KIDNEY TROUBLE CURED.

General Health Greatly Improved by Pe-ru-na.

MRS. M. J. DANLEY.

Mrs. M. J. Danley, Treasurer of the Rebecca Lodge, I. O. O. F., writes from 124 First St. N., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I was afflicted for several years with kidney trouble which became quite serious and caused me considerable anxiety. **I spent hundreds of dollars trying to be cured, but nothing gave me any permanent relief until I tried Peruna. It took less than three months and only ten bottles to effect a permanent cure,** but they were worth more than as many hundred dollars to me. I am fully restored to health, know neither ache nor pain and enjoy life."—Mrs. M. J. Danley.

This experience has been repeated many times. We hear of such cases nearly every day.

Mrs. Danley had catarrh of the kidneys. As soon as she took the right remedy she made a quick recovery.

A Prominent Southern Lady's Letter.

Miss Laura Hopkins, of Washington, D. C., niece of Hon. E. O. Hopkins, one of the largest iron manufacturers of Birmingham, Ala., writes the following letter commending Peruna. She says:

"I can cheerfully recommend Peruna for indigestion and stomach trouble and as a good tonic."—Laura Hopkins.

Peruna cures catarrh wherever located.

Peruna is a specific for the catarrhal derangements of women. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus Ohio, for free book on catarrh written by Dr. S. B. Hartman.

An Unfortunate Croesus.

"The very rich have their troubles, too."

"Of course they do. I've got a multimillionaire uncle who has writer's cramp the worst way"

"How did he get it?"

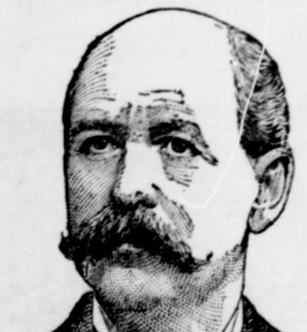
"Signing checks"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Losing Opportunities.

The automobile had broken down and the chauffeur was busy trying to discover the trouble. The impatient owner of the machine at last broke out:

"Hurry up, Felix! There are a lot of people crossing the street that we are missing!"

WEATHERWISE IS THE MAN WHO WEARS TOWER'S FISH BRAND WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING



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SHAKE HANDS WITH FATE.

Tis a sad old world, and a bad old world,
It is scarce worth while at all;
Its sorrows cling and its friendships sting,
And even its joys will pall.
But dear is life for all its strife,
And love is better than hate—
You'll find a grace in the surliest face
If you just shake hands with fate.

With light in your glance and right in your glance
And your lips in a curve to the sky;
A spring in your walk and a ring in your talk,
Sure, hope will not pass you by.
The path that you will winds over a hill,
But it leads to an open gate;
So trill you a song to lure love along,
And just shake hands with fate.

'Tis in yourself is the demon elf,
'Tis in yourself is God;
And you'll never stray from yourself away—
God's light or the devil's prod,
Whatever your mind you'll meet in kind,
And what is yourself create;
The world will view what is really you—
Therefore, shake hands with fate!
—Leslie's Weekly.

JASPER DANE'S CALLER.

THE door creaked very slightly, but it jarred on Jasper Dane's nerves. He looked up with a frown.

"Is this Mr. Dane?"

A young woman was framed in the doorway.

Jasper's frown slightly faded as he caught sight of her. She was a pretty young woman and charmingly gowned, and she wasn't more than one and twenty. Jasper avoided the woman's page of his paper. He couldn't have told what the young woman in the doorway wore, but he recognized the fact that it was a combination that seemed to be just suited to her.

"Mr. Dane, the editor?"

Jasper, pencil in hand, bowed again.

The young woman advanced into the apartment.

"You are much younger than I supposed you to be," she said.

Jasper's eyes opened wider.

"I am not quite sure that I ought to take that as a compliment," he said. He even smiled. Then the pressing character of his work reminded him. His features stiffened. He raised his pencil again, and looked at the girl severely.

"It's the very first time I was ever in an editor's sanctum," she said, as her glance took in the dingy walls and the littered desk.

"How can I serve you, madam?" inquired Jasper.

The girl looked at him and she looked at the chair beside his desk.

"Thank you," she said, and sat down.

"SORRY MY JUDGMENT SEEMS HARSH."

Jasper sighed and stared at the half-written sheet before him.

"Are you sure it is the editor you want to see?" he asked. "The society editor is at the lower end of the hall. So are the musical editor and the art department. So is the dramatic editor."

"I came to see you," said the girl.

Jasper slightly flushed.

"Thank you," he said. "I am on exhibition at all hours. Is that all?"

The girl shook her head.

"Do you own the paper, too?" she asked.

Jasper frowned.

"No," he replied. "I believe it is generally understood that Mr. Linas Lamson is the paper's owner."

"The railway president?"

"Yes."

"Has he any children?"

"One."

"Boy?"

"No, a girl. A little girl who is studying abroad."

"How old?"

"I don't know. Mr. Lamson speaks of her as his little girl." Jasper was getting fidgety.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but you have not told me how I can serve you."

"No," she said, "I haven't."

A brief silence followed.

"Am I to infer that you are getting up a society directory?" Jasper inquired with a slight flavor of sarcasm.

"No," said the girl, "the inference would be wrong. Nor do I want my portrait on the society page. No, I have no tickets to sell and no subscription paper to sign. I came here to see you. A dear friend said: 'You must see the editor of the Dispatch. He's well worth your while.'"

Jasper couldn't help flushing again.

"Am I reckoned among the leading sights of the town?" he asked.

"No," the girl gravely replied. "You come between the geyser fountain and the zoo."

Jasper laughed.

"And do you come up here to tell me that?" he asked.

"That for one thing," said the girl. "I don't suppose my presence here bothers you in the least, does it?"

"Madam," said Jasper, "I am a reckless user of the truth. Your presence prevents me from attending to my duties."

"Perhaps this is your busy day?" said the girl, innocently.

"All my days are busy days."

"Then, of course, it is just as convenient for me to call to-day as any other day," said the girl.

Jasper looked at her with a comical expression. He was a little nearsighted, and, as was his custom with callers, he had scarcely given her an appreciative look when she entered. Now, at shorter range, he saw that she was much prettier than he at first supposed. She certainly was a very charming girl. A troubled look came into Jasper's eyes.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "but may I remind you that you haven't stated your business with me?"

The girl looked into his eyes with a clear, frank gaze. Then she slightly smiled and slowly removed an elastic band that held the small package she bore in one neatly gloved hand. Jasper took quick advantage of her averted gaze to pull down his cuffs and make a quick pass at his twisted tie.

"I have written something," she said, "and I want to submit it to you."

Jasper felt himself weakening. Ordinarily he would have taken the manuscript, and, hastily scribbling the writer's address on it, would have tossed it aside with the remark that he would communicate with the writer by mail concerning it—and then he would have resumed his work. Now he hesitated. His pencil dropped from his fingers. He straightened up a little.

"What is the nature of the article?" he asked, in what he fancied was an indifferent tone.

"It isn't an article," said the girl. "Do I look like a person who would write an article?"

She seemed to challenge his scrutiny. Jasper couldn't resist the temptation. He leaned a little farther back.

"It isn't always possible to judge by the appearance," he said.

"But I fancied article writers were always old, and—and fussy, and—and cranky," said the girl.

"There are exceptions," said Jasper. "There must be exceptions."

"I suppose you know," said the girl. "But it isn't an article."

"You arouse my worst fears," said Jasper, as the girl spread out the manuscript.

"I think I understand what you mean," she said.

"I'm glad you do."

"And I'm afraid your worst fears are confirmed," she said.

Jasper sighed.

"Then it is verses?" he said.

"I supposed it was poetry," said the girl.

"They always do," said Jasper.

The girl looked up at him with a pretty grimace.

"You are not a bit encouraging," she said.

"It's the better way," said Jasper.

"And yet you write verses yourself," said the girl. "And get them printed, too."

"Perhaps it is because I haven't a friend honest enough to dissuade me," said Jasper. "I have had no time for that sort of nonsense lately, however."

"That's a pity," said the girl.

"Don't think to soften me in that way," said Jasper.

"I like those lines beginning. 'She came upon me unawares,'" said the girl. "I know them by heart. 'She came upon me unawares, I turned and she was there.'"

"I beg your pardon," cried Jasper. "It is your lines that are under consideration. Pray produce them."

The girl gave him a sidelong glance.

"Did she come upon you unawares, Mr. Dane?"

Jasper caught the glance and slightly flushed. His look grew troubled again.

"I live in hopes," he said.

"That's enigmatical," laughed the girl. "It shows you are not sure."

"I must object to your manifest intention to throw me into a sentimental mood," said Jasper. "It will not help you."

The girl laughed and passed the manuscript to him.

"I know you will like it," she said.

"Why are you so certain," Jasper asked.

"Because I haven't written on both sides of the paper," said the girl.

Jasper bent over the manuscript to hide his smile. Then his look changed. The smile faded. He read the lines with great care. Presently he looked up.

The girl had been regarding him intently. She met his eyes with an inquiring glance.

"You want me to be frank?" he said.

"Of course."

"The lines are quite too sentimental. They are of the old school where sentiment reigned. Nowadays we bluntly call it gush."

"But it's not all bad, is it?" queried the girl.

"By no means," replied Jasper. "The execution is good. If the fripperies and affectations were dropped it would be very passable. If you would heed my advice—they never do—I might be tempted to ask you to try again."

He folded the manuscript and handed it to her.

"Thank you," said the girl.

"I am sorry if my judgment seems harsh," said Jasper.

"It doesn't," said the girl.

"I have tried to treat you as an honest friend should," said Jasper.

"Thank you again," said the girl. "I will admit that I hoped to see my verses in your paper."

"Try again," said Jasper.

The girl arose and put out her dainty hand.

"I am glad to know you, Mr. Dane," she said. "I have a very dear friend who has sung your praises until I am quite jealous. I was really anxious to meet you. Good-by." Then she swiftly added, with a charming smile, "I am sure we shall meet again."

The smile and the words quite overcame Jasper.

"I—I hope so," he fairly stammered, as he arose to his feet and watched her flutter from the room.

As he resumed his seat a card upon the floor drew his attention. The girl had dropped it. He picked it up, caught sight of his name, and at once recognized the angular handwriting. Then he read it aloud:

"Dear Dane—This is my daughter Leonie, just come home from abroad. What she writes goes, of course.

"Yours,
"LINAS LAMSON."

Dane softly whistled.

So this was Lamson's little girl, this splendid young woman! How charming she was, and how friendly. Had he hurt her feelings? What a brute he was! It would have been such a simple thing to publish the verses. And she never showed him her father's note. That was noble of her.

He picked up his pencil and bent over his work. And presently he softly hummed:

She came upon me unawares
I turned and she was there.
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To give your photographic paraphernalia a thorough overhauling and cleaning up. If you use a hand camera, take off the front and clean out the dust that you will be surprised to find it contains. If it is a larger instrument, see that there are no parts that require reblacking. The nearest shoemaker will give you a little "dubbing" that will improve the bellows if rubbed into the corners that are getting hard and inclined to crack. Go through your negatives and throw away all those that are useless. Overhaul your stock of solutions and throw away all that are not in good condition and properly labelled. Examine your trays and washing boxes and give them a coat of enamel if thought necessary to guard again rust or decay. Go carefully over your source of dark-room illumination and see that there is no danger from any stray beams of white light or an unsafe ruby light. Finally, make a resolution to the effect that you will expose fewer plates and secure better results than you did last year.—St. Louis and Canadian Photographer.

The recent action of the Paris Salon in admitting photographs in competition at its next exhibition is bound to exert a stimulating and very beneficial effect upon photography all over the world. Up to the present time photography has been barred from all Art Exhibits and has been classed as a liberal and not as one of the Fine Arts. Mr. Edward Steichen, of Milwaukee, however, a very prominent amateur, whose work has won him universal praise and many honors in strictly photographic competitions, is to be credited with having won the laurels in this case, some of his recent work having been accepted by the Salon to be hung at its next exhibition. When it is remembered that the Salon is composed of the most conservative artists in the world and that its gates have been jealously guarded against the admission of anything but works of the highest merit, the importance of this innovation, to the camera worker, will at once become evident.

The snap shot fiend will soon be a thing of the past. Amateurs to-day are putting brains into their pictures. While brains and work are necessary to make artistic pictures, a good outfit is also essential. The box should be one with a focussing arrangement and ground glass, the shutter one of the automatic time and speed combinators, but the most important of all is the lens. It is better to have a good lens and cheap box and shutter than a fine box and shutter with a cheap lens. It is also advisable to own two lenses—a wide angle for interior and confined places, and a rectilinear. The rectilinear lens should be of high speed and not too long a focus, for all around work. A high grade combination lens is very desirable, which by removing one combination give a very long focus with remaining combination—is at times very important. The subject of lenses is an inexhaustible ones, and we will endeavor to treat this subject in some future article.

IS YOUR THUMB MAD?

It Is an Infallible Revealer of the Presence of Insanity.

The thumb is the most tell-tale member of the human being's body, and it is a well-known device of employers of a large amount of labor to carefully scrutinize the thumbs of every applicant for a situation before finally engaging him or her for any position in their business. In fact, so far has this thumb science been carried that many lunatic asylum doctors are now employing it in detecting the numerous frauds who endeavor each year to enter the asylum on the plea of insanity.

No matter how carefully the individual may attempt to conceal incipient insanity, the thumb will reveal it infallibly. It is the one sure test. If the patient in his daily work permits the thumb to stand at a right angle to the other fingers, or to fall listless into the palm, taking no part in his writing, his handling of things, his multiform duties, but standing isolated and sulky, it is an unanswerable confession of mental disease.

Specialists in nerve disease, by an examination of the thumb, can tell if the patient is affected or likely to be affected by paralysis, as the thumb signals this long before it is visible in any other part of the body. If the danger symptoms are evidenced there, an operation is performed on what is known as the "thumb center" of the brain, and the disorder is often removed.

Landladies in Vienna.

One hundred and fifty landladies have been summoned at Vienna for taking in boarders without the permission of the police.

Packing Up.

Lockit—Why are you packing up everything?

Mrs. Lockit — We must hurry and get out of town, or people will not think we have gone to the coronation—Exchange.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Then and Now.

Mrs. Growells—The idea of your calling me a goose. When you were courting me you said I was an angel.

Growells — Well, suppose I did? What is the use of twitting a man about the lies he told three years ago?—Chicago News.

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

Didn't Harmonize.

"Haven't you read that lovely new novel?" asked the first summer girl.

"No" replied the other. "The only edition of it I've seen has a horrid yellow cover that doesn't accord with any of my gowns." — Philadelphia Press.

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Some coffee roasters think it necessary to put water on their coffees when they roast them. We don't think so. The result is that when you buy our Monopole Mocha and Java coffee you don't pay for any water weight. It's all coffee—and better than any other you have used. You'll think so if you know good coffee when you drink it. Sold in one and one-half pound cartons. If your dealer doesn't handle Monopole groceries, send us his name. Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland, Ore.

The Appropriate Vehicle.

"She seems to be a stickler for doing everything appropriately."

"I should say so, she always does her marketing in a basket phaeton.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Automobile for Doctor.

The largest automobile in the world is being constructed for a Parsian doctor. In it, accompanied by two medical students, he intends to make a trip around the world. It will have two sleeping apartments, a large work room, and four big tanks for storing oil.

Wanted to Sample Him.

"Do you take this man for better or for worse?" asked the parson of the widow who was taking unto herself No. 3. "Only time can tell," replied the female whose wisdom was born of experience. "I can't give you the information asked for until I have had him for a few weeks."

Different.

Cholly—May Gabble tells me you said Gussie Gayboy and I would never find any girls to marry us because we are too fastidious.

Miss Pepperey — There was a slight misunderstanding there. I said you were "two fast idiots."—Philadelphia Press.

Is your home supplied with the greatest of pain relievers? Hamlin's Wizard Oil—greatest remedy for emergencies.

Settled.

Jenks—Haven't you and that neighboring farmer settled your differences yet?

Farmer Akers—No; but our lawyers have settled.

Jenks—Settled? How?

Farmer Akers—On our farms.—Catholic Standard.

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Beat His Wife.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—You say he beat his wife with a club?

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Several clubs.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—The monster.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Oh, I don't know. You see, he beat her at golf.— Yonkers Statesman.

Mother

"My mother was troubled with consumption for many years. At last she was given up to die. Then she tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was speedily cured."
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Discounted.

First American Boy—My papa lives like a prince.

Second American Boy—That's nothing. My papa lives like the president of a trust.—Detroit Free Press.

CATARRH

The treatment of Catarrh with antiseptic and astringent washes, lotions, salves, medicated tobacco and cigarettes or any external or local application, is just as senseless as would be kindling a fire on top of the pot to make it boil. True, these give temporary relief, but the cavities and passages of the head and the bronchial tubes soon fill up again with mucus.

Taking cold is the first step towards Catarrh, for it checks perspiration, and the poisonous acids and vapors which should pass off through the skin, are thrown back upon the mucous membrane or inner skin, producing inflammation and excessive flow of mucus, much of which is absorbed into the blood, and through the circulation reaches every part of the system, involving the Stomach, Kidneys and other parts of the body. When the disease assumes the dry form, the breath becomes exceedingly foul, blinding headaches are frequent, the eyes red, hearing affected and a constant ringing in the ears. No remedy that does not reach the polluted blood can cure Catarrh. S. S. S. expels from the circulation all offensive matter, and when rich, pure blood is again coursing through the body the mucous membranes become healthy and the skin active, all the disagreeable, painful symptoms disappear, and a permanent, thorough cure is effected. S. S. S. being a strictly vegetable blood purifier does not derange the Stomach and digestion, but the appetite and general health rapidly improve under its tonic effects. Write us about your case and get the best medical advice free. Book on blood and skin diseases sent on application.

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