a new march song that's great. It's fine to march to——"

"Indeed! I wish I had it. I'd play it for you."—Philadelphia Press.

Civic Pride.

"My town," said the first traveler, "is Greater New York."

"Glad to know you," cried the other; "I'm from Chicago, too."

"I say my town is Greater New York."

"O! I thought you said greater than New York."—Catholic Standard and Times.

RISK FUGITIVES FORGET THEIR TROUBLES; LEAD GIDDY LIFE IN PARIS.

Whatever the plans of the New York District Attorney, William Travers Jerome, may be in reference to the criminal prosecution of the central figures in the great American insurance scandal, it is patent to all Paris, writes a correspondent in the French capital, that no fear is entertained in the mind of James Hazen Hyde, former vice president of the Equitable Life Assurance Society, or Richard A. McCurdy, who was ousted from the presidency of the Mutual. For more than a year now these two ostracized millionaire votaries of high finance have luxuriated in the distracting atmosphere of Paris.

Hyde, who is really better known in Paris than he was at any time in New York, is living an easy life. His most serious effort at the present time is to become known as the king of the Paris Latin quarter. To this end Hyde is spending his money lavishly, and the wide circle of Bohemian painters and litterateurs, which he has gathered around him, regard him as their patron saint.

Hyde lives in a beautiful and mammoth mansion in Avenue Henri Martin. In the spacious salon of his beautiful home Hyde gives regular entertainments, which are the very acme of epicurean splendor. His favorite pastime is to entertain large parties of his giddy friends upon automobile excursions in the south of France and elsewhere. By these and other means Hyde has at this time successively blotted out, so far as Paris is concerned, the ostracism which followed his connection with the insurance revelations. He is the hero of the impecunious horde of long-haired youths of the boulevards. Hyde participates fully in the free and easy life of the Latin quarter. At the last artists' ball, Hyde made a big hit impersonating an Arabian gypsy.

Recently Hyde has shown a tendency to re-enter aristocratic French society, and among the fashionables of Paris his princely wine cellar is exciting wonder and admiration.

Richard A. McCurdy's existence in Paris has been quite the opposite of Hyde's, though it is well intended to blot from the memory of the former Mutual president the disagreeable experiences of a year and a half ago. McCurdy's life in Paris has amounted almost to monastic retirement. He is surrounded by an exclusive circle of personal friends, and he is devoting himself to simple diversions which carry with them no distasteful memories. He is never seen in the gay centers of Paris, and he is entirely unknown in society. He reads no newspapers. When an effort was made to interview him he sent word that he would feel keenly any further notoriety in connection with the insurance scandal. At this time it is learned from a personal friend of McCurdy's that, while he is attempting in every possible way to eradicate memories of the scandal which enmeshed him, he finds it difficult to have any complete comfort in his life.

James W. Alexander, ousted president of the Equitable Life, who was a third prominent figure in the insurance scandals, is on a trip around the world with a party of friends.

NEW SWIMMING GLOVE.

A swimming glove to aid man in his progress through the water is a recent invention. It gives the swimmer the assistance the duck derives from his webbed feet. Greater speed and a greater distance covered, with less fatigue than with the naked hands, are claimed to be the advantages the wearer of this glove will enjoy. It fits the hands tightly and is slipped on in the ordinary way. The webs are strong pieces of cloth, running from little finger to thumb. Every stroke of the swimmer is

WEBBED RUBBER MITTENS.

thus effective, the increased area of the surface that strikes the water sending him forward with the increasing speed that a boat driven by a paddle takes. The woes of the beginner in the aquatic sport are lessened; the pleasure of the expert is increased.—Technical World.

A Nightmare.

The hydrosaurian soared aloft
On peterodactyl wings;
The telerpetor climbed a tree
And a nylgau did queer things.
The molluska occupied the land,
The veterbrates the sea—
Wow! I guess that lobster salad
Was too succulent for me.

—Chicago News.

A Mean Cut.

Dora—Is it true that Jack is going to marry you? Flora—Yes, dear. Dora—Well, you'd better make him sign the pledge. Flora—Why, Jack doesn't drink. Dora—No, but he probably will.—Cleveland Leader.

SENTENCE TO PRISON SHIP.

One Declared to Be Usually Enough for Worst of Sailors.

"The serving of one sentence aboard a prison ship is usually enough for the worst of sailors," said L. H. Dunlavy, who has just concluded his term of enlistment in the hospital corps of the United States navy. He served as a nurse for a time on board the United States naval prison ship Southery at Portsmouth, N. H.

"They have no cells on the ship," Dunlavy said. "The prisoners are locked at night in the forward and after berth decks. They are compelled to work every day except Sunday in the navy yard. Sunday they have to attend religious services. They get rather to liking Sunday too.

"It gives them a chance to let out their voices when the hymns are being sung. Their working hours are from 6:30 to 11 o'clock in the morning and from 1 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon. That isn't all they have to do. They are required to attend a school. The common branches only are taught. The recitations are held at night. From 6 to 7 o'clock at night is the daily study hour and they have to study too.

"A marine guard of eighty men 'police' the ship and do sentry work over the prisoners while they are at work. Ordinarily there are about 250 prisoners on the ship. Very few escape. Occasionally one tries to run by the sentries, but it's a big risk, for marines carry rifles loaded with ball and have orders to shoot any prisoner attempting to get away."—Kansas City Star.

Vast Continent of Long Ago.

A Rio de Janeiro man of science announces that recent discoveries of reptilian and vegetable fossils in the coal fields of Brazil go to confirm the belief in "the existence during the permocarboniferous period of the vast continent which Suess, who formulated the hypothesis of its existence, called the continent of Gondwana, and which was composed of South America, South Africa, southern India, Australia and the Antarctic lands."

Every time a woman gives a party she invites two or three that she really wishes would decline.

It's a pity that more of us are not willing to follow the advice we give to others.

After the Floods.

"I hear that you bought a home in the suburbs, Harker?" interrogated the city friend.

"Yes," sighed Harker, as he took a firmer grip on the lawn mower and basket of seeds.

"And I also heard that it is right up to date. Why, they say it even has subcellars."

"No, submarine cellars. They are under water most of the time."

Bit!

Cutting—I suppose it did make you feel mean.

Dubbs—Well, I should say! Why, I felt like a plugged nickel.

Cutting—Ah! but what a blessing it is that we never feel quite as bad as we look.—Philadelphia Press.

Too Informal.

Johnny—The doctor says Uncle Humphrey has Bright's disease.

His Mamma—The doctor may call it that if he pleases, my dear, but you could say Mr. Bright's disease.

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

Not a Circumstance.

"Didn't the thunder storm disturb you last night?"

"Thunder storm? I didn't know there was one."

"You didn't? Where on earth do you sleep?"

"Nowhere on earth. I sleep within three feet of an elevated railway track."

Reason for Suppression.

"'The Mikado' was suppressed in London out of deference to the feelings of the Japanese; wasn't that silly?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps a bunch of amateurs were playing it."—Houston Post.

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

A Bond of Sympathy.

While the new maid tidied the room the busy woman kept on writing.

"Do you make that all out of your own head?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said the busy woman.

"My," said Jane admiringly, "you must have brains!"

"Brains!" sighed the woman despondently. "Oh, Jane, I haven't an ounce of brains."

For a moment Jane regarded her with sincere commiseration.

"Oh, well," she said presently, "don't mind what I say. I ain't very smart myself."—New York Press.

Just a Complaint.

"Your complaint, madam," said old Dr. Gruffly, "is very serious——"

"There now!" triumphantly cried the fussy woman, "I knew it——"

"Yes, madam, your complaint is chronic and there isn't the slightest ailment to excuse it."—Philadelphia Press.

Tired of Fiction.

Married Man—I want to get a book for my wife.

Clerk—Something in the way of fiction?

"No; I've given her lots of that, but she doesn't seem to care for it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

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For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

Two Kinds.

"Political success," remarked one statesman, "depends a great deal on your platform."

"Yes," answered the other; "the party platform of artistic success and the lecture platform for financial success."—Washington Star.

Relieved.

Physician—Your boy will pull through all right. He has a wonderful constitution.

Mr. Tyte-Phist—I am glad to hear it, doctor. In making out your bill, of course, you will not make me pay for what his constitution has done in pulling him through.

Invention Worth Money.

"Have you invented anything recently?"

"Yes," answered the sensational scientist. "I have invented a new way to get to the north pole."

"Is it good for anything?"

"Certainly. It is good for ten pages in a magazine."—Washington Star.

Is It Your Own Hair?

Do you pin your hat to your own hair? Can't do it? Haven't enough hair? It must be you do not know Ayer's Hair Vigor! Here's an introduction! May the acquaintance result in a heavy growth of rich, thick, glossy hair! And we know you'll never be gray.

"I think that Ayer's Hair Vigor is the most wonderful hair grower that was ever made. I have used it for some time and I can truthfully say that I am greatly pleased with it. I cheerfully recommend it as a splendid preparation."—Miss V. BROCK, Wayland, Mich.

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A Distinction.

"I thought you told me Miss Screamer couldn't sing?"

"So I did."

"But I have heard her at social gatherings myself a number of times."

"I said she can't sing; I never said she doesn't."—Baltimore American.

Confidential.

Husband—But, my dear, if Mrs. Nextdoor told you in strict confidence you shouldn't tell me.

Wife—Oh, very well; if you don't care to hear it I can tell it to somebody else, I suppose.—Chicago News.

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BAD BLOOD
THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; because pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains. These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways. Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all disease, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so thorough that hereditary taints are removed and weak, diseased blood made strong and healthy so that disease cannot remain. It cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

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