

CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.

The Remarkable Experience of a Prominent Statesman—Congressman Meekison Gives Peru-ri-na a High Endorsement:



Congress Meekison of Ohio.

Hon. David Meekison is well known not only in his own State but throughout America. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the State.

Only one flaw marred the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman. Catarrh, with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp, was his only unconquerable foe. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against this personal enemy. At last Peru-ri-na came to the rescue. He writes:

"I have used several bottles of Peru-ri-na and I feel greatly benefited therefrom. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing."—David Meekison, Member of Congress.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peru-ri-na write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving 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.

NESTOR AMONG CLERKS.

Judge Tomkins Works for Uncle Sam Though Eighty Years Old.

The nestor among the clerks at the Pension office at Washington is Judge C. M. Tomkins, who was appointed to that bureau in 1861 and has served continuously since. From a little bureau he has seen the Pension office grow to one of the largest and most influential branches of the government, with thousands of clerks to do its work. Despite his 80 years, he is still on active duty. Judge Tomkins was a flourishing lawyer in Wisconsin in 1861, when he visited Washington to attend President Lincoln's inauguration, and with no thought of seeking or accepting a government office. He was persuaded by Timothy O. Howe to remain at the capital and take a clerkship on the ground that war was sure to be declared and it would be interesting to study it at close range. "Once a government clerk, always a government clerk," the saying goes, and Mr. Tomkins has never felt any ambition to leave the comfortable berth to which his old friend appointed him.

Old Candlesticks High.

With the increasing demand for antiques, the supply of mementoes and relics of past generations is becoming exhausted, and the prices of genuine pieces are waxing higher and higher. Old candlesticks, for example, that have had such continuous popularity, are scarce, and good specimens sell for almost any price that the dealer feels disposed to charge. To tell old brass, copper or pewter from the modern imitation requires long experience and a trained eye. Brass varies much in color, its shade depending upon the proportion of copper and zinc used in its composition, and also on the hue of the copper employed. Copper itself assumes a variety of complexions. The old Spanish and Russian copper and brass are both peculiarly rich in color and retain their polish longer than others. In the old pieces there is silkiness of texture not found in the sorts made now. This is partly due to the way in which the metal was worked, and partly to the natural wear of the utensils. In some cases, such as pots, kettles and fire-boxes, the action of heat may be responsible, in part at least, for this quality. Colonial furnishings are the kinds most eagerly sought by collectors.

Twain and the King.

The father of Miss Louise Forstlund, author of "The Ship of Dreams," knew Mark Twain in the days of the gold fever in California. Twain was then a "young newspaper man named Clemens" and as the men drifted apart the acquaintance was never followed up. Mr. Forstlund modestly disclaimed any further knowledge of the now world-famed humorist. Mark Twain himself is less diffident, as a story is now going its second round of the English papers testifies. During Twain's residence in England he was taxed in what seemed to him an unjustifiable instance. Accordingly he wrote a friendly protest to the Queen. "I don't know you," he wrote, "but I've met your son." He was at the head of a procession in the Strand, and I was on a bus.



Best for the Bowels. All Druggists. Genuine stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."

HAMLIN'S WIZARD OIL EARACHE. ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

If weakened eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water.

Black Adventure.

Whipped a Catamount.

THE announcement that President Roosevelt is again contemplating a sojourn in the wilds of the White River country of Colorado has created, as always heretofore, a buzz of comment in the little Indiana city of Crawfordsville. For the Chief Executive of the Nation never hunts in Colorado, beating up or down its mountain streams or winding in and out along its tortuous mountain paths, without the services of John Goff as guide and companion.

John Goff is a resident of Crawfordsville. At least, when he speaks of "home" in that fashion peculiar to the men who have gone into the wilderness of the West, he refers to the little cottage nestled away among the sycamore trees that line a lonesome, half-neglected byway of the old Hoosier town.

It is now nearly twenty years since John Goff set his face toward the West, and, with a determination to repair the lost fortunes of the family, made his way into the very heart of the Rocky Mountains. Goff spent his boyhood days near Ladoga, a little village scarcely half a dozen miles away from Crawfordsville. Here there are half a hundred people inhabiting the countryside who yet remember the sturdy young man when he fished in Indiana streams and beat through Indiana woods in search of game. His father and his grandfather were trappers before him, his uncles and his great-uncles were hunters, and his mother had in her veins the restless blood of the pioneer's wife. In John Goff the traits of the family centered.

That is one of the reasons he is selected annually to be the companion and the guide of President Roosevelt, for Theodore Roosevelt, hunter, like the men of his kind, loves a man after his own heart.

Goff at the age of fifteen had already brought his name prominently before the people of his own neighborhood. He had on this occasion been sent by his father to the home of a friend. His journey, however, was delayed until darkness had begun to fall, and young Goff, when finally he did get out, found it necessary to make his way through the woods, where already the darkness had grown dense.

In the course of his trip Goff was set upon by a catamount. The hardy young hunter had only a pocket knife to use as a weapon of defense. Nevertheless, he whipped this from his pocket, and prepared to fight for his life. The beast, as Goff maneuvered to avoid it if possible, suddenly leaped at the hunter, from its perch upon an overhanging limb, and striking squarely upon the lad's back, buried its claws in his shoulders and fastened its fangs in his neck.

Goff, although hampered in all his movements by the burly form of the animal, and sick with the pain caused by the claws and teeth ripping through his flesh, finally succeeded in sinking the blade of the little weapon into the cat's neck. This forced the beast to loosen its hold with its teeth and gave Goff the chance to shake it from his back. After a struggle continuing for thirty minutes, the lad finished the catamount, and half dead from loss of blood, he began his long journey to his home.

This Goff accomplished on his hands and knees. Every inch of the trail was covered with his blood, and upon arrival at his father's door he sank from exhaustion, and was not discovered until an hour later, when he was found where he had fallen in the dead faint.

The following day the body of the catamount was brought into the town. A rough sign was tacked upon it, which read: "Killed by Goff." From that time on the young hunter acquired the nickname, "By," which has clung to him through all the later years of his life.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

In a Vat.

A brewery is often a dangerous place in more senses than one. The vats and the machinery are but so many traps for unwary workmen. A workman in a brewery at Paterson N. J., Abraham Sapiro by name, recently had an adventure of a most extraordinary kind in connection with the apparatus of the establishment.

In the middle of each of the great mashing tubs in which the malt is mixed and boiled there are, attached to a central shaft, two sets of large steel knives. When the upright shaft revolves, these knives are rapidly driven about, and thus the malt is mixed. One day lately one of these tubs was empty, and Sapiro, who had charge of them, was at work cleaning the machinery. Having nearly finished his task, he wished to have the malt turned into the mixer. Outside the vat stood an assistant, and Sapiro told him to go and turn a lever, the function of which is to start or stop the machinery which feeds in the malt. The man went, but instead of moving this lever, he moved the one which starts the shaft in the centre of the great tub and revolves the knives.

In another instant, Sapiro, who was standing on the polished copper bottom of the tub, saw the knives begin to move slowly, and knew what his ignorant assistant had done. Before he could avail himself of the chance to get out, the knives were moving so fast that he could do no more than run in a circle between them—one ahead of him and one behind—and call for some one to turn the lever.

The terrible knives moved faster and faster, and Sapiro increased his speed, one knife acting as a pacemaker in front of him, the other a terrible pur-

suer, and either of them sure to cut him in two if he slackened his pace or fell!

Faster and faster he ran, still calling for help. His wet slippers found very insecure footing on the polished copper, and every moment he was afraid that he would slip and fall.

His assistant now came in sight, but the man was either so dazed by the spectacle or so ignorant of the machinery that he could do nothing but stand and gaze open-mouthed.

By keeping as near as possible to the shaft and revolving with it, Sapiro was managing, for the moment to keep out of the way of both knives; but his exertions were so great that he was rapidly becoming exhausted. It seemed to him that he could not hold out a minute longer.

But just as he was about to sink a man came in who had sense enough to run to the engineer and tell him to shut down the motive power of the whole establishment. The engineer did so, and the great knives slowed down. The exhausted man had then to watch closely and move at a slower and slower pace himself, in order to keep himself still between the two knives. This continued until the machinery had come to a dead stop. Sapiro sank in a dead faint on the bottom of the vat—totally exhausted, but unharmed.

His Narrow Prison.

In old times prisoners were sometimes confined in cells that gave them no room, either to stand upright or to lie at full length. A more distressing experience, although happily it did not last very long, befell an old plainsman, who tells the story in the Los Angeles Times. On a nipping zero day in February he started from a Montana ranch in pursuit of buffalo.

"I must have gone thirty miles at least before sighting my game, four cow buffaloes and one bull. I got them all, and then, giving my horse his head, I undertook to skin the buffaloes, but it was new work for me and slow. It began to get dark by the time I had finished the job, and when I looked around there was no horse in sight.

"I concluded then that I would have to walk back to the ranch; but I disliked to leave the hides, and it was cloudy and never a star to show me my course. After studying the matter over for a while, I laid two of the hides down flat together, hairy side up, stretched myself at one edge and began to roll myself up, careful to leave an airhole at the top for breathing purposes. The hides were so limp that they conformed well to the shape of my body, and the comfortable feeling of being warm soon put me to sleep.

"When I awoke and tried to stretch and turn over I found it was impossible. I tried to move my arms, but that was no more to be done than if I had been bound and rebound with rope. I had rolled myself up in two green hides and they had frozen hard, making me a prisoner.

"The idea of cutting my way out with a knife occurred to me, but try as I might I could not reach my pocket. It was like being tied to a plank.

"When would relief get to me, or would it come at all? The boys knew about what direction I had taken, but they might not be alarmed enough to start out and look me up in time. Then it was getting dusk again, and another night of torture was before me. Could I endure it and live?

"Suddenly I thought I heard voices. Then came the tramp of horses' feet, and soon I was shouting and being answered. The fellows could not find me at first, but following the sound of my voice, traced me and took in the situation at a glance. They pulled grass and piled it on each side of me, set it afire, and in a quarter of an hour my prison walls were thawed apart. But the boys had to rub me a long time before I was able to stand up."

Dare-Devil Workmen.

"I remember," said a bridge contractor some time ago while on the subject of workmen's dare-devilries, "when working at the big bridge across the Niagara. When the two cantilever arms had approached within fifty feet of each other a keen rivalry as to who should be the first to cross sprang up among the men. A long plank connected the two arms, leaving about two and a half feet of support at each end. Strict orders were issued that no one should attempt to cross the plank upon penalty of instant dismissal. At the noon hour I suddenly heard a great shout from the men, who were all starting up. Raising my eyes I saw a man step on the end of that plank, stop a minute and look down into the whirlpool below. I knew he was going to cross, and I shouted to him, but he was too high up to hear.

"Deliberately he walked out until he reached the middle of the plank. It sagged far down with his weight until I could see light between the two short supporting ends and the cantilevers on which they rested. He saw the end in front of him do this, hesitated and looked back to see how the other end was. I thought he was going to turn. He stopped, grasped both edges of the plank with his hands, and, throwing his feet up, stood on his head, kicking his legs in the air, cracking his heels together and yelling to the terrified onlookers. This he did for about a minute—it seemed to me like forty. Then he let his feet drop down, stood up, waved his hat and trotted along the plank to the other side, slid down one of the braces hand over hand and regained the ground. We discharged him, of course, but what did he care? He got all the glory, his fellows envied him and he could command work anywhere."—Cassier's Magazine.

Why Untruths Live.

Many untruths are like flies—they are allowed to live simply because it is too much trouble to chase them down and kill them.—New York News.

SYRUP OF FIGS



Acts Gently;
Acts Pleasantly;
Acts Beneficially;
Acts truly as a Laxative.

Syrup of Figs appeals to the cultured and the well-informed and to the healthy, because its component parts are simple and wholesome and because it acts without disturbing the natural functions, as it is wholly free from every objectionable quality of substance. In the process of manufacturing figs are used, as they are pleasant to the taste, but the medicinal virtues of Syrup of Figs are obtained from an excellent combination of plants known to be medicinally laxative and to act most beneficially.

To get its beneficial effects—buy the genuine—manufactured by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

Louisville, Ky., San Francisco, Cal., New York, N.Y.
For sale by all druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

Germany's Army Is for Defense.

The German army, like the German nation, has been squeezed into existence. Germany, open on every side to attack, has been the great battleground of Europe through all the centuries; and by constant pressure within and without the army has had its growth. It was the result of stern necessity. It was defense or death; and that, in spite of the commonly reported military aspirations of the German Kaiser, is the keynote of the system. The army must be made powerful enough to defend the country from the attacks of any one power or all of them together. If it is necessary to march into France in the course of such a war, well and good; but that is not the fundamental purpose of the army.

A Public Forest for Germans.

Emperor William, of Germany, carrying out his purpose of converting the Grunewald into a vast pleasure ground for the use of the inhabitants of Berlin, has approved plans for new roads, playgrounds, picnicers' glades and restaurants in the forest. One of the Emperor's objects is to encourage outdoor athletics. The forest contains 11,550 acres. It is a royal hunting preserve but the foresters are now killing off the deer and wild boar there.

Found Ring in a Fish.

Henry Buermann, of New York, found what he says is a solid gold wedding ring in the stomach of a fish. Buermann, who has a cafe at No. 8 Barclay street, stopped at a front street fish store and bought a half of a 16-pound cod. The cod had come from Boston on the Bay State cold storage car the night before, and was already nicely cleaned. But when he was preparing it later he found the ring imbedded in the ribs. The ring is more than a quarter of an inch in breadth, and bears the inscription, "Lew to Lou, '89."

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effectual manner.

In Hungary the legal age of an individual dates only from baptism.

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. CENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. CENEY for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WESS & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. WALKING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. Hall'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. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The leech is the only animal which possesses three separate jaws.

ETTS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. DR. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

It is a notable fact that most of the subjects of King Edward VII. are Hindoos.

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

The dentist that hurts the most doesn't always charge the least.

You can do your dyeing in half an hour with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES.

Exports of cattle have increased twenty per cent. in five years. I am sure Pilo's Cure for Consumption saved my life three years ago.—Mrs. THOMAS ROSS, Maple St., Norwich, N. Y., Feb. 17, 1900.

Where Connecticut Got Its Name.

It might be imagined that Connecticut is called the "land of steady habits" on account of the exemplary conduct of its citizens. But it obtained that title in a different manner. John R. Matthews told just how recently at the Waldorf-Astoria. "In the early colonial times," he said, "it was the custom to provide every one who assisted at a dedication, church building or barn raising with a 'hooker' of good Jamaica rum. These functions, needless to say, were popular. When the charter creating Connecticut a crown colony arrived there was, of course, a celebration. The first governor, John Winthrop, refused to provide rum and in his inaugural address deplored the custom of tipping, saying it did not lead to steady habits." Thereupon the Nutmeg State had a title to hand down to posterity.

Cleverest Woman Politician.

Miss J. N. Strong, private secretary to ex-Congressman Hawley, of Texas, is credited with being the cleverest female politician ever seen in Washington. She is conversant with every county in Texas, knows every man of prominence in the State and attends to nearly all details of Federal patronage there. It is related of her that she once went to see a Cabinet Minister in regard to a place for a Texas constituent. The official was not disposed to give the place to her applicant, but in a pleasant and courteous manner said: "I am sorry to disappoint you after looking into such pretty eyes." "It seems to me, then," was the quick answer, "that the eyes ought to have it." The Cabinet officer was so pleased with the retort that he made the appointment.

Price of White Star Line.

It was officially announced in London, England, that the purchase price of the White Star Line, on its joining the International Mercantile Marine Company, is \$53,497,180, of which \$15,736,180 is payable in cash, \$25,174,000 in preference shares and \$12,587,000 in common stock. The shareholders thus receive over \$50,000 for each 1,000 shares.

An aluminum alloy is now used as a substitute for copper in the manufacture of nails and tacks. The white metal is much cheaper and in every way as durable and desirable as copper.

Your Hair

"Two years ago my hair was falling out badly. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor, and soon my hair stopped coming out." Miss Minnie Hoover, Paris, Ill.

Perhaps your mother had thin hair, but that is no reason why you must go through life with half-starved hair. If you want long, thick hair, feed it with Ayer's Hair Vigor, and make it rich, dark, and heavy.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Odd Sunday Law in Scotland.

As an instance of the observance of the Sabbath in Scotland an English paper tells of a postman having a route between Stirling and Blair-rummond. He was observed to ride a bicycle over his six miles on week days and to walk the same distance on Sunday, and when asked why, replied that he was not allowed to use the machine on Sunday. An investigation followed, and the postman's explanation proved to be correct.

Chicago Through British Glasses.

Chicago's university professors are called "slangy freaks" by a recent British visitor, on whom all the hospitalities of the town had been "poured in sparkling showers." But as he also called its policemen "porcupine sluggards," honors are comparatively easy between the cops and the faculty, anyhow, with the rest of the community looking on rather amused than otherwise.

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Footache
All Bodily Aches
AND

CONQUERS PAIN.

RIPAN'S

The simplest remedy for indigestion, constipation, biliousness and the many ailments arising from a disordered stomach, liver or bowels is Ripan's Tabules. They have accomplished wonders, and their timely aid removes the necessity of calling a physician for the many little ills that beset mankind. They go straight to the seat of the trouble, relieve the distress, cleanse and cure the affected parts, and give the system a general toning up.

At druggists. The Five-Cent packet is enough for an ordinary occasion. The family bottle, 60 cents, contains a supply for a year.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.