RHEUMATISM ROBS LIFE of PLEASURE

Rheumatism does more than any other disease to rob life of pleasure and comfort. It is so painful and far-reaching in its effects on the system that those afflicted with it find themselves utterly unable to enjoy bodily comfort or any of the pleasures of life. Some are bound hand and foot and suffer constantly with excruciating pains, swollen, stiff joints and muscles, and often distorted, crooked limbs, while others have intervals of freedom, during which they live in constant fear and dread of the next attack, when, at the least exposure to damp weather, or slight irregularity of any kind, the disease will return.

The cause of Rheumatism is a sour, acid condition of the blood, produced by food lying undigested in the stomach, poor bowel action, weak kidneys and a general sluggish condition of the system. External applications, such as liniments, oils, plasters, etc., do not reach the cause and can only give temporary relief. The blood must be cleansed and purified before a cure can be had. S. S. S. attacks the disease in the right way—it neutralizes the poison and filters out every particle of it from the blood, stimulates the sluggish organs and clears the system of all foreign matter. It cures the disease permanently and safely because it contains no harmful minerals to derange the stomach and digestion. Book on Rheumatism and any advice you wish, without charge.

SSS

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

I had been troubled with Rheumatism for two years, had been under the treatment of physicians, and tried everything recommended to me, but all to no avail. My knee and elbow joints were so stiff that I could not use them. I was unable to do my household work, and was truly in a pitiable condition. S. S. S. cured me after using it for awhile, and I unhesitatingly give it the credit it so much deserves.
Sta. A., E. Liverpool, O. MRS. M. A. DECKER.

Railroads and Progress.

In his testimony before the senate committee on interstate commerce at Washington, on May 4, Prof. Hugo R. Meyer, of Chicago university, an expert on railroad management, made this statement:

"Let us look at what might have happened if we had heeded the protests of the farmers of New York and Ohio and Pennsylvania (in the seventies when grain from the West began pouring to the Atlantic seaboard) and acted upon the doctrine which the Interstate Commerce commission has enunciated time and again, that no man may be deprived of the advantages accruing to him by virtue of his geographical position. We could not have west of the Mississippi a population of millions of people who are prosperous and are great consumers. We never should have seen the years when we built 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway for there would have been no farmers west of the Mississippi river who could have used the land that would have been opened up by the building of those railways. And if we had not seen the years when we could build 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway in a year, we should not have today east of the Mississippi a steel and iron producing center which is at once the marvel and the despair of Europe, because we could not have built up a steel and iron industry if there had been no market for its product.

"We could not have in New England a great boot and shoe industry; we could not have in New England a great cotton milling industry; we could not have spread throughout New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio manufacturing industries of the most diversified kinds, because those industries would have no market among the farmers west of the Mississippi river.

"And while the progress of this country, while the development of the agricultural West of this country, did mean the impairment of the agricultural value east of the Mississippi river that ran up into hundreds of millions of dollars, it meant incidentally the building up of great manufacturing industries that added to the value of this land by thousands of millions of dollars. And, gentlemen, those things were not foreseen in the seventies. The statesmen and the publicmen of this country did not see what part the agricultural development of the West was going to play in the industrial development of the East. And you may read the decisions of the Interstate Commerce commission from the first to the last, and what is one of the greatest characteristics of those decisions? The continued inability to see the question in this large way.

"The Interstate Commerce commission never can see anything more than that the farm land of some farmer is decreasing in value, or that some man who has a flour mill with a production of 50 barrels a day is being crowded out. It never can see that the destruction or impairment of farm values in this place means the building up of farm values in that place, and that that shifting of values is a necessary incident to the industrial and manufacturing development of this country. And if we shall give to the Interstate Commerce commission power to regulate rates, we shall no longer have our rates regulated on the statesmanlike basis on which they have been regulated in the past by railway men, who really have been great statesmen, who really have been great builders of empires, who have had an imagination that rivals the imagination of the greatest poet and of the greatest inventor, and who have operated with a courage and daring that rivals the courage and daring of the greatest military general. But we shall have our rates regulated by a body of civil servants, bureaucrats, whose besetting sin the world over is that they never can grasp a situation in a large way and with the grasp of the statesman; that they never can see the fact that they are confronted with a small evil; except by the creation of evils and abuses which are infinitely greater than the one that is to be corrected."

FUN WITH SHADOW VERBS.

An Amusing Game for the Entertainment of Children.

To play the game of shadow verbs a white sheet is fastened tightly across a doorway and a large lamp set behind it, says the Detroit Free Press. The children separate into two parties, one outside the sheet, while the others remain seated, facing the suspended sheet. The outside party chooses a verb, which the others are to guess and perform.

When their decision is made they call to the leader of the inside party and say: "The verb we have chosen rhymes with 'rake,'" or whatever it may rhyme with. The leader then joins her followers and consults with them what the first guess shall be. Bake would rhyme with rake, and if it is decided to act thus, several of the party step before the lamp, which casts their shadows on the sheet, and, without speaking, go through the motions making and baking bread. If the guess is right—that is, "to bake" was the verb chosen—the spectators clap their hands. If wrong, they cry, "No, no!"

When they hear the "No, no!" the actors retire and arrange what to do next. Make, quake, take, wake, are all acted in turn until the clap of approval announces that they have been successful in guessing the verb. Then the actors take the steps vacated by the spectators, who in their turn become shadows and act the verbs chosen by the other party.

Dog-Matic.

The young person who stood before a picture of the head of a Spanish lady at the London Art Club exhibition read the number slowly, "One hundred and ninety-one"—and Punch overheard the rest.

"One hundred and ninety-one," she repeated, then referred to her catalogue. "'Tete Espagnole,' or however you pronounce it, what's that?"

"Why, spaniel's head, of course," explained her companion, with the assurance of a man who hoped he knew enough of French for that. "Must be numbered wrong."

Name something with two heads and one body. Ans.—A barrel.

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr SAMUEL PITCHER

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

The Special Correspondent

CHAPTER VII.

We have two hours to wait at Kisil Arvat. Although the day is closing in, I could not employ my time better than in visiting this little town, which contains more than two thousand inhabitants, Russians, Persians and Turkomans.

At nine o'clock the signal to start was given. The train leaving Kisil Arvat went off in a southwesterly direction toward Askhabad, along the Persian frontier.

If I remained awake it was because I was troubled in my mind. I was thinking of my famous packing case, of the man it contained, and this very night I had resolved to enter into communication with him. I thought of the people who had done this sort of thing before. In 1889, 1891 and 1892 an Austrian tailor, Herman Zeitung, had come from Vienna to Paris, from Amsterdam to Brussels, from Antwerp to Christiania, in a box.

But I must wait until Popof had retired to rest. The train would not stop until it reached Gheok Tepe, at one o'clock in the morning. During the run from Kisil Arvat to Gheok Tepe I reckoned that Popof would have a good sleep, and then, or never, I would put my plan into execution.

Half an hour went by, and the noise of a door shutting on the platform of the car told me that our guard had just entered his little box. In spite of my desire to visit the baggage car, I waited patiently, for it was possible that Popof was not yet sound asleep.

I rise, I draw aside the curtain of one of the lamps. I look at my watch. It is a few minutes past eleven. Still two hours to Gheok Tepe. The moment has come. I glide between the seats to the door of the car. I open it gently and shut it after me without waking any one.

Assured of my safety, I cross the gangway and am in front of the baggage van. The door is only fastened with a bar which is hung between two staples. I open it and shut it behind me.

Although the darkness is deep in the van, although there is no side window, I know my position. I know where the case is placed; it is in the left corner as I enter. Carefully feeling with feet and hands, I reach the case.

I leaned over and placed my ear timidly against the other panel. There was no sound of breathing.

The products of the house of Strong, Bulbul & Co., of New York, could not be more noiseless in their boxes. A fear seizes upon me—the fear of seeing all my reporter's hopes vanish. Was I deceived on board the Astara?

No! Feeble as it is, I detect a movement inside the case! It becomes more distinct, and I ask if the panel is going to slide, if the prisoner is coming out of his prison to breathe the fresh air?

Suddenly a slight cracking greets my ear. I am not the sport of an illusion; it is the crack of a match being lighted. Almost immediately a few feeble rays pierce the ventilation holes of the case.

A minute elapsed. Nothing shows that the panel has been moved, nothing gives me reason to suppose that the unknown is coming out.

Cautiously I wait. Then I have an idea to make something out of this light. The case is lighted within. I put my eye close to one of the holes.

There is a man in the box. His features I can make out clearly. He is from 25 to 26 years of age. He does not wear a beard, and his beard is brown. He is of the true Roumanian type. He is good looking, although his face denotes great energy of character, and he must be energetic to have shut himself up in a box like this for such a long journey.

But what is he doing now? Well, he is seated on the bottom of his case and placidly eating his supper by the light of a little lamp. A box of preserves is on his knee, biscuit is not wanting, and in a little cupboard I notice a rug and overcoat hooked up on the wall.

Evidently No. 11 is quite at home. He is there in his cell like a snail in his shell. His house goes with him; and he saves the thousand francs it would have cost him to journey from Tiflis to Pekin, second-class. I know he is committing a fraud, and the law punishes such fraud. He can come out of his box when he likes and take a walk in the van, or even at night venture on the platform.

An idea occurs to me which may not perhaps be as good as it seems. That is to rap lightly on the box so as to enter into communication with my new companion, and learn who he is and whence he comes, for I know whither he goes.

I will tell him that I am a French man, and a Roumanian knows he can always trust a Frenchman. I will offer him my services. He will have nothing to regret from my visits, and nothing to fear from my impudences.

I rap the panel. The light suddenly goes out. The prisoner has suspended his respiration. I must reassure him.

"Open!" I say to him gently in Russian. "Open——"

I cannot finish the sentence; for the train gives a sudden jump and slackens speed. There is a noise outside. I rush out of the van and shut the door behind me.

It was time. I have scarcely reached the platform before Popof's door opens, and, without seeing me, he hurries through the van on to the engine. Almost immediately the train resumes its normal speed, and Popof reappears a minute afterward.

"What is the matter, Popof?"

"We have smashed a dromedary. Poor brute! He might have thrown us off the line."

CHAPTER VIII.

Before the train reaches Gheok Tepe I am back in the car. Confound this dromedary! If he had not managed to get smashed so clumsily, No. 11 would no longer be unknown to me. He would have opened his panel, we would have talked together in a friendly way, and separated with a friendly shake of the hand. Now he will be full of anxiety, he knows his fraud is discovered, that there is some one who has reason to suspect his intentions, some one who may not hesitate to betray his secret. And then after being taken out of his case he will be put under guard at the next station, and it will be useless for Mademoiselle Zinca Klork to expect him in the capital of the Chinese empire.

It would be better for me to relieve his anxiety this very night. That is impossible, for the train will soon stop at Gheok Tepe, and then at Askhabad, which it will leave in the first hour of daylight. I can no longer trust to Popof's going to sleep.

I am absorbed in these reflections when the locomotive stops in Gheok Tepe station at 1 o'clock in the morning. The train starts at 2 o'clock, after having been joined by a few passengers whom Popof tells me are Turkomans.

I envied the sleep of my companions. The dawn was appearing in the east. Here and there were the ruins of an ancient city, a citadel girdled with high ramparts and a succession of long porticoes extending over fifteen hundred yards. Running over a few embankments necessitated by the inequalities of the sandy ground, the train again reaches the horizontal steppe.

We are running at a speed of thirty miles an hour in a southwesterly direction along the Persian frontier. It is only beyond Douchak that the line begins to leave it. We reached that station at 6 o'clock in the morning.

We stop here two hours. I am off to look at Douchak, with Major Noltitz as my cicerone. I was led to question the major regarding the safety of the Grand Transasiatic across the provinces of Central Asia.

In Turkestan, he told me, the safety is well assured. During the years the Transcaspian has been at work there has been no attack to hinder the train service.

"That is another matter," said the major. "The Grand Transasiatic is under Chinese control, and I have not much confidence in that."

"Are there not a lot of scoundrels prowling about Mongolia and Northern China?" I asked. "My sole anxiety is that our journey may not be devoid of incident."

"Really, Mr. Special Correspondent, I admire you. Well, I am afraid you will be disappointed, as I have heard that the company has treated with several chiefs of the robber bands. But there is one of these highwaymen who has retained his independence and liberty of action, a certain Ki-Tsang."

"Who is he?"

"A bold bandit chief, half Chinaman, half Mongol. Having for some time been a terror to Yunan, he was being too closely pursued, and has now moved into the northern provinces. His presence has even been reported in that part of Mongolia served by the Grand Transasiatic."

"Well, he ought to furnish a few paragraphs."

We returned toward the station. The stoppage at Douchak had another half hour to last. As I walked on the quay, I observed something going on which would change the make-up of our train.

Another van had arrived from Teheran by the branch line of Meshed, which puts the Persian capital in communication with the Transcaspian.

This van was bolted and barred, and accompanied by a squad of Persian police, whose orders seemed to be not to lose sight of it.

I don't know what made me think so, but it seemed as though this van had something about it, and as the major had left me, I went and spoke to Popof, who was watching over the proceedings.

"Popof, where is that van going?"

"To Pekin."

"And what has it got in it?"

"An exalted personage."

"Well, Popof, when this exalted personage gets out perhaps you will let me know?"

"He will not get out."

"Why not?"

"Because he is dead. It is his body they are taking to Pekin, where he will be interred with all the honors due to him."

While I was looking at this van a new passenger came up and examined it with no less curiosity than I did. He was a fine looking man of about 40, wearing gracefully the costume of the richer Mongols, a tall fellow with rather a gloomy look, a military mustache, tawny complexion and eyes that never shut.

"Here is a splendid fellow," I said to myself. "I don't know if he will turn out the hero of the drama I am in search of, but anyhow, I will number him twelve in my traveling troupe."

This leading star, I soon learned from Popof, bore the name of Faruskiar. He was accompanied by another Mongol of inferior rank, of about the same age, whose name was Ghangir. As they looked at the van being attached to the tail of the train in front of the luggage van they exchanged a few words. As soon as the arrangements were complete the Persians took their places in the second-class car, which preceded the mortuary van, so as to have the precious corpse always under their surveillance.

The signal is given. The passengers, old and new, hurry to their places. Among the new ones I notice three Mongols of forbidding appearance, who get into the second-class car.

As I put my foot on the platform I hear the young Chinese say something to his companion in French.

And so Pan Chao speaks French. What do I say? Better than French. He speaks Parisian. Most extraordinary! I must have a talk with him.

CHAPTER IX.

For an hour the train is running through an oasis. We shall soon be in the open desert. It is half past 10. Breakfast will soon be served in the dining car.

Where is Ephrinell? I do not see him at his post by the side of Miss Horatia Bluett, whom I questioned on the subject after saluting her politely.

"Mr. Ephrinell has gone to give an eye to his cases," she replies.

In the rear of the second car Faruskiar and Ghangir have installed themselves. They are alone at this moment and are talking together in a low tone.

As I return I meet Ephrinell, who is coming back to his traveling companion. He shakes my hand, Yankee fashion. I tell him that Miss Horatia Bluett has given me news of him.

"Oh!" says he, "what a woman yonder! what a splendid saleswoman! One of those English——"

"Who are good enough to be Americans," I add.

"Wait a bit!" he replies, with a significant smile.

As I am going out, I notice that the two Chinamen are already in the dining car, and that Dr. Tio-King's little book is on the table.

I do not consider it too much of a liberty for a reporter to pick up this little book, to open it, and to read the title, which is as follows:

"The Temperate and Regular Life;
Or, The
Art of Living Long in Perfect Health.
Translated
From the Italian of Louis Cornaro,
a Venetian Noble."

And this is the favorite reading of Dr. Tio-King! And that is why his disrespectful pupil occasionally gives him the nickname of Comaro!

There is no change in the order in which we sit down to breakfast. I find myself close to Major Noltitz, who is looking attentively at Faruskiar and his companion, placed at the extremity of the table. We are asking ourselves who this haughty Mongol could be.

"Ah!" said I, laughing at the thought which crossed my mind, "if that is——"

"Who?" asked the major.

"The chief of the brigands, the famous Ki-Tsang."

"Have your joke, Monsieur Bombarnac, but under your breath, I advise you!"

"You see, major, he would then be an interesting personage, and worth a long interview."

After breakfast I went to smoke my cigar on the platform behind the dining car. Caterna almost immediately joins me. Evidently the estimable comedian has seized the opportunity to enter into conversation with me.

"Sir," said he to me, "are two Frenchmen going all the way from Baku to Pekin without making each other's acquaintance?"

"Sir," I replied, when I meet a compatriot I am only too glad to shake hands with him. And so, Monsieur Caterna——"

"You know my name?"

"As you know mine, I am sure."

"Of course, Monsieur Claudius Bombarnac, correspondent of the Twentieth Century."

"At your service, believe me."

"A thousand thanks, Monsieur Bombarnac, and even ten thousand, as they say in China, whither Madame Caterna and I are bound."

"To appear at Shanghai in the French troupe at the residency. I may add, from sundry nautical phrases I have noticed, that you have been to sea."

"I believe you, sir. Formerly cockswain of Admiral de Rolsendy's launch on board the Redoubtable."

At this point Mme. Caterna came up. She was in every way worthy of her husband, sent into the world to reply to him in life as on the stage, one of those genial theater folks born one knows not where or how, but thoroughly genuine and good-natured.

"I beg to introduce you to Caroline Caterna," said the actor, in much the same tone as he would have introduced me to Patti or Sarah Bernhardt.

"Having shaken hands with your husband," said I, "I shall be happy to shake hands with you, Madame Caterna."

"There you are, then," said the actress, "and without ceremony, foot to the front and no prompting."

"As you see, no nonsense about her, and the best of wives——"

"As he is the best of husbands."

"I believe I am, Monsieur Claudius," said the actor, "and why? Because I believe that marriage consists entirely in the precept to which husbands should always conform, and that is, that what the wife likes the husband should eat often."

(To be continued.)

FRIENDLY QUAILS.

How Farmer Glover Fed a Flock Day After Day for Six Weeks.

One cold morning Farmer Glover stood in the rear of the barn, fork in hand, looking out over the fields. Snowstorm had followed snowstorm, until the stone walls were so covered that the farm seemed like a great field, with here and there a small grove to break the monotony. The cattle had been fed and each animal was munching contentedly at its pile of hay in the sunshine, scattering chaff over the snowy barnyard.

Suddenly, from the light woods near the barn, came a startled "Bob-white!" Immediately there was an answering call from the woods across the fields, and then another and another, and soon a flock of about twenty quail alighted cautiously on the ground, two or three rods from where Mr. Glover stood, and began picking up the seeds from the hay which the cattle had strewn over the snow. They scratched about like a flock of hens, and apparently quite as much at home, and chirped away while they worked, after the fashion of tree sparrows in the weeds down by the brook.

Farmer Glover was careful not to frighten his woodland guests, and the next morning he put out wheat for them and threw handfuls of chaff in the hay which the cattle had left. The flock returned again and again, until feeding the quails has become as much a part of the day's routine as looking after the hens and eurkeys. One cold morning after they had eaten, the kind-hearted farmer found the whole flock huddled together under the hay, apparently enjoying the warmth. Strange to say, they never come for their food when it snows or rains. When they have breakfasted, unless frightened, they usually walk away to their favorite haunts in the grove across the fields. They never alight on the trees, but occasionally perch on the rail fence. Once or twice, when no one was in sight, they came near the house.

For six weeks the quails enjoyed Farmer Glover's bounty. When spring opens their kind-hearted protector meets them only in the fields and woods; but whenever bob-white's musical call comes over the summer meadows it brings pleasant memories of those winter breakfasts in the snowy barnyard.—St. Nicholas.

SIGHTSEEING IS A STRAIN.

Headaches Involved in Constant Use o Elevator Muscles of the Eye.

"Academy" or "sightseers" headache is a not uncommon experience, and some recent observations of Simeon Snell appear to throw some light on its causation. Allowing that in certain instances astigmatism or other form of ametropia is a factor in its production, he yet argues that there are other influencing conditions.

In support of this he quotes the experience of a woman who always suffered from severe headaches after visiting the theater when she had occupied a seat in the pit, but was free from such disturbance when she sat in the dress circle. In the first position, it is pointed out, sustained action of the elevator muscles of the eyeballs is required in order to see the stage, and this is exactly the action which is required in studying a collection of pictures, and more especially in looking at those which are hung "above the line."

The same experience has been noted by Mr. Snell in the case of cyclists, particularly of those who lean over the handle bars with the head lowered, and who, therefore, in looking ahead keep the eyeballs upward. A further argument is found in the experience of miners' nystagmus, which it is suggested is due to weariness of the elevator muscles of the eyeballs caused by the constrained position in which the miner works.

There can be no doubt of the physiological fact that lateral movement of the eyeballs is much more easy and requires less muscular effort than movement in a vertical plane. All this goes to show that muscular strain is involved in sustained upward movement of the eyeballs, and this may well result in a sense of weariness or more pronounced discomfort.—London Hospital.

The Aesthetic Young Man.

He was an aesthetic young man from the city. The floor manager introduced him to a divine young creature in blue, and they stood in the set waiting for the prompter's call.

"What a charming assembly," remarked the young man from the city, gazing around upon the array of beautiful faces and costumes. "There is something so captivating, so ethereal-izing, in these gatherings of culture and refinement, that I am always charmed when I can mingle with such a joyous throng. Do you not pronounce this a fashionable and intellectual soiree—a superior gathering of beauty and gentility?"

"It's the boss," replied the gentle creature in blue, as she arranged the fastening of a neat little glove.

The young man from the city had to be assisted out of the hall.

Willing to Risk It.

"A fool and his money are soon parted, you know," said the stingy man who had a mania for quotations.

"Well," rejoined his good wife, "for the sake of having the money to part with, I wouldn't mind being considered a little foolish."

You Can Get Allen's Foot-Ease FREE.

Write Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y., for a free sample of Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures sweating, hot, swollen, aching feet. It makes new or tight shoes easy. A certain cure for corns, ingrowing nails and bunions. All druggists sell it, 25c. Don't accept any substitute.

Find Petrified Grain.

The drillers at work in a new deep well at Junction City, Kan., are finding all sorts of odd things. Recently the drill penetrated a stratum of what appeared to be petrified rye. The grains were surprisingly like that cereal, and some one has suggested that an ante-glacial elevator or storehouse has been discovered.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Nearing the Finish.

"How long has the minister been preaching?" whispered the stranger, who had wandered into church and sat down near the door.

"About thirty years, I believe," replied the other occupant of the pew.

"That being the case, I'll remain," continued the stranger, "I may as well stay. He must be near the end of his discourse."

For coughs and colds there is no better medicine than Piso's Cure for Consumption. Price 25 cents.

Criminals Better Formed.

Dr. J. Marty, a French criminologist, has recently made an examination of 4,000 delinquent soldiers of the French army, and has found that in height, weight, breast measure, muscular power and general condition they averaged much better than the well-behaved soldiers. Dr. Marty does not imply that criminals are by nature better physically than non-criminals, but suggests that the condition of criminal families is so much more wretched than respectable ones that only the uncommonly strong survive.

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

Honey and Vinegar.

At a "stag" dinner the other evening an old bachelor gave the following toast: Woman, the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood and the evening star of old age. Bless our stars—and may they always be kept a telephonic distance."

The names of British celebrities are being given by the London county council to municipal steamboats plying on the Thames. Thirty have been so named, Shakspeare, Marlowe, Pepys, Fitz Allwin (first mayor of London), Carlyle, and Caxton being among those remembered. This was the idea of John Burns, the labor member of Parliament, and it has met with general approval from press and public.

THINK OF IT!

This Pretty Matron Had Headache and Backache, and Her Condition Was Serious.

PE-RU-NA CURED

MRS. M. BRICKNER

99 Eleventh Street, Milwaukee, Wis.

"A short time ago I found my condition very serious. I had headaches, pains in the back, and frequent dizzy spells which grew worse every month. I tried two remedies before Peruna, and was discouraged when I took the first dose, but my courage soon returned. In less than two months my health was restored."—Mrs. M. Brickner.

The reason of so many failures to cure cases similar to the above is the fact that diseases peculiar to the female sex are not commonly recognized as being caused by catarrh.

FEMALE TROUBLE NOT RECOGNIZED AS CATARRH

Catarrh of one organ is exactly the same as catarrh of any other organ. What will cure catarrh of the head will also cure catarrh of the pelvic organs. Peruna cures these cases simply because it cures the catarrh.

If you have catarrh write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

Have You a Friend?

Then tell him about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Tell him how it cured your hard cough. Tell him why you always keep it in the house. Tell him to ask his doctor about it. Doctors use a great deal of it for throat and lung troubles.

"I had a terrible cold and cough and was threatened with pneumonia. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and it gave me quick and perfect relief. It is certainly a most wonderful cough medicine."—RENA E. WHITMAN, Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. HAIR VIGOR.

One of Ayer's Pills at bedtime will hasten recovery. Gently laxative.

No Hurry About It.

The Sunday school class had just finished singing "I Want to Be an Angel, and with the Angels Stand." The teacher, observing that one little fellow had not contributed his voice to help swell the sacred refrain, said: "Johnny, don't you want to be an angel?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Johnny, "but not just now. I'd rather be a baseball pitcher a good deal first."

OREGON PORTLAND

ST. HELEN'S HALL

A GIRL'S SCHOOL OF THE HIGHEST CLASS; corps of teachers, location, building, equipment—the best. Send for catalogue.

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For First Class Hotel and Room Accommodations IN PORTLAND during the EXPOSITION apply at once and send your reservation fee of $2.00, to apply on rent of your room. Rooms in all parts of the city, $1 to $10 per day. RESERVE YOUR ROOMS WITHOUT DELAY AND GET YOUR CHOICE. Write for full information to Department I.

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Portland, Oregon.

HOTEL PORTLAND RATES

Portland, Oregon.

On account of the impression that has been prevalent in different cities regarding the exorbitant rates that are to be charged by the hotels in PORTLAND during the LEWIS AND CLARK EXPOSITION, in justice to the HOTEL PORTLAND and its many patrons, I deem it advisable to publish the rates that will unfortunately prevail at the HOTEL PORTLAND during the said EXPOSITION.

Rooms will be charged for at the rate of $2.50, $3 and $3.50 for one person, the highest priced room in the hotel being $5.00, which includes a bath room.

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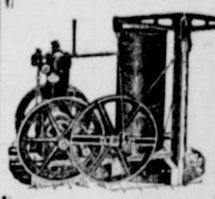

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