

CURE BLOOD POISON, CANCER.
 Aching Bones, Shifting Pains, Itching Skin, Pimples, Eczema, etc.
 If you have Pimples or Offensive Eruptions, Spots, or Copper-Colored Swellings, or rash on the skin, Festering Sores, Glands Swollen, Ulcers on any part of the body, old Sores, Boils, Carbuncles, Pains and Aches in Bones or Joints, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, persistent Sore Mouth, Gums or Throat, then you have Blood Poison. Take Botanic Blood Balm (B.B.B.) Soon all Sores, Pimples and Eruptions will heal perfectly. Aches and Pains cease, Swellings subside and a perfect cure to return cure made. B.B.B. cures Cancer of all kinds, Suppurating Swellings, Eczema, Ugly Ulcers, after all else fails, healing the sores perfectly. If you have a persistent pimple, wart, swollen glands, shooting, stinging pains, take Blood Balm and they will disappear before they develop into Cancer. Druggists, \$1 per large bottle, including complete directions for home use. Sample free by writing Blood Balm Co., 53 Balm Bldg., Atlanta, Ga. Describe trouble and free medical advice sent in sealed letter.

Bad Coughs
 "I had a bad cough for six weeks and could find no relief until I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Only one-fourth of the bottle cured me."
 L. Hawn, Newington, Ont.

Neglected colds always lead to something serious. They run into chronic bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or consumption. Don't wait, but take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral just as soon as your cough begins. A few doses will cure you then.

THE BEST POMMEL SLICKER IN THE WORLD
 TOWER'S FISH BRAND
 Like all our water-proof coats, this slicker is made of the best work, it is often imitated but never equalled. Made in black or yellow and fully guaranteed by J. J. Tower & Co., Boston, Mass.

U.M.C.
 cartridges and shot shells are made in the largest and best equipped ammunition factory in the world.
AMMUNITION
 of U. M. C. make is now accepted by shooters as "the worlds standard" for it shoots well in any gun.
 Your dealer sells it.
 The Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
 Bridgeport, Conn.

CONSTIPATION
 "For over nine years I suffered with chronic constipation and during this time I had to take a quantity of pills every day. I had heard of Hall's Cathartic and I bought a box. I took it and in a few days I was cured. I have not had a bowel movement since. I feel like a new man. I am free from all that trouble. I can now take the best of my health."—J. J. Fisher, Boston, Ill.

Best For The Drowels
Cascarets
 CANDY CATHARTIC
 THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

ASTHMA
 TAYLOR'S ASTHMA REMEDY will cure any case of Asthma by persistent use. Regular size box, by mail, 35c.; three for \$1.00.
 T. Taylor & Co., Green Cove Springs, Fla.

PISO'S CURE FOR CHILLS WHEN ALL ELSE FAILS
 Best Remedy for Malaria, Chills, Fever, Headache, Stomach Trouble, and all the ailments of CONSUMPTION.

Rheumacide
 LINIMENTS MERELY EASE THE PAIN—Cures Rheumatism

A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.
 Rev. Jacob D. Van Doren, of 57 Sixth street, Fond Du Lac, Wis., Presbyterian clergyman, says: "I had attacks of kidney disorders which kept me in the house for days at a time, unable to do anything. What I suffered can hardly be told. Complications set in, the particulars of which I will be pleased to give in a personal interview to any one who requires information. This I can conscientiously say, Doan's Kidney Pills caused a general improvement in my health. They brought great relief by lessening the pain and correcting the action of the kidney secretions."
 Doan's Kidney Pills for sale by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Unguarded Admission.
 "Your hair is rather long," suggested the barber.
 "That's the way I like it," said the man in the chair. "Spare me your conversation. All I want is a shave."
 The barber lathered his face in silence. Then he strapped his razor.
 "I suppose," he said, "you're been looking at some of those pictures in the funny papers that show how barbers talk their customers to death?"
 "Worse than that," retorted the man in the chair. "I draw the pictures."
 The shave he got after that may perhaps be imagined.

An Openwork Accident.
 The man who was hit by a trolley car in upper Broadway yesterday refused to enter a complaint against the motorman, taking all the blame upon himself. "It was one of those openwork accidents," he said. "What do you mean?"
 "What do you mean?" he was asked by the policeman who picked him up. "Not a bit of it. I turned around to look at an openwork stocking that a pretty girl was exposing, and the car struck me. Blame it on the stocking."
His Wink.
 Grimes—What did you mean this evening by winking when my daughter came into the room?
 Hurlie—No fault of mine; you want to talk to your daughter. It was all her fault. Why should she come into the room just as I was in the act of winking?

In London half a million persons are pigged together in a room, while three-quarters of a million have half a room each; 35,000 belong to the poor, 900,000 to the poor.

THE OLDEST FERRY.
 Perhaps the oldest ferry in the world is the cross-channel service from Calais to Dover. It has been in existence for more than twenty centuries, and the vessels which have been engaged in it include every variety of ship, from Caesar's high-peaked galleys, propelled by banks of oars, to the new turbine steamer.

Cataract Cannot Be Cured
 With LOCAL APPLICATIONS as they cannot reach the seat of the disease, Cataract is a blood or constitutional disease and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Cataract Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Cataract Cure is a quick medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surface. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing cataract. Send for testimonials, free.
 F. J. Cheney & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
 The druggists who sell this medicine are Hall's Family Pills are the best.

As at the Zoo.
 Miss Peppery—When you speak of your "man," you mean your "valet," I suppose?
 Cholly—Aw, yass, you wouldn't have me call him a valet, would you?
 Miss Peppery—Oh, no; under the circumstances I think "keeper" would be a better word to use.
Evidence of It.
 "Are your intentions serious?" demanded the father, who had come suddenly into the darkened parlor.
 "Serious!" repeated the youth, who was holding a 160-pound maiden on his knees. "Well, I should say so. Why, I've been training for this."

Envy.
 "He must be a good artist."
 "Not necessarily."
 "He certainly sells his pictures for good prices."
 "Oh, well, no one denies that he's a good salesman."

SWAY OF THE SIX-SHOOTER.
Battle of the Big and Little Ranchmen in Kansas Recalls the Days When the West Was Really "Wild"—Killing of a Bad Man, as Related by Andy Adams in the "Log of a Cowboy."

Of the Atlantic seaboard, rub our eyes when we read that the big and the little ranchmen are shooting to kill in Kansas; that Farmer Berry and his sons were killed with bullets by Chancey Dewey and his band of cowpunchers, and that for the time, at least, the man who is handiest with his gun is the one who lives to illustrate the Darwinian theory of survival.
 For there is no "West" as we knew it twenty years ago. First they slew the buffalo; then they rounded up the Indian. Finally, the cavalry abandoned the peaceful outposts in the Great American Desert, and came East to guard the turbulent towns of the older civilization. The "frontier" was effaced.
 And so it is with cowboy land. The country beyond the Missouri has become commonplace and agricultural. The hair-raising redskin has given way before the hair-raising bad man, and the "puncher" has drifted before the steady encroachments of the grainger. The shuns of the great cities breed larker doings than the wilds of the farther West, and the devastating trolley car counts more victims than the brooding imagination of the dime novelist ever conjured up in the old days.

THE OLD TEXAS TRAIL.
 This renewed appeal in Kansas to the arbitration of the six-shooter and the magazine rifle recalls the times of the old Texas trail. What really happened in the days of cattle drives from the Mexican border to Montana is set forth in the reminiscence narrative of Andy Adams, whose "Log of a Cowboy" has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This is no fanciful story, but the circumstantial account of one who took part in the scenes which he describes. Adams was one of an outfit which trailed a herd of 3000 longhorns from the mouth of the Rio Grande to the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, in the northwest corner of Montana. There were 3900 cattle in the herd and the drive of 3500 miles was accomplished in about five months.

In the chapter on the Yellowstone country Adams tells of the fate of a typical "bad man," who was hunting trouble. "The Rebel" referred to in his account was the nickname for a Southern member of the outfit.
 Adams and his companions had been taking a drink in Yellowstone Bob's saloon, and a cheap lithograph of General Grant, which hung behind the bar had led to a discussion, in which Priest, the Rebel, praised the Northern soldier to whom he had surrendered, and was flippantly chided for so doing by Flood, the foreman.

"During the comments of 'The Rebel' writes Adams, 'a stranger who evidently overheard them, rose from one of the tables in the place and sauntered over to the end of the bar, an attentive listener to the succeeding conversation. He was a younger man than Priest, with a head of heavy black hair reaching his shoulders, while his dress was largely of buckskin, profusely ornamented with beadwork and fringes. He was armed, as was every man else, and from his languid demeanor as well as from his smart appearance, one would class him at a passing glance as a frontier gambler. As we turned away from the bar to an unoccupied table, Priest waited for his change, when the stranger accosted him with an inquiry as to where he was from. In the conversation that ensued the stranger, who had noticed the mood-humored manner in which the Rebel had taken the chiding of our foreman, pretended to take him to task for some of his remarks."

THE INSULT.
 "But in this he made a mistake. What his friends might safely say to Priest would be treated as an insult from a stranger. Seeing that he would not stand his chiding, the other attempted to modify him by proposing they have a drink together and part friendly, to which the Rebel assented. The two were standing at the bar in a most friendly attitude, but as they raised their glasses to drink, the stranger, holding his at arm's length, said: 'Here's a toast for you: To General Grant, the oldest—'
 "But the toast was never finished, for Priest dashed the contents of his glass in the stranger's face, and calmly replacing the glass on the bar, backed across the room toward us. When half way across, a sudden movement on the part of the stranger caused him to halt. But it seemed the picturesque gentleman beside the bar was only searching for a handkerchief.
 "Don't get your hand on that gun you wear," said the Rebel, whose blood was up, "unless you intend to use it. But you can't shoot a minute too quick to suit me. What do you wear a gun for, anyhow? Let's see how straight you can shoot?"
 "As the stranger made no reply, Priest continued: 'The next time you have anything to rub in, pick your man better. The man who insults me'll get all that's due him for his trouble.' Still eliciting no response, the Rebel taunted him further, saying: 'Go on and finish your toast, you patriotic beauty. I'll give you another: Jeff Davis and the Southern Confederacy.'"
 "We all rose from the table, and Flood, going over to Priest, said, 'Come along, Paul, we don't want to have any trouble here. Let's go across the street and have a game of California Jack.'"
 "But the Rebel stood like a chiseled statue, ignoring the friendly counsel of our foreman. 'We'll take another drink before we go,' he said. 'Everybody in the house, come up and take a drink with Paul Priest.'"
 "The inmates of the place, to the number of possibly twenty, who had been witness to what had occurred, accepted the invitation, quitting their games, and gathering around the bar. After a while the stranger walked over

to the bar and called for a glass of whisky.
 "Later they met in a saloon called the Buffalo Bull."
 "On entering we found four of our men in a game of cards at the very first table, while Officer was reported as being in the gambling room in the rear. The only vacant table in the barroom was the last one in the far corner, and calling for a deck of cards, we occupied it."
 "We had been playing along for an hour, with people passing in and out of the gambling room, and expected shortly to start for camp, when Priest's long-haired adversary came in at the front door, and, walking through the room, passed into the gambling department."
 "Join Officer, after winning a few dollars in the card room, was standing alongside watching our game; and as the stranger passed by, Priest gave him the wink, on which Officer followed the stranger and a heavy-set companion who was with him into the rear room. We had played only a few hands when the heavy-set man came back to the bar, took a drink and walked over to watch a game of cards at the second table from the front door. Officer came back shortly afterward, and whispered that there were four of them to look out for, as he had seen them conferring together. Priest seemed the least concerned of any of us, but I noticed he eased the holster on his belt forward, where it would be ready to his hand. We had called for a round of drinks, Officer taking one with us, when two men came out of the gambling hall, and halting at the bar, pretended to divide some money which they wished to have it appear they had won in the card room. Their conversation was loud and intended to attract attention, but Officer gave us the wink and their ruse was perfectly understood. After taking a drink and attracting as much attention as possible over the division of the money, they separated, but remained in the room."
 "I was dealing the cards a few minutes later, when the long-haired man emerged from the gambling hall, imitating the mudlin, sauntered up to the bar and asked for a drink."
 "A 'BAD MAN'S CHALLENGE.'"
 "After being served, he walked about halfway to the door, then whirling suddenly, stepped to the end of the bar, placed his hands upon it, sprang up and stood upright on it. He whipped out two six-shooters, let out a yell which caused a commotion throughout the room and walked very deliberately the length of the counter, his attention centered upon the occupants of our table. Not attracting the notice he expected in our quarter, he turned and slowly repeated the bar, hurling anathemas on Texas and Texans in general.
 "I saw the Rebel's eyes, steered to intensity, meet Flood's across the table, and in that glance of his foreman he evidently read approval, for he rose rigidly with the stealth of a tiger, and for the first time that day his hand went to the handle of his six-shooter. One of the two pretended winners at cards saw the movement in our quarter, and sang out as a warning, 'Cuidado mucho.' The man on the bar wheeled on the word of warning, and blazed away with his two guns into our corner. I had risen at the word and was pinned against the wall, where on the first fire a rain of dirt fell from the chinking in the wall over my head. As soon as the others sprang away from the table, I kicked it over in clearing myself, and came to my feet just as the Rebel fired his second shot. I had the satisfaction of seeing his long-haired adversary reel backward, firing his guns into the ceiling as he went, and in falling crash heavily into the glassware on the back bar."
WHEN THE SMOKE CLEARED.
 "The smoke which filled the room left nothing visible for a few moments. Meantime Priest, satisfied that his aim had gone true, turned, passed through the rear room, gained his horse and was galloping away to the herd before any semblance of order was restored. As the smoke cleared away and we passed forward through the room, John Officer had one of the three-partners standing with his hands to the wall, while his six-shooter lay on the floor under Officer's foot. He had made but one shot into our corner, when the muzzle of a gun was pushed against his ear with an imperative order to drop his arms, which he had promptly done. The two others, who had been under the surveillance of our men at the forward table, never made a move or offered to bring a gun into action, and after the killing of their picturesque partner passed together out of the house. There had been five or six shots fired into our corner, but the first double shot, fired when three of us were still sitting, went too high for effect, while the remainder were scattering, though Red Wheat got a bullet through his coat, close enough to burn the skin on his shoulder.
 "The dead man was laid out on the floor of the saloon, and through curiosity, for it could hardly have been of a novelty to the inhabitants of Frenchman's Ford, hundreds came to gaze on the corpse and examine the wounds, one above the other through his vitals, either of which would have been fatal."

The Two Kinds of Labor.
 The instructor was trying to teach the class the lesson that brain work is no less important than the work of one's hands. "Now," he said, "to recapitulate, how many kinds of labor are there?" "Two," replied the solemn faced young man; "organized and agonized."—Chicago Tribune.
 Thirteen new theatres, to cost \$8,000,000, are building in New York City.

A PROMINENT CHURCH WORKER SAYS SHE OWES HER LIFE TO PE-RU-NA.



Mrs. Hattie LaFontaine
 Mrs. Hattie LaFontaine, Treas. Protected Home Circle and Catholic Ladies of Ohio, writes from Galion, O., as follows:
 "After my first child was born I suffered for several months with bearing-down pains accompanied by dreadful headaches. I was afraid when a friend was visiting me she told me of Peruna and what it had done for her when she suffered with irregular menstruation. My husband procured a bottle for the same evening and I began to take it daily according to directions. Before the first bottle was used I was entirely well, and you certainly have one of the greatest women's blessings. I have also advised my friends to use it."
MRS. HATTIE LA FONTAINE.

Secretary Woman's State Federation Says: "Pe-ru-na Does More Than is Claimed For It."
 "It is just to speak a good word for it because I have found it to be such a rare exception."
 "I have known several women who were little better than physical wrecks, mothers who dragged out a miserable, painful existence, but were made well and strong through the use of Peruna. I have known of cases of chronic catarrh which were cured in a short time, when a dozen different remedies had been experimented with and without good results. I use it myself when I feel nervous and worn out, and I have always found that the results were most satisfactory."
JULIA M. BROWN.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
 DECEMBER 17, 1903
 VOLUME 37, NO. 41
 NEW SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.
 The New Subscriber who cuts out and sends this slip or the name of this Paper at once will receive:
 All the issues of The Companion for the remaining weeks of 1903.
 The Double Numbers for Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year.
 The Youth's Companion "Springtime" Calendar for 1904, lithographed in twelve colors and gold.
 Then the fifty-two issues of the year—a library of the best reading for every member of the family.
 Illustrated Announcement and Sample Copies of the Paper Free.
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

A Real Philosopher.
 "Didn't growl when his horse burned down?"
 "Not him."
 "Nor when the earthquake swallowed his land?"
 "Not him."
 "Well, didn't he say anything at all?"
 "Oh, yes! Hanted up the sheriff and congratulated him that he wouldn't have to make a journey to levy on him any more."
A Disappearance.
 The Monkey—Say, Gi, have you seen my brother?
 The Giraffe—I saw him making faces at the lion yesterday, but he hasn't been seen since.
His Point of View.
 "And did you visit the Holy Land?" asked the illage parson of uncle Hiram, who had been doing a little globe trotting since he struck oil.
 "Yass, an' I don't think much of it for my part," replied the old man. "Why, it's an all-fired poor I reckon it wouldn't perduce man'n few bushels uv corn per acre."
Asked Too Much.
 "If I were in peril would you die for me?"
 "Of course, I would."
 "If you were rich would you spend all your money for me?"
 "Well, I should say not!"

A Bad Fix
 When one wakes up aching from head to foot, and with the flesh tender to the touch, when
Soreness and Stiffness
 makes every motion of the body painful, the surest and quickest way out of the trouble is to use
St. Jacobs Oil
 promptly. It warms, relaxes, cures. Price, 25c. and 50c.

WINCHESTER
 .22 CALIBER RIFLE FIRE CARTRIDGES.
 Winchester .22 Caliber Cartridges shoot when you want them to and where you point your gun. Buy the time-tried Winchester make, having the trade-mark "H" stamped on the head. They cost only a few cents more a box than the unreliable kind, but they are dollars better.
 FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS EVERYWHERE.

HER GREAT FORTUNE.
 A Woman Saved From Life-Long Misery and Made Happy and Useful.

A woman confined to the house for several years with a chronic female derangement, had finally given up hope of being cured.
 She had tried physician after physician, and remedy after remedy, without any permanent improvement.
 Her treatment had cost her husband who was a poor man hundreds of dollars. They had been obliged to deny themselves many comforts of life in order to get money enough to pay the physicians.
 The woman had become weak, nervous and wretched, and scarcely able to keep out of her bed. Her children were growing up neglected and ragged, because of the want of a mother's care. Her husband was becoming discouraged and broken down with overwork.
 Picking up the paper one day she happened to read an item which contained the news that Dr. Hartman would treat such cases free of charge by letter. She immediately wrote the doctor, describing her case, and giving him all her symptoms.
 She soon received a letter telling her exactly what to do, and what medicines and appliances to get. She began the treatment (the principal remedy being Peruna) at once, and in a few weeks she was well and strong again, able to do her own work.
 This offer of free home treatment to women is still open to all who may need the services of this eminent physician. All letters applying for treatment will be promptly answered, and be held strictly confidential.
 Miss Annie Hahan, Post-Postmaster of Vermont Council of Red Men (Women's Branch), writes from 872 Eighth Ave., New York:
 "Three months ago I was troubled with headache and a troublesome hoarseness about the stomach. Sleep brought me no rest, for it was a restless sleep. The doctor said my nervous system was out of order, but his prescriptions didn't seem to relieve me. I was told that Peruna was good for building up the nervous system. After using it for two months I know now that it is. I want to say that it made a new woman of me. The torturing symptoms have all disappeared and I feel myself again. Peruna did me more good than all the other medicines I have taken."
ANNIE HAHAN.
 Miss Mammie Powell, Lake Charles, Louisiana, writes:
 "I sincerely believe that Peruna is woman's best friend, for it has certainly been that to me. I had had headaches, backache and other aches every month for a long time, but shortly after I began taking Peruna this was a thing of the past, and I have good reason to be grateful. I take a bottle every spring and fall now, and that keeps my health perfect, and I certainly am more robust now than I have been before and am weighing more. I do not think any one will be disappointed in the results obtained from the use of Peruna."
MISS MAMMIE POWELL.
 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, O.

NO MORE... CURLS IN YOUR HAIR
 Carpenter's OX MARROW POMADE
 Takes them out and keeps your scalp in splendid condition. It's the only way you need it. It's highly recommended.
 PRICE, 25 CENTS.
 At the Drug Store, or mailed on receipt of 25 cents in stamps.
 Address, CARPENTER & CO., Louisville, Ky.

W. L. DOUGLAS
 \$3.00 & \$3 SHOES
 You can save from \$3 to \$5 yearly by wearing W. L. Douglas \$3.50 or \$5 shoes.
 They equal those made by the best makers that have been costing you from \$10.00 to \$15.00. The immense sale of W. L. Douglas shoes proves their superiority over all other makes.
 Send for retail shoe dealers everywhere. Look for name and price on bottom.
 That Douglas shoe Caron's Lot proves there is value in Douglas shoes. Caron is the highest Grade Pat. Leather made. Particulars of our \$4.00 Cap. (Imported) and our \$3.00 Cap. (Made in U.S.A.) Shoes by mail, 25 cents extra. Illustrated Catalog free. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

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 Millions of dollars have been made of Patents and Trade-Marks. Millions of dollars are appropriated to the protection of the same.
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 Shows how to cure dropsy and other water swellings. Drops of medicine and 10 drops of treatment. Free. Dr. S. H. GAZAR'S HOME, 308 N. ALBANY, CHICAGO.