

MISS LEOPOLD, SECRETARY LIEDERKRANZ

Writes: "Three Years Ago My System Was in a Run-Down Condition. I Owe to Peruna My Restoration to Health and Strength."



Miss Ricka Leopold, 173 Main Street, Menasha, Wis., Sec'y Liederkranz, writes: "Three years ago my system was in a terrible run-down condition and I was broken out all over my body. I began to be worried about my condition and I was glad to try anything which would relieve me. "Peruna was recommended to me as a fine blood remedy and tonic, and I soon found that it was worthy of praise. "A few bottles changed my condition materially and in a short time I was all over my trouble. "I owe to Peruna my restoration to health and strength. I am glad to endorse it."

Peruna Restores Strength.
Mrs. Hettie Green, R. R. 4, Iuka, Ill., writes: "I had catarrh and felt miserable. I began the use of Peruna and began to improve in every way. My head does not hurt me so much, my appetite is good and I am gaining in flesh and strength."

A Luxury.
Two gentlemen dining in a New York restaurant were surprised to find on the bill of fare, the item, "green bluefish."

"Walter," one asked, "what sort of bluefish are green bluefish?"

"Fresh—right from the water," said the waiter, offhand.

"Nonsense!" said the man. "You know well enough that you do not take bluefish at this season."

The waiter came up and looked at the disputed item.

"Oh, that, sir!" he said, with an air of enlightenment. "That's hothouse bluefish, sir."

His Hard Luck.
"Yes," said Mrs. Herbig, pressing a damp handkerchief to her eyes, "he's an unfortunate man, me Cousin Celia's man is. If I ever there any chance of a good thing he's always a little to waste side. If it hadn't been for that he'd be in his home now, instead of in the hospital, ma'am."

"Why, I understood that Timothy stepped backward off the staging and fell clear to the ground," said the district visitor, sympathetic but puzzled.

"He did," said Mrs. Herbig, with a fresh burst of tears, "but if he'd fell a bit more to the right, there would have been a great pile of bricks, and it would have broke his fall, anyway."

Why He Didn't Show.
"Has that new friend of yours any business ability?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, it doesn't show on the surface."

"No, he's an official of the underground railway."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Books All Right.
The steamer was to leave in an hour, and Mrs. Lapsing was in a hurry of preparation.

"Mother," asked one of the children, "where are the books we want to read while we're on the boat?"

"Never mind the books," she said, with her mouth full of hairpins. "They're all packed in your father's esophagus."

In Two.
"Where's the box constructor forty feet long that you've got painted on the sign out in front?" demanded the visitor at the dime museum.

"This is wash day, and we're using him for a clothes line," explained the Circassian beauty.

No Trick at All.
Candy Dunn—Do you take any stock in the story that a man engraved the entire alphabet on the head of a pin?"

Y. Knott—Certainly. He could have engraved the ten commandments on it. It was a coupling pin. Ring off.

Could Not Keep Up.
Broken Down, Like Many Another Woman, With Exhausting Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. A. Taylor, of Wharton, N. J., says: "I had kidney trouble in its most painful and severe form, and the torture I went through now seems to have been almost unbearable. I had backache, pains in the side and loins, dizzy spells and hot, feverish headaches. There were bearing down pains, and the kidney secretions passed too frequently, and with a burning sensation. They showed sediment. I became discouraged, weak, languid and depressed, so sick and weak that I could not keep up. As doctors did not cure me I decided to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and with such success that my troubles were all gone after using eight boxes, and my strength, ambition and general health is fine."

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

BIG CITY IN RUINS

Earthquake at Valparaiso, Chile, Is Followed by Fire.

HUNDREDS CRUSHED TO DEATH

Great Port and Surrounding Country Stricken—Thousands of Homeless Crazed by Calamity.

New York, Aug. 18.—The Herald today prints the following:

Valparaiso, Chile, Friday.—Without the slightest tremor of warning an earthquake visited this city at 8 o'clock last night, bringing death to hundreds of persons and leaving many hundreds more imprisoned in the ruins, many of whom were burned to death before aid could reach them. Fire started immediately after the first shock and every branch of the city's service was paralyzed. Panic and consternation indescribable followed, and those who escaped death and injury became frenzied with fear and could render little assistance to the victims.

The business section of the city is almost entirely destroyed and fires are still raging. We are suffering here a repetition of the horrors of San Francisco.

As night comes on, the city is everywhere aglow with unobstructed fires, and clouds of choking smoke and vapor settle into the streets and houses, where throngs of homeless ones are wandering about, crazed by the awful calamity. It is almost impossible to ascertain how wide an area of country the visitation has laid waste. Nothing has been heard from Santiago, the capital city of Chile, and it is feared that the fate of that city is as bad or worse than that of Valparaiso.

Telegraphic communication is cut off in all directions, and every one here is too much depressed by the calamity at home to seek information of other places. No trains have arrived or left here since the first shock came, as all of the railroad tunnels are filled and miles of track on the surface are twisted and rendered useless. It is only through general accounts that death and destruction are on all sides.

There were two distinct and terrific shocks, the second one following almost instantly after the first and completing the work of destruction. The day had been unusually calm and pleasant.

Many landslides have occurred around the city and scores of lives have been lost. At present it is impossible to state the number of dead in the entire city, but it is believed that there are several hundred, many of whom are still in the ruins. It has laid waste the best part of the city, and has doubtless put Chile back many years in the scale of civilization.

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CASHIER BACKED BOOKIES.

Hering Represented Himself Wealthy Man Seeking "Suckers."

Chicago, Aug. 17.—Absolute proof that Henry Hering, cashier of the wrecked Milwaukee Avenue State bank, was financial backer of a bookmaking syndicate which laid odds on horse races, was brought to light late today, when Inspector Shippy found a check made payable to Harry M. Smith, who for years ran the Buffet at 56 South State street, and whose place was closed this spring, because of running a hand book which handbooks being none other than that run by the syndicate headed by Hering, but whose name never appeared as connected with it until today. Other men in the syndicate were Charles Francis, Thomas Rowe, Walter Frantzen, Harry Thorpe and Henry Troy.

All these men were interviewed by the inspector and all admitted that they were connected with the book, but denied that they knew Hering was connected with any bank, and said that he represented that he was a wealthy man, and that he wanted to increase his wealth by separating "a few suckers from their loose change."

BUYS ST. PAUL SYSTEM.
Harriman Secures Railroad Coveted by James J. Hill.

New York, Aug. 17.—It can be authoritatively stated that control of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad has passed into the hands of E. H. Harriman, via the Southern Pacific Railroad company, which is controlled by the Union Pacific Railroad company, the main Harriman concern. A rumor to the effect that Harriman sought to own the St. Paul property has been heard on various occasions of late, but not until today could it be learned from a competent authority that there was good foundation for the report.

As a railroad deal this purchase of the St. Paul by Harriman is more remarkable than the coup by which he secured the Illinois Central control nearly a year ago. Harriman had for years been an important factor in the Illinois Central management, but until now he has never been mentioned in connection with St. Paul.

The present deal is also interesting from the fact that in 1900 James J. Hill, Harriman's arch enemy in the railroad arena, made strenuous efforts to purchase the St. Paul, but was refused control by the Standard Oil interests which with willingness turned the property over to Harriman.

PEOPLE GROW CALLOUS.
Eye Witness Describes Warsaw After Outbreak of Terrorists.

London, Aug. 17.—The Tribune's Warsaw correspondent telegraphs a description of the scenes witnessed by him after the disturbances Wednesday.

"The hospital surgeons, fatigued by their labors," he says, "were unable to attend to cases, and wounds regarded as fatal were left to take their course."

"The scenes in the morgues were horrible. In one I counted 39 civilian bodies, all dirty and dressed as they fell."

"The people have grown callous with too much death. I heard a young girl laugh heartily at the sight of a woman whose brain-pain had been torn off by a bomb."

"In one hospital I saw a youth who, when bayoneted yesterday, feigned death. The soldiers trod over him and their heavy boots crushed his fingers to a pulp, but he successfully stood the ordeal. He was carried to the morgue, when it was discovered he was alive. He is now progressing favorably."

"Last night resulted in an orgie of blood in the Jewish quarter. The number of persons bayoneted or bayoneted exceeds three hundred."

"The morgues are crowded with dead. The bodies were arrayed in rows, the clothes dirty with the filth of the streets where they fell. No effort was made to do more than pile the corpses in morgues, and very little has been done towards identifying them. Relatives and friends of those who lost their lives are fearful of brutal treatment at the hands of the authorities if they visit the morgues."

Oldest Fixed Date in History.
Chicago, Aug. 17.—Professor James H. Broadhead has announced in an article in the Biblical World that the "oldest fixed date in history" is 4241 B. C. In that year the calendar was established, the year beginning on what would now be July 19. Consequently the calendar now in use was 6,147 years old last month. The professor arrived at these conclusions during his long exploration trip in the Nile valley, when he compared the astronomical data in the old and middle kingdoms of Egypt.

Try New Signal System.
Rockport, Mass., Aug. 15.—The battleships and torpedo boat destroyers of the Atlantic squadron returned to Rockport harbor tonight, after a day spent in secret signal practice and in maneuvers. Since the warships have been in port here for the summer operations, the fleet officers have been studying a new system of signals entirely independent of wireless telegraphy, flags and siren whistles, and the maneuvers today included experiments in this new system, which is declared to be absolutely unique.

Rebel Headquarters Broken Up.
St. Petersburg, Aug. 15.—The authorities attach great importance to the capture of revolutionists at Moscow and vicinity. They believe they have broken up the headquarters of the military fighting organization and arrested the leaders. In addition to seizing their clandestine printing establishment and a large supply of bombs and explosives, including Shimose powder, the authorities secured elaborate plans to be used in the event of an uprising.

Seized at Prison Door.
New York, Aug. 17.—Charles C. Browne, the convicted Federal silk examiner, who was ordered released from the state prison at Sing Sing Tuesday on a writ of habeas corpus, issued by Judge Hough, of the United States Circuit court, was rearrested as he stepped from the prison today and arraigned before Judge Hough.

OLD Favorites

We Have Drunk from the Same Canteen.

There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours. Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers. And true lovers' knots, I ween. The girl and the boy are bound by a kiss. But there's never a bond, old friend, like this—

We have drunk from the same canteen! It was sometimes water and sometimes milk. And sometimes apple jack fine as silk. But, whatever the tangle has been, We shared it together in banter or bliss. And I warn to you, friend, when I think of this—

We have drunk from the same canteen! The rich and the great sit down to dine. And they quaff to each other in sparkling wine. From glasses of crystal and green. But I guess in their golden potations they miss

The warmth of regard to be found in this—

We have drunk from the same canteen! We have shared our blankets and tents together. And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather. And hungry and full we have been: Had days of battle and days of rest. But this memory I cling to and love the best—

We have drunk from the same canteen! For when wounded I lay on the outer slope. With my blood flowing fast and but little hope. Upon which my faint spirit could lean—

Oh, then, I remember, you crawled to my side. And, bleeding so fast it seemed both must have died.

We drank from the same canteen!—Gen. C. G. Halpine (Private Miles O'Reilly).

Patriotism.
Breathes there the man with soul so bold Who never to himself hath said, "This is my own, my native land?" Whose heart hath been so seldom burnt As his own footsteps he hath turned From wandering on a foreign strand? If such there breathe, go, mark him well! For him no minstrel raptures swell; High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim—Despite those titles, power, and pelf, The wretch, concentered all in self, Living shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust from whence he sprung Unwept, unwhored, and unregard—

—Sir Walter Scott.

A CUP OF TEA.
Buying a cup of tea may be a tragedy or a comedy. Much depends on the sex of the buyer. This is the way a man buys it, says a writer in the London Sketch. He slides sheepishly into the shop, takes the seat in the draft of the door that everybody else has avoided, and says to the waitress with a diffident smile:

"Oh, would you bring me a cup of tea?"

The waitress, who returns the smile or does not return it, according to the rule of the establishment in regard to tipping, brings him his tea, slams it down, scribbles out a check and sails away.

The man tastes the tea, finds that it is bitter from long brewing, slips out of his seat, pays the bill and hurries away from the shop.

Now let us see how a woman buys a cup of tea.

She marches into the shop with a little boy on one side of her and a little girl on the other.

"I want a table for three," she says, in the manner of one about to order a dinner at ten guineas a head.

"Yes, madam," replies the meek attendant. "Will you kindly step this way."

"Mummy," says the little boy, when at last the party is seated and the attendant is waiting to take the two-penny order, "mummy, why has that lady got a turned-up nose?"

"Want a scone," complains the little girl.

"A pot of tea for one," orders "mummy," and would you mind bringing an extra cup, so that my little girl can have some milk?"

"One tea and one milk" asks the attendant.

"No, thank you. I thought I gave my order quite distinctly. I want a pot of tea for one and an extra cup. That's all."

"Yes, madam," says the meek attendant, and drags herself away with the firm intention of becoming an actress, lest the stage be what it may.

"Just one moment," says "mummy," when the tea is brought. "I should like to make sure that this is not too strong. Yes, it is much too strong. Will you let me have a pitcher of hot water, please? And I don't think you have brought quite enough milk."

Half an hour later she marches proudly from the shop, having paid exactly the same sum for these privileges as the wretched man who could not swallow a mouthful, and who sat in a draft.

Not Sterling.
Mr. Gaddie—the Postmans celebrated their silver wedding last night, didn't they?"

Mrs. Gaddie—Oh, no; I saw all the presents.

Mr. Gaddie—Eh? What do you mean?

Mrs. Gaddie—It seems to have been a silver-plated wedding.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hitting Both Ways.
"There is one big advantage in this mattress-doll business," mused the handsome actor, as the curtain went down on his thirty-third encore; "when you hit a miss, you are always sure that you will never miss a hit."—Bain's Americana.

The Polite Burman.

In the cities of Burma, where the natives have been long in contact with Europeans, says the author of "Burma, Painted and Described," they have lost some of their traditional politeness; but in the country districts old-school courtesy is still the custom.

An English gentleman who had bought a new pony was trying him out on a Burman road, when the animal bolted, and ran at top speed down a narrow road.

In the way ahead was a native cart in which was a family party out holiday-making.

The pony dashed into the back of the cart, threw his rider into the midst of the merry-makers, and severely injured the Burman who was driving.

Before the Englishman had an opportunity to explain his unexpected onslaught the Burman picked himself up and bowed low.

"My lord, my lord," he said, apologetically, "the cart should not have been there."

Found He Was a Cannibal.
A new arrival in the town entered a restaurant and ordered his dinner. He had just been served when a large, round person entered and seated himself at the same table, and finally reached over and helped himself to his neighbor's bread; seeing that the other man's boiled potato had not been touched he took that and ate it without removing the skin. A piece of chicken followed.

By this time the waiter reappeared and handed the bill of fare to the newcomer.

"Roast beef; roast pork. Which shall I take?" said he. "Well, I guess you can bring me roast beef, a double order."

"Thank heaven," said the man opposite.

"Eh? What did you say, sir?"

"I said 'Thank Heaven!' I was afraid you were a cannibal."—Pittsburg Press.

Reciprocity.
"I declare," complained Mrs. Duzzit, "I shall certainly have to punish the children; I says a writer in Life. 'What have they been up to now?' inquired her husband.

"They have simply upset my sewing room. Nothing is where it should be. Needles, spoons of thread, scissors, darning balls, everything I have been packed away into the most unexpected corners. It is perfectly exasperating."

Mr. Duzzit surveyed his wife with a benign air.

"That wasn't the children, dear," he said. "I did that."

"What possessed you?"

"It was kindness of heart. After you straightened up the papers and books on my desk so beautifully, I thought it was no more than right that I should return the compliment by putting your sewing room in order. So I did."

The Unexpected Again.
"Yes, sir, I want to marry your daughter."

"Does my daughter favor your suit?"

"I have her assurance that she does, sir."

"Are you aware that my daughter's taste is very poor?"

"No, sir."

"Remarkably poor. Of course, this is no fault of yours."

"Thank you, sir."

"Lackily she has a father whose taste is beyond criticism."

"I understand, sir, 'good day.'"

"Hold on. Give me a chance to finish. I say that it's lucky for you her father's taste's good. I like you, my boy. Come up to dinner and we'll set this affair in short order."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Conscience Yet.
"He hasn't been in politics very long has he?"

"No, but how did you know?"

"I was walking with him to-day just as a police patrol wagon dashed up behind us, and he didn't start guiltily or look nervous at all."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Met Often.
"Why are you bowing to that man?"

"Do you know him?" asked Madge, in surprise.

"Yes," said her chum. "He walked over me so many times getting out between acts at the theater last night that we got real well acquainted."—Detroit Free Press.

Slung Not All American.

Is "fired out" an Americanism? This question is put by a London paper in discussing the use of the expression by the Vienna correspondent of the Times in connection with the dismissal of the American ambassador to Austria-Hungary. Anything that seems slangy is generally stamped as an Americanism, but in this case, as in so many others of a similar nature, it is shown that the phrase can be found imbedded in the classics of the English language. "Fired out" an Americanism? Well, in one of Shakespeare's sonnets, as one of the London papers says, you may read: Yet this shall I never know, but live in doubt,

Fill my bad angel fire my good one out. An American school teacher—and this is another illustration that comes to mind—decided that his pupils should drop the word "say" because it was inelegant. The tendency to begin a remark or a question with "say" may certainly be overdone, but as a bright pupil pointed out, if "say" is vulgar, how should we regard the use of it in the first line of "The Star-Spangled Banner"—"Oh, say, can you see?"

How He Knew.
Wedderly—That milliner of yours must be a bird.

Mrs. Wedderly—Nonsense! She has neither wings nor feathers.

Wedderly—Yes, but just look at this bill of hers.

To Break in New Shoes.
Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures hot, sweating, aching, swollen feet. Cures corns, growing nails and bunions. All ailments of the feet. Don't accept any substitute. Sample Free. Write: Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

Woes of the House Hunter.
"Mrs. Newsome, have you shot the chutes since you came to town?"

"Not yet. I've put in all my time flapping the flats."—Chicago Tribune.

The Fox and the Grapes.
Every schoolboy knows that the fable of the fox and the sour grapes is inaccurate from a natural history point of view, says a London newspaper, and, as usual, every schoolboy is wrong. An eminent Oxford professor on hearing the point discussed the other day actually brought some grapes and then went to the zoo, where