MRS. DE PASSE OF NEW YORK CITY

"I Consulted Several Physicians, but they Did Me No Good. Pe-ru-na and Man-a-lin Helped Me."

MRS. ALINE DePASSE.

Mrs. Aline DePasse, 776 E. 165th St., New York, N. Y., writes:

"It gives me pleasure to testify to the curative qualities of Peruna and Manalin.

"I was afflicted for over seven years with *catarrh of the head, throat and digestive organs.* I consulted many physicians, but they did me no good.

"One day I happened to read some testimonials in your Peruna almanac. I decided to try Peruna and Manalin. I bought a bottle of each, and after taking them for a week I noticed a change for the better. So I kept it up, and after using twelve bottles I was *perfectly cured.*

"I also gave the medicine to my children and they had the same beneficial result. I would never be without these remedies in the house.

"I highly recommend Peruna and Manalin to all my friends, and in fact to everybody."

Miss Mildred Grey, 110 Weimar St., Appleton, Wis., writes:

"It gives me pleasure to recommend Peruna for catarrh of the stomach. I had this disease for a number of years, and could not enjoy a mouthful of food that I ate. It was indeed a great relief when I hit upon Peruna, and obtained decided results from the first. I took six bottles before I felt entirely cured of my trouble, but I had an aggravated case."

AN OBJECT LESSON

By MARGARET JOHNSON

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

To begin with, it was hot—hot even here on the very edge of the ocean. The air was breathless when we came down to breakfast. Mrs. Deane gave her order to Georgiana, who waited on the table, with more than her customary deliberation.

We were not very hungry that morning. It was too hot for an appetite. And conversation flagged. And when the Princess came down, rather late, with a frown on her lovely face, we felt that things were wrong in Zeed, and there must be something most unusual about the weather. We called her the Princess, because of her daintiness, and a certain grapeful hauteur and reserve that were as natural to her as was his dignity to her grandfather, the judge.

She played a little with her breakfast, and then turned to Miss Tucker, rather abruptly.

"Do you happen to know anything about dressmaking?" she asked.

"No," said the stolid Fanny, consuming pancakes and iced coffee. "Do you?"

"I wish I did," said the Princess. A great sigh relieved her burdened heart and, having no one else to whom she might go with her trouble, she confided it with a sudden desperate impulse to Miss Tucker.

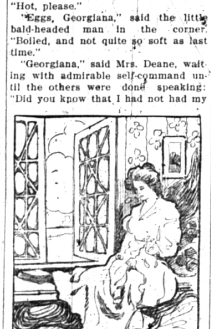
"You see," she said in a low voice, "I wanted to wear my pink gown to the hop to-night, and the waist needed fixing over, and now mamma has had to go away, and there's no one to help me, and I don't see what I am to do."

She made a little dramatic gesture of despair; but Fanny was ordering more pancakes from Georgiana, who stood at her elbow with one eye on her and one on Mrs. Deane. This is figurative, of course, for Georgiana was not cross-eyed.

"Pancakes, Georgiana," said Fanny. "Hot, please."

"Eggs, Georgiana," said the little bald-headed man in the corner. "Boiled, and not quite so soft as last time."

"Georgiana," said Mrs. Deane, waiting with admirable self-command until the others were done speaking: "Did you know that I had not had my toast yet?" Her tone was most affecting in its suggestion of wronged innocence.



In an Attitude of Such Depression.

"And, Georgiana," said the Princess, as pettishly as it was possible for her to speak, "I wish you would give me some water. My glass has been empty ever so long."

For the first time Georgiana flushed. She had been pale before, being one of those people who turn white when they are hot instead of red. But she filled the glass, and brought the eggs and the pancakes and the toast—she was an admirable waitress—and when we had finished, we all went out on the veranda.

And Georgiana washed the dishes with the other girls in the pantry. It was stifling out there. Georgiana wondered if it could be any hotter in the little back sewing room at Madam Morelli's, where she had stitched and suffered all through July, so that she might have this month at the seashore. She wondered if the experiment had been worth while, anyway.

When finally a leisure moment arrived she went upstairs to her room. On the way she passed Miss Dumaine's door. It was open and Miss Dumaine was within. She sat by the window in an attitude of such depression, not to say despair, that Georgiana stopped involuntarily. She saw the pink and white things, silk and lace and what not, that were scattered on the bed and chairs, and remembered something that she had overheard at breakfast, confused at the moment with Miss Tucker's order for pancakes. With a sudden impulse she tapped, and then walked boldly into the room.

"Why, Georgiana!" said Miss Dumaine, startled. There were actually tears in her pretty eyes as she looked up.

"Is this the waist" asked Georgiana, quietly, looking at a shapeless pink something in the other's lap.

"Yes," said the Princess.

"And what did you want to do with it?" pursued Georgiana.

"I—why, Georgiana!"

"Oh, I forgot," said Georgiana. "You didn't know. I'm a dressmaker—at least, I'm in a dressmaking establishment in the city, and I thought—I didn't know but I might help you with this. I heard you talking about it this morning at breakfast."

"Really!" said the Princess, wide-eyed. "A dressmaker!"

"Yes," said Georgiana. "This is my vacation."

"Your—vacation!" repeated the Princess.

Georgiana smiled a little at her frank wonder.

"Yes," she said simply. "A good many of us do it this way. It's the only way we can afford. And you'd you show me how you think you'd like to have the waist?"

"Your—vacation!" she said again, under her breath, looking up at the other's serious, pale face, absorbed in the interesting possibilities of the pink waist.

"I can do it," said Georgiana, "this way—and this," with deft fingers illustrating her words. "And I should love it—it is so pretty. The only trouble is it will take a good while, and"—she looked at the little clock on the mantel—"there's dinner."

"Oh, never mind dinner!" cried the Princess, vehemently. "If you can do it, I'll have dinner sent up to you here."

Georgiana gave a queer little laugh.

"Will you?" she said. "Thank you, Miss Dumaine. But how are you to get your own dinner—you and the rest, without me to wait on you?"

"Georgiana! There's only one thing to do. If you will stay here and finish the waist for me, I will go down and wait on the table for you!"

"Oh—no!" said Georgiana.

"Oh—yes!" said the Princess, superbly. "Why not? It will not hurt me!"

Georgiana lifted her demure eyebrow with another little laugh. "I wasn't thinking of that," she said. "I was wondering—did you ever wait on table before, Miss Dumaine?"

"Is it harder than dancing the german?" asked the Princess, with scorn. "Or riding the bicycle, or Greek verbs, or Delsarte exercises, or—golf?"

"I think it is, if you are not used to it," said Georgiana, unmoved. "You have to remember everybody's order, you know, and not get them mixed up, and not keep anybody waiting, and then they'll want toast—"

"It's dinner," said the Princess. "They can't want toast."

"They will," said Georgiana, patiently. "Somebody always wants toast. If it was midnight supper, they'd want it just the same. And then you have to wait your turn at the fire, because all the other girls want to make toast, too, and the cook is very unpleasant about it, and Katy Billings is pretty sure to spill something—you have to look out for her; and then the people—you must bring Mrs. Tomkins' fish with her meat, and you must be sure and have second-day bread for Mrs. Deane—"

"And to fill Miss Dumaine's glass before she asks for it," said the Princess, very proud and rosy. "Thank you, Georgiana! The more you say, the more you make me want to do it. I'm going to wait on that table today!"

It was a remarkable experience for everyone. She stood beside the table when we came down, in her plainest gown, a little spotted lawn, and one of Georgiana's big aprons. Her eyes were cast down modestly, and there was not a sign of a smile on her quiet face.

Mrs. Deane was so overwhelmed with wondering awe when the stately young creature at her elbow read over the menu to her, with the funniest imitation of Georgiana's manner, that she said: "Anything, my dear—anything!" in a fluttered voice, which embarrassed the Princess not a little for a moment.

To do the Princess justice, she did splendidly. The meal was an unclouded triumph for her.

There were those of us who thought the girl in her plain gown, stepping lightly back and forth with her tray and her absorbed face, intent on doing this bit of unusual work as well as it could be done, no whit less bewitching than when she was dressed for the evening, clothed in the pink gown and pearls and roses. Georgiana thought her perfectly lovely, and told her so frankly when she helped to put on the waist, which by the way, was as great a success as the dinner.

And she washed the dishes afterward in the pantry with the other girls.

That's all—at least so far as we were concerned. It was a small thing, but by no means the least interesting of the summer. The prettiest part of it all was the conduct of the two girls toward each other afterward. There was, obviously, a sense of understanding and sympathy between them, a golden link of gratitude and respect on both sides. And those of us who knew the Princess and the Princess' mamma knew also that for her and for Georgiana this was not "all," but that the future of both girls would be happier and richer for this glimpse into each other's eyes, this beginning of mutual understanding and service.

Meanwhile, the atmosphere of our table seemed pleasanter, for some reason. Perhaps it was because the weather was cooler. Perhaps it was—something else. At any rate, we all observed it—even Mrs. Deane.

The Sedan-Chair.

Perhaps some expert in the Siamese language will tell us what is the word for "sedan-chair." When the king of Siam's ministers, protesting against his majesty's favor toward motoring, suggested recently that "the royal sedan-chair," was always at his disposal, it is improbable that they used a word reminiscent of the French town, says the London Chronicle. For it is from the scene of Napoleon III.'s collapse that the sedan-chair takes its name, and perhaps remote posterity will suppose that it had some connection with that event. But Sedan first produced these conveyances centuries ago, and they were seen in England in 1581. One used by James I.'s Buckingham provoked great popular outcry against the employment of men as beasts of burden. Sir S. Duncombe is credited with having introduced them to London in 1634. And Bath knows the Pickwickian sedan-chair to this day.

Ellen Terry's memoirs were published before she had time to tell in them about her latest honeymoon.

AN ILLINOIS MAN'S EXPERIENCE IN WESTERN CANADA.

There Are Thousands of Opportunities in the Land of Opportunity.

To the Editor:

Dear Sir:

The following experience of an Illinois man who went to Western Canada six years ago is but one of the thousands of letters that could be reproduced showing how prosperity follows the settler on the fertile lands of Western Canada. This letter was written to the Chicago agent of the Government of the Dominion of Canada and is dated at Evarts, Alberta, April 5th, 1907:

"It is six years the 5th of this month since I and family landed in Red Deer, family sick and only $75 in my pocket. Bought a $12 lot, built a 12x14 shack and went to work as a carpenter. Next May sold for $400 (had added 16x18 building to shack). Purchased two lots at $70 each and built a 22x28 two story building and sold for $950. Filed on a quarter section 33 miles N. W. of Red Deer and have spent three years on it and own well pleased. Quarter all fenced and cross fenced, wire and rail, 2½ miles of fence. House 29x31 feet on stone foundation. Last year was my first attempt to raise grain, 1½ acres of fall wheat, yield grand, but was frosted August 2nd, was cut August 16th and made good pig feed. Had 1½ acres fall rye that I think could not be beat. A farmer from Dakota cut it for me; he said he never saw such heavy grain anywhere. Straw was 7 feet high. I had 4 acres of 2-rowed barley on fall breaking that did not do so well, yet it ripened and gave me all the feed I need for stock and seed for this spring. I did not have grain threshed, so can't give yield, but the wheat would have gone at least 25 bu. to the acre. Have a log stable 31x35 feet, broad roof and two smaller buildings for pigs and chickens.

"I have lived in Harvey, Ills., and know something about it. I have been hungry there and though able and willing to work could get none to do. One Saturday evening found me without any supper or a cent to get it with. A friend, surmising my situation, gave me a dollar, which was thankfully accepted and later paid back. Wife and I are thankful we came here. We were living near Mt. Vernon, Ills., as perhaps you remember, visiting me there and getting me headed for the Canadian Northwest, and a happy day it has proved for me. I have not grown rich, but I am prospering. I would not take $3,000 for my quarter now. The past winter has been a hard one, but I worked outside the coldest day (57 below) all day and did not suffer. We are getting a school started now that is badly needed.

"Our P. O., Evarts, is about 15 miles; there is another office 6 miles, but it is not convenient to us. Wife and I would not exchange our home here for anything Illinois has to offer.

"Yours truly,

"(Sd.) E. EMBERLEY."

BATHING IN THE DEAD SEA.

By No Means a Pleasure, According to One Traveler.

"No sooner has one plunged into the water than one is whipped off one's feet and goes bobbing helplessly about like a wretched cork," says Rev. Haskett Smith of bathing in the Dead sea. "In the effort to regain one's footing and to get back to shore, one's feet and shins are barked, by the jagged stones and pebbles, and when at length one does emerge from its treacherous bosom, with the lower limbs bleeding and torn, one becomes aware of a horrible tingling and burning sensation in eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth and almost every pore of the skin, from the brine and bitumen which have penetrated everywhere.

"Unless great care is taken the bather in the Dead sea is liable to an eruption, which breaks out all over his body, and which is commonly known as the 'Dead sea rash.' The best antidote to this is to hurry across as quickly as possible to the river Jordan and take a second plunge therein. The soft and muddy waters of that sacred but dirty stream will effectually remove the salt that has incrusted the body."

ELEVEN YEARS OF ECZEMA.

Hands Cracked and Bleeding—Nail Came Off of Finger—Cuticura Remedies Brought Prompt Relief.

"I had eczema on my hands for about eleven years. The hands cracked open in many places and bled. One of my fingers was so bad that the nail came off. I had tried so many remedies, and they all had failed to cure me. I had seen three doctors, but got no relief. Finally I got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent Pills. Of course I keep Cuticura Soap all the time for my hands, but the one cake of Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment cured them. I recommend the Cuticura Remedies to all suffering with eczema. Mrs. Eliza A. Wiley, R. F. D. No. 2, Liscomb, Ia., Oct. 18, 1906."

New Austrian Railway.

Hitherto tourists from the United States who chose a southern trip to Europe left the steamer at Gibraltar or Naples, but many, chiefly those who had already been in Italy, now come to Trieste and continue from here their voyage by the new Austrian railway. There can hardly be a more beautiful country than the regions which are made accessible by this new Transalpine railroad. The new railway is owned by the state, and is 150 miles long. There are 49 tunnels, with a total length of ten miles. There are 50 bridges, one of which, across the river Isonzo, has the longest stone span in the world. There are, besides, as many as 678 small bridges and viaducts.—Consular Reports.

Conclusive.

"Do you regard this prevalence of high prices as a sign of prosperity?"

"Certainly," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "the fact that people can afford to pay them is a conclusive sign of prosperity."—Washington Star.

TWO TERRIBLE YEARS.

The Untold Agonies of Neglected Kidney Troubles.

Mrs. James French, 65 Weir Street, Taunton, Mass., says: "Where I began using Doan's Kidney Pills I was so run down and miserable that I could hardly endure it. Terrible pains in the back attacked me frequently and the kidney secretions were much disordered. I was a nervous wreck and there seemed no hope. Doan's Kidney Pills brought my first relief and six boxes have so thoroughly cured and regulated my kidneys that there has been no return of my old trouble."

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

The Breakers to Remain Closed.

Word comes from abroad that Mrs. Vanderbilt is to take a large estate near London, and that the Breakers will not be open this season in Newport.

This will be the second summer that this magnificent estate has been closed, and it means a social as well as financial loss to the place.

To the gossips of the smart set it means that something attractive is keeping Mrs. Vanderbilt and her daughter on the other side of the Atlantic—something that draws like a lodestone.

No longer is Robert Goelet's name heard in connection with the hand of Miss Vanderbilt, and we are at our wit's end to know just who the lucky Johnny is.—New York American.

The Same Kind.

"Good heavens, Mary!" exclaimed the pampered husband, "where did you get these cigars? They are horrible!"

"Why, my dear, I'm sure they're quite good," tearfully replied his wife. "I was very careful to call for the brand you always smoke. They're Colorado Madura."—Lippincott's.

For Hardening Drill.

Hardening an ordinary drill in sulphuric acid, states the English Mechanic, makes an edge that will cut tempered steel or facilitate cutting hard rock. The acid should be poured into a flat-bottomed vessel to a depth of about one-eighth of an inch. The point of the drill is heated to a dull cherry red, and dipped in the acid to that depth. This makes the point extremely hard, while the remainder remains soft. If the point breaks, re-harden, but with a little less acid in the vessel.

England's Debt to France.

One of the chief debts to France is that she nourishes our ideas, transforms them, makes them her own, just as she transplanted and transmitted the flower of the Renaissance in an earlier day. With all our national vanity we never dispute the parentage. It is only territory and diplomatic prestige and commerce about which we quarrel with our "sweet enemy."—London Academy.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Magnetic Sort.

"He is a wonderfully impressive man." "Yes. He is one of these people who will say 'it is a beautiful day' in such an impressive manner that you like giving him personal credit for the weather."

No Headache in the Morning.

Krause's Headache Capsules for over-indulgence in food or drink. Druggists, 25c. Norman Lichty Mfg. Co., Des Moines, Ia.

To watch the corn grow or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love—these are the things to make men happy.—John Ruskin.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Calumny will soil virtue itself.—Shakespeare.

Riddle.

"What is the difference between a chauffeur and a surgeon?" asked the every ready joker.

"Give it up," answered the man who was bored.

"The chauffeur runs people down and the surgeon cuts them up."

Hastily boarding a passing street car, he made a safe getaway.—Detroit Free Press.

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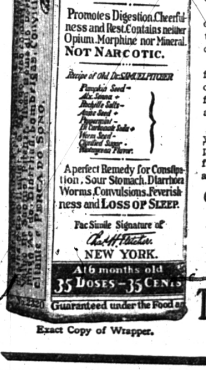
We do not hesitate to say that a timely use of Castoria would save a majority of these precious lives. Neither do we hesitate to say that many of these infantile deaths are occasioned by the use of narcotic preparations. Drops, tinctures and soothing syrups sold for children's complaints contain more or less opium, or morphine. They are, in considerable quantities, deadly poisons. In any quantity they stupefy, retard circulation and lead to congestions, sickness, death. Castoria operates exactly the reverse, but you must see that it bears the signature of Chas. H. Fletcher. Castoria causes the blood to circulate properly, opens the pores of the skin and allays fever.



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Letters from Prominent Physicians addressed to Chas. H. Fletcher.

Dr. A. F. Peeler, of St. Louis, Mo., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in many cases and have always found it an efficient and speedy remedy."

Dr. E. Down, of Philadelphia, Pa., says: "I have prescribed your Castoria in my practice for many years with great satisfaction to myself and benefit to my patients."

Dr. Edward Parrish, of Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "I have used your Castoria in my own household with good results, and have advised several patients to use it for its mild laxative effect and freedom from harm."

Dr. J. B. Elliott, of New York City, says: "Having during the past six years prescribed your Castoria for infantile stomach disorders, I most heartily commend its use. The formula contains nothing deleterious to the most delicate of children."

Dr. C. G. Sprague, of Omaha, Neb., says: "Your Castoria is an ideal medicine for children, and I frequently prescribe it. While I do not advocate the indiscriminate use of proprietary medicines, yet Castoria is an exception for conditions which arise in the care of children."

Dr. J. A. Parker, of Kansas City, Mo., says: "Your Castoria holds the esteem of the medical profession in a manner held by no other proprietary preparation. It is a sure and reliable medicine for infants and children. In fact, it is the universal household remedy for infantile ailments."

Dr. H. F. Merrill, of Augusta, Me., says: "Castoria is one of the very finest and most remarkable remedies for infants and children. In my opinion your Castoria has saved thousands from an early grave. I can furnish hundreds of testimonials from this locality as to its efficiency and merits."

Dr. Norman M. Geer, of Cleveland, Ohio, says: "During the last twelve years I have frequently recommended your Castoria as one of the best preparations of the kind, being safe in the hands of parents and very effective in relieving children's disorders, while the ease with which such a pleasant preparation can be administered is a great advantage."

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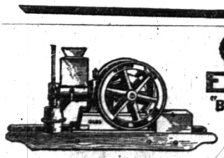

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It is the most practical engine for the farmer, because it is always ready, compact, adjusted and can be moved anywhere.

The price is right—the quality is the standard of the U. S. Government, who use it.

This engine is ready to run when you get it, fill it with

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