

SISTERS OF CHARITY

Rely on Pe-ru-na to Fight Catarrh, Coughs, Colds and Grip.



SISTER BEATRIX.

A letter recently received by Dr. Hartman from Sister Beatrix, 410 W. 50th street, New York, reads as follows:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:
Dear Sir:—I cannot say too much in praise of Peruna. Eight bottles of it cured me of catarrh of the lungs of four years' standing, and I would not have been without it for anything. It helped several Sisters of Coughs, and colds and I have yet to find one case of catarrh that it does not cure.—SISTER BEATRIX.

Interesting Letters From Catholic Institutions.

In every country of the civilized world the Sisters of Charity are known. Not only do they minister to the spiritual and intellectual needs of the charges committed to their care, but they also minister to their bodily needs. With so many children to take care of and to protect from climate and disease, these wise and prudent Sisters have found Peruna a never-failing safeguard. Dr. Hartman receives many letters from Catholic Sisters from all over the United States. A recommended recently received from a Catholic institution in Detroit, Mich., reads as follows:

Dr. S. B. Hartman, Columbus, Ohio:
Dear Sir:—The young girl who used the Peruna was suffering from laryngitis and loss of voice. The result of the treatment was most satisfactory. She found great relief, and after further use of the medicine we hope to be able to say she is entirely cured.—Sisters of Charity.

This young girl was under the care of the Sisters of Charity and used Peruna for catarrh of the throat, with good results as the above letter testifies. 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. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

The honor of being the first woman admitted to the rank of the Imperial Service Order by the King has fallen to Miss M. C. Smith, the superintendent of the ladies' branch of the Savings Bank Department of the G. P. O. Thirty years ago Miss Smith had but twenty women assistants, but her staff has increased at such a rate that this lady has now nine hundred women under her control.

Do good with what thou hast, or what thou hast will do thee no good. To owe Gratitude hurts a coarse nature, to receive it hurts a fine one.

ascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
Best for Children
Genuine stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

Rheumacide
Cures Rheumatism and Gout by neutralizing the acids in the blood and driving them out of the system. Is far better than the best blood purifier. All blood diseases yield promptly to this great remedy.
In the fall-winter of 1900 I was afflicted with Sciatic Rheumatism, so much so that I had to use a cane to assist me in walking. There was no ease to my thigh, and the only position in which I could bear my leg was straight out in front of me, while in a reclining position. Realizing the nature of the disease, I began treatment at once, but received no relief until induced by Mr. J. T. Doster, of Greenville, of the drug firm of Bruce & Doster, to take "RHEUMACIDE." I purchased a bottle from them under the guarantee of Mr. Doster that if a bottle did not cure me the money would be refunded. One bottle relieved me, and I have had no touch of rheumatism since that time.
W. A. Palmer, who lived here at the time (1901), was down with a severe attack of rheumatism, and for six weeks had to be turned in bed on a pillow. After the use of several bottles of RHEUMACIDE, he was pronounced well by the attending physician, who is a great believer in the efficacy of your medicine.
Yours truly, J. L. O. THOMPSON, Editor Pickens Sentinel, Pickens, S. C.
All Druggists, or express prepaid, Price \$1.00.
Bobbitt Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Bromo-Seltzer
Promptly cures all Headaches

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY, gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. C. H. GLENN'S SOFT, 307 S. ATLAS, O.

POTATOES \$2.50 a Bbl.
Largest grower of fine Potatoes in America. The "Herald New Yorker" gives Baker's Potatoes a gold medal and "The Farmer" writes: "I have a field of 400 bu. per acre. Prices first class. Baker's seed stock and sample of Testate, Spritz, Massacool W. best, 40 bu. per acre. Glad to serve you. Write to me." JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

ADVERTISE IN THIS PAPER IT PAYS

USE TAYLOR'S Cherokee Remedy of Sweet Gum and Mullein nature's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe all Throat and Lung Troubles. Thoroughly tested for 20 years. All Druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00.

High Time for Change.

A story is told of an old New Hampshire family which may or may not be strictly true, but which passes for truth among the inhabitants of the place where it originated.
A man who had struggled through boyhood under the name of Zephaniah Smith married a young woman whose incautious parents had christened her "Pamela Jane." When their first child, a girl, was born, they announced their intention of giving her a number, which she might change for any name she chose when she reached years of discretion.

They were blessed with seven children, and pursued the same course with each child. Numbers, two, four, five and seven were boys and lived on in the town where they were born, never seeing any need to select Christian names to the day of their death.
But when "Three" Smith became engaged to a young man by the name of Hills she considered it desirable to change her number to "Susan."
Shortly after that "Six" was united to a young Foote, who promptly named her "Lucy."
"One" clung to her name and single blessedness until middle life, when, having relented sufficiently to accept an offer of marriage from Thomas Hogg, she saw the advisability of becoming "Mary" with some haste.

Couldn't Breathe.
Pat had come over to America with the expectation of finding money lying around loose, only waiting for some one to pick it up. Of course, this was long ago. Pat had soon become disillusioned, and was always glad to get hold of odd jobs which would net him a little something to help him to keep body and soul together.
Finally, becoming tired of the struggle, he decided to end it all, and was very industriously tying a rope around his waist when his landlord happened in on him. After watching him curiously for a few minutes, he asked:
"What up, Pat? What are you trying to do?"
"Trying to choke myself, of course," was Pat's answer.
"Choke yourself? You can't do it that way. You'll have to put the rope around your neck."
"Sure, and I tried that, but I couldn't breathe."

Dan as a Delegate.
It having been the custom of a certain establishment in the North, Ireland to pay the workers fortnightly, and the workmen having found the custom somewhat inconvenient, it was decided to send a delegate to the head of the firm to state their grievance. Dan D—, famed for his sagacity and persuasive powers, was selected for the task. He duly waited on the master, who addressed him thus—

"Well, Daniel, what can we do for you for this morning?"
"If you please, sir, I've been sent as a delegate by the workers to ask a favor of you regarding the payment of our wages."
"Yes, and what do they desire?" queried the master.
"Well, sir, it is the desire of myself, and it is also the desire of every man in the establishment, that we receive our fortnight's pay every week."

Incessant and minute change is one of the conditions of life; but great and sudden change is disease, and no change at all is incipient death.

New's This
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CREEVEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known E. J. CREEVEY for the last twenty years, and believe his conduct to be honorable in all business transactions and innately able to carry out any obligation made by his firm.
WAS & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDRON, KIRKMAN & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hill's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hill's Family Pills are the best.

There is more than a difference of syllables between a man of note and a man of notoriety.
This Will Interest Mothers.
Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children, used by Mother Gray, a nurse in Children's Home, New York, cure Constipation, Feverishness, Teething Disorders, Stomach Troubles and Destroy Worms; 30,000 testimonials of cures. All druggists, 25c. Sample Free Address: Alina S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.
Poets only write when the spirit moves them, and if the spirit doesn't move them the landlord does.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Write for free information. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 281 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
A man's heart may be reached through his nose, and the politician prefers to reach it through his pocket.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children's teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, soothes the stomach, and cures the bowels.
The greatest triumphs of Ambition come 'neath the shadow of Death's wing.

A Golden Rule of Agriculture:
Be good to your land and your crop will be good. Plenty of **Potash**
In the fertilizer spells quality and quantity in the harvest. Write us and we will send you, free, by next mail, our money winning books.
GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

A BACHELOR'S REASON.

Without the ways are Winter wild; The sifting snows are high-up piled; You ask me why I'm forth beguiled,— By what allurements,— When I might here, in warmth enshrouded, Rest in seclusion!

There stands, you say, my easy chair; There is my sea-coal fire; and there My pipe, my slippers, too, a pair My dear aunt fashioned; My novel,—rapture and despair, And most impassioned.

I grant the riot of the night The tempting cheer of fire and light; Yet, though the storm gain madder might, I hie me gladly; Here would the evening hours take flight Slow-paced and sadly.

"But why?" in rapt amazement shout; I've not the shadow of a doubt That when you hear you'll flee and flout, And spout of treason To our love's the reason!— Yes,—Love's the reason! —Clinton Scollard, in Puck.

DOWN THE DRILL HOLE.

Jack Paisley did not know how long he had been lying there on the ground, with his face hidden in his arms, and he could not have told of half the thoughts—rejoicing, desperate, sorrowful—that had been passing through his brain. The wonder of it was, that when at last he sat up and drew his sleeve across his eyes and looked about him, he realized that he had somehow been conscious all the time that boring had ceased at the new Hub Well.

Yet neither the Hub nor any other gas-well on the ridge had been in his mind when he came out of the house. Of that he was sure. Great news, part glad, part terrible, had crowded out everything else. First, the doctor had said that Jack's father had safely passed the crisis of a long and dangerous illness. Jack jumped for joy at that.

Then Jack's mother had reported the doctor's next words, that Mr. Paisley must have nourishing food, delicacies, chicken! She had cried as she had said it, and Jack's face had paled, remembering his three pets, Tiny and Hoarsey and Dick. But Jack knew the money was about gone, and there was enough of the hero in the boy to make him stiffen his chin and answer, "Then father must have one of my chickens, but I don't know which—"

At that his courage faltered, and he rushed out of the house. He could not choose. He would not wait to learn which chicken his mother selected for the slaughter.
Of course his first wretchedness lessened a little as the moments went by. The blessed hopefulness of youth came to his relief. A chicken would not have to be killed for two or three hours, anyway—and something might turn up!

Then it was that he became distinctly aware that they had stopped drilling at the Hub Well. A kind of defensive instinct—urging him to guard against unhappy thoughts—turned his feet that way.
He found Eric Simpson, the driller, and Jim Dodd, the tool-dresser, sitting and smoking in philosophic ease; but Mr. Johnson, the contractor, was stamping back and forth, pausing now and then to glance gloomily at the two-and-a-quarter-inch drill line that hung over the mouth of the well. The frayed end told the whole story; the rope had parted.

"How deep are you?" Mr. Johnson demanded.
"Just about two hundred and fifty feet," was the driller's placid answer. Jack noticed that his calmness seemed to irritate the contractor.
"Well, can't you think of anything?" Mr. Johnson cried. "Have we got to lose all our work, and the tools into the bargain?"
Jack had drawn nearer. He waited with interest for the answer.
"Two't be so easy to get 'em. You know we're using our fifteen-inch bit, and that cuts a sixteen-inch hole, and about. Well, the tools are not more than four inches at the top, and since the bit isn't fast they must be leaning against the wall, where there's about one chance in ten thousand of getting a slip-socket over them. There's a stub of rope sticking up, too, that would interfere with the fishing-tool."
"Have you no idea at all that that would help us, Eric? It is a shame to abandon the well. Could we dig the tools out? Two hundred feet isn't so much."
"Yes, but most of it's blue limestone. I've been thinking of a way. Some would call it risky, but I can't see how."
"Out with it!"
"Well, I'd lower a boy down there and have him take a hitch around the rope-socket."
Jack positively shivered—his quick imagination had so clearly grasped the horror of a descent into that hole. Mr. Johnson looked doubtful. "That's dangerous. Suppose a boy lost his head—did something so you couldn't get him out?"
"What could he do? Let me tie the rope round him, and I'll guarantee to pull him out."
"What about gas—bad air—water?"
"We know there's no water to amount to anything, and we haven't gone through coal or anything to make bad air. Maybe a little gas settles near the bottom, but he won't need to go that far. The tools are sixty feet long, remember, and he'll only go down to the top of 'em."
"Where'll I find the boy?"

"There's one right behind you would do."

Mr. Johnson turned and eyed Jack's slim figure. Apparently the inspection satisfied him. "Boy, would you like to earn twenty-five dollars?" he said. Jack had been shuddering at the bare thought of that descent. But twenty-five dollars! It would save the necks of Tiny and Hoarsey and Dick. It would be wealth to the family just now. Would he like to earn twenty-five dollars?
"Yes, sir!" he answered, eagerly.
"I'll give you twenty-five dollars if you'll go down this well—its pretty deep—and tie a rope around the tools."
"I'm ready, sir." Inspired now by the thought of twenty-five dollars, Jack was sure he'd be all right. "So would Tiny, Hoarsey, Dick and father."
"Good boy!" said Eric. He detached the sand line from the bucket and showed Jack how to make the "hitch," having him do it a number of times with his eyes shut. Then Eric tied the line under the boy's arms, and to relieve the strain on his body, looped the end for his feet. The end of the main sand line in Jack's hand, all was in readiness.
"All right. Lower away!" Jack said, bravely.

For the first twenty feet the drill had passed through clay, following out a big hole which had been cased with wood to keep it from caving in; so here there was plenty of room. As Eric had cautioned him, Jack refrained from looking up, but watched the wooden walls rise slowly in the dim light, and wondered if he would not soon be at the bottom. But the descent was only begun.

The wooden casing ended at a stratum of sandstone, and here the hole had funneled down to sixteen inches in diameter, and there was barely room for the boy to pass. Slowly he sank, rubbing against the damp walls. The men were lowering him by hand, very carefully. Jack wished they would hurry.

The darkness deepened until he could not distinguish the rock before his face, and still the downward course continued. He closed his eyes and waited what seemed a long time. When he opened them again utter blackness encompassed him.
His imagination was going wild now. Terrible stories of men deceiving and killing boys came to his mind. Of course that story of the lost tools was a cruel falsehood, invented to induce him to go down. The well had no bottom! How warm it was! They would let him down into the center of the earth, where there are lakes of fire and molten rocks; He would not go!

Desperately he thrust out his feet to stop himself. But the smooth walls of rock afforded no foothold, and, utterly helpless, he sank down, down, down!

He closed his eyes again and tried not to think. Suddenly his foot struck some yielding substance, the lowering process stopped, and a voice that seemed to come out of the solid rock and fill all space with sound said:
"Hello! Have you reached them yet?"
Amusement, added to his fears, made the boy dumb. Presently the voice came again:
"Hello, down there! Can't you hear?"
"What is it?" Jack asked, in faltering accents.
"Have you reached the tools yet?"
"Ah, then there were tools there—miles underground! Then there must be a bottom for them to rest on! Jack's confidence returned.

"My feet are on something that moves," he said.
"That's the cable. Push it aside."
"All right! I have!" Jack called.
The lowering began again. Jack managed to worm past the cable end, and then he felt the iron rope-socket.
"That's far enough!" he cried.
Making the hitch with such limited elbow room was no easy matter, but at last it was accomplished.
"All right!" he called. "It's fast!"
The return began. Jack looked up. Not a ray of light reached him. The well was blackness. Were they really lifting him? After a long time he saw a disk of light, but it was no larger than a saucer. Had the well closed in while he was below?

To be sure, the opening enlarged as he gazed, but still it was so very small! And he was wild now to get out. Suppose the rope should break!
Just then he felt the air cold about him; he was pulled out of the hole, and stared round on the sunlight and the sky with a keener joy than any he had ever known.
"Good boy, again!" said Eric.
"Here's your coat," said Jim. "And you're a bully one for grit!"
"Here's your twenty-five dollars," said Mr. Johnson. "And thank you, too! You're a mighty brave little man!" But he did not say this till the heavy iron rose by Jack's hitch in the dark.

With his money in his hand, Jack set off at a run. What if his mother had already killed one of the chickens! But no, there they were, clucking and pecking as usual. He held out the roll of bills to them like a pardon from the governor. They did not seem at all impressed.
But mother! He did not know what fearful thing he had done for that blessed money until he saw her pale as he told the story and felt her shudder as she clasped him, worse than he had shuddered in the hole.—Youth's Companion.

DIVERSIONS OF PRISONERS.
Expedients For Passing Time During Their Confinement.

"Prisoners have all sorts of ways of communicating with each other," said an old-time police officer, "and it is

almost impossible to keep track of them at times, when the department wants to be particularly careful about shutting out communication between one prisoner and another.

"In the first place, the prisoner has nothing to do but think before he is sent to the farm or to some other place where he is put to work. Some of them employ their time in decorating their cells with pictures, plastering them with newspapers and things of that sort. One man will write a bit of verse, or the story of his life or a treatise on some aspect of the science of criminology. I have known many prisoners to make companions of bugs, of real bugs, cockroaches, spiders and things of that sort. I know one man who had been condemned to solitary confinement who had actually trained a couple of spiders and a gang of roaches so that they could come to him at regular intervals for food. He would rap on the side of his cell and they would scamper out of their hiding places and rush to the point where he tapped on the floor or on the wall with his hand. They were educated, and when he would talk to them and fondle them, they seemed to understand at least that it was a friendly and affectionate sort of thing.
"The world might shrink from the touch of the criminal's hands. Men might not want to touch palms with him. But with the pet spiders and the pet roaches it was different. Apparently they loved him, and he was more to them than all the vast body of men on the outside of the prison.

"But I was thinking about another story. Some few years ago there was a man in the Missouri penitentiary who had been sentenced to solitary confinement. I think he had a sentence of fifteen years. He had been shut off from all communication with his fellow prisoners. About fifteen cells from him was a friend. The first prisoner had a pet white mouse, a little animal of remarkable intelligence, and he proved to be a source of great comfort and convenience to the prisoner. In some way he trained the mouse so that he understood him. He was finally able to get the little animal to carry messages from his cell to the cell of his friend. Occasionally the mouse could be seen scampering down the hall with a piece of paper in his mouth, and nothing could stop him. In this way the men carried on a system of perfect communication. It goes to show how resourceful criminals are and what fruitful ideas may sometimes grow out of a idle mind."—New Orleans Times Democrat.

WINGS OF THE FLYING FISH.

Remarkable Sight When a Shoal Takes Takes to the Air.

The mystic flying fish is chiefly an inhabitant of the southern seas. Of its wondrous exploits most all have heard, yet few can see the fish for the first time without a gasp of amazement, without a feeling that they are looking at the miraculous. It is this fish which has been the source of more untruthful stories than any other in all the seas.
There is no question that the flying fish has wings like a bird; and it really flies, yet not as a bird. It does not flap the wing-like fins upon which it is borne, nor, when once launched in the air, can it change its course by any movement of its wings until it dips again into the water, yet it will pass a ship making ten knots an hour and travel in the air sometimes 500 feet at a time.

Remarkable, indeed, is the sight of a shoal of flying fish taking to the air skimming far over the surface when the sea is calm, leaping high over great seas when gales blow. Of course, fish seem strangely out of their element in the air, but that fish should fly is not really more wonderful than that some animals and birds, like the otter or the penguin, should dive and swim to perfection.
The fins of a flying fish are not really wings, but more like parachutes to support and steady its body, rather than to propel it. The lobe of the tail gives a start to the body as it leaves the water. A flying fish measures about a foot in length, and its long transparent fins reach almost to the tail; but though very large when expanded, they can be folded up very neatly. Its flight is short and unsteady, and it must dip continually into the water to give itself a fresh start.—The Marine Journal.

Blind Men in Indiana.
A study of Indiana's blind population establishes the fact that if properly trained the blind are self-supporting, and that they get a great deal of pleasure out of life. In every part of the state there are blind men and women who are making marked financial as well as social successes, though badly handicapped. Many are in the mercantile lines; a large number are teaching music or are tuning pianos, or both. Indiana has two blind men who have been admitted to the bar, three who are eminent preachers. The state has blind poets, authors, music composers and newspaper workers. There are blind mechanics in Indiana, a blind inventor and many blind industrial workers. In the list of self-supporters one finds commercial travelers, book agents and a train "boy." Blind men conduct groceries, broom factories, real estate and loan agencies, justice courts and news stands. Some have amassed fortunes and have retired from business. One blind man is a "globe-trotter." Indiana was the first or the second state to elect a blind man to the office of justice of the peace, and she has one of the two blind justices in this country today.—Indianapolis News.