

CAUGHT BY THE GRIP. RELEASED BY PE-RU-NA.

Congressman Geo. H. White's Case.
A Noted Sculptress Cured.



the following letter from 3417 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.:

"I suffered this winter with a severe attack of grippe. After using three bottles of Pe-Ru-Na I found the grip had disappeared."—Mrs. T. Schmitt.

Mrs. Celeste Covell writes from 249 N. avenue, Aurora, Ill.:

"Only those who have suffered with la grippe and been cured can appreciate how grateful I feel that such a splendid medicine as Pe-Ru-Na has been placed at the disposal of every suffering person."—Mrs. C. Covell.

Noted Sculptress Cured of Grip.

Mrs. M. C. Cooper, of the Royal Academy of Arts, of London, England, now residing in Washington, D. C., is one of the greatest living sculptors and painters of the world. She says:

"I take pleasure in recommending Pe-Ru-Na for catarrh and la grippe. I have suffered for months, and after the use of one bottle of Pe-Ru-Na I am entirely well."—Mrs. M. C. Cooper.

Mrs. Wallace, a charter member of the International Barbers' Union, writes from 15 Western avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.:

"Following a severe attack of la grippe I seemed to be affected. Lately all over, and I procured a bottle of Pe-Ru-Na. Now my head is clear, my nerves are steady, I enjoy food and rest well. Pe-Ru-Na has been worth a dollar a dose to me."—D. L. Wallace.

Lieutenant Clarice Hunt, of the Salt Lake City Barbers' Association, writes from Ogden, Utah:

"Two months ago I was suffering with so severe a cold that I could hardly speak. My captain advised me to buy Pe-Ru-Na and a bottle for me, and truly it worked wonders. Within two weeks I was entirely well."—Clarice Hunt.

Congressman White's Letter.

Tarboro, N. C.

Gentlemen:—I am more than satisfied with Pe-Ru-Na and find it to be an excellent remedy for the grip and catarrh. I have used it in my family and they all join me in recommending it as an excellent remedy.

—George H. White, Member of Congress.

Mrs. T. W. Collins, Treasurer Independent Order of Good Templars, of Everett, Wash., writes:

"After having a severe attack of la grippe I continued in a feeble condition even after the doctor called me cured. My friend advised me to buy Pe-Ru-Na and a bottle for me, and truly it worked wonders. Within two weeks I was entirely well."—Mrs. T. W. Collins.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Pe-Ru-Na, 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 world of medicine recognizes Grip as epidemic catarrh. -- Medical Talk.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR A FREE PE-RU-NA ALMANAC.

A Wily Passenger.

Many funny incidents happen in the street cars, and many evidences of unique ingenuity can be observed among passengers who adopt all sorts of plans to keep the company out of their way.

The other day—it was in the early evening—a man, a busy working man, seemed, got in a car and proceeded all the way to the front, where he snuggled down for a quiet snooze. He had almost passed into the land of dreams when he suddenly sat up, and fumbling in his vest pocket for a moment, drew out a transfer. This he placed carefully between his teeth, and then finally dropped off for the "forty winks" of rest some men seem to think they get while being carried along in a trolley.

"It would be a pity to wake him," said the conductor, as he paused to collect his fare, and he quietly drew from the lips of the slumbering man the bit of necessary paper. Of course, every passenger was interested in the incident, and when the destination of the drowsy passenger was reached he awoke quite widely, as sleepy riders somehow have a way of doing, and lectured himself together to sleep off. The man next him related the occurrence of the conductor and the transfer, and asked if he was aware of that official's proximity.

"Certainly, my good friend; it was an old transfer I had had for some time, and I was only biting off the date, and replying the wily doormouse, as he swung himself off.

In judging character we are apt to seek in others for qualities best suited to those we ourselves possess.

What to Eat.

Lamb, veal and fowls are delicate and healthy diet for the young and sedentary and for all who find fat meats and those of coarse fibre disagree with them.

Butter is nutritious and generally healthy. Condiments—pepper, ginger, etc. are best during the summer. They are products of hot climates, and shows them to be most appropriate for the hot season. On the other hand, fat beef, bacon and such foods should be most frequently used during the cold weather.

One of the most usual causes of dyspepsia among business men and girls arises from the haste in which they swallow their food without sufficiently masticating it and then hurry away to their active pursuits.

There ought to be at least one hour of quiet after a meal from those pursuits which tax the brain as well as those which exercise the muscles.

It is injurious to eat when greatly fatigued or heated. The diet should always be more spare, with a large proportion of vegetables and ripe fruits during summer.

Fruits are most wholesome in their appropriate season. The skins, stones and seeds are very indigestible.

Rich soups are injurious to the dyspeptic. Much liquid food is rarely beneficial for adults.

Rich gravies should be avoided, especially in the summer season.

Most people drink too much because they drink too fast. Drink little (better not at all) during meals. If much is taken, especially at dinner, it hinders digestion.

Paper from Wood Pulp.

Wood pulp forms the basis of the paper of the day, only the best quality being made from rags. Other materials are also coming into use to meet the enormous demand for paper, and plants which were at one time supposed to be of no economic importance are contributing their fibre to the manufacture. Among the new materials may be named bagasse, the refuse of the sugar mills, formerly a waste product save that it was employed for fuel. Rice straw, long only used as bedding for cattle, is also enlisted in the service of the paper maker. Spruce is the wood now generally used in making paper pulp, and of this there is a vast amount not yet drawn upon in the Dominion of Canada. In the meantime, protests are being raised against the quality of the paper made from these substitutes for rags. It answers the purpose of ephemeral literature; but there is good reason to believe that it rapidly deteriorates, and that books made of it will have a short life. It is somewhat humiliating for us to have to acknowledge that our modern documents cannot compare in permanence with those written on Egyptian papyrus before our own historical period began.

Not What is Wanted.

Khaki, it appears, is not the best color for the battlefield if a color is wanted which blends with all sorts of backgrounds. At Aldershot, England, experiments with three cannon, two painted with red, yellow and blue and one painted khaki, showed that at remote distances the multi-colored guns and their canvas "wings" were invisible while the khaki gun was easily distinguished.

Bad for the Complexion.

We shall soon become accustomed to the soft coal face which is a feature of all towns where bituminous coal is burned—a face peppered over lightly with globules of soot, which seem harmless until one tries to brush them away with a handkerchief, when they cease being globules and become long smooches. Whether "smooch" is a good English word, the writer has not an idea; but it exactly expresses the state of a bit of soft coal soot when it has been interfered with. Given two smooches to one cheek, and the person looks as if he had been firing a locomotive, and must go home instantly to wash his face. The accustomed manage matters better. When they see a bit of coal dust lying on a friend's cheek, they ask politely, "May I blow in your face?" Permission being given, they lightly breathe the dust away, knowing full well that this is the only way to get rid of it without leaving a mark.

Soft coal is not good for the complexion. It requires too much strenuous washing of the face not to hurt the skin. The best thing to use to get rid of its traces is almond meal and warm water. These used at night just before retiring, will keep the complexion in fairly good condition, especially if they are followed up by applications of a good cream. In the morning, cold water should be used in abundance, and then the face is ready for another round with air filled with particles of flying black dust.

A Wise Oracle.

In the olden time a certain man, being stricken with grief, consulted the oracle at Delphi.

"Go bury thy sorrow!" said the oracle.

The man was not a little perplexed by the advice, but concluded that about the first thing to do was to dig a hole. Now this was not easily to be achieved in the rocky soil of Hellas; and, whereas, as he began to dig the man thought a very large hole would be necessary, his idea was modified as he proceeded until, in some fifteen minutes, it seemed clear that a real moderate hole would suffice.

Having dug such, the man looked around for his sorrow, but it was nowhere to be seen. Turning upon himself, he searched his bosom carefully.

"There's no heartache here!" he said.

In fact, the only ache in sight was a backache, and this did not matter, for the man was well supplied with liniment.

In Days of Old.

In the early part of the eighteenth century the London theatre opened at six o'clock, and as it was, therefore, difficult for playgoers to arrive punctually, and obtain seats, many of them sent footmen, or hired men from the streets, to secure places for them. These sat in the seats until those who had sent them came, and the custom prevailed until 1766, when the system now in force was adopted: A footman used to be sent early to take places and keep them by the simple but effective plan of sitting on them till his masters and mistresses arrived. Such a practice would now be considered an intolerable nuisance; but people in those days were much less particular, and appear to have thought nothing of sitting for an act or two cheek by jaw with a flunky or, worse, with a jagabond picked up in the street.

DON'T WAIT.

The world will find worth out, they say.

But don't you sit and wait, my boy; They say each dog will have his day, But don't you sit and wait, my boy. Some day when you are old and gray The world may think 'tis time to lay Rewards upon your plate—it may— But don't you sit and wait, my boy.

The world's intentions may be kind, But don't you sit and wait, my boy. For worth that waits is hard to find, But don't you sit and wait, my boy. The world may turn, some day inclined To cheer the worth that lags behind, That through long years has hoped and pined— But don't you sit and wait, my boy.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

A GAME OF LOVE.

By Grace Salinger.

"Aunt Lucy let's play," said Amy. Aunt Lucy looked up from the book she had been reading—although she was holding it upside down. "What shall we play?" she asked, wearily.

"Let's play lady," announced Amy.

"All right."

"You be Mrs. Lulu Jones."

"All right."

"I'll be Mrs. Simpson."

"How are you, Mrs. Simpson?"

"I well."

"How is your husband?"

"He well."

"How is your baby?"

"She well. Oh, Aunt Lucy," pouted Amy, "you mustn't keep askin' me how everybody is!"

Aunt Lucy began over again. "All right," she said. "I hear your baby has been sick, Mrs. Simpson."

Amy looked fondly at the remnants of a tin-headed doll she carried. "Yes," she said, "she been sick."

"Whooping cough?" asked Aunt Lucy, with interest.

"No, fever."

"Dear me, how awful!" consoled Aunt Lucy. "What kind?"

"High fever," announced Mrs. Simpson, gravely.

"Mercy; how high?"

Mrs. Simpson's head went thoughtfully to one side. "Hundred an' seventy-five," she announced, after deliberation.

Aunt Lucy started. "What was her pulse?"

"Five hundred an' seventeen," said Amy, glibly.

A smile began to play about Aunt Lucy's lips. "What was her respiration?" she inquired, politely.

For a moment Amy stumbled—but only for a moment. She was not the one to confess ignorance. "She ain't got none," she announced finally.

"Now," said Amy, with the air of a ring-master, "pretend I didn't have no nurse."

Aunt Lucy docilely pretended. She was used to Amy's high-handed way of conducting affairs, and Amy—an only child in a household of grown-ups—knew the rules of the game of lady to a nicety.

"You know, Mrs. Jones," began Amy, cheerfully, "I ain't got no nurse."

"You don't say so," said Aunt Lucy. "How do you expect to get on?"

"Well," said Amy, "I just avitalize an' avitalize, but—with a sigh—"all the drunken ones is mostly taken."

"You like the drunken ones, then?"

Amy sighed. "Oh, Aunt Lucy," she said, "how you s'pect I knows whether I likes drunken ones or not. Tend I liked them."

Again Aunt Lucy subsided.

Just then the door opened, and a young man entered. He was a tall young man with black hair and eyeglasses. He looked rather excited. He greeted Amy boisterously, but looked at Aunt Lucy. "Hello, kid," he called; "come here and kiss me!"

Amy frowned. Aunt Lucy suddenly dropped her book, and looked out of the window.

"We're playin'," said Amy, sternly. "The deuce you are!" said the young man. "What are you playing?"

"Me an' Aunt Lucy's playin' lady," announced Amy.

"May I play, too?" asked the young man, meekly.

Amy thought about it. "Men can't play lady," at length she decided.

The young man looked crushed. Then he brightened visibly. "Suppose we play something else," he said.

"But me an' Aunt Lucy was havin' such a good time," said Amy, regretfully.

"You can have a better time," said the young man confidently, "if you let me join."

"All right, said Amy," you be the butcher."

The young man was disappointed. "I'll tell you what," he said, "play I was a thief."

Amy's face glowed. "Tend you stole the chair!" she said, excitedly.

"No," said the young man; "let's play I stole a kiss." His eyes sought Aunt Lucy's face again, but she was still looking out of the window. He wandered, though, if that was a shadow or a dark red streak behind her ear. She stood calm and cold. He decided it was a shadow. He sighed sadly. So did Amy, but impatiently.

"Oh, Uncle Harry," she said, "who ever heard of stealin' kisses. That ain't nuffin' to steal. People just give 'em."

"Everybody does when you asks for 'em," said Amy, who was well brought up.

"Ladies don't—always," said the young man, still looking at the back of Aunt Lucy's head.

Amy laughed. "Ladies is too big to kiss," she announced, triumphantly. "ceptin' their ladies an' their husbands an' the medicine men of the

"Suppose they haven't any husbands or little girls?" said the young man, gloomily. "They have to kiss some one, don't they?"

Amy looked puzzled. "Oh, Uncle Harry," she said at last, "how I know? This ain't playin'!"

"Well, he said, 'you won't play what I want. It's an awfully nice game,' he coaxed. 'Play you were a lady, and were all dressed up in a silk ball-dress.'"

"Blue, like Aunt Lucy's?" said Amy. "Yes, blue," acquiesced the young man. "And play you went to a ball."

Amy danced with delight.

"And you met there. And I had never seen you look so beautiful. I had a waltz with you, and you said you would rather sit it out in the conservatory. So we went into the cool, dim-lit room, and I was drunk with your nearness and your beauty. I forgot everything except that you were there, and that I was there; that I loved you—that I wanted you, oh, so madly!" He had stopped talking to Amy, and was addressing Aunt Lucy's back. "I kissed you," he went on. "I know I shouldn't have; I know it was cowardly; you trusted me, and I deserted your scorn. But Lucy—dear Lord—Lucy, couldn't you see—"

Amy's eyes opened wide. "I fought you was goin' to play wif me," she pouted, "an' you's playin' wif Aunt Lucy."

The young man turned with a start. "Of course, of course," he said. "I forgot. Where were we?"

"I had on a blue dress," said Amy. "Yes, it was beautiful," said the young man.

"Wif short-necked sleeves," cooed Amy.

"Of course," said the young man. "An' I wore blue s'ppers, an' blue roses!" went on Amy, excitedly.

"And then I'd steal the kiss from you," said the young man, "just like this," and he caught her in his arms and kissed her.

Amy kicked violently. "Let me down!" she shouted. "I ain't a-going to play wif you. I wis' you'd go 'way. Me an' Aunt Lucy was havin' a nice time till you came an' spoiled it all."

"But the interesting part of the game comes now," he said, soothingly. Amy looked up tearfully.

"Play I came the next day with a box of candy," he continued, as he took one temptingly from his pocket, "and asked you to forgive me."

The sunshine danced in Amy's eyes. She put out her hand.

"But you wouldn't," he said, regretfully, and put the box of candy back in his pocket.

"But I will," said Amy, advancing cautiously toward the pocket.

"And pretend I felt so bad—" his voice grew husky; "that I went away and enlisted for active service in Cuba. And pretend I was going this very afternoon, and just stopped in to say good-by and ask you to forgive and forget me." He was looking at Aunt Lucy again, and he saw her tremble. Then he turned to Amy. "So kiss me good-by, sweetheart, for I leave tonight," and he took her in his arms again.

Aunt Lucy turned at last. "Harry, you are joking," she whispered, coming nearer.

He was still talking to Amy. "She thinks it's a joke," he said, scornfully. "She told me last night she hated me, that she never wanted to see me again. Joking! when it was she herself who sent me away. I hope a bullet—"

But Aunt Lucy was closer yet. "Harry," she said, "you mustn't."

"Why not?" she said, facing her.

"Your mother," stammered Aunt Lucy, blushing.

"My mother has other and better sons," said the young man proudly.

"Me," whispered Aunt Lucy, tearfully.

"You hate me!" he answered, cruelly.

"Harry!" she said.

"You said so."

"Oh, I don't, I don't, I don't!" she sobbed.

"Lucy, do you really want me to stay?"

Lucy's hand crept about his neck.

"All right," said the young man, promptly, "I won't go."

"But your commission!" whispered Aunt Lucy.

"What answer can you make the government?"

The young man coughed. Amy finished the last piece of candy, and carefully wiped the superfluous chocolate on her apron. Then she pouted. "This ain't no kind of a game," she said, and stalked out of the room.

"It's the finest game in the world," said the young man, drawing Aunt Lucy closer. Then he pushed her gently aside. "No," he said, firmly, "I can't; I must tell the truth! Lucy, my darling—I—about the war—you know—"

But Lucy cuddled closer. "Oh, I understand, dear," she said, sweetly. "It was part of the game—just as my being angry was."—Woman's Home Companion.

ROSES AND "NERVES."

A New Cure Specially Recommended to Millionaires.

It is within very recent date that experimenting scientists, including the most reputable of physicians, have learned that perfumes are really medicines given in another form—through the nostrils. One might go further back and find that medicinal perfumes are only rediscovered centuries ago, when incense and myrrh were used to cure ills as well as for worship.

Sweet-scented balms were carried to the sick, and the doctors of the day healed the body and the spirit through heavy odors.

It is well known that the fakirs of India and the medicine men of the

wild tribes of all countries work by means of perfumes and herbs.

Every woman knows that a bottle of ammonia held to the nostrils will help a headache. Our grandmothers used the camphor bottle, and this restorative is still used as the home medicine.

The vinaigrette and the little smelling bottle of all kinds are filled with a salts of a powder of sweetsmelling odor based upon medicinal properties and there is no doubt that a few whiffs will help a headache and sometimes completely cure it. And now roses are advocated for many of the aches and pains of life which frequently arise from overworked or disordered nerves.

It has been discovered that the rose will cure a headache. Its perfume acts as a medicine upon the nerves. Its color—particularly if deep red—soothes the senses through the eyes, and its cleanliness and medicinal properties generally act upon the system not only as a curative but as a tonic.

The sweeter the rose is, the better for the sweetness of this flower is of such peculiar delicacy that it neither cloy upon the nostrils nor pall upon the senses. Other flowers with heavy scent make one languid. But the rose is invigorating, and it is known now that the concentrated rose—that is, the natural smell as obtained from roses in great quantities—will certainly act upon the person as though he or she had been fanned by a breeze.

The rose curist asserts that if the scent is inhaled directly from the very heart of the flower it is more beneficial to the patient than though it were inhaled at long distance through an essence or an extract. There are different ways of administering the rose medicine. The patient can make a pillow of roses; on this she should lay her head, taking care that half a dozen of the blooms are so arranged that they point toward the face. It is this attitude her nose and mouth are buried in their sweetness. The idea is to go to sleep on a bed of roses when you wake up your headache will be cured.

The best rose is the garden rose as it retains its red rose scent with cut having lost anything by being cultivated.

One of the rose treatments is through the eyes, for the nervous man or woman—people who cannot endure the sight of blood, who cannot see suffering, whom an injured animal will unnerve for a day. Uncleanliness and disorder that strike upon the sight act upon them as though they had had a fit of sickness. An unhappy combination of colors will frequently affect the nerves and produce a head ache. When people are as sensitive as this they can be cured by the color treatment, and this color cure is now actively in operation in many places.

When undergoing a severe nervous strain it is a good plan to take a rose and hold it to the nostrils; breathe deeply of the scent.—London Express

FORCE OF HABIT.

Reporter Becomes Involuntary Member of Cavalry Corps.

"While not a participant in any battle during the war," says an old news paper man, "I had a very uncomfortable time as an involuntary member of a cavalry troop. In 1863 there was a cavalry camp and a corral of horses near Glesboro Point, several thousand of the latter being in the enclosure. One night the animals stampeded breaking down the fences, and it drove spread over much of lower Maryland. News of this reached me and, being well acquainted with some of the officers there, I made my way to the place. It being Saturday, I intended, besides writing one or two paragraphs for that date, to get the material for an extended account with the scenes and incidents for a future issue. At the office I got a few facts and wrote a short account, which I sent to the office by boat. Some of the officers and clerks commenced to give some particulars, when one suggested that I take one of the horses and ride to the scene, a couple of miles further down. There were perhaps a dozen cavalry horses hitched to the rack, and being but a poor rider at best I was rather slow in selecting my steed, but made the mistake of choosing one because he looked like an old, steady beast.

For some distance after mounting the animal he jogged along pleasantly. At length we came to a field to the right of the road where a company was being drilled. The sound of a bugle was heard, and ere I could gather the reins my old horse had galloped to the left of the line. Another bugle blast set the line in motion in a trot by twos, and still another changed it to a company front and a gallop. There was I at the left, holding tight to the bridle and pommel, expecting ever minute to be thrown off. Then the bugle sounded halt, and every hoo came down with a thud, while I by the use of both hands, retained my place somewhere on the horse's back or neck.

"By this time a drilling officer, a rather fat man, was shaking his side with laughter at my discomfort, and the men were merry as well. I told them where I was going, and the officer commanded a corporal to escort me down the road, saying, 'Perhaps that old stager will behave when he gets out of hearing.' Then we started again, but fearful that the horse would respond to another call, he was turned back, and the very extended notice of the stampede did not appear."

The Cynic Talk.

You can't marry a woman and keep your ideals about her any more than you can eat your cake and have it too.—New York Press.

A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all diseases of the lungs it never disappoints."

J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.

Three sizes: 25c, 50c, \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.

J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.



Gettin' stamped C. C. C. Never sold in bulk. Beware of the dealer who tries to sell "something just as good."