

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

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



The world  
of medicine  
recognizes  
Grippe as epi-  
demic cat-  
arrh. --  
Medical Talk.

A GRIPPE is epidemic catarrh. It  
spreads no class or nationality. The  
cultured and the ignorant, the aristoc-  
ratic and the pauper, the masses and  
the classes are alike subject to it.  
None are exempt—all are liable.  
Have you the grippe? Or, rather, has  
the grippe got you? Grippe is well named.  
The original French term, *grippe*, has  
been shortened by the English American  
to "grip." Without intending to do so

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

A Willy 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  
a fare.  
The other day—it was in the early  
evening—a man, a busy working man,  
he seemed, got in a car and proceeded  
all the way to the front, where he un-  
derwent a quick snooze. He had al-  
most passed into the land of nod  
when he suddenly sat up, and fumbling  
in his vest pocket for a moment, drew  
out a transfer. This he placed care-  
fully between his teeth, and then finally  
dropped off for a quiet snooze. He had  
almost passed into the land of nod  
when he suddenly sat up, and fumbling  
in his vest pocket for a moment, drew  
out a transfer. This he placed care-  
fully between his teeth, and then finally  
dropped off for a quiet snooze. He had  
almost passed into the land of nod  
when he suddenly sat up, and fumbling  
in his vest pocket for a moment, drew  
out a transfer. This he placed care-  
fully between his teeth, and then finally  
dropped off for a quiet snooze.

A Cough

"I have made a most thorough  
trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and  
am prepared to say that for all dis-  
eases of the lungs it never disap-  
points."  
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 so. He won't let you take it  
if he doesn't know it. He knows.  
Leave it to him. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

**Ascarets**  
CANDY CATHARTIC  
Genuine stamped C.C.C. Never sold in bulk.  
Beware of the dealer who tries to sell  
"something just as good."

FRUIT TREES, ORNAMENTAL TREES,  
STRAWBERRY PLANTS,  
BRUSH, HUNGARY GRASS, VINES,  
ASPEN, ETC.

**DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY**; give  
to those who are suffering from  
dropsy, and it will cure it.  
Sole and only makers,  
J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

the following letter from 3417 Wabash  
avenue, Chicago, Ill.:  
"I suffered this winter with a severe at-  
tack of la grippe. After using three bot-  
tles of Peru-na I found the grip had dis-  
appeared. —Mrs. T. Schmitt."  
Mrs. Celeste Covell writes from 219 N.  
avenue, Aurora, Ill.:  
"Only those who have suffered with la  
grippe and been cured can appreciate how  
great a relief it is to feel that such a spe-  
cial medicine as Peru-na has been placed at  
the door of every suffering person."—Mrs. C.  
Covell.

**Noted Sculptress Cured of Grippe.**  
Mrs. M. C. Cooper, of the Royal Acad-  
emy 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, following a severe attack of la grippe,  
I have suffered for months, and after the use  
of one bottle of Peru-na I am entirely well."  
—D. L. Wallace, a charter member of the  
International Barbers' Union, writes from  
15 Wabash avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.:  
"Following a severe attack of la grippe,  
I seemed to be affected badly all over."  
"One of my customers who was greatly  
helped by Peru-na advised me to try it,  
and I procured a bottle the same day. Now  
my head is clear, my nerves are  
steady, my eyes clear, and my health  
restored. Peru-na has been worth a dollar  
to me."—D. L. Wallace, a charter member  
of the International Barbers' Union, writes  
from Oquida, Utah:  
"Two months ago I was suffering with  
sovereign cold that I could hardly speak."  
"My friend advised me to try Peru-na  
and procure a bottle the same day. I had  
worked wonders. Within two weeks I  
was entirely well."—Clarice Hunt.

**Gentlemen—I am more than  
satisfied with Peru-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 recom-  
mending it as an excellent remedy.**  
—George H. White, Member of Con-  
gress.

Mrs. T. W. Collins, Treasurer Indepen-  
dent Order of Good Templars, of Everett,  
Wash., writes:  
"I, after having a severe attack of la  
grippe I continued in a feeble condition  
until my doctor called me cured."  
"My blood seemed poisoned. Peru-na  
cured me."  
"If you do not desire prompt and sat-  
isfactory results from the use of Peru-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.

**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,  
and cetera are best during the summer.  
They are products of hot climates,  
which shows them to be most appropri-  
ate 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 dys-  
pepsia among business men and girls  
arises from the haste in which they swal-  
low their food without sufficiently mas-  
ticating it and then hurry away to their  
active pursuits.  
There ought to be at least one hour  
of quiet after a meal from those pur-  
suits which lax 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 sparse, with a large pro-  
portion 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 dys-  
peptic. Much liquid food is rarely ben-  
eficial for adults.  
Rich gravies should be avoided, es-  
pecially 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.

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 interieged with. Given two  
smooches to one cheek, and the per-  
son looks as if he had been firing a lo-  
comotive, and must go home instantly  
to wash his face.  
The best thing to use to get rid of  
it is the soft coal soap which has been  
interieged 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 best thing to use to get rid of it is  
the soft coal soap which has been interieged  
with.

A Wise Oracle.

In the olden time a certain man,  
being stricken with grief, consulted the  
oracle of Delphi.  
"Go bury thy sorrow!" said the or-  
acle.  
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, where-  
as, 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 no-  
where to be seen. Turning upon him-  
self, he searched his bosom carefully.  
"There's no heartache, here!" he  
said.

What a Man Does.

Under circumstances of danger a man  
may be as cool as an icicle; he may  
preserve an even mind when a ghost  
comes into his room at midnight; he  
may assume command and act nobly  
and well when the ship is sinking; but  
let that man, let any man, upset his in-  
kstand, and he springs to his feet, makes  
a desperate grasp for the inkstand, and  
knocks it half-way across the table,  
claws after his papers, and swoops  
them through the sable puddle to save  
them, tears his white silk handkerchief  
from his pocket and mops up the ink  
with it, and after he has smeared the  
ink, his hands, and his trousers with  
ink, as far as it could be made to go,  
discovers that early in the engagement  
he knocked the inkstand clear off the  
table, and it has been draining its life-  
ink away all that time in the centre of  
the carpet. Then he wonders why a  
man always makes a fool of himself  
when he upset a bottle of ink. He  
doesn't know why. Nobody knows why.  
But every time it is so. If you don't  
believe it, try it.

A Cure for Insomnia.

Peppermint water is said to be an  
efficient remedy for sleeplessness. The  
theory of its action is believed to be  
founded on its effect in withdrawing  
blood from the brain by attracting a  
flow to the stomach.

Some people are too busy doing  
nothing to learn a trade.

The easily flattered end by flattering  
themselves.

**TROUBLE.**  
When the skies are full of light,  
Over fields of blossoms bright  
While the stars smile down at night  
On a sea like glass.  
Let no apprehension rise  
For the future everwise;  
Never seek with anxious eyes  
Shadows in the grass;  
Sorrow meet with scanty sighs,  
It will pass.  
If the sudden wind is drear,  
Keep a hope undimmed by fear;  
Add not to the rain a tear,  
Murmur not "Alas!"  
Be a soldier, not a saint—  
Fighters have not time to faint.  
Greet the cloud with no complaint,  
Flout the frowning mass;  
On its brow a rainbow paint,  
It will pass.  
—Samuel Minturn Peck, in Boston Tran-  
script.

Tears, a Woman's Ref-  
uge in Times of Ex-  
treme Stress.

EVEN at the age of ten she  
knew how to cry.  
The tears in her charming  
blue eyes were such an ex-  
cellent argument in favor of her pre-  
tensions that everybody, beginning  
with father and mother and ending  
with chance visitors, hastened to dry  
her eyes by doing her sweet will.  
It was impossible not to notice that,  
at present, it was no more the child  
who cried, but the future woman. It  
was even impossible not to perceive  
these tears could be compared to the  
scales and runs so necessary to the  
plaudits for the execution of a more  
difficult piece of music.  
In short, the child manifested a tal-  
ent—for crying.  
One day, after a quarrel with her  
little brother, to whom she had been  
most unjust, she was to be punished.  
But when her pretty blue eyes looked  
up and, as usual, began to fill with  
tears, expressing in their depths all the  
stoicism of a martyr, her parents, un-  
hesitatingly and without further in-  
quiry, punished her innocent little  
brother. Could such eyes tell lies?  
She understood, this time better than  
ever, what it meant to know how to  
cry, and decided for the future to profit  
still more widely by the gift.  
Once, convinced by facts, her mother  
punished her without paying attention  
to her tears and beautiful innocent ex-  
pression. The girl endured this affront,  
she even stopped crying, but when her  
father returned home the tears gath-  
ered in her eyes once more.  
"What's she crying about?" he asked.  
"She has been a naughty girl. I pun-  
ished her."  
Her father only shrugged his shoul-  
ders; the naughty girl didn't say a  
word.  
After dinner she went to her father's  
study. She looked at him, her eyes  
filled with tears, and she turned away  
to gaze out of the window. She had  
been shamefully ill-used.  
Her father went to her mother. They  
had a long discussion. For many days  
after they didn't speak to each other  
at dinner.  
Seven years passed.  
The time for coquetry and dress had  
arrived. Each new dress cost but a  
few tears.  
Her beautiful eyes had become still  
more enchanting, and their glances  
were so used to deal out moisture that  
already tears cost her but little trouble  
or effort. Then came a decisive day.  
A rich and handsome young man  
turned up at the house. At first he  
was called for by her father, but when  
seeing the beautiful daughter he began  
to look in, and so on.  
However, he gave no particular sign  
of his intentions, and she determined  
to elucidate the situation. She con-  
vinced a tete-a-tete. Looking languish-  
ingly at him her eyes filled with tears.  
Who could describe the charm and en-  
chantment of those limpid orbs? In  
their pellucid depths were perceptible  
the tortures of love, the struggle of  
woman's self-esteem, a divine sorrow  
and sadness.  
He couldn't stand it. He fell upon  
his knees.  
The matter was settled.  
Once married she didn't often cry.  
But the critical moment was always in  
her favor—that is, in favor of her  
sweet eyes.  
And because she was so wise she  
never misused her excellent gift; she  
understood that a little excess and this  
charm would vanish like smoke.  
Her husband idolized her.  
He always said she was an ideal  
woman; everything about her was  
womanly, her doings, smiles, tears,  
words, fits of anger.  
But above all he loved her tears.  
Ah! what were those tears? On see-  
ing them one understood the power  
that lies often hidden in complete im-  
potence.  
What could be more passive or more  
gentle than those tears, at the same  
time how strong to calm the rage of a  
wretch, and to send with repentance  
the soul of an ordinary man, capable  
of bringing tears to those beautiful  
eyes.  
Her husband felt he was a slave to  
her tears, but we are all slaves to  
beauty.  
As her children grew up their great-  
est punishment was to see their moth-  
er's tears.  
And even here she knew how to ap-  
ply them wisely and delicately.  
Her eldest son, a bright boy, full of  
pranks, used to relate in after life that  
he would rather bear several thral-  
lings than see tears in his mother's  
eyes. They produced an inevitable  
sensation, they extinguished every  
spark of naughtiness.  
When, on attaining his majority, he  
plunged into a life of self-indulgence  
and lavishness, when no written ad-  
monition had any effect, and a request  
to return to the paternal roof was left  
unanswered, in spite of the distance,  
his mother had come to him, and see-  
ing her tears he began to tremble.  
When, at last, time brought the un-  
avoidable wrinkles to her beautiful  
eyes, her tears were more tragic and  
her power became still greater.  
From him they extracted a promise  
which he never broke. The tears of  
the mother saved the son. And now  
her husband's business began to tot-  
ter. His apparent wealth proved less  
solid than was supposed. Several un-  
expected crashes followed one upon

another. Nothing remained, and pov-  
erty drew near with a cruel smile.  
The head of the family, impotent  
bowed his head.  
In answer to his wife's: "What could  
they do now, how live for the rest  
of their days?" he answered laconically  
"I don't know."  
And what is he to do to-day who loses  
everything yesterday?  
"We must try for a pension," she  
said.  
"I have no right to one," he an-  
swered.  
"Still we can try; perhaps they'll be  
indulgent."  
He only despaired of success.  
So she decided to move in the mat-  
ter herself.  
Before entering on her last undertak-  
ing this woman looked at herself for  
long time in the glass.  
She watched her eyes fill several  
times with tears; several times she  
watched them change expression, and  
then, putting on a black dress, she  
placed several papers in a small hand  
bag, and left the house.  
At the office they listened politely to  
her demand, but informed her that  
they couldn't push the matter, which  
was without the slightest foundation  
and therefore to do so would be, be-  
ginning, to defraud.  
She then solicited audiences of those  
on which depended the examination of  
her application.  
Somebody thought that, perhaps as  
an exception for her, the matter might  
be looked into.  
She was refused.  
She began to cry. For the first time  
in her life tears flowed involuntarily.  
With inexpressible entreaty she fixed  
her eyes on him who had the power  
and yet refused to grant an audience.  
She didn't utter a word. He granted  
her request.  
Now everything depended on this in-  
terview.  
The faded beauty, the faded silk  
dress, the faded but still beautiful  
eyes, and at last the tears... the  
quiet, silent tears... lent words to  
express the request which slowly  
shimmered in her eyes.  
Her husband was saved from beg-  
gary.  
But from that day her tears seemed  
dried up—she always looked severe and  
cold. When her son, once more in debt,  
blew out his brains, she didn't shed a  
tear.  
The tears of this woman had done  
their work, and they were dried up for  
human things, and the tears, given her  
for that purpose, could not suffice to  
soothe the sore afflictions of mankind.  
His death had her husband, holding  
her hand, asked suddenly: "You  
don't cry? Don't you love me?"  
"Something distorted her lips. Was it  
a smile? It was more like the spasms  
of pain.  
"Do I cost you no tear?"  
"My love," she whispered, soothing  
his forehead and gray hair with her  
trembling hand, "my love, don't talk  
like that."  
The dying man closed his eyes.  
She remained as she was seated for  
several minutes without moving a mus-  
cle. Suddenly she rose.  
She laughed aloud.  
She squeezed her throat to stop the  
laughter that was bubbling up.  
She rushed to her room, and there  
began to laugh so loud that they had  
to send for the doctor.  
He said it was an acute paroxysm  
of hysteria.  
When her husband died the attack  
renewed itself, and on her lips it left a  
chronic smile.  
Whether the lips were distorted with  
pain or whether this smile took the  
place of the tears that had disappeared  
it was difficult to decide, but after this  
her eyes never filled with tears.  
She took a small furnished room and  
lived alone like a misanthrope. The  
neighbors said she must be made of  
stone.  
She died strangely.  
The landlady will tell you that a few  
days before her death she went mad.  
She had mumbled something and when  
the landlady had listened at the key-  
hole she could only distinguish one  
sentence:  
"Where are my tears?"  
"There! She's gone and lost her  
tears!" laughed the landlady. "Now  
is it worth while to cry for tears?"  
"... and within she heard repeated—  
"Tears! Tears! Give me tears!"  
"Lo!" What a fool!" said the land-  
lady, going off.  
The third day the landlady, who but  
seldom left her room, did not go out  
at all.  
And the next day she did not go out.  
They called. She didn't answer. They  
broke open the door.  
The lodger was dead.  
The doctor said it was paralysis of  
the brain.—New York News.

Fashions  
of Today



New York City.—Wai-  
stas tucked hori-  
zontally are extremely smart and are  
peculiarly well adapted to the fashion-  
ably soft and pliable materials. This



stylish May Manton model is excep-  
tionally desirable, and includes the  
long shouldered effect and the sleeves  
that widen to form full puffs at the  
wrists. As shown the material is Nile  
green peau de cygne with yoke, collar  
and cuffs of cream lace over white  
mousseline, full front of green chiffon  
over white and trimming of green  
pauve velvet and drop ornaments.  
When desired the yoke can be omitted  
and the sleeves made in elbow length  
as shown in the small sketch.  
The waist is made over a fitted lining  
that closes at the centre front and onto  
which the back of the yoke is faced.  
The waist proper is made with the full  
front, tucked fronts and back and the  
front yoke, and closes invisibly at the  
left shoulder seam and beneath the left  
front. The sleeves are small at the top  
and full at the straight cuffs, and are

shoulder or wrist, or from the waist  
band. Sometimes it is a thick cable  
cord of black silk strung with jetted  
beads; again it is a cord or twist  
of silken strings loosely knotted at the  
ends. All these flying cords and chains  
have a tendency to impede hasty pro-  
gress by catching around bureau  
knobs, door handles, and their fric-  
ticularly serve to sweep away small  
articles from the writing table, or help  
upset the contents of a work basket,  
and so distribute them in rolling reels  
and buttons about the room.

**Spalliers of Lace.**  
Neither a collar nor exactly a cape is  
the latest bit of lace employment in-  
vented for feminine adornment. It is  
the epauliere or shoulder-piece of lace,  
and when properly shaped it becomes  
a graceful addition to the toilet. The  
best shape of epauliere is that which is  
rather wide, and tapers gradually from  
its deep fall over the shoulder and up-  
per arm to the narrowing cone-shaped  
end which comes up on the collar  
band. When the pair of lace "shoulders"  
are sewed in place it leaves a good ef-  
fect in the general outline of the figure  
whether it is viewed from the front or  
the back.

**Draping Effect in Fashion.**  
Gray squirrel and other skins are  
planted and the edge of the cape edged  
with chenille, but for a dress or cape  
to be really fashionable there must be  
something falling therefrom. This  
usually takes the form of gimp motifs.

**Latest Tailor-Made Skirts.**  
The very latest tailor-made walking  
skirts are cut to show the feet to the  
top of the instep, and are of equal  
length all around.

**Woman's Bath Robe or Wrapper.**  
Comfortable robes or wrappers that



A STYLISH MID-SEASON COSTUME.

can be slipped on for a half hour's rest  
are essential to well being and should  
be numbered among the necessities of  
life. This very attractive, May Manton  
one is loose and ease-giving at the  
same time that it is shapely and be-  
coming, and serves the double purpose  
of a negligee and a bath robe. The  
original is made of old-down flannel,  
in pale blue with bands of taffeta  
stitched with corticelli silk, but flannel,  
flannelette, terry cloth and all similar  
materials are appropriate.  
The robe is made with loose fronts,  
and backs that are shaped by means  
of a centre seam. At the neck is a big  
square collar that tapers to a point at  
the waist line. The sleeves are in bell  
shape and admit of slipping on and off  
with ease.  
The quantity of material required for

face at the upper edges with material  
that matches the yoke. At the neck is  
a regulation stock.  
The quantity of material required for  
the medium size is six yards twenty-  
one inches wide, five and an eighth  
yards twenty-seven inches wide or  
three and three-eighths yards forty-four  
inches wide, with one yard of all-over  
lace when high neck and long sleeves  
are used; four yards and long sleeves  
wide three and a quarter yards twenty-  
seven or two and three-eighths yards  
forty-four inches wide when low neck  
and elbow sleeves are used.

**Woman's Seven Gored Skirt.**  
Skirts that provide ample and grace-  
ful drape about the feet while they fit  
with perfect snugness about the hips  
make the only models accepted by  
fashion, and are shown in many varia-  
tions. The exceedingly novel one,  
shown in the large drawing, possesses  
many advantages and suits many ma-  
terials. The full length front gore  
gives the long line needed for an effect  
of height. The tucked donce means  
flare and freedom while the entirely  
new arrangement of trimming is effec-  
tive in the extreme. As shown the ma-  
terial is black taffeta with bands of  
cloth stitched with corticelli silk, and  
medallions of heavy guipure lace, but  
countless combinations can be made.  
The skirt is cut in seven gores, the  
front one being full length. At sides  
and back it is cut off to form a succe-  
sion of squares to which the donce is  
attached. The bands are arranged to make  
a most effective trimming and form the  
spaces in which the lace medallions are  
placed. The fulness at the back is ar-  
ranged in the flat inverted pleats that  
are preferred to every other sort.  
The quantity of material required for  
the medium size is eleven and a half  
yards twenty-one inches wide, nine  
and a half yards twenty-seven inches  
wide or five and three-quarter yards  
forty-four inches wide.



**BATH ROBE OR WRAPPER.**

Was there ever before such a number  
or variety of pendant ornaments (to  
sleeves and skirts and also to the bod-  
ice)? With chains or tassel and cord  
these ornaments swing from elbow,

the medium size is nine yards twenty-  
seven inches wide or four and a half  
yards forty-four inches wide.

Swinging Ornaments.  
Was there ever before such a number  
or variety of pendant ornaments (to  
sleeves and skirts and also to the bod-  
ice)? With chains or tassel and cord  
these ornaments swing from elbow,

the medium size is nine yards twenty-  
seven inches wide or four and a half  
yards forty-four inches wide.