Nothing | Ate Agreed With Me



M 'S. L NORA BODENHAMER

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

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

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

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

A Cooling Phought.

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

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

"Massa," said the negro, "I's think in' dat de sun what's makin' dis yere heatness is a smillin' down on all de watermillions in Georgia, an' makin' dem jest so red an' ripe dat my mouf most cayn't keep from swallerin'. faon't min' de heatness when I spec'ate on dem watermillions."

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and Proces Process permanently cared by Dr. 1 leaf a Great Norve Rosers, Send for FERE \$2.50 trul loctic and treaties, R. H. Kline, Ed. 30 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A representative of the French govern pent has been investigating the clothing nanufacturing industry of the United in the art mrticularly in the ready-made branch.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing grap the best remedy to use for their ch'kir in uring the teething period.

Had a Reason.

"Well, Sagebrush Sam has had his sinh. He always wanted to die with his

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

Could Believe That.

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

Kohlfax—I don't doubt it. What I

want to know is the real price you paid

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

Would Not Pay Charges

He was an Impecunious nobleman with air castles in sunny France. After discovered his Utopia in a friend. much deliberation he sent the following note to the pretty beiress:

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

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



The Whited Sepulchre

BY WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

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CHAPTER XII .- (Continued.) Breen was dazed by the altered mood of he woman. Until the present instant of their walk, he had been contemplating Rivoll." serene end to a day of most brutal beginnings. They were on the eminence of ful changing jewel in the black north. Breen heard the woman's breathing. had no pity for her. He had spoken with exceeding gentleness, but it was forced. In the same voice he continued, since she did not speak:

"You could not walk to Fort de France, and there is neither boiat nor carriage to night. I thought you were going to et him be happy again."

'Did he send you to me?"

"He does not know that I am here, Miss Stansbury." Breen replied. "As we rode in from the mountain. I begged him to come to you to night, but he said that there were any hope of his saving your ife, you would have shown him some sign this morning, instead-

She felt berself called to her own de-"Could be not see that the newspapers brought a shock to me?" she quesioned pitifully.

"The shock was just as great, and the uniter contained in the newspapers just as new, to him," he said. "Do you supse he would have introduced me to you if he had understood all about me? I am all to blame, not our good Peter. Because I brought all this trouble upon him, I coat. came to-night to undo the tragedy of your being away from him, and yet so close

"And you went with him to the crater o-day?"

"IN you think I would let him kill himself?

"Oh, no!-but you said-you spoke about riding back with him from the crater," she returned hastily. The man's unyielding position wrought upon her strangely, sometimes startled, sometimes steadied, her.

"I heard that he had gone up the mountain, and followed. I found him at the summit in a faint, lying at the very rim of disaster."

"You-saved him from death?"

"A very essential proceeding, since I sent him there."

"Oh, what do you mean?"

"It was tuy presence that prevented you both from being out at sea to-night. . . It was a very little thing to bring him back from the crater, Miss Stansbury, but a big accomplishment to make him glad that I brought him back." "Did he intend to kill himself by going

there? Do you mean that I-I-Breen felt that she deserved vividly to apprehend her failures of performance. "No. Miss Stansbury, but he was dazed with punishment. That a doubt could exyour mind, regarding his integrity, pulled him out of his orbit, so to speak

"Hut it was all so intricate and mysterious," she pleaded. "I didn't mean to do wrong, but you must see that a woman who can only wait, and never be told things may not know what is best!"

His heart kindled to her now, but h was not building for the moment. me tell you about Peter Constable," he said gently. "I was hunted to a corner in New York. I am all that the papers say, and much beside which they have overlooked. Only, I have never robbed the poor, nor widows and orphans, and I sever have betrayed a friend until to day, when my history arose in its wrath and man-handled poor Peter. All my operations were over when he found meall my farces and strategies. I had lost my wool-cap, and the lambs would no onger play with me. They drove me to the water front. I was at the edge of the end when Peter Constable called. * Come, Miss Stansbury, let us walk on to ward the inunch."

Breen had judged well the instant to make this suggestion. Though afraid that she would turn back, he spoke briskly, lightly, as if she had merely paused to survey the night. She obeyed, and as he talked on, their steps grew faster and faster down the morne toward the edge of the silent, stricken city. Breen related how his friend had put saide for her the century-rare opportunity of studying Pelee in the throes. Of the volcano itself, he spoke familiarly, trenchantly as only one could do who had peered into the roaring sink of chaos that day. He pictured at last the man with whom he had ridden, their last ride together, the gameness which men love, and-in tints Imost ethereal—the brooding romance.

She was thrilled by this stranger who had played with men and lived to pray for one. By his own word, world-wear, and a skeptic of human character, he had cause she burned to believe all Breen said his words rang true. Higher in her heart than he had reached in any of the day's fluctuations, Constable was upraised now and held. She did not call it love—she did not call it anything; but it was a valiant presence to cling to, as she entered with this stranger, hunted of men, the smothered lane which Rue Victor Hugo had become

"You are a prince of defenders," she

whispered. "A man less white would not need riend to champion his cause," he replied "Where is Peter Constable now?"

"I will put you in the care of Ernst the launch, and then bring him to you," he said

"Where is Mr. Constable?" she demand-

ed imperiously. "In a little shop up in the Rue de

She did not fall in this last pitiless as sault, though the dreadful final sentences the Morne d'Orange. Pelce was a bale of her mother came back. This night was set apart in her life for the learning

> "I shall not wait at the launch. I shall go to him there up in the terrace. Why

"It is the far better way," Breen an swered steadily. "I only thought to save you from the climb."

The horrid insinuations could find no hold in her brain. They havered afar off, like navies crippled in the roadstead. Breen's ready answer was a sterling de-Tense.

'Let us hurry," she panted.

They turned and faced the empty cliff. To the left was an open door, and the form of a woman was carved in the light. The woman in the doorway spoke works warmed and vitalized from her very heart, and Breen answered and took her in his arms. Lara brushed past the two and into the shop.

The huge figure hunched forward upon the table had not moved. Lara stepped forward and touched his shoulder. stirred uneasily, muttered as if in pain, but did not lift his head. She presses her hand more heavily upon his soiled

"Yes, yes-what is it?" he said in a quick, frightened way.

The haggard face turned up to her. The jaw dropped a little. His eyes, though fixed upon her own, seemed to have lost their direction. He gained his feet slow ly, clutching the table with his hatels.

"I have come to go with you-to your ship!" she declared brokenly.

"Breen, come here to me," he called brushing his face roughly with his hand "It's not a dream, Peter," Breen an wered cheerfully. "I found her waiting for you at the plantation house. "No. It is I-Lara!"

He put his hand forth to touch her. She caught it in her own. Pere Rabeaut entered the rear door,
"And now," Breen was saying, "you

two must not forget that Pelce is still alive, and that my part is still undone while you are here—even though togeth-He spoke in English, which neither Soronia nor her father understood.

"But are you not going?" Lara asked. "Oh, no, Miss Stansbury. Peter understands. I have told him that Nicholas Stembridge ceases to compromise him after this night. It really is the better, the

He turned to Pere Rabeaut and added lightly in French: "Our guests are going. Let us all start a last sunrise of Eper nay

"But you know that I do not feel as the others do, but—as your friend does. Really, I am not afraid of you," she said There were tears in her unateadily.

"It is a beautiful ending," Breen an-

xwered. "I want you to know that I shall always remember your coming-your words when I would have failed." she finished.

There was a moment in which Breen and Constable stood close together. Lara and Soronia were whispering, and strange it was, but out of their whispers was

"Look, Peter-the lily and the tiger lily bend together," said Breen.

The door was shut behind them. They faced the harbor and started down the eloping way.

-?" she whispered.

CHAPTER XIII.

Constable's mind was slow to inform this great concept. The day had left b hind in his brain a crowd of unassimilated acts, and into this dull, formless company swept the climaeteric joy. Figuratively speaking, he had to grope about until lantern and matches were brought together, before he could adjust and measure and proportion. He halted at last in the empty street, seized the girl by her shoulders, saying, as one would evoke the heart out of a miracle:

"Lara Stansbury! Lara Stansbury!" "Yes, Sir Peter !"

"Don't laugh at me; don't grow impatient for I must ask questions."

"Begin. I shall be very good." "Are you the little girl who handed ne a newspaper this morning?" 'I am that little girl grown up, sir."

She revelled in the joy she was giving him, and thrilled under the tightening pressure of his hands upon her shoulders. 'And when you grew up-you came to

"Please, sir, you said you would take

or sailing." "Lara, as I looked down the fiery throat of that dragon to-day, everything grew black and still like a vacuum. hought it was death then. Tell me, did I come back, or are we 'two hurrying shapes in twilight land—in no man's land'?"

"I'm sure you must have come back, sir, because I didn't die to-day, and we can't be talking together on different planes-with your fingers impaling my thoulders!"

"Lara Stansbury-are you mine?" The huge fellow was lost in his laby-rinth of happiness. The doubts that had smothered her answer were lifted now, and he heard his victory without a breath

of its expression hampered. The shop had vindicated her daring. With all the cagerness of brimming womanhood, which ursts the bonds of repression for the first time, she gave him her heart of hearts. She was like a queen who summing a man of her people into her luner sametuary and bids him rule herself and her kingdom. Resistless, trembling, whispering, she was drawn into his arms.

"To think I didn't know you when you first came " she was saying faintly. "But when I was a little girl I knew you used to be frightened because you were so hig!

* * Always then I knew you would come some time to take me away your lady, and I thought I would cry when you came, because I would be so happy. That part didn't come true, did it, Strongheart 3 * * They were all dreams, baby dreams, as if left over from some other betrothal with you! when I grew into a big girl, Sir Peter, I was ashamed, and put them away, with other baby thoughts and things! Ah, listen to old Pelse!"

The volcano had lost his monstrous Rue Victor Hugo was with voices, aroused by the hideous ratfling in the throat of the mountain. The old dread fell again upon Constalate. He drew the girl forward, almost running, I beg of you-don't look back !" he mut-"The faunch is just shend."

"Hello, Ernsi! I have kept you waithe called as they neared the end of the pier. "Top speed to the Mad-

The bells of Saint Pierre rang the hour and nameless mysteries from the rolled bed of the harbor. The wind was but Often he heard a lissing in the water, like the sound of a wet finger backing had from A burning cinder fell upon his and, a messenger from Peles, and clear-

But you. " she protested.

"I could not feel fire to-night!" Her face in the lantern ray enchanted im. In mingled shyness and estasy he speak for the marvel of the thing that won. eyes glowing with the ardor which the tropics alone can inspire in flower and woman. In the strange light, he gased with the raptness of one who seeks to penetrate the mistery of being as if it were any clearer in a woman's eyes than 6

the contemplation of Erust. "Reloved," he whispered at last, "1 will tell you how much I love you at

our golden wedding." He heard the swift intaking of her breath with the peculiar tremble which bas guilts bas team good mast and rathing and plates.

"Are you frightened, dearest?" he whis-

You will not go back to Saint Pierre !" are going together first-out into deep the leg." water and ocean air " He was helping her up the ladder. When they reached the main deck, he called to Captain Negley on the bridge; "Pull us not of this blizzard, captain—a dozen miles if necssary, and quick as you can."

They had scarcely reached the bridge sefore the anchor chain began to grind. Three minutes later the Madame's screws were kicking the ugly barbor tide. watched, until only the dull red of Peles patients in a red room, draped with pierced the thick veil behind; until a red hangings, curtains and red bedstar, and another, pricked the blue vault crothes. Yet the value of red light in ahead, and the air blew in fragrant as wine from the rolling Caribbean.

"How asset life is to me !!! Constable said softly. been true blue! He made me his heir, of the violet light rays fame. and waited for me to carry his fairest daughter out into these reviving winds, history was the mechanical chess play-Blow, old Vulcan, now! Splash at a teneague canvas with brushes of comets' And you, gorgeous girl, have you hair! any charity for a man who grows incoherent from sheer joy?"

"Yes, even though he forgets the city."

Captain Negley approached them. We're about a dozen miles out now,

"Cruise around until daylight, enptain; then draw in until you can find bottom to hitch to, but not any closer than seven or eight miles." 'Very well, sir.'

Lara and Constable leaned over the aft railing of the bridge. The main deck his lega. This man, Woropsky Pierre. They could not stay below, now that the defiled harbor was behind. Many were humming the old French fullables to their little ones Good food and rool air had brought back the songs of peace and summer to those lowly hearts.

mother now, or, rather, after dayight. I could persuade her to join us?

'I knew it would come to that," she mid, with a shudder. "I have been trying to put it off. Can't you goess that I had a bitter price to pay before following your friend to-night? She will not join "I am going back to try, Lara. I think

can guess something that you passed through before leaving the house."
"Ob, no. you cannot! I could not suffer you to hear the words she uttered. It was like the wrath of Peles-only causeless and without warning."

(To be continued.)

London's net municipal debt amounts to \$223,101,330,

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY

Styty languages are in everyday use In Frechown, Sierra Leone.

England's turbine fleet already includes sixty-two warships and fortyfour vessels of the merchant marine.

Gold, stiver and lead mines are, it is said, to be worked extensively in the blenk district of Innishowen, county of Donegal, treland, overlooking the

Three women were among the eightynine applicants who recently took the examination for postal cierus at Buffain. The highest grade, 80.70, was obtained by Mos Mary Pfans, All of the women applicants were su-cessful, While only 55 per cent of the men possed

Mrs. Louise Waterman Carpenter of shithin and was ripping forth irregular throughline. Mass, has just passed for me hundred and second hirrhday. She was born at Warwick, R. L. and is a direct descendent of Roger Williams, She is in good health and active enough to get about unapposited and autit three years ago felt no need for glasses.

Girls have gone in for many Chinese fushions, such as the mandarin Jacket, the klimono sieseve and the chrysanthenorm embrondery, but the wearing of of two. The launch was speeding across five buttons on the coat or jacket is a the smoky harbor, riding down little new idea, unknown to the many. The sies of floasam, dead birds from the sky, Uninese wear these five buttons to rearind them of the five moral virtues. which were recommended by Confucius. n their faces, like a stoke-hold blast. Chese are: Humanity, justice, order, of the Well-Informed of the World; sectitude and prodence.

The Women's Progressive Association of New South Wales has won ed the source of the sounds. He jorked what it considers a great victory. Three off his cont and toward it about her shoul- nundred, thousand, dollars had been ders, which the filmy shawl and the delic coted to increase the salaries of the cate fabric of her wast scarcely pro-parchers of the public schools. The men tenchers, if reports are true, tried to gotbbe it all up, but the association, whose meinbers are all voters, thought the women teachers were entitled to a took it between his hamls. He could not share. They fought the point and

this, so vigrant, so beautiful, was for See Kann I to, a Caddo Indian, athim to kiss and worship and keep bright, tracted considerable attention and won-Her cheeks were as soft as a flower, her der at the Rock Island depot on Satorday as he went much on the noon train from Binger to his home town. He beats the old German of New York, Wouter Van Twiller, who was 5 feet inches tall and 6 feet 5 inches in a Nile night, a Venetian song, or in the around. This Indian is 5 feet 7 inches flow of gasoline to the spark, which filled tall and 7 feet 5 Inches around. He is 26 years old and weighs 606 pounds -Watenga (Okia.) Herald.

"Large or small game?" asked the Englishman invited by a New Yorker to go bunting on Land Island. "You. follows tears. The launch was swinging don't expect to find lions and tigers on around to the Madame's ladder. Wherever Long Island, do you?" answered the ship lights fell, the sheeting of ash New Yorker. "Hardly," responded the Briton with a laugh, "but I like a spice of danger to my hunting." "If that's the case," answered the other, "I'm your man, all right. The last time 1 "We need not think of that now, We went out I shot my brother-in-law in

Sir William Ramsay's declaration as to the probable near achievement of the transmutation of metals is a vivid instance of the way modern science is re-establishing what only a short time ago was dismissed as superstition. In a book only fifty years old a writer describes as fully the medical practice They of the middle ages of putting smallpox preventing the sufferers being marked by smallpox was scientifically discover-"Grand old Pelee-he has ed anew a few years ago by Finsen,

One of the most successful boaxes of er with which Baron Kempeten Hungary, astonished Europe about the year 1769. This was apparently a figare controlled by mechanical devices, and which was able, notwithstanding the fact that apparently no intelligence was concerned in its movements and decisions, generally to beat its human antagonists. The cabinet connected with the automaton appeared entirely too small to contain a hidden operator. And yet it did conceal a man who was an expert chess player. He was a Polish patriot who had lost both of below swarmed with women of Saint name, was an expert player. With him in the cablnet the rest was easy.

For 1,400 years the Fanst legendthe sale of a human soul to a devilhas existed. The first recorded hint of its vitality is given in the sixth cen-"Lara, do you think if I went back to tuny story of "Theophilus." That story suited the early Christians in their efforts to stamp out the necromancing devices of eviliy disposed persons prone to seek power by unholy means. The association of the name of Faust, however, with the legend is not more than 400 years old. The likeliest prototype of the modern Faust is the man of the same name who in Cracow boldly proclaimed himself a professor of magic In the sixteenth century stories Helen of Troy was bestowed by Mephistopheles upon Faust and not until the middle of the eighteenth century does there appear a shadowy Margaret, in the form of a "beautiful but poor girl," Ures who afterward develops into the Margaret of Goethe.

Sight Doctor Ontr.

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

By Way of Encouragement. "May I ask how you earned your first

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

The Saxon railway from Limbach to Waldesburg is to be one of the first Gorman roads to be changed from steam to

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

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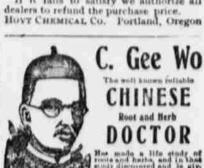
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