## Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Peruna be submitted to any medical expert, of whatever school or nationality, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that each one of them was of undoubted value in chronic catarrhal diseases, and had stood the test of many years' experience in the treatment of such diseases. THERE CAN BE NO DISPUTE ABOUT THIS WHATEVER. Peruna is composed of the most efficacious and universally used herb remedies for catarrh. Every ingredient of Peruna has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh.

Peruna brings to the home the COMBINED KNOWLEDGE OF SEVERAL SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE in the treatment of catarrhal diseases; brings to the home the scientific skill and knowledge of the modern pharmacist; and last but not least, brings to the home the vast and varied experience of Dr. Hartman, in the use of catarrh remedies, and in the treatment of catarrhal diseases.

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BUT THEY ALL FAILED TO BRING ANY RELIEF.

Dr. Hartman's idea is that a catarrh remedy can be made on a large scale, as he is making it; that it can be made honestly, of the purest drugs and of the strictest uniformity. His idea is that this remedy can be supplied directly to the people, and no more be charged for it than is necessary for the handling of it.

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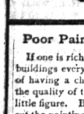

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No article is more useful about the stable than Mica Axle Grease. Put a little on the spindles before you "hook up"—it will help the horse, and bring the load home quicker.

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**DEFIANCE STARCH** never sticks to the iron.


# Wall and 3rd

By Thomas W. Lawson

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CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"He appealed directly to John Wilson to make an effort to stop the growing tendency to use the people as pawns to enslave themselves and their children. He said some man of undoubted probity, standing, and wealth, some one whom the people trusted, must start the fight against these New York fiends, whose only thought is to roll up wealth. And he told John Wilson he was the man, since he had great wealth, honestly got by his father and grandfather; no one would accuse him of being a hypocrite, seeking notoriety, and his standing in the financial world was so old and solid that it would have to listen to him. I remember how emphatically father said: 'I tell you, John, even the discussion of such a proposition as that scoundrel Reinhart makes is degrading to an American's honor.' He said it didn't make the least difference if Reinhart counted his millions by the score, and was director in 36 or 40 great institutions, and gave a fortune every year for charity to the church—that he was a blackleg just the same. And so is any man, he said, who dares to say he will take the stock of a transportation company, which represents a certain amount of money invested and double or multiply it by five and ten, simply because he can compel people to pay exorbitant fares and freight rates and so get profits on this fraudulently increased capital.

"It was the decision arrived at by father and the Wilsons at this meeting, a decision to refuse in any circumstances to allow our southern people to be bled by the Wall street system,' that started Reinhart and his dollar-fiends on the war-path. You can see from what I tell you of my father the terrible condition he is in now. At night, when I get to thinking of him, hoping against hope, with no one to help him, no one with whom he can talk over his affairs, when I think of his nobleness in devoting his time to mother and by sheer will-power concealing from her his awful suffering, it nearly drives me mad."

"Miss Sands, why will you not let me lend you the money necessary to tide your father over for awhile?" I asked.

"You are so good," Mr. Randolph, "but you don't quite understand my father in spite of what I have said. He would not relieve his suffering at the expense of another, not if it were a hundred times more acute. You cannot understand the old-fashioned, deep-rooted pride of the Sands."

"But can you not, at least temporarily disguise from him just how you have arranged the relief?"

Her big blue eyes stared at me in bewilderment.

"Mr. Randolph, I could not deceive father. I could not tell him a lie even to save his life. It would be impossible. My father abhors a lie. He believes a man or woman who would lie the lowest of the low things on earth. When I go back to my father he will say: 'Tell me what you have done.' I can just see him now, standing between the big white pillars at the end of the driveway. I can hear him saying calmly: 'Beulah, my daughter, welcome. Your mother is waiting for you in her room. Do not lose a moment getting to her.' Afterward he'll take me over the plantation to show me all the familiar things, and not one word will he allow me to say about our affairs until dinner is over, until the neighbors have left, for no Sands returns from long absence without a fitting home welcome. When I have said good night to mother and sister and he has drawn up my rocker in front of his big chair in the library alcove and I've lighted his cigar for him, he will look me in the eye and say: 'Daughter, tell me what you have done.' I would no more think of holding anything back than I would of stabbing him to the heart. No, Mr. Randolph, there is no possibility of relief except in fairly using that $50,000 and fairly winning back what Wall street has stolen from father. Even that will cause both of us many twinges of conscience, and anything more is impossible. If this cannot be done, father must, all of us must, pay the penalty of Reinhart's ruthless act."

Bob had listened, but made no comment until she was through; then he said: "It looks to me as though the market is shaping up so that we may be able to do something soon." It was evident to both of us that he had some plan in mind.

Later we learned that that night Beulah wrote her father a long letter, telling him what she had done; that she had made almost two millions profit from her operations; that they had been lost, and that the outlook was not reassuring. She begged him to prepare himself for the final calamity; promising that if there were no change for the better by December 1, she would come home to be with him when the blow fell. She begged him to prepare to meet it like a Sands, and assure him that if worse came to worst she would earn enough to keep poverty away. Judge Sands would receive this letter the second day following, Friday, the 13th day of November. My God! how well I know the date. It is seared into my brain as though with a white-hot iron.

After our talk with Beulah Sands I begged Bob to dine with me and go over matters at length to see if we could not find a way out to relief.

"No, Jim, I have work to do tonight, work that won't wait. That tariff bill was buttoned up to-day, and it has just been announced that the Sugar directors have declared a big extra dividend. Things have come out just about as I told you they would, and the stock is climbing to-day. They say it will touch 200 to-morrow, and 'the street' is predicting 250 for it in ten days. Barry Conant has been a steady buyer all day and the news bureaus announced that Camemeyer and the 'Standard Oil' are twenty millions winners. They say the Washington gamblers, the congressmen, senators and cabinet members with their heelers and lobbyists have made a killing. About every one seems to have fattened up, Jim, but you and me and Beulah Sands and the public. The public gets the ax both ways, as usual. They have been shaken out of their stock, and they will be compelled to pay millions more each year for their sugar than they would if this law had not been made for their benefit. Jim, there is no disguising the fact that the American people are as helpless in the hands of these thugs of the 'system' as though they lived in the realm of the sultan, where a few cutthroat brigands are licensed to rob and oppress to their heart's content. Jim Randolph, you know this game of finance. You know how it is worked, and the man who work it. Tell me if there is any consideration due Wall street and its heart-and-soul butchers at the hands of honest men."

"I do not know what you mean, Bob. What are you driving at?"

"Never mind what I am driving at, my back. Jim, if I had known as much that day as I do now I would have stood in that crowd and bought all the stock I could at 180, and I would have stood there buying until hell froze over or he quit; then I would have made him rebuy it at 280 or 2,050, and I would have broken him and all his Camemeyer and 'Standard Oil' backers broken them to their last crime-covered dollar."

"Bob, what are you talking about? It is all Chinese to me. I cannot get head or tail of what you are driving at."

"I know you can't, Jim, neither could Wall street if it were listening to me. But you will, and Wall street will, too, before many days go by. Now I must be off. I have work to do."

He put on his hat and left me trying to puzzle out just what he meant.

Next day the Sugar bulls had the center of the stock exchange stage. All day long they tossed Sugar from one to another, as though each thousand shares had been a wisp of hay instead of $200,000—for soon after the opening it soared to 200. The "system's" cohorts were in absolute control, with Barry Conant never a minute away from the Sugar-pole, always on the alert to steer the course of price when they threatened to run away on the up or the down side. It was evident to the expert readers of the tape that the "system" was carrying its steed for an exceptionally brilliant run. Like Bloomenstein, the Avenger Fiend, who for 40 years had kept close track of every movement on the floor, and who would bet anything, from his Fifth avenue mansion to his overripe boardroom straw hat, that all stocks and movements were as strictly subject to the law of averages as are the tides to the moon and sun, remarked to Joe Barnes, the loan expert:

"'Cam' unt de Keroseners are pudding up egstra dop rails to dot woolpen deh hat ben pilding since deh took Pop Prownlee and deh Rantolphs into gamp. Unless my topesheet goes pack on me, for deh first dime in 40 years, dere vill pe a record clip pefore a week from to-tay."

"I am with you there, Ike," answered Joe. "If Barry Conant's knife-edged teeth ever spelt a killin', they do to-day. I just got orders from somewhere to drop call money from four to two and a half per cent., and they have given me ten millions to drop it with and the order is to favor Sugar as 'collat.' Some one is anxious to make it easy for the bleaters to get the coin to buy all the Sugar they want. Ike, you and I might make turkey money for Thanksgiving, if we only knew whether Barry and his bunch were going to shoot her up 30 or 40 points before they turned the bag upside down, or whether they will bury them from 200 to 150. What do you think?"

"I gant make out, aldo I haf vatched dem sharp all day. Dey certainly haf deh lambs lined up right now for any vey dey vont to twist id. I nefer see a petter market for a deluge. For Barry's movements all day I should say dey vould keep holstin' her until apout noon to-morrow, unt dat deh might get her up to two-tirty or even to deh two-fifty. Put dere are von or two topes on deh sheet vhat run deh uder vay. First der is dey fact you gan run out, dat dere is already on deh sugar vagon deh piggest load of chuicy suckers dat efer game in from deh suppurba. Sharley pates says if any von hat tapped his Vashingtoh vire er any utter capital vire dis week he vould haf tought dere vas a senate, house, unt kabinet roll-gall on. Deh topes say 'Cam' vill nefer led dat punch off grafters slits out mit real mooney if he gap help id unt deh game iss endirely in his hands."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"Mr. Randolph, I Could Not Tell My Father a Lie Even to Save His Life."

### FABLE OF THE PANSY.

Lovers of this pretty flower may be interested in the fable concerning it. The blossom has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family, consisting of husband, wife and four daughters, two of the latter being step-children of the wife. The plain petals are the step-children, with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fancful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap round his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub. In France the pansy is universally called the step-mother.

# LIFE IN A HAREM

## INMATES AT THE MERCY OF DESPOTIC WOMAN.

### Mother of the Sultan Has Absolute Power of Life and Death Within Its Confines—Cruel Punishment Frequent.

At the present moment, when so much attention is being paid to the question of equal rights for men and women, a passing glimpse into the harem of his serene majesty, Abdul-Hamid, exposes a condition of things hard to believe and still harder to accept.

Curiously enough, however, it is not the sultan who is the most powerful and most dreaded autocrat in his own harem, but the sultan's mother, known by the name of "Valide." It is the sultan's mother who not only regulates every incident of the harem, but possesses the right of life and death over the women in it, and there are almost no known instances in which a sultan has dared to save a favorite from a punishment ordered by 'the crown of veiled heads," as the Valide is called in the harem.

And next to the sultan's mother comes, not the sultan's favorite wife, as might be imagined, but the Hasadar-osta, or grand mistress of finance. The sultan's chief wife, or more correctly speaking, mistress, ranks only third in the order of the harem, and seems to possess, moreover, no real power whatsoever. I use the word mistress, because the sultan, which will probably come as a surprise to the majority of English readers, is not allowed to marry. This extraordinary prohibition dates from the time when a sultan, going upon some holy war, and taking his legitimate wife with him, found her suddenly seized by the enemy and led into captivity. Now, the sultan, being considered the Almighty's descendent and representative on earth, his wife was, of course, sacred, and could not become the property of any lesser creature. Her seizure, therefore, created something like a panic in royal circles. A council was called, and it was decided that henceforward, to avoid repetitions of a similar abomination, no sultan should ever marry.

The members of the harem are still young slaves bought in Circassia, Georgia, Armenia and other places, and practically educated in the harem itself on the chance that the sultan may one day notice them. It appears also that civilization has not made great strides in the management of the royal harem, and that corporal punishments are still frequent, eunuchs called "beating eunuchs," still being kept for refractory persons. Poisoned coffee is also not entirely out of fashion, while, grimmer still, the terrible sack flung into the Bosphorus even now does its sinister work. It is piteous to learn that, notwithstanding all this, many parents willingly sell their children to supply the enormous colony which constitutes the harem.

But life for a Turkish potentate is at best a troubled circumstance. The fear of assassination is so great that the sultan, it seems, has not for years slept two nights running in the same chamber. The only person aware each night of the room selected is his mother, who secretly gets it ready. Two female slaves also lie, like faithful dogs, extended across the doorway, ready to spring up at the slightest noise or the faintest call from the sovereign. But for fear of treachery even these are chained every night, and never until the last moment know to what part of the palace they are to be sent. The ordinary amusements of the harem are trivial enough, but it is pleasant to learn that some of the women have the deeper joy of motherhood, and that there are children to take care of and watch over. So many pet animals are kept, also, that the royal harem has been called a veritable menagerie.

### Not on the Job.

An eminent lawyer with a large practice before the supreme court of the United States enjoys telling of a tremendous jolt to his youthful vanity in the early days when he made a specialty of criminal cases.

He had been retained by a man charged with larceny in Pennsylvania, and as the evidence was conclusive had advised his client to plead guilty.

"You have a bad record, you know," said the lawyer, "and you have practically confessed your guilt. I should say that you will be sentenced to about three years."

This last completely dumfounded the accused. He looked about his cell vacantly for several minutes before turning to his attorney. When he did it was to say:

"Will you kindly step out and get me a good lawyer?"—Success.

### Developing Afghanistan.

A Leeds correspondent of the London Times states that a noticeable order from the Afghanistan government has in part been executed by a firm of that British manufacturing city in the dispatch of leather dressing machinery of the value of about $15,000. It is stated that the ameer has in view a considerable development of his leather works at Kabul. This machinery has been packed in about 400 cases for the convenience of carriage through the Khyber pass. It is stated that another firm of Leeds and Leicester have in hand from the same quarter an order for a plan of boot making machinery.

### On Second Thought.

"Don't you remember, you said you would drown yourself if I didn't marry you?"

"Yes, I remember; how foolish I was!"

"Do you consider that it was foolish?"

"Yes; I should have threatened to drown myself if you did marry me."—Houston Post.

### One Drawback.

"One of de drawbacks of dishere life," said Uncle Eben, "is de fact dat de call of duty don' very often sound near as loud as de dinner bell."—Washington Star.

### WHEN THE FISH HURDLE.

#### Man Wanted to Be Far Away From the Danger Spot.

Of course at this season the usual run of "fish stories" are going the rounds. But one relating to the hurdling prowess of bass and trout, which was told in all earnestness the other night, takes first prize.

"Fish always go up stream in the springtime," said the fisherman, "and scarcely anything will keep the bass and trout from getting near the headwaters. I have known these two species to jump over a dam eight to ten feet high and continue their upstream journey."

"What was that you said?" remarked a friend, who also claims to be somewhat of an angler. The man repeated his assertion that he had seen fish jump over dams eight to ten feet high, and as there was no one present to deny the hurdling abilities of the fish, the only challenge to his remarkable statement was a laugh by all hands.

"Well, I trust I will never be on the top of Niagara falls when one of those hurdling fish you speak of comes flying through the air and hits me in the eye," remarked the friend. That broke up the fish stories for that evening, but the man still insists that a ten-foot dam can be hurdled by either a bass or trout.


### TWO SISTERS HAD ECZEMA.

#### Cuticura Cured Scalp Troubles of Two Illinois Girls—Another Sister Took Cuticura Pills.

"I must give much praise to all the Cuticura Remedies. I used but one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, as that was all that was required to cure my disease. I was very much troubled with eczema of the head, and a friend of mine told me to use the Cuticura Remedies, which I did, and am glad to say that they cured my eczema entirely. My sister was also cured of eczema of the head by using the Cuticura Remedies. Another sister has used Cuticura Resolvent and Pills and thinks they are a splendid tonic. Miss Edith Hammer, R. F. D. No. 6, Morrison, Ill., Oct. 3, '06."


### Go Out to Welcome Bells.

Curious scenes occurred at the village of St. Keverne, Cornwall, on the arrival of a new peal of bells for the parish church. A large procession of villagers, headed by the local band, marched out to meet the bells, which were drawn by horses on four wagons. Men, women, and children carried flags and wreaths and wild flowers were laid on the bells.—London Graphic.


### 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.


There was never yet a fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.—Shakespeare.


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


Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines.—Ruskin.

### Dr. McCosh's Impression.

"Ah, I have an impression!" exclaimed Dr. McCosh, the president of Princeton college, to the mental-philosophy class. "Now, young gentlemen," continued the doctor, as he touched his head with his forefinger, "can you tell me what an impression is?"

No answer.

"What; no one knows? No one can tell me what an impression is?" exclaimed the doctor, looking up and down the class.

"I know," said Mr. Arthur. "An impression is a dent in a soft place."

"Young gentleman," said the doctor, removing his hand from his forehead and growing red in the face, "you are excused for the day.—Judge.


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Nature is so earnest when she makes a woman.—O. W. Holmes.


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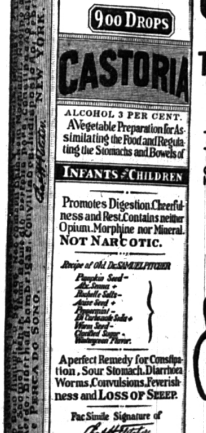
W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 31, 1907.



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