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RESTORED TO HEALTH.
PE-RU-NA THE REMEDY.

Miss Clementina Gonzales, Hotel Provincia, Guatemala, C. A., in a recent letter from 247 Cleveland Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I took Peruna for a worn-out condition. I was so run down that I could not sleep at night, had no appetite and felt tired in the morning.

"I tried many tonics, but Peruna was the only thing which helped me in the least. After I had taken but a half bottle I felt much better. I continued its use for three weeks and I was completely restored to health, and was able to take up my studies which I had been forced to drop. There is nothing better than Peruna to build up the system."—Clementina Gonzales.

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Hydraulics.

"It's wonderful," said Uncle Allen Sparks, "to see what can be done with water power these days. I know a man over in the next county, the stingiest man that ever lived, but his wife can get anything she wants from him by doing a little judicious weeping."

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Whose advanced years have caused a general weakened condition of their bodily functions, causing indigestion, constipation, sluggish or torpid liver or impoverished blood? There is no remedy in the wide world that will tone up the wornout system like Marvin's Cascara Chocolate Tablets. By their tonic effect upon the tiny cells that constitute the muscular coat of the the bowels the loss of tone is repaired, the normal secretions are stimulated, the circulation of good, healthy blood in the intestinal walls is re-established, and instead of a sluggish, unhealthy state of the whole digestive apparatus, the patient is restored to his old-time vigor.

These tablets are purely vegetable and can be taken without any nauseating effect into the most delicate stomach.

We want every afflicted person to try these tablets at our expense. Send us your name and address and we will gladly mail you a free sample.

MARVIN REMEDY CO., Detroit, Mich.

Put up in metal boxes only. 25 doses, 25 cents. For sale at druggists.

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Big Can, 10c.

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The CONVICT COUNTRY; or, FIGHTING for a MILLION

BY CHARLES MORRIS BUTLER

Author of "The Revenge of Pierre," "A Tenement Tragedy," "Anita," Etc.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

The Auction of Women.

After the noise had somewhat subsided and order had been restored, the crier announced that an allotment of women would then take place.

As was the usual custom, upon the arrival of marriageable females into the community, ballotting for the privilege of claiming a mate was about to take place. As explained by the crier there were eighty-three men who had registered their intention of competing for a wife. The mode of procedure was very simple; into a basket were placed as many slips of paper as there were competitors; but as there were but twenty women, so also there were but twenty numbers, the balance being blanks. The numbered tickets alone gave the holder privilege of choosing his mate. The women could refuse to marry the person who asked for their hand only by accepting some other person. The matter of choice, then, was slightly limited, and often led to the buying and selling of chances.

As the numbers were being placed in the basket, Lang said: "Place me on the list."

"And me," said Wilson.

"Take your places with the other contestants, then," replied the king.

Lang and Wilson did so. Each read the other's thoughts; either if successful would ask Pearl Huntington to be his wife; there was no doubt in their minds that she, too, would be forced to enter the lists.

The crier held aloft his basket. "In this basket," he said, "are twenty numbers and sixty-three blank slips. Those only who obtain numbered tickets have the privilege of choosing a wife. Ready!"

"One moment!" interrupted Golden, speaking at the people and at the same time to Schiller. "The crier announces 'twenty women!' and that the owner of a successful slip can be the only competitors. I count twenty-one women! This woman, Pearl Huntington, she is in Paradise; if she belongs here, if she remains here, she should become a citizen. As a citizen she has a right to make a choice. I demand that she be put upon the list! The king, if he wishes to enter the contest, can have the same opportunity as the rest of the citizens. I

"Will you be my wife?"

move you that such be the will of the people!"

"So be it!" came the cry.

"This is an outrage!" thundered Schiller, white with rage. "This is a scheme to cheat me of my revenge!"

A mighty combined howl of derision was the only answer he received, and realizing that it was useless to plead, Schiller bowed to the people's will.

Pearl Huntington rose from her seat. "Mr. Golden," she said, in a voice choked with emotion, "thank the people for me, for their small favor! Tell them that rather than become the wife of such a man as Schiller, I would take my own life!"

"The law is," said Golden sternly, "that you take a husband! If Schiller is the only person to ask for your hand to-night, the law will grant him that! 'Between two evils' let me remind you, 'choose the least.'"

"I understand you!" she said.

The ballot box being held aloft king Schiller stepped to the front, placed in his hand and drew out a paper. Whether it was luck or chance, or through the power he wielded, Schiller drew a numbered ticket!

Wilson was next—fate seemed against him—the paper he drew was blank! "It all depends on you, Lang!" said he.

Lang quietly put in his hand and drew out a paper. He walked toward Miss Huntington as he opened the packet. It contained a number.

King Schiller was standing before Pearl. "I ask you, my lady, to be my wife!" said Schiller. "Think well before you refuse—I have you in my power!"

"I do refuse!" said the indignant girl.

"Miss Huntington," said Louis Lang, stepping to her side, with his slip in his hand, "will you be my wife?"

"I will!" said Pearl stepping to the side of our hero. But there was a look of shame upon her face.

"Then by virtue of the law, I pronounce you man and wife. said Golden, quickly stepping between Schiller and Pearl, placing her hand within that of Lang's, outstretched to receive her.

"Curse you!" said Schiller. "I will be even with you yet!"

"Be careful, Schiller!" calmly retorted Golden. "A threat—though you be king of Paradise—is a punishable crime!"

Fearful of another scene, afraid to trust himself further, with a muttered curse he walked away to another part of the room.

Before the crowd dispersed there was a ballot taken by the assembly to see if a certain person condemned to die should expiate his crime (1) in a duel with another man; (2) or against a mountain lion in a hand-to-hand encounter; (3) or go free. Three slips of paper were placed in the basket as before, with the three propositions written on the different slips. The condemned man being brought into the ring blindfolded, was assisted to take a slip from the basket. The personage drew the slip which condemned him to fight a duel to the death with some antagonist as soon as one could be furnished either by volunteer act, or by some other criminal.

While the people were enjoying themselves visiting among themselves, the king and his council, which was Rogers, Golden and Albert Fish, the treasurer, saw that the candidates signed their names, and allotted them certain places to sleep and duties to perform. Everything passed off quite smoothly until it became Lang's turn. As was the custom, newly married couples were given a house to live in. Each woman was supposed to do the cooking and washing for two persons besides her husband. Pearl Huntington had never been brought up to do such work and when allotted her duties, foolishly made objection.

This was Schiller's cue. "Ignorance is no excuse," he said.

It was foolish of Lang to enter into discussion about the merits or demerits of the case; mortal, like the rest of us, he retorted, when it would have been safer and wiser for him to have held his peace. "This is revenge," he said to Schiller. "You would overlook these faults in her did you not wish to punish her!"

The outburst gave the king the advantage. Schiller did not blame Pearl—it was but natural for the imprisoned and abused girl to be spiteful—but he was murderously revengeful at Lang for stepping between him and his desires.

"I will overlook your wife's shortcomings," said Schiller, "but your charges against me I will not overlook! For insubordination I hereby sentence you to work in the mines for a year."

Golden and Rogers, though they were perfectly aware of the advantage Schiller was taking of Lang, did not interrupt the king. The main body of the populace had retired for the night, and without the restraining influence of the people it would have been open folly to have pitted themselves against the recognized head of the community.

The silence of his champions forced Lang to realize that he had made a mistake. Discretion being the better part of valor, then the youth attempted to remedy the evil done without really understanding how he had gotten himself into trouble. "I am a new arrival here," he said, "and was not aware that to speak the truth even to the king was a criminal offense." It was a poor attempt at an apology without weakening.

"You have made your apology, Lang," retorted Schiller, haughtily, the flush of victory and power again appearing on his face. The opportunity occurring to him, he added, "And to show you that I sympathize with your ignorance, I hereby grant you the privilege of coming to earth each night."

Louis managed to say, "I thank you, sir!" and added to show that he felt the force of the king's words: "I understand the honor that you do me, sir!"

Schiller smiled sneeringly.

Pearl, having no protector but Louis, though looking upon him as a desperate criminal, and therefore holding him in something of repugnance, fully realized the extent of the danger he was running for her sake, and clung to him as if he were really what he purported to be.

"The lady, perhaps," said Schiller, noticing how Pearl clung to Louis, "would like her father to live with her?"

"Most gracious king!" said Pearl. It was the first favor she had deigned to accept at the scoundrel's hands.

"I grant your request," said the king. Pearl bowed. The reason for granting this concession was soon made manifest. "As I have issued a decree to the effect that your father be housed in the haunted house until he expressed a desire to comply with the laws of Paradise and begin practice, in order for you to be with him I will have to compel you both to live in that forbidding place! It is your own fault, however," he said, as he noticed Pearl shudder. "I offered you a palace, you chose the hovel!"

The haunted house was, of all the houses in Paradise, the one Louis Lang would have chosen to live in. It was not haunted to him, but on the contrary was the only entrance to freedom through the tunnel. He could not have asked for a greater favor than the privilege of being there.

"You can report to Rogers in the morning, Lang," said Schiller, who could not help but show his exultation in his face and in his voice. "To-night your home is ready. As we have been expecting Dr. Huntington to make trouble, and be a guest of the city's for some time, you will find the house in better condition than usual." Louis bowed. Wilson was standing aloof awaiting the outcome of his case. For the first time Schiller appeared to notice him. The king beckoned to him. "Wilson, you can show your friends to their home. As a reward for the blow you gave me yesterday you will work out a year's penance in the mines also. As you seem to be pretty fond of Mrs. Lang, I also grant you the privilege of living under the same roof with her! Here are the keys to the house. Let me warn you against allowing Dr. Huntington out of the room allotted to him. You can see that he gets food, but at the same time give him no outdoor air or allow him no freedom!" Having done all the harm possible, Schiller then bid his company adieu.

As soon as the king departed Wilson led the way to the haunted house. There were no lights burning in any of the rooms and the dwelling presented a very deserted and dilapidated appearance. The house had been used for a prison for some time, and there were bars across the windows, while a bar of iron faced the front door, which was held in place by being locked with a huge padlock.

The front room, so the story went (as told by Golden) was once the scene of a most foul murder. A man had killed his wife by beating her to death with a heavy stove-poker. The noises heard on the inside of the house were supposed to be the echo of the blows and groans emitted at that time. Even Schiller, educated man that he was, believed that this place was haunted. Perhaps his crimes made him a coward. In condemning Louis, Wilson and Pearl to live in this place, then, he imagined that he was inflicting upon them a most cruel punishment. This was true to a certain extent with all but Lang. To Lang, however, the place was a blessed spot, and had each room of its six been peopled with departed spirits, it would still have been the place of all places for him.

Not content with condemning our friends to live in this unholy spot, forever seeking a way to be revenged on Dr. Huntington and his daughter, and now also Lang, who had snatched from him his revenge, Schiller, before retiring for the night, placed a spy upon the track of the trio to discover, if possible, some means of further venting his spite upon them.

(To be continued.)

SHE IS FOND OF FLOWERS.

Late John Hay's Eldest Daughter Is a Floriculturist.

Instead of driving a four-in-hand or running a gasoline chariot, Mrs. Payne Whitney prefers quieter pleasures and finds other outlets for her talents, says the New York Press. Floriculture, sometimes called the most feminine of fads, is her hobby, and she finds her flowers a never-ending diversion. The large gardens which are laid out on her picturesque estate at Manhasset are under her constant supervision and contain the largest collection of roses in the country. In these fields blossom roses of every variety, large and small, single and double, from simple of dress to the heavy colored. Mrs. Whitney recently paid a fabulous sum for a rose imported from Paris, which is said to be a radical departure from anything ever seen here before. The French capital has the rose craze just now and many rich floriculturists there are vying with the orchid collectors of London, among whom Joseph Chamberlain is the leader, for supremacy in the size of collections. It is even said that some of this interest proceeds from a belief that speculation in flower culture forms an agreeable digression from commonplace margin deals in stocks.

Trailing Tramps of Air and Sea.

With all our learning, we don't know much about some of the most common things. For instance, though men have been catching fish along the coasts of the world for many centuries, no man knows where they go when they disappear from the shore waters and swim toward the deep sea.

So it is with birds. Though their annual migrations have been written and sung about ever since the memory of man, no one knows what tracks they take, where they stop for rest, or how fast they travel.

Recently we have begun to wonder to some purpose about these things. The United States is putting copper tags on codfish every year now and turning them loose again. The tags are attached to the fins, and on them is a number and the request that the fisherman who catches a fish bearing the tag send it back to the government, with a statement, saying where he got it and how much it weighed.

The Germans are also trying this experiment. They fasten the tags to the gills of the fish. The Germans also fasten aluminum rings to the legs of birds now, to find out which way they go when they fly away in the autumn. They have discovered already that many species of birds do not fly due south, as had been supposed, but go east and west first. It has been found, too, that the crows do not cross the German ocean when they fly north in the spring, but that they follow the coast along the northern part of Germany to Russia, and so work north.

Overheard in the Courtroom.

First Lady—I wonder why the judge deferred sentence until to-morrow?

Second Lady—Probably he wanted to talk the case over with his wife.—Tales.

His Trouble Over.

Mrs. Twicewed—"Henry, I do believe you are jealous of my poor first husband."

Mr. Twicewed—"No, I merely envy him."

French Army Bands.

The two-year enlistment plan in France is likely to deprive the French army of its bands. An efficient bandsman is not to be made in two years.

AGRICULTURE

Hogs at the Fairs.

It can not be denied that exhibits of swine at the small and large fairs of the country have done a great deal of good in teaching farmers the types of the various pure breeds of swine and in stimulating them to attempt the improvement of their home herd and fully develop the pigs by adequate feeding and good care, such as is given to show animals by the professional exhibitor and his assistants. It is no less true that the exhibits at most of the state fairs are growing unwieldy and less instructive to visitors than would be the case were 50 or 60 per cent of the animals excluded from the exhibition. Breeders evidently bring far more hogs to the fair than they have any intention of showing, and indeed many men show but three or four hogs out of an entry of perhaps ten to twenty head. This, we think, is correct, but we may be a little off as to exact figures. The principle is at least correct, in that many of the hogs entered are not brought forward for competition, but are merely brought to the fair with the hope of finding a purchaser. This is all right for the breeder and perhaps good for the prospective buyer in a few instances, but it is not for the general good of the visitor, who wants the best possible chance to see the best hogs and compare them, so that he may learn correct lessons as to best types and improvements that are being made from year to year in the various breeds of swine.

Times are changing. The time was was when the number of head of swine at a show was taken as the criterion of success. The management came to the conclusion that where a great many breeders and a vast number of swine came together there surely would be the best possible aggregation of swine for the education of the farming public. But they erred in this estimate, for we have seen a better show of swine where but two or three hundred were exhibited than was the case where a thousand head crowded the buildings to overflowing. When but a few hundred were shown they were the pick of the breeders' home lot of hogs. Now that many hundreds are shown a few of them are fine specimens, and the majority are of medium or inferior quality and brought forward to sell. It is good that the breeder has an opportunity to sell his hogs at the state fair, but it is unfortunate that the present method of exhibiting allows the exhibitor to fill any number of pens he cares to pay for and with any kind of hog he fancies will sell to good advantage. We do not desire to curtail the opportunities of the breeder, but we do wish to improve those of the visitor and student.

To this end the management of every fair should set apart accommodations for hogs intended for sale, but not for show. The houses for show hogs should be kept clean, well disinfected, deodorized and ventilated, so that visitors may go the rounds in comfort, and the hogs be less exposed to the ravages of contagious disease. Into these show houses a single exhibitor should not be allowed to put more than sufficient swine to give him one, or at most, two or three, candidates for honors in each event. Were this done the visitor could then make an intelligent study of the winners, and, by looking at the pick of the swine, would best educate himself to improvements taking place in types and among the different breeds. The work of the judges would also be greatly lessened, for it takes time to weed out the poor hogs until the good ones remain to be given the prizes. Another necessary improvement in connection with the exhibition of hogs at the state fairs is better drainage of the sites of the hog houses. At some fairs should a rain come, the ground about the hog houses is speedily trampled to a mush and visitors can not get about comfortably without rubber boots. It would be a comparatively easy matter to properly drain such places and to provide sidewalks built high enough above the ground to keep them from becoming water-logged and mud-covered during a wet spell. Lastly it will be well when hogs can be housed according to classes as well as breeds, but much simpler things have to be properly attended to before such a radical measure as this can be instituted.—A. S. Alexander in Farmers' Review.

The Stone Drain.

On farms where the land is stony, stone is used extensively in the construction of drainage ditches. The work of building a drain of this kind is much greater than it is of building a tile drain, but when it is built it often proves very effective in doing what was required of it. The ditch must be made wider than in the case of the tile drain, and there must be room for a man to work at the bottom. There is, however, the advantage in favor of the stone drain that it does not have to be below the frost line as does the unglazed tile drain. The floor of the drain must be hard and even. The sides are made by putting up stones of nearly uniform height. The top consists of flat stones placed on top of the sides. Over the flat stones are thrown in smaller stone and very small stones on top of those. Usually hay is thrown in and an even layer made and on top of this is placed the dirt. The hay will rot, but by that time the soil will have compacted itself and is not likely to work down into the drain.

The dilapidated farm is a discouragement to all the people that live on it. A farmer should keep up a show of prosperity whether he is prosperous or not. This will indirectly aid him in being prosperous.

The water table in the soil must receive the early attention of the farmer. It should never be near the surface after the ground has thawed out in the spring.

There is some crop that will grow on almost every kind of land

MARRIAGE IMPROVES A MAN.

Woman's Idea Is That Wife Drums Manners Into Him.

"Did you ever notice how it improves a man to be married?" This query was propounded by a young southern woman here. "You can always depend upon it that it is a married man who shows you all the small courtesies in an elevator; it is a married man who stands up for you in the street car and it is a married man who does all the chores at a picnic. The most thoughtless, irresponsible kind of a single man often becomes a veritable model of amiability after he gets him a wife. I suppose his wife has so drummed good manners into him that he has to keep practicing all the time to keep in trim. I believe business men have more respect for a married man, too. They succeed better in everything they do. Why, only the other day there was a baseball game between the married men and the single men. Who won? The married men, of course. And you can't tell me their wives did not have something to do with it."—Philadelphia Record.

Signs of Ancient Tragedy.

Dr. Sellin, an archaeologist, found some odd relics in excavations he made at Taanach in Palestine. Among them was the skeleton of a Canaanite lady surrounded by the skeletons of five children from about 4 to 16 years of age. A bronze knife among the remains seems to point to a tragedy which must have occurred shortly before everything was covered up, for the ornaments of the lady, the large jars for holding provisions, and a little bronze figure of Astarte, were found untouched. There were also several valuable jewels. Some ancient letters were unearthed at the same place. One of them reads: "To Istarwasur, Amanhasir, may Adad preserve thee! Send thy brothers with their carts and send a horse, thy tribute, and presents and all prisoners who are with thee to Megiddo on the day of the reception."

Giant of Spider Family.

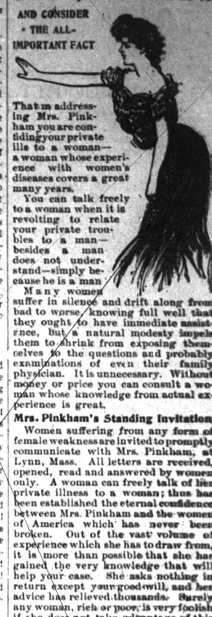
The giant of the whole spider family is the "hund" or "dog" spider of Madagascar. Its body weighs almost a pound and each of its eight legs is longer and larger in diameter than the common cedar pencil.

Tradition About Sneezing.

According to tradition, sneezing was the first sign of life in man, and to this day people in cataleptic trances and apparently dead usually indicate their return to consciousness in the form of a sneeze.

STOP, WOMAN!

AND CONSIDER THE ALL-IMPORTANT FACT



That in addressing Mrs. Pinkham you are confiding your private ills to a woman—a woman whose experience with women's diseases covers a great many years.

You can talk freely to a woman when it is revolting to relate your private troubles to a man—besides a man does not understand—simply because he is a man.

Many women suffer in silence and drift along from bad to worse, knowing full well that they ought to have immediate assistance, but a natural modesty impels them to shrink from exposing themselves to the questions and probably examinations of even their family physician. It is unnecessary. Without money or price you can consult a woman whose knowledge from actual experience is great.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation.

Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established the eternal confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Out of the vast volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge that will help your case. She asks nothing in return except your good-will, and her advice has relieved thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

If you are ill, don't hesitate to get a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once, and write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for special advice.

When a medicine has been successful in restoring to health so many women, you cannot well say, without trying it, "I do not believe it will help me."

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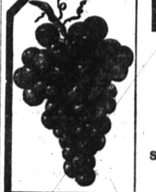

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If you are afflicted use these free coupons at once while the offer is open for yourself and give one each to your friends or neighbors who need it.

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Mull's Grape Tonic Co., 148 Third Ave., Rock Island, Ill.
Give Full Address and Write Plainly.
The $1.00 bottle contains nearly three times the 50c size. At drug stores.

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