

MY OWN FAMILY USE
PE-RU-NA.



HON. GEORGE W. HONEY.

Hon. George W. Honey, National Chaplain U. V. U., ex-Chaplain Fourth Wisconsin Cavalry, ex-Treasurer State of Wisconsin, and ex-Quartermaster General State of Texas G. A. R., writes from 1700 First St., N. E., Washington D. C., as follows:

"I cannot too highly recommend your prescription for the relief of **cataracts** in their various forms. The members of my own family have used it with most gratifying results. When other remedies failed, **Perum** proved most efficacious and perfectly certifies the remarkable cures."

Mr. Fred L. Hobard, for nine years a leading photographer of Kansas City, Mo., located at the northeast corner of 12th and Grand, Army, cheerfully gives the following testimony to the fact that **Perum** will cure **cataracts** and **glaucoma**, and as a **tonic** it has no equal. Druggists have tried to make me take something else 'just as good,' but **Perum** is good enough for me."

Peru-na in Tablet Form.

For two years Dr. Hartman and his assistants have successfully labored to convert **Perum** into tablet form, and the strenuous labors have just been crowned with success. People who object to liquid medicines can now secure **Perum** tablets, which represent the solid medicinal ingredients of **Perum**.

Paxtine TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Keeps the breath, teeth, mouth and body antiseptically clean and free from healthy germ-life and disagreeable odors, which water, soap and tooth preparations alone cannot do. A

gericidial, disinfecting, antiseptizing toilet receipt of exceptional excellence and economy. Invaluable for inflamed eyes, throat and nose, at drug and toilet stores, 50 cents, or by mail postpaid.

Large Trial Sample
WITH "HEALTH AND BEAUTY" BOOK SENT FREE
THE PAXTINE TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.



DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful 'Cure-all' for three months, being entirely cured of all forms of dyspepsia. I think a word of praise is due to the manufacturer. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but none have been so effective. I have taken more in a day than all the others I have taken together. I am now in full health again. James McGuire, 108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.

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The Bowels**
Cacareto
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Harmful. The best of all cathartics. In bulk, the best of all laxatives. The best of all CACARETO.

Starting Remedy. C. C. C. or N.Y. 25¢

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES

SICK HEADACHE

CARTERS
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Genuine Must Bear
Fac-Simile Signature
Breakfast Food
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

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SLICKER
You've yet
to learn the bodily
comfort it gives in
the wettest weather

MADE FOR
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GUARANTEED
WATERPROOF
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AT ALL GOOD STORES
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at this office. We can give you the
EAGLE LINEN
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It is fine and will suit you. Try it.

SMOKE A PICKWICK 10¢ CIGAR AND BE HAPPY

Copper, Vulcan, the multimillion dollar king to the world. Primary, Royal, Royal Balashaw. Smokers! Explosions stock 25¢. Will advance 1,000 per cent and again. "Brains and Bullion" ready to man your Shasta Brokerage Co., Dunsmuir, Cal.

It is affiliated with Thompson's Eye Water

Eye Ease, use



"Major, how did you feel the first time you were under fire?" I inquired of Past Commander Case of Detroit Post, a few years ago, while sitting in his quarters in the water office, in company with several war-worn veterans who had dropped in for a chat.

"Well," said he, "that is a question that is hard to answer. I did feel, though, that there were other places in which I'd rather be."

"Were you afraid? I am free to admit that in my first fight the chills made a bogie-man of my back for at least ten minutes."

"Was I afraid? Yes and no. There was a sort of nameless dread about going in, but after the first volley I didn't mind it so much. I knew those fellows in front of us were not there especially for their health or ours, and I knew enough about guns to know that they were very dangerous things in the hands of a sharpshooter."

"I have seen many different statements, major, about how men act when hit by a bullet, and have seen them fall myself when struck by a missile from the enemy. What is your expertise in this regard?"

"Well, every man has a different way of taking his cold lead," replied the major. "I have seen a soldier 'plunked' square between the eyes by a Confederate marksman; he would stand for an instant as if paralyzed and then drop to the ground like a log stiff and stark. Some would scream out and fall dead in their tracks; others would extend their hands and spin around as if struck by a violent blow; some would drop quietly without a sound, while others would leap high in the air and fall to the ground as stiff as though frozen to death."

"By the way, major, you must have seen some odd times during your period of service. Tell me of a battle where bullets flew thick and deeds of heroism were performed."

"Oh, colonel, those things have been told so often and by better men than I that my story might not be worth the telling."

"Never mind that," said I. "Everyone has a different way of narrating his experiences, and no two men in the same regiment will give the same account of a fight."

"That is true, colonel, and if you care to listen I will give you the particulars of a fight which occurred in April, 1865."

"What fight was that?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "it was just a fight—a hot one—the location and time of which will be recognized by any who were there when they read this narrative."

"Shortly after this the captain commanding our company—one of the bravest men I ever knew—was seriously wounded in the arm, and the command devolved upon myself. I sent two men with the wounded captain to the rear, and then carefully examined the situation. We had captured a portion of the works, perhaps about 200 feet, lying between a river that ran through both lines of defense and a fanner. On the opposite side of this fanner and across the river were the Confederates, who poured into us an enfilading fire whenever they ventured to raise their heads above the breastworks, which generally resulted seriously to themselves. Twice the Confederates endeavored to recapture what they had lost, but each attack was hotly repelled. Once a line of Johnnies, shielded by decoys, who begged us not to fire as they descended to surrender, nearly reached the earthworks behind which we lay.

"Captain, cried out of my men, 'there are some confeds, with guns behind them on that side!'

"I sprang upon the works, a shining mark for the enemy to a glance. Leaping down, without injury, I ordered my men to parry in a volley on the men who wanted to 'surrender' and the fifty muskets in the company seemed to speak with one voice. When the smoke cleared away nothing was to be seen of the Confederates. They had vanished as silently as they had approached. The stubborn resistance made by our little force did not suit the enemy at all, and the next attack was overwhelmingly irresistible forced us to leave our position and make a break for the rear. Some of the men didn't seem to care to run, for they were scattered, rattling with musketry, the hiss of bullets, the booming of cannon and bursting of shells constantly around, over and into us, we had remained for months with scarcely any perceptible change in the situation. The places where we lived and slept were bomb-proof—holes dug in the ground like cellars for houses, with logs laid across and earth piled thereon to the depth of several feet. In these holes we spent our time, a fall of rain leaving for days afterwards the steady drip, drip of water that slowly percolated through the roof, making our dreams of home in the North sweater, as the drops fell on our uncovered heads or trickled down our spinal columns. The bomb-proof that I called my home was occupied by the adjutant, another officer and myself and here we passed the time as best we could."

"Well, one night about 10 o'clock an order came from brigade headquarters down the rude stairway of our cabin with orders which he delivered to the captain for final settlement with the government.

"At 2 o'clock the men fell into line, silent and oppressed by the thought of the near approach of some indefinite, intangible calamity. 'Forward' and slowly and in perfect order, through an opening in our breastworks, and following the dugway that led to the outer picket line, the regiment marched on. Then we knew what was coming. Then we knew that across the narrow space which separated our line from the enemy's, bristling with cheval de frise and abatis, we would be ordered to charge the works which the federal army had for months been hammering unsuccessfully with shot and shell. Further to the left the troops had been massed and a desperate attempt was to be made to carry the Confederate works at that point. And what were we to do? Just charge? that was all. Selected with two other regiments to create a diversion, to lead the enemy to believe an assault was to be made here—only to be sacrificed, that seemed our fate. Our colonel was disengaged with the order to simply charge and insist upon more definite instructions. The aide, with a peculiar smile, said: 'Colonel, you are to charge the Confederate works, capture all within the length of your regimental front and hold your position until driven out or relieved.' 'All right,' replied the colonel, and turning to his men he said: 'Boys, we'll do it.'

"Soon after this came the command uttered in a low tone of voice, 'Forward.' Every man was instructed to make as little noise as possible, lest we were upon them. Pressing steadily forward we reached the line of cheval de

frise, which resembled somewhat an old-fashioned hay rake wired together end to end. Behind this lay the Confederate picket line, which, as we advanced, fired and ran back to their main line, yelling as they went, 'the Yanks are coming! the Yanks are coming!' The obstruction we met was soon torn apart, and rushing forward to the edge of the ravine that lay between the works received a withering storm of grape and canister, which severely wounded our colonel and laid low several officers and men. Staggered but not repulsed, we rushed down the bank and across the bottom, up the other side and to the top, back from which about fifty feet lay the enemy's main works. As our column came into view another fierce fire was poured into our ranks, which literally swept us off our feet and sent us reeling to the bottom of the ravine, leaving several of our poor fellows dead behind us. Rallying at the bottom, we crossed the ravine at a run and only halted when the opposite side was reached. Here we were below the range of the enemy, the bullets and shells singing war music just above our heads. Here we had a breathing spell and counted noses. Three officers and about seventy-five men were all that were left, all that came out of that hell of powder, lead and iron the remainder being either killed, wounded or missing. I never knew their fate."

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of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

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Doctor Found Cure.

"Our baby boy broke out with eczema on his face when one month old. One place on the side of his face was the most severe, and the other was the least. The milk was very watery and did not digest well. The baby would cry when we tried to bathe him. The doctor said the baby was not well. Then we took the baby to a doctor who said the baby was not well. Then we took the baby to a doctor who said the baby was not well. Then we took the baby to a doctor who said the