ALL HAIL PE-RU-NA. A Case of

STOMACH CATARRH. MARY OBRIEN

Miss Mary O'Brien, 306 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:
"Peruna cured me in five weeks of

catarrh of the stomach, after suffering for four years and doctoring without effect. In common with other grateful ones who have been benefited by your discovery, I say, All hail to Pe-

Mr. H. J. Henneman, Oakland, Neb., writes: "I waited before writing to you about my sickness, catarrh of the stomach, which I had over a

would not stay cured, but I am sure that I am cured, for I do not feel any more ill effect, have a good appetite and am getting fat. So I am, and will may to all, I am cured for good. "I thank you for your kindness.

Peruna will be our house medicine

Catarrh of the stomach is also known in common parlance as dyspepsia, gastritis and indigestion. No medicine will be of any permanent benefit except it remove the catarrhal condition.

Gained Strength and Flesh.

Mise Julia Butler, R. R. 4, Appleton, Wis., writes she had catarrh of the stomach, causing loss of sleep and appetite, with frequent severe pains after eating. She took Peruna, her appetite returned, she gained strength, flesh and perfect health.

Hopeless.

"He's about the poorest actor I ever saw," said the first theatrical manager, "a regular ham."

"Perhaps," remarked the other, "he'll get over his faults in time."

"Not much. He's a ham that can't be cured."-Philadelphia Press.

PURELY VEGETABLE

making Cloth from Paper

"To the ingenuity of Herr Emil Claviez, a well-known Saxon inventor and manufacturer, is due the production of a paper yarn termed "Zylolin," that has been successfully used in a wide range of textile fabrics." So writes Frank N. Bauskett in the Technical World Magazine.

"The utilization of paper wood fibre in this practical way and the extreme cheapness of the new material compared with other yarns now in use is really a most remarkable achievement. This is not a hapbazacd discovery, but rather the logical result of years of painstaking study and experimentation. After the final development of the theory at first in mind into tangible material for all manner of uses in textile industries, the paper thread and yarn, loose or tightly spun, of all thicknesses, have since been woven into almost every conceivable fabric and tested and retested until the invention has become an important commercial success. The paper yarn has extraordinary wearing properties, and as the full scope of its usefulness has probably not been determined, it will, in all likelihood, lend to puzzle himself about it. itself to other purposes yet to be discovered."

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

His Change of Front.

"My view of coeducation," he said, firmly, "is that it should be forbidden. It is deleterious to mental development. It leads to-

"John," said his wife, entering unexpectedly, "are you telling Mr. Smith of in obedience to his instructions, produced the dear old days when we were college

"Y-yes," said John. - Philadelphia

FITS St. Vitus' Dance and all Nervous Diseases Nerve Restorer, Send for FREE 2 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kilne, Ld., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Hotel Keys.

"I suppose," said a guest, "a good many forgetful people go off with hotel keys?

"This will show you," said the clerk. And he took from a drawer the following printed slip:

"The manager of the Blank Hotel acknowledges with thanks the return of had been consigned to the same address key No. -, which Mr. -, by oversight three days before. The third set was carried away on departure."

So many keys, the young man explained, were mailed by forgetful guests it had been deemed advisable, as a time saving device, to have a key acknowledgment printed .- New Orleans Times-Democrat.

California's State library has been placed under civil service rules. It is the first department of the State government to which those rules have been ap-



CHAPTER XVIII.—(Continued.)

"It will be expensive," he mused What of that? They would give a million to have him. He knows everything He is the mainspring of everything."

He finished his plans and went to a cheap upholsterer's. There he ordered a triple supply of everything he had noted down, one set to be sent to his own address in London, the two others to be packed separately in stout crates for transport by rail.

The tradesman thought the order curious; but the foreign gentleman who gave it having paid twenty pounds down, and undertaking to pay the rest when the goods were ready for delivery, he forbore

In three or four days' time the old furniture was removed from Mr. Zeno's apartment, and the new furniture, glossy, new, and sticky as to the woodwork, and flaringly vulgar as to pictures, carpet, mirrors, curtains and hearthrugs, was all arranged in its place. When everything was arranged, Mr. Zeno, whose landlady had begun to think him eccentric, did a thing even more curious than the wanton and unnecessary refurnishing of his rooms had seemed. He walked out one morning and returned with a pale young man, who, a water-color sketch-book, a tube each of Chinese white and sepia, and a camel's hair pencil or two, and began to make a stiffly accurate and ugly sketch of one of the walls of Mr. Zeno's chamber.

The pale artist made a drawing of every one of the eight walls, and when they were done and paid for the spy himself drew a plan of the two rooms, numbered the drawing in correspondence with the walls. When he had done this he made up the eight drawings and the plan into a neat packet, addressed it to a confederate in Calais, and registered it at the postoffice. One of the three sets of furniture, with wall paper, carpet, curtains, plaster casts, mirrors and chromos consigned to a gentleman of Mr. Zeno's own profession in Vienna, and Austin Farley's plan was in a fair way to be realized.

CHAPTER XIX.

If Fraser had been given to the analysis of his own spiritual symptoms, he might have been a little surprised to discover how aromatic and tonic a draught he had imbibed in learning to hate O'Rourke.

"I've a bit of news," he said one day to Maskelyne. "Maybe ye'll be able to guess why I bring it. O'Rourke's going

to be married." 'Yes?" said Maskelyne, quietly. Fraser's bit of news was like a stab to him, but he was not the sort of man to make

a show of his pain.
"He's engaged to a friend of yours," said Fraser. "It was you that introduced

him to her." "I think not," returned Maskelyne. "Ye did, though," cried Fraser. "I got the news from Mrs. Farley, and she got

purity and richness we are assured of perfect and uninterrupted health; Lecause pure blood is nature's safe-guard against disease. When, however, the body is fed on weak, impure or polluted blood, the system is deprived of its strength, disease germs collect, and the trouble is manifested in various it from the lady herself." "I introduced O'Rourke to an American lady here," said Maskelyne, rising from his seat involuntarily—"a Mrs.

Spry."

"That's what I'm telling ye," said Fraser. "They're going to be married." Maskelyne sat down again without a word. Hector O'Rourke is going to be married to the Mrs. Spry to whom you introduced him a month or two ago. There's no sort avenues of bodily waste, leaves the refuse and waste matters to sour and form uric and other acids, which are taken up by the blood and distributed of humbug or nonsense about it, for it's a fact."

"I can hardly believe it," returned Maskelyne.

"Ye don't seem to be woildly delight ed," said Fraser, "after all. I thought ye'd skip like a young he goat upon the mountains."

are so unfortunate as to inherit bad blood, perhaps the dregs of some old constitutional disease of ancestors is handed down to them and they are constantly annoyed and troubled with it. Bad blood is the source of all dis-"I am very much obliged to you, indeed," Maskelyne answered. "I will go and see O'Rourke," he added, with an air of sudden decision and awakening.

"Well," said Fraser, rubbing his hands and beaming, "the interview ought to be a pleasant one. I'll not keep ye from it a moment. I'll say good-morning."

The two shook hands on the pavement in front of the hotel, and Fraser stood there to watch Maskelyne as he stepped into a cab and drove away.

"Now," said Fraser, nodding and smiling to himself, "that's not moy oydoyal of an ardent lover. But there's spoke number nine in your wheel, Hector, me boy; and there's another or two in the course of manufacture."

Maskelyne wandered about in his own home-made labyrinth until he had quite made up his mind that there was no way out of it, or through it. But finally he packed up a portmanteau, took the tidal train and carried his cobwebs to Brussels. There they were just as strong and unbreakable as ever, and even when, a day or two later, he carried them to Janenne, they seemed to bind him in like strands of steel. But being actually at Janenne, he found that he had added a new perplexity to the old ones. He was still as far as ever from seeing his way to Houfoy, but he saw quite clearly that it was impossible not to go.

The day was inclining toward its close and there was a sense of ease in the wide fields to which he was not altogether insensible, foolishly broken up and down in spirit as he was. The fields were more inviting than the road in many ways, not least perhaps, because they offered fewer chances of encounter.

Sauntering in this downcast and irresolute mood, he found himself suddenly charged by a troop of half a dozen dogs, who all leaped and bayed about him, with demonstrations of welcome. Following them, a gun under his arm, appeared the major, and behind the major an attendant, who bore the dead bodies of a pair of well-grown foxes.

"Hillo I" cried the major cheerily, while yet a hundred yards away. "How are you, old fellow? Upon my word, I'm glad to see you. How's O'Rourke?'

"He was in health when I saw him last," said Maskelyne, on whose nerves the mention of his wicked rival grated.

The major had not many people to talk to at Houfoy, and the unrestricted use of his native language was like a treat to him. He did not notice Maskelyne's silence until he had exhausted his own budget of news and had made his final reflection upon its contents. By that time it began to strike him that Maskelyne's manner was unusually subdued and serious.

"I say," he exclaimed, stopping short and turning to face the young American, "you're not looking very bright, just now.

"No," returned Maskelyne, "I have been very well. Major Butler, I wanted to say a word to you upon a topic of great moment to myself."

"Yes?" said the major, facing him, and transferring his gun from one arm to the other.

"You are Miss Butler's guardian," said Maskelyne; and this time the major's heart bumped, for he saw what was coming. "I have to ask your permission to approach your niece with an offer of mar-

"My dear Maskelyne," said Butler, almost as hurriedly as if he had feared the offer might be retracted, "I am delighted to hear you say so, and I wish you luck." "I am right in assuming that Miss Butler is free?" asked Maskelyne.

"Certainly," said Butler, "certainly. She's only a child. Never had a proposal in her life. I thought you had something of this kind on your mind when you were here before. That is, I fancied you might have. Will you speak to her yourself, or shall I?"

Before Maskelyne could reply Angela herself appeared at the edge of her favorite pine wood-at the identical spot, if anybody had known it, at which O'Rourke had been detected by Dobroski in the act of embracing the pretty widow. Maskelyne raised his hat and Angela came forward to meet them.

"I will speak for myself," said the lover in an undertone, "if you will allow

"Of course," replied the major, "of course.

He began to beam with triumph and complacency. Angela, blushing and pale by turns, walked toward them at so slow tant. She shook hands with enforced smile.

"You have finished your business in England?" she asked. "Welcome to Hou-

"Look here, Maskelyne," said the major; "you'll excuse me for just a minute, I know." With that he turned tail and bolted triumphantly, and Maskelyne stood holding the girl's hand in his own. She made a little attempt to withdraw it, but he insisted on retaining it, and she let it rest.

"I had no business in England," said Maskelyne; "but I was afraid to come back." "Afraid?"

"I don't know how I found the courage to come at all," he answered. "But I had to come." Angela made another little movement to withdraw her hand, but he held it still. "Miss Butler, I love you; and I am here to ask you if you

Miss Butler bent her head and said nothing; but he was not to be beaten

will be my wife."

now by anything short of sheer defeat. "I never thought of marriage until I saw you," he pursued; "and if you say no, I'll go away at once, and be no more trouble to you. I'm a worthless goodfor-nothing sort of a fellow, and I've never done anything but loaf about and spend other people's earnings; but I think I should be a better man if you took me in hand. If I didn't believe so I should be too much ashamed to dare to ask you. Will you try me, Miss Butler? I should have one merit. I don't believe anybody was ever so dear to anybody else as you are to me."

Still Miss Butler bent her head and said nothing. He took her hand in both his own.

"Angela," he said, "do you send me way again? Am I to go back?" "No," said Angela, in an almost inaudible whisper.

CHAPTER XX.

The question of settlements took the whole party to London, and in London Angela called upon the Farleys. Lucy was delighted with the news of the approaching marriage. She and Angela were very confidential together, and suited each other perfectly. Lucy had taken a peculiar and tender interest in the young woman's love affairs, and had brought her husband to a quarrel with his oldest friend concerning them. It was hardly in nature that O'Rourke should be left out of their talk.

"I saw from the very first that Mr.

and I thought you cared for him. But I was afraid at one time that you would lose each other. The course of true love does not always run smooth, and Mr. Maskelyne is very delicate and rather self-distrustful.

"It was my own fault," said Angels, with a blush, "if we were in danger of

misunderstanding each other."
"No, my dear," returned Lucy, with gentle decision. "It was the fault of a third person. Poor little Mrs. Spry ought to be saved from that mercenary wretch."

It was not easy to see what could be done but to leave the patriot to his base triumph and the poor little widow to her inevitable sufferings. But it happened that when Angela had gone away, Fraser strolled in; and since Fraser had begun to hate O'Rourke, nothing had pleased him so much as to talk about his enemy. He talked about him now, and Lucy, who was full of the new proof of O'Rourke's wickedness, related it, binding Fraser to solemn secrecy.

"You see," she said, "that nothing can be done; but everything shows how badly he has acted. Nobody can tell Mrs. Spry. You know perhaps what women are, Mr. Fraser. They are very blind about these things, and they do not thank anybody who tries to open their eyes. It would only make her very unhappy, and she would still go on her own way.

"'Tis like enough," said Fraser, but he smiled ineffably, and shook his head with a wonderful blending of complacency and pity. "Where's the poor deluded thing livin'?" he asked, smilingly.

Lucy told him, and he wagged his head up and down, this time with a smile that had a suggestion of anticipatory triumph in it. Very shortly afterward he took his leave, and all the way home he smiled. Home reached, he sat down at his deak

and wrote this letter: "My Dear Madame-If I leave this letter unsigned it is not because I desire to shelter myself behind the shield of darkness which the writer of libel occasionally finds useful. It is because I know enough of human nature to be aware of the fact that an unsigned communication is always read and remembered. If you will show this to Mr. Hector O'Rourke-if you feel that your happiness in any way depends upon it-why he resigned his pretensions to the hand of Miss Butler, of Houfoy, near Janenne. Ask him why he quarreled with his friend Mr. Maskelyne, and why he does not repay that gentleman the money he owes him. Ask him who wrote this letter, and why the writer His Implacable Enemy."

"Postscriptum.-You may tell Mr. O'Rourke that if he chooses to seek an exposure in the law courts, I shall not shrink from the ordeal, or deny my handwriting, which he knows as well as I know him. You may ask him what that means, also."

"I'll teach the sneaking villain to play false with me," said Fraser. nothing sneaking in that, anyway," he added, surveying his own work admiring-

And with this conclusion he walked out and with his own hands posted the letter.

Mrs. Spry had taken, for what remained of the season, a small furnished house in Park Lane. Fraser had written and posted his letter on a Wednesday afternoon, and on the evening of that same Wednesday Mrs. Spry had been dressed with unusual care and splendor. She had dined alone rather early, and after dinner had surrendered herself to the hands of her maid with full intent to look her best, for she was certain to meet Hector in the course of the evening, and was quite resolved to eclipse any possible

While she was at the very flush of these fancies her maid brought her Fraser's letter. If the writer of the letter had known what he was dong he would certainly have spared her, for though he was thick-skinned, and upon occasion thick-headed enough, he was by no means a brute, and only a brute could willfully and knowingly have tortured anything, as Fraser now tortured his enemy's fiancee. He had shot his arrow at his foe without so much as thinking that it must pass through this feeble and tender bosom before it could reach him.

Mrs. Spry read the letter with a helpless terror and dismay. Her little white teeth clicked with hysteric passion, and her little white hands clinched and shook before her so dreadfully that the maid was scared, and retreated before her. She cast herself anew upon the couch with all her costly finery crumpled and disarranged, and cried herself into a mood of stony disregard for everything. It took nearly an hour to do this, and by the time it was done the big eyes were all puffed and swollen, and her cheeks were scalded with tears.

"When," gasped the little woman finally-"when did this come?" "This afternoon, madam," responded the maid.

"Order the carriage!" cried Mrs. Spry, hastily gathering her opera cloak, fan and glasses in a reckless handful. She snatched the letter from the table and faced the maid, panting.

"The carriage is waiting," the maid replied; "but really, ma'am-

(To be continued.)

The Village Gossips.

Silas Hardacre-Yes, every Tuesday and Thursday night is "ripping-up night" with the Ladies' Sewing Social in this town.

City Drummer-Indeed! And what do they rip up?

Silas Hardapple-Carpet rags, pedigrees and the absent members.

In After Years, Anxious Mother-Little Bobble cries for the moon every night. I don't know

what to do about it.

Old Doctor-Oh, he'll outgrow that in time. When he grows up he will Maskelyne cared for you," said Lucy; | forget the moon and want the earth.

year ago. "There were people who told me it classmates?" Ledger.

THE SOURCE OF ALL DISEASE

strength. When this life stream is flowing through the system in a state of

ways. Pustular eruptions, pimples, rashes and the different skin affections

show that the blood is in a feverish and diseased condition as a result of too

much acid or the presence of some irritating humor. Sores and Ulcers are

the result of morbid, unhealthy matter in the blood, and Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Contagious Blood Poison, etc., are all deep-seated blood

disorders that will continue to grow worse as long as the poison remains.

These impurities and poisons find their way into the blood in various ways.

Often a sluggish, inactive condition of the system, and torpid state of the

throughout the circulation. Coming in contact with contagious diseases is

another cause for the poisoning of the blood; we also breathe the germs and

microbes of Malaria into our lungs, and when these get into the blood in

sufficient quantity it becomes a carrier of disease instead of health. Some

case, and until this vital fluid is cleansed and purified the body is sure to

suffer in some way. For blood troubles of any character S. S. S. is the best

remedy ever discovered. It goes down into the circulation and removes any

and all poisons, supplies the healthful properties it needs, and completely and permanently cures blood diseases of

slightest trace of the trouble for future outbreaks. The whole volume of blood is renewed and cleansed after a course of S. S. S. It is also nature's

greatest tonic, made entirely of roots, herbs and barks, and is absolutely harmless to any part of the system. S. S. S. is for sale at all first class

trug stores. Book on the blood and any medical advice free to all who write.

DOUGLAS

THE REASON W. L. Douglas shoes are worn by more people in all walks of life than any other make, is because of their excellent style, easy-fitting, and superior wearing qualities. The selection of the leather; and other materials for each part of the shoe, and every detail of the making is looked after by the most completeorganization of superintendents, foremenand skilled shoemakers, who receive the highest wages paid in the shoe industry, and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

The selection of the leather; wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

The selection of the leather; wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

The selection of the leather; and other making is looked after by the most complete of the leather; wear longer and are of greater value than any other make.

The selection of the leather; and other making is looked after by the most complete of the leather; wear longer and whose workmanship cannot be excelled.

If I could take you into my large factories at Brockton, Mass., and show you how carefully W. L. Douglas name and price stamped on bottom. Take the leather was a superior of the leather was a

\$3.00 & \$3.50 SHOES THE WORLD SHOES FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, AT ALL PRICES.

\$25,000 To any one who can prove W. L. Douglas does not make & soll more Men's \$3.2 \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer.

every kind. The action of S. S. S. is so

thorough that hereditary taints are removed

and weak, diseased blood made strong and

healthy so that disease cannot remain. It

cures Rheumatism, Catarrh, Scrofula, Sores

and Ulcers, Skin Diseases, Contagious

Blood Poison, etc., and does not leave the

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Every part of the body is dependent on the blood for nourishment and