

## The Evolution of Household Remedies

The modern patent medicine business is the natural outgrowth of the old-time household remedies.

In the early history of this country, EVERY FAMILY HAD ITS HOME-MADE MEDICINES. Herb teas, biters, laxatives and tonics, were to be found in almost every house, compounded by the housewife, sometimes assisted by the apothecary or the family doctor. Such remedies as picra, which was aloe and quassia, dissolved in apple brandy. Sometimes a hop tonic, made of whiskey, hops and bitter barks. A score or more of popular, home-made remedies were thus compounded, the formulae for which were passed along from house to house, sometimes written, sometimes verbally communicated.

The patent medicine business is a natural outgrowth from this wholesome, old time custom. In the beginning, some enterprising doctor, impressed by the usefulness of one of these home-made remedies, would take it up, improve it in many ways, manufacture it on a large scale, advertise it mainly through almanacs for the home, and thus it would become used over a large area. LATTERLY THE HOUSEHOLD REMEDY BUSINESS TOOK A MORE EXACT AND SCIENTIFIC FORM.

Peruna was originally one of these old time remedies. It was used by the Mennonites, of Pennsylvania, before it was offered to the public for sale. Dr. Hartman, THE ORIGINAL COMPOUNDER OF PERUNA, is of Mennonite origin. First, he prescribed it for his neighbors and his patients. The sale of it increased, and at last he established a manufactory and furnished it to the general drug trade.

Peruna is useful in a great many climatic ailments, such as coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, and catarrhal diseases generally. THOUSANDS OF FAMILIES HAVE LEARNED THE USE OF PERUNA and its value in the treatment of these ailments. They have learned to trust and believe in Dr. Hartman's judgment, and to rely on his remedy, Peruna.

Seventeen persons in a hundred in the State of New York live to be over seventy years of age.

A man's heart beats 92,160 times a day.

### A MISSOURI WOMAN

Tells a Story of Awful Suffering and Wonderful Relief.

Mrs. J. D. Johnson, of 603 West Hickman St., Columbia, Mo., says:

"Following an operation two years ago, dropsy set in, and my left side was so swollen the doctor said he would have to tap out the water. There was constant pain and a gurgling sensation around my heart, and I could not raise my arm above my head. The kidney action was disordered and passages of the secretions too frequent. On the advice of my husband I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Since using two boxes my trouble has not reappeared. This is wonderful, after suffering two years."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## SKIN DISEASES HUMORS IN THE BLOOD

When the blood is pure, fresh and healthy, the skin will be soft, smooth and free from blemishes, but when some acid humor takes root in the circulation its presence is manifested by a skin eruption or disease. These humors get into the blood, generally because of an inactive or sluggish condition of the members of the body whose duty it is to collect and carry off the waste and refuse matter of the system. This unhealthy matter is left to sour and ferment and soon the circulation becomes charged with the acid poison. The blood begins to throw off the humors and acids through the pores and glands of the skin, producing Eczema, Acne, Tetter, Psoriasis, Salt Rheum and skin eruptions of various kinds. Eczema appears, usually with a slight redness of the skin followed by pustules from which there flows a sticky fluid that dries and forms a crust, and the itching is intense. It is generally on the back, breast, face, arms and legs, though other parts of the body may be affected. In Tetter the skin dries, cracks and bleeds; the acid in the blood dries up the natural oils of the skin, which are intended to keep it soft and pliant, causing a dry, feverish condition and giving it a hard, leathery appearance. Acne makes its appearance on the face in the form of pimples and black heads, while Psoriasis comes in scaly patches on different parts of the body. One of the worst forms of skin trouble is Salt Rheum; its favorite point of attack is the scalp, sometimes causing baldness. Poison Oak and Ivy are also disagreeable types of skin disease. The humor producing the trouble lies dormant in the blood through the winter to break out and torment the sufferer with the return of Spring. The best treatment for all skin diseases is S. S. S. It neutralizes the acids and removes the humors so that the skin instead of being irritated and diseased, is nourished by a supply of fresh, healthy blood. External applications of salves, washes, lotions, etc., while they soothe the itching caused by skin affections, can never cure the trouble

I suffered with Eczema for forty years and could find nothing to cure me until I tried S. S. S. I suffered intensely with the itching and burning; pustules would form from which there flowed a sticky fluid; crusts would come on the skin and when scratched off the skin was left as raw as a piece of beef. I suffered agony in the long years I was afflicted, but when I used S. S. S. I found a perfect cure. There has never been any return of the trouble.

C. H. EVANS, Stockman, Neb.

# S.S.S.

PURELY VEGETABLE

because they do not reach the blood. S. S. S. goes down into the circulation and forces out every particle of foreign matter and restores the blood to its normal, pure condition, thereby permanently curing every form of skin affection. Book on Skin Diseases and any medical advice desired sent free to all who write. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class drug stores.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

### His Best Answer.

The meekest kind of a little boy joined a Sunday school class in a West Philadelphia church. He did not know the other scholars and appeared nervous, half-scared and ready to cry at any second. The teacher, however, treated him kindly and the lessons proceeded without any outburst. After a short reading from the Bible the teacher began to question the pupils on their last lessons and asked:

"Who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

As no one answered she looked from boy to boy. At last her gaze rested on the new boy. He started guiltily and said, between sobs:

"It wasn't me, honest, teacher. I just moved here last week from Ohio."—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Oldest House in New York.

The oldest house in New York State is situated at the lower end of Staten Island in Tottenville. It is known as the "Billogg house," and was built in 1668. The Duke of York presented Captain Christopher Billogg with a tract of land on Staten Island, whereon he built this stone mansion, which still overlooks the waters of Raritan. That it was well built its survival during 238 years attests. In it have been many notable gatherings, and here was held the peace conference. During the revolution Billogg's descendants were loyalists, and the famous generals of the British were entertained at the old house.

**FITS** permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE 42 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, M.D., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

### Mexican Church Legends.

Queretaro was a town before the Spanish conquest and was made a city in 1655. A legend of Queretaro is that an Otomite chief, Fernando de Tapia by name, undertook to convert the city to Christianity in a way that seems novel to us, but was common enough to his day. He came from Tula with a challenge to the people of Queretaro to a fair stand up fight. If he won, the people surviving were to be baptized. The challenge was accepted, but while the fight was in progress a dark cloud came up and the blessed Santiago was seen in the heavens with a fiery cross, whereupon the people of Queretaro gave up and were baptized. They set up a stone cross to commemorate the event on the site of the present church of Santa Cruz. There is scarcely a church in Mexico which has not a legend of this kind attached to it.

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

There are 252,436 miles of ocean cable in use.

### Accounted For.

"Your wife doesn't worry about you when you are sick nearly so much now as she did when you were first married."

"Nope."

"Hard to account for woman's vagaries, isn't it?"

"Not in this case; I have my life insured now and I did not then."—Houston Post.

A "Guild of Tubalines" has been formed in an English Episcopal church. Its special business is to keep bright the brass gas fixtures of the church.

At the government station Lulea, in Sweden, experiments are being made to secure varieties of plants not likely to be injured by frost.

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

### CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

Next day, about lunch time, the countess, her children and attendants, arrived, with much clatter and importance. Sheila—by accident, of course—was just coming down the stairs as Lady Daleswater was ascending them.

There was a mutual start, and then a cordial greeting. Sheila was looking wonderfully pretty in her long sealskin mantle, her ruddy, golden hair making a bit of bright color beneath her neat hat to match. Lady Daleswater was pleased to approve of her probable future sister-in-law.

"You here, Miss Fraser?" she exclaimed. "This is quite a delightful surprise. I pictured you in Mountberry, enjoying yourself."

"I was compelled to come to London on business matters, and," Sheila added, with a tiny sigh that did not escape Lady Daleswater's keen ears, "Mountberry is not particularly lively just now."

"Can you give me any news of my brother—is he really so dangerously hurt? Mamma is such an alarmist, you know."

Sheila assumed a sad, anxious look, although in reality she was not aware exactly how Jack was at that particular moment, and had never been very much frightened even at the verdict of the London doctors.

"I am afraid he is very ill," she said in a low voice.

Lady Daleswater did not seem much impressed.

"I hope you are not returning home immediately? No? Oh, that is delightful, and still more delightful that you should be staying here. You must come in and dine with me to-night. Mrs. Fraser is with you?"

Sheila explained that her chaperone was her cousin, Mrs. Watson.

"We shall remain in London for a little while," she said, "and I hope to see a great deal of you. Perhaps I may be able to prevail on you to come down to Daleswater House when I go back there. It will be very dull, my dear Sheila; but—"

But "my dear Sheila" would have gladly welcomed months of dullness to get such an invitation as this. Her spirits rose brilliantly, and she laid herself out to please Lady Daleswater.

Three days later the Earl of Daleswater arrived in London, and immediately, at his wife's instigation, went down to Mountberry to see how matters were, and the very same afternoon, as Sheila sat yawning over a novel by the fire, the door opened and Beverley Rochfort was announced. She started up eagerly to greet him.

"Where have you been? I thought you were never coming back," she declared.

"I have been busy," he said. "I have not been wasting time, I assure you. You wonder what took me out of London? Well, I will tell you. I went down to soothe the last moments of Roderick Anstruther. Yes, it sounds curious, doesn't it? But Fate for some strange reason brought this man to our rescue just when we needed him."

"How can he help us?" asked Sheila, incredulously, although her face was flushing with excitement. "More especially if, as I understand you to infer, he is now dead."

"You shall see, Miss Fraser. Anstruther met me out in Africa; he then went under another name. I always liked the man, there was something grim yet wonderful about him. When he found I was coming to England he gave me a packet of papers to bring to his lawyers; before delivering them I took the precaution of sounding these lawyers first, and as easily as possible I soon discovered my companion's real name. Needless to say, I did not deliver the papers, more especially when I found that Anstruther was in England, and supposed to be dying—he had evidently found his end coming, and rushed over to see Mrs. Fraser before he died. I at once traveled off to seek him, and, of course, had to tell a few dozen lies or so to explain why I had done so. Fortunately, the man was too ill to protest or question much; all he asked, all he wanted, was to see Constance Fraser, and confess the truth of his treachery toward her and his brother."

"And you call this helping us, Mr. Rochfort?"

"As Roderick is dead, and did not confess to Mrs. Fraser, I certainly do. To please him I drew up a sort of written statement, to which he managed to scrawl his name just at the very last. Here is the document. Shall I tell you what it contains, Miss Fraser?"

Sheila nodded her head.

"This is the last dying confession of Roderick Anstruther, in which he owns to having separated his brother from his wife for sheer malice, in which he also confesses that his brother's child did really die, and that the girl now living is the offspring of a secret marriage between himself and some country woman."

"And she is that really?" Sheila asked.

"No, certainly not. Audrey, according to her uncle's dying confession, is the child of Frank and Constance Anstruther. You forget, I am reading what I wrote, not what Roderick Anstruther told me to write."

"Well?" the girl said after this, as her brow cleared.

"This document then goes on to will the whole of the dead man's fortune and possessions to this aforesaid child of his on one condition, viz., that she become my wife before six months elapse;

if she refuses, she is to be placed once more in the Female Orphan Asylum till some definite and equally disagreeable abode is found for her. You will see that I have been very careful and very explicit, Miss Fraser. I have left nothing undone that can possibly help us."

"You forget, she may always refuse," Sheila said, gloomily. "This is not what I had expected."

"I am not so nervous of failure," Beverley returned. "Audrey will be a rich woman if she becomes my wife, and her lot will not be an enviable one if she refuses."

"There is Mrs. Fraser to be faced."

"Mrs. Fraser will cease to have any guardianship over the girl when this document is read."

"Who will be her guardian?" asked Sheila.

"I am left the one sole and entire guardian of Miss Audrey Anstruther. To deceive him was easy, to explain to the lawyers a trifle more difficult; but it was soon done. When you peruse this paper carefully you will see that the reason Roderick Anstruther reposes such trust in me is because a few years ago I saved his life at the risk of my own, and because we were firm and never parted friends out in Africa together. I give myself great credit for those two lies, Miss Fraser; they come in so neatly, and they carry the day, you see."

Sheila looked at him quietly. She was much impressed, yet not quite satisfied.

"As you invented so quickly and easily, why did you not put in some clause about her being forbidden to marry any one but you?" she asked.

"The time was so brief; at any moment the lawyers might have come down. Considering all things, I have worked wonders. Remember, I am her sole and entire guardian, and I, for my part, do not fear success."

They were suddenly interrupted by a sharp knock at the door, the handle was turned, and Lady Daleswater swept in.

Her face was very white, her lips compressed and pale; in her hand was crumpled a telegram. Sheila ran to meet her quickly.

"Dear Lady Daleswater, what is the matter?" she cried.

"This is from my husband. My brother John has disgraced himself and his family. Instead of lying at the point of death, he has married your stepmother's supposed daughter. He has tied himself and his honorable name for life to a wretched charity girl!"

### CHAPTER XIII.

If she lived to be a hundred years, Audrey would never forget that scene. Her mother had come back from Craighlands deeply moved and agitated; and the girl's great, sorrowful eyes had asked the question her frozen lips could not frame.

Constance Fraser had drawn the slender form to her arms without a word at first. Words, indeed, were not easy. It was a strange thing that had happened; her brain reeled every now and then as it all came back to her. Constance Fraser kissed the sweet, quivering lips.

"Jack wants you; he wants you to stay with him always. Do you understand me, my darling?"

"He wants me to nurse him?" Audrey said simply, her every limb quivering with eagerness to be gone.

"To nurse, comfort and love him!" The mother's hand stroked back the soft locks. "Audrey, he has asked me to give you to him, as his wife."

A flood of color burned on each pale cheek, and then the girl paled ashen white again.

"As his wife?" she repeated, slowly; and then, more quickly, "Does he want me now?"

"As soon as every arrangement can be made, my own dearest. Does this frighten you, Audrey?"

"No," she said, almost inaudibly. "If he wishes it, that is right. I am glad!" Then, catching suddenly at the two slender hands held out to her, "Mother, can I see him soon?"

"You shall go to him to-morrow, my darling. It will not do to excite him too much. The marriage ceremony will take place to-morrow, we hope. You, too, must rest and take care of yourself, my lily flower, my darling."

Audrey sat down as in a stupor. She did not half realize what was going to happen; she only knew that in a few short hours she would see him again, her hero, her beloved; that was joy enough to daze her; she could not grasp the fullness of it all at once.

It was his hand that clasped hers, and yet how changed. Audrey could not see the pale, weak, clear face for the mist of tears that rose before her eyes. The girl suffered a great shock at sight of him she loved lying prostrate on his pillow, barely able to speak or to smile. The duchess had kissed Audrey tenderly.

"She is lovely! Perfectly beautiful!" she had said to Constance Fraser. "No wonder my poor boy loves her so deeply."

Mr. Thorngate read the service, and Mrs. Thorngate stood with the others round the bed.

Dr. Sentance was close at hand; he watched his patient narrowly. Certainly it almost looked as if the small flicker of life must suddenly go out. The pulse was very weak, the heart's action uneven, yet the doctor knew that if human will would carry a much-desired point, Lord John Glendurwood would, with the latest

breath, speak the words that made Audrey his wife.

In whispers, weak in voice, strong in purpose, John Glendurwood spoke his marriage vows.

Audrey repeated the words she was bid to utter in a dim, mechanical fashion. She woke for an instant as her lover's feeble hand tried to push the ring over the little finger, but after that she was conscious of nothing save that the face before her grew paler and paler, his hands weaker in their hold. As the rector pronounced the benediction, the duchess gave a cry.

"He is gone! He is dead! My Jack! My boy!"

The brisk, kind-hearted little doctor read the conditions in a moment.

"We must not have you fainting, too, Lady John," he said, sharply. "Come, hold the bottle to your husband's nose, and pass your hand slowly across his brow. I expect you to help me, you know. A great deal depends on you now. It is passing. Complete and utter exhaustion. Now, Lady John, I want you to kneel down, so that your husband can see you the first thing he opens his eyes."

Audrey obeyed him instantly. The faintest flicker of life was visible in the drawn, white face.

"Bend down and kiss him," commanded Dr. Sentance.

A flush spread over the girl's beautiful face. She did not hesitate; stooping, she pressed her fresh, sweet lips to those dry, parched ones. A low cry escaped the sick man.

"Audrey, it—is you—no dream—my own darling—"

Dr. Sentance nodded his head again, and then he lifted Audrey from her knees.

"Now, Lady John," he said, authoritatively, "your duty is not nearly ended; you are to sit here and watch your husband. Don't let him speak, only now and then moisten his lips with a little of this liquid. Let him see you and know you are here. You will be the best doctor for him, after all."

So saying, Dr. Sentance moved out of the room, and beckoned Mrs. Thorngate to follow him.

"Well?" she asked, breathlessly, once outside.

"I do not say for certain, but my belief is he will live," was the doctor's reply.

### CHAPTER XIV.

All through the night and late into the following day, Audrey sat like a statue beside her husband's bed. Toward evening he had sunk into a deep, silent sleep.

"It will be his salvation," declared Dr. Sentance to the duchess and Constance Fraser, as they sat together in poor Lord Iverne's room. "Nothing could be better."

"Oh, Dr. Sentance! Then there is really some hope?" cried the poor mother, her haggard face lighting up into something like its former self.

Two days later the Earl of Daleswater came down to Mountberry unexpectedly. He was a plain, weak, inordinately conceited man, who was ruled entirely by his wife, and he held forth on the impropriety of this terrible marriage in a manner worthy of his wife herself.

"Now that you are quite finished, George," said the duchess coldly, "I think the best thing you can do is to return to London and Gladys as soon as possible."

"Am I to understand that you turn me out?" he asked furiously. "Do you forget who I am?"

"I think it is I who should ask that question, Lord Daleswater," the duchess replied, rearing her head with dignity. "You have addressed me in a manner which I would never tolerate from my nearest and dearest. You have been pleased to pass censure on my actions, and vilify a young and lovely young girl who is my son's wife, and against whom neither you nor any one else can launch a single objection save that she has had an unhappy childhood, and that she is poor. My daughter Gladys should congratulate herself on the result of her schooling; you are an apt pupil, my lord."

"Your grace will please to understand that from to-day all intercourse between yourself and my wife is at an end," the little man went on, getting quite insolent in his anger.

The duchess made no sign while her son-in-law ran on in his infuriated and insolent manner, but as the door opened and he came to an abrupt end, she turned on him.

"The carriage is ready, Lord Daleswater; you have really no time to lose."

Lord Daleswater's brows turned purple with suppressed fury; rage, insults rushed to his lips; but somehow the sight of the tall, commanding woman, regal in bearing and dignity, and the quick sense that she had conquered him, carried the moment without a word or sign; he turned and strode out of the room.

(To be continued.)

### Sudden Lift.

"How did you get up here?" asked St. Peter. "I didn't send for you."

The much battered man rubbed the dust from his eyes.

"I stepped in front of a racing automobile and it sent me sky high," he said simply.

"Admitted!" said St. Peter, sympathetically, as he turned the key.

### Beginning of the Trouble.

Mrs. Newed—Did you really mean it when you said my pies were just like those your mother used to make.

Newed—Yes, dear. And you know I ran away from home when I was a boy.

### The Crying Need.

"Those people keep twelve servants."

"Gracious! I wish they'd tell me how I could keep one."—Houston Post.