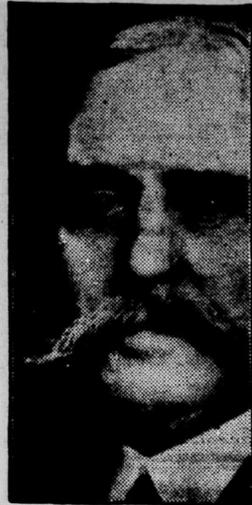


LEUT. F. S. DAVIDSON.



PE-RU-NA STRENGTHENS THE ENTIRE SYSTEM.

F. S. Davidson, Ex-Lieut. U. S. Army, Washington, D. C., care U. S. Pension Office, writes: "To my mind there is no remedy for catarrh comparable to Peruna. It not only strikes at the root of the malady, but it tones and strengthens the system in a truly wonderful way. That has been its history in my case. I cheerfully and unhesitatingly recommend it to those afflicted as I have been."—F. S. Davidson.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis.

Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

TICKLESOME TALES.

Prof. Sylvester Burnham was once asked by one of his not very indigent students whether he thought Hebrew would be the language in Heaven. The genial professor replied: "I am not sure; but it would be safe for you to be prepared."

A man who is always on the lookout for novelties, says the St. James Budget, recently asked a dealer in automobiles if there was anything new in the market. "There's a patented improvement that has just been put on the market," replied the dealer. "A folding horse that fits under the seat."

A lawyer named Patchell recently had a case in an Irish court, where the plaintiff in a breach of promise suit asserted that the defendant kissed her, but that she did not return his salutes. "Well, I never came across a girl like that," remarked Lawyer Patchell. "We won't go into these personal revelations here, Mr. Patchell," said the judge.

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, is reported to have said that the finest speech he ever made consisted of only four words. Senator Hoar in a speech in the course of which he chaffed good-naturedly the senator from the Green Mountain state, made this little thrust: "No man in Vermont is allowed to vote unless he has made \$5,000 trading with Massachusetts people." Senator Proctor retorted: "And we all vote."

One of the quaint characters well known to old-timers of Portland, Ore., was Robert E. Bybee, familiarly known as "Bob" Bybee. He was a justice of the peace in Portland for many years. On one occasion, when a jury was being impaneled, one of the jurors, a well-known attorney, asked to be excused because he was a lawyer. "Well," said Bybee, "I guess that all the law you know isn't going to disqualify you from serving."

Always the Way. "I suppose you expect to win that shaving set at the raffle?" "No, indeed, it will never come to me because I'd have some use for it. It's bound to go to some fellow who doesn't shave himself."—Philadelphia Press.

HONEST PHYSICIAN

Works with Himself First.

It is a mistake to assume that physicians are always skeptical as to the curative properties of anything else than drugs.

Indeed, the best doctors are those who seek to heal with as little use of drugs as possible and by the use of correct food and drink. A physician writes from Calif. to tell how he made a well man of himself with Nature's remedy:

"Before I came from Europe, where I was born," he says, "it was my custom to take coffee with milk (cafe au lait) with my morning meal, a small cup (cafe noir) after my dinner and two or three additional small cups at my club during the evening.

"In time nervous symptoms developed, with pains in the cardiac region, and accompanied by great depression of spirits, despondency—in brief, 'the blues'! I at first tried medicines, but got no relief and at last realized that all my troubles were caused by coffee. I thereupon quit its use forthwith, substituting English Breakfast Tea.

"The tea seemed to help me at first, but in time the old distressing symptoms returned, and I quit it also, and tried to use milk for my table beverage. This I was compelled however to abandon speedily for while it relieved the nervousness somewhat, it brought on constipation. Then by a happy inspiration I was led to try the Postum Food Coffee. This was some months ago and I still use it. I am no longer nervous, nor do I suffer from the pains about the heart, while my 'blues' have left me and life is bright to me once more. I know that leaving off coffee and using Postum healed me, and I make it a rule to advise my patients to use it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason.

THE BAD BOY



The Bad Boy Finds Germany Very Much Like Milwaukee—He Plays Mumblety Peg with the German Princes—He Entertains the Royal Family with "A Trick."

BY HON. GEORGE W. PECK, (Ex-Governor of Wisconsin, Former Editor of Peck's Sun, Author of "Peck's Bad Boy," Etc.)

(Copyright, 1904, by Joseph B. Bowles.) Berlin, Germany.—My Dear Old Pumpernickel.—Now we have got pretty near home, and you would enjoy it to be with us, because you couldn't tell this town from Milwaukee, except for the military precision with which everything is conducted, where you never take a glass of beer without cracking your heels together like a soldier, and giving a military salute to the bartender, who is the commander-in-chief of all who happen to patronize his bar, everybody here acts like he is at a picnic in the woods, with a large barrel of beer with perspiration oozing down the outside, and a spigot of the largest size, which fills a schooner at one turn of the wrist, and every man either smiles or laughs out loud, and you feel as though there



HAPPINESS EVERYWHERE.

was happiness everywhere, and that heaven was right here in this greatest German city. There is laughter everywhere, except when the emperor drives by, escorted by his body guard, on the finest horses in the world, then every citizen on the street stops smiling and laughing, all stand at attention, and every face takes on a solemn, patriotic, almost a fighting look, as though each man would consider it his happiest duty and pleasure to walk right up to the mouth of cannon and die in his tracks for his pale-faced, haggard and loved emperor. And the emperor never smiles on his subjects as he passes, but looks into every eye on both sides of the beautiful street with an expression of agony on his face, but a proud light in his eye, as though he would say, "Ach, Gott, but they are daisies, and they would fight for the Fatherland with the last breath in their bodies."

The pride of the people in that moustached young man, with the look of suffering, is only equalled by the pride of the emperor in every German in Germany, or anywhere on the face of the globe. There is none of the "Hello Bill" such as we have in America, when the president drives through his people; many of them yell, "Hello Teddy," while he shows his teeth and laughs and stands up in his carriage, and says, "Hello Mike," as he recognizes an acquaintance. But these same "Hello Bill" Americans are probably just as loyal to their chief, wherever he may be, and would fight as hard as the loving Germans would for their hereditary emperor.

I suppose there is somebody working in Berlin, but it seems to us that the whole population, so far as can be seen, is bent on enjoying every minute, walking the streets, in good clothes, giving military salutes, and drinking beer between meals, and talking about what Germany would do to an enemy if the ever-present chip on the shoulder should be knocked off, even accidentally. But they all seem to love America, and when we registered at the hotel, from Milwaukee, Wis., U. S. A. citizens began to gather around us and ask about relatives at our home. They seem to think that every German who has settled in Milwaukee owns a brewery, and that all are rich, and that some day they will come back to Germany and spend the money and fight for the emperor.

We did not have the heart to tell them that all the Germans in Milwaukee were going to stay there and spend their money, and while their hearts were still warm towards the Fatherland, they loved the Stars and Stripes and would fight for the American flag against the world, and that the younger Germans spoke the German language, if at all, with a Yankee accent. Gee, but wouldn't the people of Berlin be hot under the collar if they knew how many Germans in America were unfamiliar with the make up of the German flag, and that they only see it occasionally, when some celebration of German days takes place.

Well, when dad saw the German emperor drive down the great street and got a look at his face, he said, "Hennerly, I have got to see that young man and advise him to go and consult a doctor," and so we made arrangements to go to the palace and see the emperor and his son, the crown prince, who will before long take the empire on his shoulders if William is as sick as he looks. You don't have to hire any masquerade clothes to call on the emperor of Germany, like you do when you visit royalty in Turkey and Egypt, for a good frock coat and a silk hat will take you anywhere in the day time, and a swallow-tail is legal tender at night, so dad put on his frock coat and silk hat, just as he would to go and attend an afternoon wedding at home, and we were ushered into a regular parlor, where the emperor was having fun with his children, and the empress was doing some needle work.

Dad supposed we would have to talk to the emperor and the prince through an interpreter, and we stood there

waiting for some one to break the ice, when some one told the emperor that an American gentleman and his boy wanted to pay their respects, and the emperor, who wore an ordinary dark suit, with no military frills, took one of the young princes he had been playing with, across his knee and gave him a couple of easy spans, in fun, and the whole family was laughing, and the spanked boy "rattled" the emperor around the legs, below the knee, like a football player, and the other princes pulled him off, and the emperor came up to dad, smiling as though he was having the time of his life, and spoke to dad in the purest English, and said he was glad to see the "Bad Boy" man, because he had read all about the pranks of the bad boy and bid dad welcome to Germany, and he didn't look sick at all.

Dad was taken all of aheap, and didn't know what to make of the German emperor talking English, but when the ruler of Germany turned to me and said, "And so this is the champion little devil of America," and patted me on the head, dad felt that he had struck a frigid of the family and he sat down with the emperor and talked for half an hour, while the young princes gathered around me, and we sat down on the floor and the boys got out their knives and we played mumblety peg on the carpet, just as though we were at home, and all the boys talked English, and we had a bully time. The princes had all read "Peck's Bad Boy," and I think the emperor and empress have encouraged them in their wickedness, for the boys told me of several tricks they had played on their father, the emperor, which they had copied from the "Bad Boy," and it made me blush when they told of initiating their father into the Masons, the way my chum and I initiated dad into the Masons with the aid of a goat.

I asked the boys how their dad took it, and told them from what we in America heard about the emperor of Germany, we would think he would kill anybody that played a trick on him, but they said he would stand anything from the children, and enjoy it, but if grown men attempted to monkey with him, the fun would fly. The crown prince came in and was introduced to me, and he seemed proud to see me, 'cause his uncle, Prince Henry, had told him about being in Milwaukee, and how all the women in that town were the handsomest he had ever seen in his trip around the world, and he asked me if it was so. I referred him to dad, and dad told him the women were the greatest in the world, and then dad made his usual break. He said: "Look here, Mister Prince, you have got to be married some day, and raise a family to hand the German empire down to, and my advice to you is not to let them saw off on to you no dukes or princes as homely as a hedge fence, with no ginger in her blood, but you skip out to America, and come to Milwaukee, and I will introduce you to girls that are so handsome they will make you toe the mark, and if you marry one of them she will raise a family of healthy young royalty with no humor in the blood, and you won't have to go off and be gay away from home, 'cause an American wife will take you by the ear if you show any signs of wandering from your own fire side, like lots of your relatives have done."

Gee, but that made the emperor hot, and he said dad needn't instill any of his American ideas into the German nobility, as he could run things all right without any help, and dad got ready to go, 'cause the atmosphere was getting sort of chilly, but the emperor sort of over his huff, and told dad not to hurry, and then he turned to me and said, "Now, little American bad boy, what kind of a trick are you going to play on me, 'cause from what I have read of you I know you will never go out of this house without giving me a benefit, and all my boys expect it, and will enjoy it, the same as I will; now let er go."

I felt that it was up to me to do something to maintain the reputation I had made, so I said, "Your majesty, I will now proceed to make it interesting for you, if you and the boys will kindly be seated in a circle around me." They got into a circle, and I took out of my pistol pocket a half pint flask of glass, covered with leather, and with a stopper that opened by touching a spring, and I walked around in front of each one of the royal family, mumblety, "Em-mene-mony-my," and opening the flask in front of each one, and pretty soon they all began to get nervous.

Listening to the Fishes. For listening to the noise made by fishes in the depths of the sea, a Norwegian inventor has devised a telephone to be lowered overboard from fishing boats. With this he claims a fisherman can detect the presence of fish, their numbers and even their kind. Herrings, or smaller fish, when they come in large numbers, make a piping, whistling sound, while cod make a roaring noise. When they come close to the submarine telephone the movements of the individual fish can be distinguished. The instrument consists of a microphone in a hermetically-sealed steel box. It is connected by electric wires with a telephone in the vessel above. Every sound in the water below is intensified by the microphone and conducted by the electric wires to the telephone.—Stray Stories.

The Natural Inference. "Hello, old man! Getting ready to retire from business life, eh?" "Why, no; I'm not; what makes you say that?" "I see you've stopped advertising in the newspapers." "And, after thinking this reply over for an hour or two, the merchant went around and renewed his contracts.—Chicago Sun.

Deceased Wife's Sister Muddled. Our refusal to recognize marriage with a deceased wife's sister—which is legal in the Australian commonwealth—has led to many complications in the inheritance of property. And very embarrassing social incidents have happened. One of the most unpleasant occurred during the reign of the late queen. Arrangements had been made for an Australian cabinet minister and his wife at court, but when it was found that the lady was a deceased wife's sister the proposed presentation was promptly overruled. Such an episode is not likely to be repeated, for King Edward, when prince of Wales, voted in the house of lords for the legalization of marriage with a deceased wife's sister.—London Chronicle.

AND SO THIS IS THE CHAMPION LITTLE DEVIL.



and scratch themselves, and the emperor slapped his leg and pinched his arm and put his fingers down his collar and scratched his neck, and the crown prince jumped up and kicked his leg and scratched his back, and said, "say, kid, you are not hypnotizing us, are you," and I said, "Em-mene-mony-my," and kept on touching the stopper.

By and by they all got to scratching, and the emperor turned sort of pale, but he was going to see the show through to the end, as long as he had a ticket, and he said, "What is the joke, anyway?" and I kept on saying "Em-mene-mony-my," and walking around in front of them, and dad began to dance around, too, and dig under his shirt bosom and scratch his leg, and they all scratched in unison and laughed, and a little prince asked how long before they would know what it was all about, and I said my em-mene, and looked solemn, and dad said, "What you giving us," and I said, "Never you mind, this is my show and I am the whole push," and everybody had raised up out of his chair and each was scratching for all

that was out, and finally the emperor said, "I like a joke as well as anybody, but I can't laugh until I know what I am laughing about," and he told dad to make me show what was in the bottle, and I showed the bottle and there was nothing in it, and there they stood scratching themselves, and I told dad we better excuse ourselves and go, and we were going all right enough when dad said, "What is it you are doing," and as we got almost to the door I said, "Your majesty, I have distributed, impartially, I trust, in the royal family of Germany, a half pint of the hungriest seas that Egypt can produce, for they have been in that flask three weeks with nothing to



DAD LEANED AGAINST A LAMP POST AND SCRATCHED.

eat except themselves, and I estimate that there were a million Cairo fleas in the flask, enough to set up house-keeping in your palace, with enough to stock the palace of your crown prince when he is married, and this is that you may remember the visit of Peck's Bad Boy and his dad.

The emperor was mad at first, but he laughed, and when we got out of the palace dad leaned against a lamp-post and scratched his back, and said to me, "Hennerly, you never ought to have did it," and I said, "What could a poor boy do when called upon suddenly to do something to entertain royalty?" "Well," says dad, "I don't care for myself, but this thing is apt to bring on international complications," and I said, "Yes, it will bring Persia into it, 'cause they will have to use Persian insect powder to get rid of them," and then we went to our hotel and fought heels all night, and thought of the sleepless night the royal family were having.

Well, so long, old Pumpernickel. Yours truly, HENNERLY.

RUSSIANS LIVING HIGH.

Aristocrats of St. Petersburg Spend Much Time Over Pleasures of the Table. War or no war, the aristocratic Russian pursues his pleasures with an abandonment that speaks of unlimited resources or unlimited recklessness, says the Pall Mall Gazette. The pleasures of the table are protracted to an inordinate degree. A lunch, in which the courses are plentifully watered with champagne, will spread itself through the afternoon. You may barely escape at five o'clock, though you begin to eat at one. The host never sits down, plying his guests with a succession of good things, liquid and solid. Even the afternoon tea in middle-class circles is a very formidable undertaking. It includes dishes of various sorts, in which meat will certainly figure, and Russian tea, served in a glass with lemon, is but the pale comparison to sparkling champagne. The appearance of the streets tells of wealth, too. No finer equipages exist anywhere than those which, horsed with coal-black steeds, dash at full speed, in lofty disregard for the mere foot passenger, down the central strip of wood pavement in the principal "prospects," as the wider streets are denominated. Holding the reins in his two hands, with arms outstretched, the driver, mediaeval in dress, has the summary methods of a Roman charioteer. Indeed, there is something of imperial Rome in this second capital of the czar.

Resourceful Woman. He—What did you do with that tainted money your uncle gave you? She—I salted it down, of course.—Petrol Free Press. Wherever we hear of an aeronaut who has made a successful flight with his flying machine we wonder how many more will be able to make before the fatal one.—Kansas City Journal.

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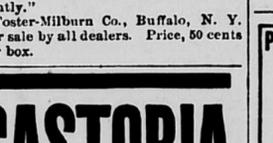
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A Woman's Sufferings. Weak, Irregular, Racked With Pains—Made Well and 35 Pounds Heavier. Mrs. E. W. Wright of 172 Main Street, Haverhill, Mass., says: "In 1898 was suffering so with sharp pains in the small of the back and had such frequent dizzy spells that I could scarcely get about the house. The urinary passages were also quite irregular. Monthly periods were so distressing I dreaded their approach. This was my condition for four years. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me right away when I began with them, and three boxes cured me permanently."

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents per box.



Positive, Comparative, Superlative. "I have used one of your Fish Brand Slickers for five years, and now want a new one, and one of your Fish Brand Slickers is just as far ahead of a common coat as a common coat is ahead of nothing." (Name on application.)

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