

PERUNA
FOR
CATARRH
OF THE
HEAD,
THROAT,
LUNGS,
STOMACH,
KIDNEYS
AND
BLADDER
AND
FEMALE ORGANS.

W. A. Mitchell, dealer in general merchandise, Martin, Ga., writes:
"My wife lost in weight from 130 to 68 pounds. We saw she could not live long. She was a skeleton, so we consulted an old physician. He told her to try Peruna."
"She gradually commenced improving and getting a little strength. She now weighs 103 pounds. She is gaining every day, and does her own housework and cooking."

The Huguenots.
Here are two essays on the Huguenots by Chicago public school pupils:
"The Huguenots are people in France that are followers of Victor Hugo. Their leader is a man named Jean Valjean that was a thief, but got converted and turned out well. The Huguenots are very good people. A lady named Evangeline wrote a long poem about them, but it don't rhyme."
"The Huguenots is the name of a big thing like a steam roller that the mogul used in India to run over people. It squashed them to death and was very terrible. It had eyes painted on it like a dragon and snorted steam when it was running. They are no huguenots any more."

Finesse.
"Senator, everybody is commending that speech you made the other day on the subject of the trusts."
"I think myself it was a pretty fair effort."
"Unfortunately, I didn't hear it. What position did you take?"
"Bless you, I didn't take any. I managed, however, to assure each party to the controversy that its position was the only correct and logical one."

Time to Run.
Gunner—There was a bad, bold burglar up in the girls' college the other day.
Guyer—You don't say. And did the girls yell?
Gunner—I should say so. They gave the college yell and the burglar hasn't stopped running yet.

Ancient Instance.
Moses was numbering the children of Israel.
"What are you doing that for?" somebody asked him.
"They wouldn't stand for a referendum," explained Moses, "and I had to turn it into a census."
Not even his worst enemies, however, accused Moses of doing it for political purposes.

One that Did.
Lawyer (cross-examining witness)—Are you sure you didn't dream that, Mr. Ruggles? By the way, do you believe in dreams?
Witness—Not as a general thing, but I know they come true sometimes.
Lawyer—O, they do, do they? Can you mention a specific instance?
Witness—Yes, sir. You remember, Mr. Ketcham, you paid me \$5 the other day that you had been owing me a year. Well, I had dreamed the night before that you met me on the street and paid it. I was so strongly impressed with that dream that I hunted you up the next day, you recollect, and dunned you for it.—Chicago Tribune.

Dubious.
Stippler—Did Miss Kutts admire your paintings? Dobber—I don't know. Stippler—What did she say about them? Dobber—That she could feel that I put a great deal of myself into my work. Stippler—Well, that's praise. Dobber—Is it? The picture I showed her was "Calves in a Meadow."
Couldn't Stop Him.
"Speaking of success in life," remarked Hojax, "there goes a man who has left hundreds of people behind despite their strenuous efforts to overtake him."
"Indeed!" exclaimed Tomdix. "Who is he?"
"Oh," replied Hojax, "he's a motor-man on a trolley car."

But the Other Side Objected.
Attorney (for the defense)—Do you know anything about the merits of this case?
Ventreman—I should say not. It hasn't any merits.
Attorney—We'll take this man, your honor.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly falling to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Cynical.
"Permit me to ask you, madam," said the lawyer, who was a friend of the family, "your real reason for wanting a divorce from your husband."
"He isn't the man I thought I was marrying," explained the fair caller.
"My dear madam," rejoined the lawyer, "the application of that principle would break up every home in the country."

CONTAGIOUS BLOOD POISON

NO LIMIT TO ITS POWERS FOR EVIL

Contagious Blood Poison has brought more suffering, misery and humiliation into the world than all other diseases combined; there is hardly any limit to its powers for evil. It is the blackest and vilest of all disorders, wrecking the lives of those unfortunate enough to contract it and often being transmitted to innocent offspring, a blighting legacy of suffering and shame. So highly contagious is the trouble that innocent persons may contract it by using the same table ware, toilet articles or clothing of one in whose blood the treacherous virus has taken root. Not only is it a powerful poison but a very deceptive one. Only those who have learned by bitter experience know by the little sore or ulcer, which usually makes its appearance first, of the suffering which is to follow. It comes in the form of ulcerated mouth and throat, unsightly copper colored spots, swollen glands in the groin, falling hair, offensive sores and ulcers on the body, and in severe cases the finger nails drop off, the bones become diseased, the nervous system is shattered and the sufferer becomes an object of pity to his fellow man. Especially is the treacherous nature of Contagious Blood Poison, shown when the infected person endeavors to combat the poison with mercury and potash. These minerals will drive away all outward symptoms of the troubles for a while, and the victim is deceived into the belief that he is cured. When, however, the treatment is left off he finds that the poison has only been driven deeper into the blood and the disease reappears, and usually in worse form because these strong minerals have not only failed to remove the virus from the blood but have weakened the entire system because of their destructive action. S. S. S. is the only real and certain cure for Contagious Blood Poison. It is made of a combination of healing blood-purifying roots, herbs and barks, the best in Nature's great laboratory of forest and field. We offer a reward of \$1,000 for proof that S. S. S. contains a particle of mineral in any form. S. S. S. goes down to the very bottom of the trouble and by cleansing the blood of every particle of the virus and adding rich, healthful qualities to this vital fluid, forever cures this powerful disorder. So thoroughly does S. S. S. cleanse the circulation that no signs of the disease are ever seen again, and offspring is protected.

S. S. S.
PURELY VEGETABLE

Write for our special book on Contagious Blood Poison, which fully explains the different stages of the trouble, and outlines a complete home treatment for all sufferers of this trouble. No charge is made for this book, and if you wish special medical advice about case or any of its symptoms, our physicians will be glad to furnish that, too, without charge.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

He immediately sent the girl to a Parisian school, and then he set about trying to force his way into the ranks of the upper ten. His money, his political views, and his power, as determined by the fact of his being a large employer of labor, and, therefore, of controlling a large percentage of votes, brought about an acquaintance, and then a friendship, with Sir Edwin Gascoigne, an impetuous but most aristocratic baronet. By Sir Edwin's aid, Mr. Fraser was returned in the Conservative cause, and his step planted on the first rung of the ladder. He was a decidedly clever man, and although too mean and niggardly to be altogether popular, he was not long in finding some friends. Among these, however, could not be classed Constance Gascoigne, Sir Edwin's second and only surviving daughter. Miss Gascoigne was a very beautiful girl, but she had won the reputation of having a bitter and unkind tongue. Every one knew that Constance Gascoigne did not share in her father's infatuation for Mr. Fraser, and yet she electrified the whole social world by suddenly becoming his wife. There was the nine days' gossip, and then the Fraser marriage became a thing of the past, although there were some of Constance's women friends who still discussed the subject.

"There has been something mysterious about the girl for the last two years!" cried Mrs. Fanfare, the biggest scandal-monger of the time, "and I for one always thought that young Frank Anstruther's sudden death had a great deal to do with it. Constance was madly in love with him, poor girl! Well, she has done very well in one sense. This Fraser man is rolling in money—positively rolling, my dear!"

In a vague, yet uncertain, way Sheila felt that it was only through her stepmother's popularity and undoubted social position that she was received and welcomed as the friend of the county families around the neighborhood, and possessed the entree of the best houses in London when they stayed there for the season; and, bearing this in mind, it was only natural she should be very careful to keep on good terms with one who was so very indispensable to her. Deep down in the girl's shallow pretense of a heart there lurked a rankling jealousy for the delicate, aristocratic, still beautiful woman who had been her father's wife. Sheila had never quite understood Constance Fraser, and she was just a little bit afraid of her; she knew how bitter the sweet, refined voice could ring sometimes, and how contemptuously the pale lips could curve when occasion merited it. She felt vaguely that Mrs. Fraser knew her at her exact worth; and yet the young stepmother had never, by word or sign, been anything but kind and affectionately considerate to the girl whose guardian she was.

Sheila turned away from the mirror with a frown, and throwing herself on her lace-trimmed pillow, again took up her letters. The frown vanished as she read the warm and pressing invitations from two or three of the best houses around to luncheon, dinner, tea, and the like.
"Bah! I am a fool!" she said to herself, and she laughed shortly. "I was only half awake just now, and what if this girl is pretty, how does that affect me? I am Miss Fraser, of Dinglewood, and heirress to a good hundred thousand pounds. I don't think I need trouble my head about a servant maid's face!" She read through the rest of her letters, and then rang her bell sharply. "Why doesn't the girl come back? I must get up, or Jack will be off before I have half dressed!"

The bell rang sharply in the corridor outside, but Audrey neither understood nor heeded its purpose. She was very frightened, and very full of pity at that particular moment.
She had gone direct, as Miss Fraser had commanded her, to Mrs. Fraser's room; she knew it, because Bircham had pointed it out to her the evening before; she had knocked gently, and on receiving an answer, she had gone timidly in. The room was large, airy and pretty; it was hung with dainty chintz, and was, compared to Sheila's magnificent apartment, simple beyond description; yet Audrey felt, in a sudden and indescribable way, that she liked it much better; it was so fresh and dainty looking, and there was plenty of room to move about. A fire was burning brightly, and a large bowl of daffodils and tulips made a spot of color in the window. A woman, in a white mob cap and large apron, was just placing a tray by the bedside, and Audrey, raising her eyes very nervously, saw a delicate, lovely face lying on the pillow.
"Who is it, Marshall?" inquired Mrs. Fraser in a low, but singularly sweet voice.

"If you please, I—I am come from Miss Fraser."
Audrey stammered out the message as easily as she could. She was not exactly frightened, and yet her heart was fluttering, for she felt rather than saw that Mrs. Fraser's eyes were fixed upon her. Marshall was replying in a brisk yet respectful way when her mistress stopped her. She stretched out a fragile hand, white as snow, toward the girl.
"Who are you?" she asked in eager, hurried tones. "Where do you come from? Come nearer! Come close! I want to see your face. I—"
"If you please, ma'am, this is Miss Fraser's new maid as Mrs. Thorngate as got for her," said Marshall.

Mrs. Fraser had pushed herself up in bed; her deep blue eyes were shining like stars, and a rush of color had come into her white cheeks. Involuntarily Audrey had drawn nearer, and had put her small, work-stained fingers into those other delicate ones. Mrs. Fraser passed the girl round with her face to the light, paused for an instant, and then gave one broken, sobbing cry:
"Merciful heavens! It is—it is—"
She struggled with her breath, stretched out her two hands as though to some unseen yet precious protector, and then gave an inarticulate moan and dropped back on her pillow insensible. Audrey, trembling in every limb, hastened to obey Marshall, as she directed her to bring some eau-de-cologne and salts from the large chintz-hung dressing table; she did not know why, but the sight of Mrs. Fraser's death-like face pained her beyond description. Marshall evidently was not unused to this sign of weakness in her mistress.

"She'd one of her bad nights," Audrey heard her mutter; "poor lamb! I know it when I first saw her this morning. Poor Miss Constance! Poor, pretty Miss Constance!"
She whisked away a tear while she rubbed some of the scent across the pale brow, and held the salts to the delicate nostrils.

"I've been with her ever since she was a child," she said, huskily, to Audrey, who stood with her hands tightly clasped together; "and she'll never be nothing to me but Miss Constance, poor dear!"
"Is—she always ill?" Why was it that Audrey could not control her voice?
Marshall nodded her head, and just then the bell pealed through the corridor again, and Mrs. Fraser opened her thickly fringed eyes with a start and looked blankly around her. Marshall motioned Audrey away. Audrey reluctantly withdrew her gaze from that sweet, suffering face, and with the memory of those deep blue eyes clinging to her, she returned to her mistress's room.

"Another fainting fit?" observed Sheila, impatiently. "Dear me, now tiresome! I suppose she won't be able to go to the Glaston hunt ball to-night. Maxse, you seem to me inclined to dawdle. I can't have lazy people about me. Bircham, my white serge tea gown. I suppose the breakfast gong has sounded?"
"Yes, miss, ten minutes ago; and I met his lordship a-goin' down as I come up. You'll just have trae to run into Mrs. Fraser's room and—"
"I shall have nothing of the kind," retorted Sheila stamping her foot impatiently, as Audrey's cold fingers moved slowly in their task of buttoning her dainty shoe straps. "You must go in and tell Mrs. Fraser I will see her after breakfast. Bircham, this girl is simply a clumsy fool! If you can't teach her to manage better than this she must go!"
Audrey's eyes were blinded with hot tears. She was doing her very best, but Sheila had no pity for her awkwardness, and could willingly have kicked her for looking so beautiful.

CHAPTER V.
"What time do we start?" Sheila Fraser asked Lord John, as breakfast drew to an end.
She was not alone with the young man; an elderly lady, a poor relative of her mother's, was present. Had Sheila been left to her own inclinations, this quiet, grim, and undoubtedly middle-class Mrs. Watson would never have been given a place in her home; but Constance Fraser had spoken so direct and to the point on this subject that her stepdaughter had given in, and offered in as gracious a manner as she could the post of housekeeper to this impoverished connection.
"Do you seriously think of going today?" he laughed, turning to the girl, who looked very fresh and pretty in her picturesquely draped white serge gown.
"Why not?" demanded Sheila.
"Remember the ball."
"Oh, the ball!" with an airy laugh.
"My dear Lord John, I could follow the hounds for a week at a time, and then dance through two balls."
"Sheila has excellent health," Mrs. Watson remarked, monotonously.
Sheila rose abruptly. How slow their friendship advanced. He was perfectly aware that it was his mother's most earnest desire to see Sheila Fraser his wife, but he was equally well aware that he had no such desire himself. He was in no hurry to be married, and he certainly would never marry for money.

All this, however, he kept to himself, and although he was so intimate with the heiress of Dinglewood, he had never by word or deed given either Sheila or any one else reason to suppose that he held any deeper feeling for the girl than that of an ordinary friend.
Later Sheila had some dinner in her room, having ascertained that Mrs. Fraser would be well enough to accompany her to the ball; and when the time came she arrayed herself in her magnificent diamonds, and even gave "the charity girl" a smile, as Audrey, overcome with the brilliant spectacle, put her hands together, and exclaimed aloud with delighted admiration.
"Let Maxse sit up for me, Bircham," she ordered, and then she swept away and joined Mrs. Fraser's tall, elegant figure in the hall below.

"My mistress ought not to have gone out to-night! It is enough to kill her!" exclaimed Marshall in indignation. "If I had my way, I'd have told Miss Fra-

ser pretty plain what I think of her, dragging a poor, sick, suffering creature out a cold night like this, and all for her selfishness! It's heartless, that's what I call it!"

Bircham made no reply, although she overheard this speech; but Audrey felt her heart beating with sympathy, too. How fragile and ill Mrs. Fraser looked! Surely Miss Fraser could not have known how weak she was!
"Now, keep up the fire, and you may go to sleep, if you like," Bircham said. "See that Miss Sheila's slippers are warm, and everything out that she wants. They'll ring the bell when they come, but I don't expect they'll be home till quite morning."

Audrey glanced at the clock and sighed wearily; she sat down timidly on one of the richly covered chairs, and dictated to herself that she must not and should not go to sleep. Needless to say, before half an hour had gone, soothed by the warmth, the luxurious cushions at her back, and lulled by the silvery ticking of the clock, she was fast asleep, dreaming of Jean. All at once she was awakened, a bell went pealing through the silent house. She started from her cozy nook and rubbed her eyes. Nearly half past twelve! They were home early. She stood at attention, and went to open the door for Miss Fraser. There seemed to be some little confusion, and then Audrey heard a frank, determined voice.

"I tell you I'm going to carry you upstairs. I will not leave you till I see you safe in your room."
There was some murmured protest, and then Audrey perceived Jack Glendurwood, coming along as easily as possible, carrying Mrs. Fraser's slight form in his arms. He saw the girl in an instant.
"Which is the room?" he asked, quick to read and appreciate the sympathy in her great blue eyes.

She led the way and opened the door. Marshall was dozing by the fire.
"What is it?" she cried, starting up hurriedly; then, as she grasped the situation, "Ah, Miss Constance, I knew how it would be; you weren't fit for it, my lamb! Bring her here, my lord. I'm right thankful to you for carrying her up; she's as weak as an infant, that's what she is."
"Don't believe her, Jack," said Constance Fraser in her sweet, feeble voice.

She was lying back in a great wide chair, looking inexpressibly beautiful, though as white as a ghost, in her long, black velvet dress, with the rich Valenciennes lace about the neck.
Jack Glendurwood forced his arms and looked down at her gravely.
"Promise to go to bed at once," he said. "I shall not leave until I hear you are at rest."
"At rest?" A faint, bitter smile flickered across the pale lips, and then Mrs. Fraser stretched out her hand. "Good-night, my friend. Heaven bless you and thank you for your loving care of me. I—I am not worth it, Jack, dear; I am not worth it."

For answer he bent down and kissed the white hand, and then Mrs. Fraser caught sight of Audrey standing behind.
"It was no dream! It was no myth! Come to me, child! Ah, do not be frightened; I will not harm you. I will only kiss you, and gaze into your face."
Jack Glendurwood had turned with a start, and made way for Audrey to pass him. She moved slowly across to that black-robed form and knelt down. She was not frightened, only awed and strangely stirred.
"Lift up your eyes, Ah!" as Audrey obeyed her. "Child! Child! Who are you? What are you, with your face that comes up from the past?" She bent forward and touched the girl's brow with her lips; she clung to the girl's hands and a moan escaped her. Suddenly she released her hold, and her head dropped on her breast.

"Take her away, my lord!" cried Marshall, bending over her mistress. "She has got something on her mind! She has done nothing but talk of this child's face all day. It's only weakness, I fear. Poor Mrs. Constance!"
"Come," said Jack to Audrey, very gently.
As one in a dream she rose to her feet and followed him out of the room, and then, when she was outside, she burst into a flood of irrepressible, nervous tears, leaning against the wall, conscious of any one or anything but the strange, wild tumult and pain in her breast. Jack stood by in silence, but as her sobbing died away he put his hand gently on her shoulder.
"Poor child! Poor little child!" Then, as she lifted her tear-stained, eloquent loveliness to his face, he drew both her hands in his. "Don't cry, child!" he said, quickly. "I—I hate to see you cry. You seem very lonely; you are strange here. Come; shall we strike a bargain? You let me help you yesterday, you must let me help you again. Shall we be friends?"

"Friends, my lord?" she faltered. "You and I! Oh, it cannot be! I am only a servant, a charity girl, and you—"
"Are henceforth the friend of that charity girl," was his answer, and with that he bent and kissed her hands as he had just kissed Constance Fraser's and, with a tender smile and gentle "good-night" went slowly down the stairs and out of the house.
(To be continued.)

Sure to Jump.
Gunner—Always jump out of bed on time, eh? Have you a good alarm clock?
Guyer—Oh, I have something better than that. I have an automobile horn by my bed that toots by compressed air at a certain hour and then I jump five feet.
Strenuous Job.
"Has young Dudeleigh any occupation?" asked the dear girl's mother.
"Indeed he has," replied the d. g. "He's raising a mustache."