

CONGRESSMAN WILBER SAYS

(To The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., of Columbus, O.)

"Pe-ru-na is All You Claim for It."



Congressman D. F. Wilber, of Onondaga, N. Y., writes:
The Pe-ru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, Ohio:
Gentlemen:—Persuaded by a friend I have tried your remedy and I have almost fully recovered after the use of five bottles. I am fully convinced that it is a medicine that you claim for it, and I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are afflicted with catarrhal trouble.—David F. Wilber.

In 1899 the Sangerist celebrated its fiftieth anniversary with a large celebration in New York City. The following is his testimony:
"About two years ago I caught a severe cold while traveling and which settled into catarrh of the bronchial tubes, and so affected my voice that I was obliged to cancel my engagements. In distress I was advised to try Pe-ru-na, and although I had never used a patent medicine before, I sent for a bottle. "I write but I describe my surprise to find that within a few days I was greatly relieved, and within three weeks I was entirely recovered. I am never without it now, and take an occasional dose when I feel run down."—Julian Weisheit.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-ru-na write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case and he will be glad to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, president of the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

Eats Corn Off the Cob.

"I can bite an apple as well as I could when a child, and I can eat corn off the cob as well as any person alive," said a lady sixty-eight years old and a customer of Wise Brothers, the famous dentists, of Portland, Oregon. She had been fitted with full sets of upper and lower teeth by Wise Brothers, and was perfectly astonished to find that she is now as well supplied with teeth that she can use as she was when a little girl. Wise Brothers have revolutionized modern dental methods. There is no more pain to be feared by people who have their teeth attended to, and the cost is very moderate. They make a great specialty of crown and bridge work, and even when it is necessary to take out all of the old teeth and put in full new sets, the result is simply wonderful. The false teeth, of course, cannot be told from natural ones, and the person using them can do everything he, or she, could do with natural teeth. The sets of teeth are made to fit the gums so perfectly that there is no slipping, and the strength of the possible bite is just like that of a natural healthy set of teeth. The experience of the lady customer here related can be yours, if you bestow attention. No one can afford to postpone having their teeth put in order. No one need suffer a single day longer because they have lost the use of their own teeth. We hope our readers will carefully watch the advertisements of Wise Brothers in this newspaper, and be persuaded to consult this splendid dental institution.

A Giddy Insect.

"Your mamma," said Papa Moth to his eldest son, "is the giddiest insect I know."
"Why, papa?"
"She is continually attending camp-bur holes."—Detroit Free Press.

FITS

Permanently Cured. No fits or convulsions. Send for FREE BOOK. 2500 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

For Others to Enjoy.
Brown—You should do something to contribute to other people's enjoyment.
Jones—I do; I'm always making a fool of myself.—New York Press.

AN OLD SORE

months of diligent and faithful use of external remedies that the place remains as defiant, angry and offensive as ever. Every chronic sore, no matter on what part of the body it comes, is an evidence of some previous constitutional or organic trouble, and that the drugs of these diseases remain in the system; or, it may be that some long hidden poison—perhaps Cancer—has come to the surface and begun its destructive work. The blood must be purified before the sore will fill up with healthy flesh and the skin regains its natural color. It is through the circulation that the acid, corroding fluids are carried to the sore or ulcer and kept irritated and inflamed. S. S. S. will purify and invigorate the stagnant blood when all sediment or other hurtful materials are washed out, fresh rich blood is carried to the diseased parts, new tissues form, and the decaying flesh begins to have a healthy and natural look; the discharge ceases and the sore heals.

S. S. S. is the only blood purifier that is guaranteed entirely vegetable. It builds up the blood and tones up the general system as no other medicine does. If you have a sore of any kind, write us and get the advice of experienced and skilled physicians for whom no charge is made. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

PRUSSIAN POULTRY FOOD

It makes Hens Lay and Keeps them Laying. It cures Runp, Chicks and All Diseases. It cleanses young chicks, and cures them grow. Price 25c and 50c. My young chickens commenced laying, and after feeding four days I got a batch of over 200 eggs. I fed Prussians. Prussians are the best food for laying hens, and I have constantly used it on my land ever since. I can recommend it from the fact that it is so good for laying poultry.

C. R. MAROLD, 22 Canal St., Cohasset, N. Y.

Discharged physicians for whom no charge is made. Book on Blood and Skin Diseases free.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

THE SONGS.

I wonder in what distant place Sweet "Annie Roomer" still is heard, Where "Daisy Bell" has hid her face, Where "Doris" tells of hope deferred? If still some tender heart is stirred? By "Henrietta," blithe and gay, Who never at a feast demurred?—Where are the songs of yesterday?

I, in some dusky, moonlit space, "O Promise Me" is gently purled By some old lady, whose embraces Way to my lonely heart is hurled; And, with barbaric accent sturred, In some strange country, far away, "Tommy Atkins" seems to be spured?—Where are the songs of yesterday?

And where lives in its ancient grace, "Love's Old Sweet Song," by Time unaltered? Where does "Ben Holt" his thoughts retrace? To some sorrow's why and card? Does "Only Me" still beg a word, Has "Golden Hair" turned to gray, Does "Nancy" mourn her love away?—Where are the songs of yesterday?

ENVOY.
Princess, whose joys has erred To those, who were in turn the bay—The sad, the joyful, the absurd—Where are the songs of yesterday?—Life.

"KIDDY."

YOU had better let me ride to Marville and take that money to the bank; there are ugly rumors abroad concerning 'Lord Jim' and his head. These times require a certain amount of caution. I have a lonely settler's shanty has been 'rushed' by these gentlemen, and the third was at 'Minner's Corner,' not twenty miles from here! Besides, you ought not to expose your wife and Kiddy to an invasion of that kind; the fright would be enough to kill a nervous girl like Lucy."

The speaker, Jack Hartley, was a tall, sunburnt young man, brother to the owner of "The Bangalow," a newly erected, four-roofed house, to which some four years back the latter had brought his young bride.

After months of hard work and many a disappointment, the grounds surrounding the Bangalow had been reclaimed from the bush by the young fellow, who, like many another, having found it impossible to make a decent living in his native land, had decided, on receipt of a small legacy from a maiden aunt, to try his luck at cattle-rearing and sheep-breeding in Australia.

For once fickle fortune, less blind than usual, was in a generous mood, and, after a few years of hard work and ceaseless efforts, Ned Hartley found himself sufficiently well off to marry the "girl he had left behind him," and to bring her to a home which he had literally built for her with his own hands. In the course of the following year a son was born, and "Kiddy," as he was called by relatives and friends, soon became a very important member of the small community. Jack Hartley, Ned's younger brother and Kiddy's most devoted

Tom, the retriever, who, entering fully into a spirit of the game, would stand quite still while Kiddy, laboriously aiming the harmless weapon at him, called out in his clear treble voice, "Shoot! Bang! Fire!" This was the signal for the "wild beast" to fall down.

Kiddy's delight at this new game was boundless; and when at last Jack, breathless with the exertion of his repeated "death struggles," declared that it was time for him to be off and retook possession of his revolver, the child sobbed.

"Kiddy wants the gun! Kiddy wants to shoot everybody! Nasty, unkind! Give me the gun! Give me the gun-u-u-u!" he cried.

By this time his uncle had mounted his horse, and, with a wave of the hand, rode away, while Master Kiddy was left to his solitary, unaided, and delicate-looking girl, and after a prolonged struggle, was finally disposed of in his little bed.

The hours later Ned Hartley and his wife were sitting out on the verandah, he smoking a short pipe, Lucy slowly rocking herself to and fro and now and then applying herself to some needle-work.



slave, had been a resident in "The Bangalow" about six months.

"Nonsense, Jack! When you have been a little longer at it, you will not be so ready to believe all the rumors that are spread among the 'hands.' And then, you see, I received the six hundred pounds from Barton only last night, and no one with the exception of Lucy, you and myself can have the slightest notion that such a sum of money is in my possession. Lucy has been sitting lately, and I must take her to Melbourne as soon as I could spare the time and money. Now the shearing is over, I mean her to take the holiday with the Kiddy and myself. I know you will look after things for me, old man. Now don't wear such a worried look! It doesn't suit your style of beauty half as well as your elegant sombrero and cloak, nor to speak of that six-shooter I see in your belt. Going for a ride? Well, to be sure, you may as well go."

Jack did not seem much convinced by his brother's arguments and bawling manner. The "rumors" he had heard were alarming; there was no doubt that the desperado and ex-convict known as "Lord Jim" had been seen in the neighborhood and that daring attacks had been made on solitary settlers. "Well," thought the young man, "the results might have been exaggerated, and after all Ned is not likely to run any unnecessary risks. However, I will ride as far as 'The Cope,' and bring Sergeant Gilpin and a couple of his men back with me. Extra precaution can do no harm."

As he was about to mount his horse a shrill voice called out: "Uncle Jack, Uncle Jack, take me with you! Kiddy wants a ride on your big horse! Wait for me!"

"Never mind, Kiddy," called out Jack, "you can't come out with me to-day, you know; it's your bedtime, isn't it? Besides, people don't go for rides in night-dress. There, don't cry; you shall fire uncle's revolver all by yourself, see?"

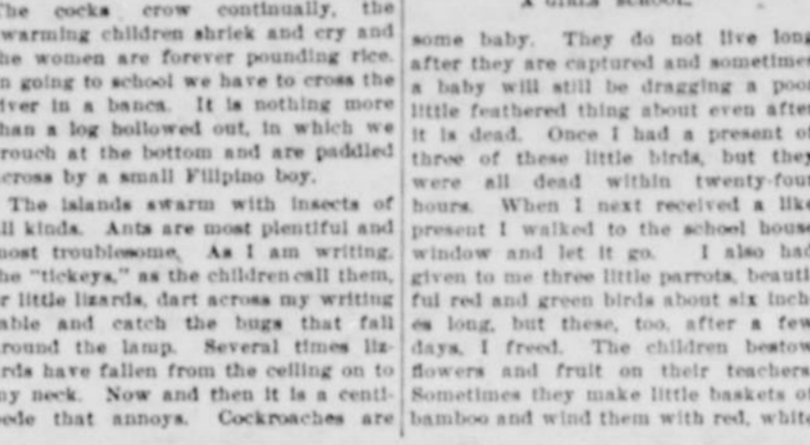
And, having assured himself that the revolver was unloaded, Jack proceeded to instruct the child in the art of aiming, pulling the trigger, etc., and a wild romp succeeded, in which imaginary wild beasts were "killed dead," the said wild beasts being represented by himself, running on all fours, and

LIFE OF A TEACHER IN PHILIPPINES

A YOUNG lady who is teaching school in the Philippines, writes brightly and entertainingly of some conditions there, in the following paragraphs:

We have just moved the girl's school in Dagupan into a new building, a private native house, hired for the purpose. But we chose the date of moving badly, for it is the beginning of the fiesta, and the cock-fighting will last two weeks. It will be impossible during that time to get any one to do a day's work for us. The benches are too long for the rooms and we will not be able to get a carpenter to saw them off or any one to put the blackboards in place. We are so near the cockpits that the noise is deafening. School has to be carried on largely by signs. The cocks crow continually, the swarming children shriek and cry and the women are forever pounding rice. We are going to school, we have to cross the river in a banca. It is nothing more than a log hollowed out, in which we crouch at the bottom and are paddled across by a small Filipino boy.

The islands swarm with insects of all kinds. Ants are most plentiful and most troublesome. As I am writing, the "tickys," as the children call them, or little lizards, dart across my writing table and catch the bugs that fall around the lamp. Several times flies have fallen from the ceiling on to my neck. Now and then it is a centipede that annoys. Cockroaches are



everywhere. One feels like standing and holding one's umbrella and hat all the time, that the cockroaches may not riddle them before they are used again. They will not stampede off letters if they are not hurried into the mail pouches.

Birds are the principal playthings of the native children. There are several kinds no larger than humming birds that are often to be seen tied by a thread to a stick or to the hand by

GOING TO SCHOOL.



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The hours later Ned Hartley and his wife were sitting out on the verandah, he smoking a short pipe, Lucy slowly rocking herself to and fro and now and then applying herself to some needle-work.

Physically the men were well matched, but slowly "Lord Jim" was getting the upper hand. Ned's breath came in short gasps. He knew that now it was no longer for his money alone, but for his very life that he was wrestling; could he keep up? The perspiration was pouring down his face. Another minute would see the end of the conflict! "Lord Jim" stoney arm was gradually squeezing the life out of the young man's body, when a burst of children's laughter startled the two combatants.

There, his white nightshirt gathered up in his chubby hands, his curls stiff, his cheeks flushed from his first sleep, and his little naked feet stamping, he stood in wild excitement, stood Kiddy!

The noise had disturbed him, and the sight of his father and the "gentleman" playing at wrestling, like he and Uncle Jack so often did, caused him the greatest satisfaction; he clapped his little hands as he caught sight of the revolver, for the possession of which each of these two men would have given anything.

"Daddy big lion, gentleman tiger," he shouted. "Kiddy shoot big lion!" and he grabbed the revolver eagerly.

Ned saw that the child held the means of deliverance or death in his hands, and he rallied his waning strength.

"Shoot the tiger first, Kiddy!" he cried.

"No, lion first!" shouted the child, the spirit of contradiction awakening within him.

"No, no, the tiger first, darling," Ned repeated, "and daddy will buy you a gun—all to yourself!"

Something in his father's manner appealed to the child. Fearlessly he crept near the men, and deliberately putting the muzzle of the shooter to the head of "Lord Jim," whom Ned in a supreme effort was holding down, the child said:

"Shoot! Bang! Fire!"

A sharp report, a scream from the surprised child, and "Lord Jim" had gone to his account.

Ned and his wife and Kiddy had their holiday at Melbourne after all.—Family Herald.

Gray?

"My hair was falling out and turning gray very fast. But your Hair Vigor stopped the falling and restored the natural color."—Mrs. E. Z. Benomme, Cohoes, N. Y.

It's impossible for you not to look old, with the color of seventy years in your hair! Perhaps you are seventy, and you like your gray hair! If not, use Ayer's Hair Vigor. In less than a month your gray hair will have all the dark, rich color of youth.

50c a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send to one dollar and we will express a bottle. Be sure and get the name of your nearest express office. Address: J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

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