ALL HAIL PE-RU-NA.

A Cure of
STOMACH CATARRH.

MARY O'BRIEN.

Miss Mary O'Brien, 306 Myrtle Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., writes:

"Peruna cured me in five weeks of catarrh of the stomach, after suffering for four years and doctoring without effect. In common with other grateful ones who have been benefited by your discovery, I say. *All hail to Peruna."*

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

"There were people who told me it would not stay cured, but I am sure that I am cured, for I do not feel any more ill effects, have a good appetite and am getting fat. So I am, and will say to all, I am cured for good.

"I thank you for your kindness.

"Peruna will be our house medicine hereafter."

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

Gained Strength and Flesh.

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

'TWAS IN 'TATER TIME.

One Thing, at Least, the Mother Was Positive About.

The late Senator Platt of Connecticut enjoyed funny stories and could tell a good many himself. Notwithstanding his long public life, he always remembered a yarn that he carried from his school days.

One year when the district schools opened in his town one of the teachers, in making a record of the ages of her pupils, as required by law, found that one little girl, who came from a family not noted for being especially bright, was unable to say when her birthday came.

So in order to complete her records, the teacher walked two miles to see the girl's mother one afternoon after school. Asked if she could remember just when her daughter was born, the woman thought for some little time, and then with a sort of puzzled look, said:

"Well, the gal was born in 'tater time, that's sure, but I can't 'member whether they was a-plantin' on 'em or a-diggin' on 'em."

A Foine Bird.

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter went out to hunt one day, and the first thing he saw to shoot at was a blue jay sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away at the bird and then walked over to pick it up. What he happened to find there was a dead frog, which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking at it with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked:

"Well, begobs, but ye was a devil of a foine looking bird befur Oi blew ther fithers off o'yers!"—Judge's Library.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
RHEUMATISM, GRAVEL, DROPSY, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE
Price 75 "Guarantee"

Mica Axle Grease

Best lubricant for axles in the world—long wearing and very adhesive.

Makes a heavy load draw like a light one. Saves half the wear on wagon and team, and increases the earning capacity of your outfit.

Ask your dealer for *Mica Axle Grease.*

STANDARD OIL CO. (Incorporated)

FREE To convince any woman that Paxtine Antiseptic will improve her health and do all we claim for it. We will send her absolutely free a large trial box of Paxtine with book of instructions and genuine testimonials. Send your name and address on a postal card.

PAXTINE cleanses and heals mucous membranes, such as nasal catarrh, pelvic catarrh and inflammation caused by feminine ills; sore eyes, sore throat and mouth, by direct local treatment. Its curative power over these troubles is extraordinary and gives immediate relief. Thousands of women are using and recommending it every day. 50 cents at druggists or by mail. Remember, however, IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY IT. THE R. PAXTON CO., Boston, Mass.

Ueber die Sterne Ist Ruh

By Elizabeth A. Vore

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Ueber die sterne ist ruh,
Ueber die sterne ist ruh."

It was the Herr Professor singing in the organ loft. Higher and higher swelled the music, louder and sweeter the rich full tones of the great organ, and the mellow, wonderful voice of the musician rose, until the dim, quaint old church was filled with the exquisite harmony.

Slowly and cautiously one of the heavy outer doors was partly opened and a dark, lovely face looked timidly in, as the music swelled forward in all its sublime sweetness, the door was pushed farther open by a little brown hand and a slight, childish figure entered and crept softly, hesitatingly up the aisle.

Presently the music stopped, but the child remained kneeling as if in a trance. The door leading from the organ loft opened and the musician came slowly down, humming softly to himself. As he came forward his eyes fell on the kneeling child with her rapt, exquisite face and her wondrous, lifted eyes, and he stopped short in astonishment.

"Liebe Himmel!" he muttered. "It is the face of an angel!"

A tide of crimson flooded the lovely olive face as the child sprang up and shrank back timidly.

"Pardon, sir—a thousand pardons!" she stammered, in a soft, musical voice, tremulous with fright.

The look of wonder and astonishment on the good professor's face changed to one of gentleness and pity at the little one's evident fear.

"Pful, little one, thou hast naught to fear; am I then so great a monster that thou shouldst run from me? Come, maitchen, let us see thee closer."

The child came shyly forward and stood before the great master, who took her small hands in his own and gazed with kindly curiosity into her face.

"Thou art a puzzle, little one," he said, smiling. "Who art thou? I find thee in this quiet English town, and the tongue is English, too, but the face and voice, they do not belong to an English maid. How is it, leibchen?"

"I am Gabrielle," said the child, simply. "My father keeps the music shop near by. He is English, but!—I am like my mother who is with the angels. She was born over the sea, in Italy."

"Ah! that accounts for thy soft voice and dark face, my lovely one. I thought there was southern blood in thy veins. And thou wert listening to the music? Perhaps thou wouldst like to learn, thyself?"

The child drew in her breath quickly and clasped her hands spasmodically in the emotion that suddenly swept over her.

"Ah! if I might!" she cried, "if I only might! But there is none to teach, and I can do nothing but sing, and that not at home, for it makes my father sad. My mother sang, and he is always remembering."

"So you sing, then, little one; let us hear you. Come, do not be afraid; sing something you know well."

He had, somehow, expected to hear an unusual voice, but nothing like what he did hear; as the child threw back her head proudly and her sweet, clear voice swelled upward, the purity and richness of its exquisite tones thrilled the great master, and filled him with wondering astonishment.

"It is wonderful!" he exclaimed, as the sweet voice died away, and Gabrielle stood flushed and trembling before him. "My child, you are blest of the saints! your voice is perfect. You will have the world at your feet."

"I want only to be able to play the great organ and sing as you do. Shall I ever be able to sing the song you sang just now?"

"Certainly, and many much more difficult than that."

"But who would teach me, sir?" faltered Gabrielle. "My father has no money."

"We shall see to that, little one; we shall see to all that—such a voice must not be lost to the world. Tell me where you live and I will see the father about it."

Gabrielle directed him, and then with the impulsiveness born of her hot, southern blood, she raised his hand to her lips and covered it with kisses.

The great German master had come to this little out-of-the-way English town some weeks before, for the purpose of resting. He had steered clear of hotels and boarding houses, though they were of a very quiet, primitive order in this country place, and had secured lodgings with one of his own countrymen, Karl Hansel, a music teacher, who soon ascertained who his guest was, and was not a little proud of the distinction of having the famous "Herr Professor," to use his own words, under his roof. He became a great favorite with the simple town folk, who always spoke of him after Karl Hansel's example, as the "Herr Professor." But now the time for his departure was at hand, and he made haste to see Gabrielle's father before he went away.

He did not long hesitate in giving his consent that his little daughter receive a musical education.

She was to study during the winter and summer with Karl Hansel, "and then when autumn comes again," said the master, smiling, "I shall come for her and take her to the Fatherland. We will make a great singer of thee, leibchen."

Through the late winter and spring Gabrielle advanced rapidly and her tutor was full of pride at her progress. But when the hot days of summer came she began to droop; the slender form grew thin, and the rosy color faded from her cheek. By-and-by she became too weak to continue her lessons. Poor little Gabrielle! it soon became apparent to all who saw her that she would never sing for the world. Yet—let me change it—rich Gabrielle, she would sing, not for the world, but for the angels. She lingered on until winter, growing weaker every day, but making no complaint save weariness.

"I am so tired!" she would say, "so tired." She never complained of aught else. She had but one wish. "To hear the song of the Herr Professor," and see the master before she died. But Karl Hansel did not know exactly his whereabouts, although he wrote him occasionally to learn of the progress of his protege, and for three months he had heard nothing of him, although he wrote of the child's failing strength.

"I am so tired!" she would cry, "and I cannot rest. Sing me the song of the Herr Professor. I cannot rest till I have heard it."

"Child, child!" her heartbroken, white-haired father would cry, "you break my heart! alas! there is no one

"Child, Child! You Break My Heart!"

who knows it—if you could but remember the name."

There came a day in the early autumn when with tearful eyes the friends of little Gabrielle gathered around her couch. The little life was fast ebbing out.

"Tell the Herr Professor," she whispered. Just then a step was heard without—the door opened and the master stood on the threshold. Gabrielle's eyes grew radiant and she stretched out her little thin hands. "It is the Herr Professor!" she cried, joyfully.

The next instant he had crossed over and knelt by her couch and taking the little feeble hands, pressed them to his breast.

"Leibchen! leibchen! beloved child!" he cried. "Ach! mein Gott! but it is cruel!"

"Sing me the song you sang in the church, dear Herr Professor," she begged; "I have waited so long to hear it again, and I am so tired—ah, so very tired, and I cannot rest."

Then the master raised his powerful voice, its richness mingled now with a solemn tenderness.

"Ueber die sterne ist ruh," he sang again—sang as he never sang it before, as he would never sing it again, and the dying Gabrielle listened with parted lips, while into her weary dark eyes there stole a sweet, restful peace.

"Ueber die sterne ist ruh!" she repeated feebly. "What does it mean, Herr Professor?"

"Over the stars is thy rest," said the master, solemnly. "Rest for thee, little Gabrielle."

"Ah! it is for me! for me the song is made!" cried Gabrielle, smiling weakly. "I am so tired, but—over—the stars—"

The sentence was finished in heaven, where she had found rest at last. They laid her gently back and led the sorrowing father away; then the great musician bowed his head and wept over the little lifeless form.

"Ach! meine leibe kind!" he murmured, "thou art lost to the world, but perhaps it is best; thou wert not intended for earth—thy voice it was lent thee by the angels!"

In one corner of the country churchyard is a little grass-grown mound marked by an unusually handsome headstone. When it attracts notice, the villagers say:

"Yes, it came from over the seas; the great master sent it from Leipsic," and the stranger stopping to read, sees the simple inscription:

"Gabrielle. Ueber die sterne ist ruh."

Film Flam.

At the best, remarks the Amateur Photographer, the development of other people's exposures in large quantities is a pure mechanical task and should be regarded as such by all concerned. The patient and loving and tender care which struggles to save and improve in development a wrongly exposed plate cannot be had in commerce.

The development of films by electric motor and of plates in batches in a tank of dilute developer is more and more coming to be commercial practice. Such treatment will save all that can be saved in the negative, and what is not brought out by such treatment is not, and never was, there—despite the walls of the traveler who is sure that he got an excellent view of the dungeon at Chillon by a hand exposure with the shutter set at I and the largest diaphragm.

An Augmented Vocabulary.

"Jimmie," said one small boy to another, "do you know what a molly-coddle is?" "Sure. It's a new word you can use if you want to start a fight."

WORN TO A SKELETON.

A Wonderful Restoration Caused a Sensation in a Pennsylvania Town.

Mrs. Charles N. Preston, of Elkland, Pa., says: "Three years ago I found that my housework was becoming a burden. I tired easily, had no ambition and was failing fast. My complexion got yellow, and I lost over 50 pounds. My thirst was terrible, and there was sugar in the kidney secretions. My doctor kept me on a strict diet, but as his medicine was not helping me, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. They helped me at once, and soon all traces of sugar disappeared. I have regained my former weight and am perfectly well."

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

Tom Ochiltree's Moon.

After Tom Ochiltree, that able congress raconteur and laugh generator for the afflicted rich, settled in New York as the amuser of the John W. Mackay family, he effervesced in a thousand different directions, and was as good in some ways as Sam Ward. One night he escorted John Mackay's friend, the Count de Biscout, down to the Battery to show the sight of New York. The moon was grand, and the count went into raptures as "her maiden reflection rippled over the pearly waters." He cried: "Eet iss gran!! Eet is grand! Dair iss no such moon in all Italy!" "Count," said Ochiltree, solemnly, as befitted the occasion, "you just ought to see the moon in Texas!"

Of Little Faith.

At the Pine Grove camp ground in Canaan, Conn., a little girl was removed by her mother for disobedience and being naughty to her playmates. The child was told that when she said her prayers at night she should seek forgiveness and ask the Lord to help her be a better girl. Here is the prayer which the youngster made under protest:

"Oh, Lord, I want you to help me to mind my mamma, to help me to be a better girl, to help me to be good to my playmates, to—but, pshaw, Lord, what's the use? I spect you don't believe half I'm saying."

Saw Chance to Economize.

After weeks of waiting and longing for the sport, rods, reels, gaff, creel—everything was in readiness for a week's trout fishing.

The young wife, smiling joyously, hurried into the room, extending towards her husband some sticky, speckled papers.

"For goodness' sake," he exclaimed, "what on earth are you doing with those old fly papers?"

"I saved them for you last summer, dear," she answered. "You know you said you always had to buy flies when you went fishing."

A Pardonable Fault.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, discussing a rather finicky attack that had been made on certain recent statements, smiled and said:

"But who or what is blameless? It is like the case of the Scottish hen. An old Scottish woman wished to sell a hen to a neighbor.

"'But tell me,' the neighbor said, 'is she a'thegither a guid bird? Has she got nae faults, nae faults at all?'

"'Awell, Margot,' the other old woman admitted, 'she has got one fault. She will lay on the Lord's day.'"

Had a Cheer Coming.

Years ago, when the G. A. R. annual department encampment was held in Boston, as the veterans were marching along one of the avenues a lady, who had secured an elevated position on a wagon in a side street, became conspicuous by the enthusiasm she displayed, and was dissatisfied with the lack of it in the by-standers. "Cheer!" said she. "Why don't you cheer? I guess you'd cheer if you'd lost two husbands in the war as I did."—Life.

Statue Finally Completed.

When Alfred Stevens designed the noble monument to the duke of Wellington in St. Paul's cathedral, London, he intended that his work should be crowned by an equestrian statue. But Stevens died before his design was carried out. Now, 32 years after his death, the equestrian statue has been completed and before long will be placed in position.

FAMILY FOOD.

Crisp, Toothsome and Requires No Cooking.

A little boy down in N. C. asked his mother to write an account of how Grape-Nuts food had helped their family.

She says Grape-Nuts was first brought to her attention on a visit to Charlotte, where she visited the Mayor of that city who was using the food by the advice of his physician. She says:

"They derive so much good from it that they never pass a day without using it. While I was there I used the Food regularly. I gained about 15 pounds and felt so well that when I returned home I began using Grape-Nuts in our family regularly.

"My little 18 months old baby shortly after being weaned was very ill with dyspepsia and teething. She was sick nine weeks and we tried everything. She became so emaciated that it was painful to handle her and we thought we were going to lose her. One day a happy thought urged me to try Grape-Nuts soaked in a little warm milk.

"Well, it worked like a charm and she began taking it regularly and improvement set in at once. She is now getting well and round and fat as fast as possible on Grape-Nuts.

"Sometime ago several of the family were stricken with LaGrippe at the same time, and during the worst stages we could not relish anything in the shape of food but Grape-Nuts and oranges, everything else nauseated us.

"We all appreciate what your famous food has done for our family." "There's a Reason." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

JUST A GENTLE HINT.

One Remedy Appearances Indicated Nobleman Had Never Tried.

The earl of Surrey, afterward eleventh duke of Norfolk, who was a notorious gourmand and hard drinker and a leading member of the Beefsteak club, was so far from cleanly in his person that his servants used to avail themselves of his fits of drunkenness—which were pretty frequent, by the way—for the purpose of washing him. On these occasions they stripped him as they would a corpse and performed the needful ablutions.

He was equally notorious for his horror of clean linen. One day, on his complaining to Dudley North at the club that he had become a perfect martyr to rheumatism and tried every possible remedy without success, the latter wittily replied:

"Pray, my lord, did you ever try a clean shirt?"

CASE OF ECZEMA IN SOUTH.

Suffered Three Years—Hands and Eye Most Affected—Now Well and is Grateful to Cuticura.

"My wife was taken badly with eczema for three years, and she employed a doctor with no effect at all until she employed Cuticura Soap and Ointment. One of her hands and her left eye were badly affected. I tried when she would stop using Cuticura Soap and Ointment the eczema came back, but very slightly, but it did her a sight of good. Then we used the entire set of Cuticura Remedies and my wife is entirely recovered. She thanks Cuticura very much and will recommend it highly in our locality and in every nook and corner of our parish. I. M. Robert, Hydropolis, La., Jan. 5 and Sept. 1, 1906."

A Hopeless Case.

"Yes," said the business man, "I have given up trying to collect that little bill from Bilkins. You see, he is a big, muscular fellow, and he used to throw my collectors out."

"Then why didn't you employ a woman collector?" inquired a writer in Spare Moments. "He couldn't do that to a woman."

"That's what I thought, so I got one and sent her round, but she never came back."

"Why not?"

"He married her."

NEW HOMES IN THE WEST.

Send for free copy of pamphlet containing synopsis of the United States homestead laws and information how to secure a quarter section of splendid farming or grazing land free along the new railway lines of the Chicago & North-Western Ry. in South Dakota, Wyoming and other states. Special excursion rates to homeseekers. Full information on request to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. & N. W. Ry., Chicago.

Tripped.

Gunner—So you think the DeBlowers are faking about their extended European tour?

Guyer—I should say so. They said there were so many Americans in Venice that many had to walk in the middle of the street.

Gunner—Well?

Guyer—Why, the streets of Venice are canals.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Sapphire mining in Kashmir is being revived by a new company, composed of Europeans of high standing and wealthy natives.

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.

Sends Emigrants to Canada.

The Salvation Army in England is sending emigrants to Canada in batches of 600 monthly.

No Headache in the Morning.

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

If time is money you can't accuse a lazy man of being stingy.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

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Just Crying for a Hat.

"I noticed that your wife didn't look very well this morning," said Nexdore.

"Oh! It's nothing serious," replied Marryat, smiling.

"I remarked that her eyes were very red and tearful."

"Yes; it's merely a case of what you might call 'millinery hysteria.'"

Better Still.

Professor (coming from his club, holding up triumphantly his umbrella to his wife)—You see, my dear Alma, how stupid are all the anecdotes about our absent-mindedness; you see, I haven't forgotten my umbrella.

Mrs. Professor—But, my dear, you didn't take your umbrella with you; you left it at home.

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

The easiest way to get popular with people is to let them bore you.

W. N. U., DETROIT, NO. 37, 1907.

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SPOT CASH

FOR SOLDIERS' HOMESTEAD RIGHTS

All soldiers who served ninety days or more in the federal army or navy between 1861-1865, and who made homestead entries for less than 160 acres on or before June 22, 1874, means that an additional right is due someone and that it can be sold to me for spot cash, no matter whether patent issued or not. If soldier is dead, his heirs are entitled. The right descends as follows: First, to the widow; and second, to the legal heirs, or next of kin. Talk to old soldiers, their widows, children, or next of kin, about this class of additional rights. Get busy right now and find some of these relatives who made homestead entries in early days. It's easy money. For further information address Comrade W. E. Moses, 81 Colorado Building, Denver, Colo.

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If my $4 Gilt Edge and $5 Gold Fond Shoes cannot be equalled at any price.

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We can furnish you our Type A engine, set up on skids if desired, 3 to 8 h. p. ready to run when you get it—does not have to be set up—no piping to connect, no foundation to build—simply fill with gasoline (or distillate) throw on the switch, turn the wheel and it goes.

Easy to start winter or summer. The cheapest of all engines for farm and stationary power. Has removable water jacket, all latest improvements, and has been adopted by the United States Government. Send for our catalog of 1 to 50 h. p. and be sure you take advantage of our proposition and save money.

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