

# SISTERS OF GOOD SHEPHERD

## Use Pe-ru-na for Coughs, Colds, Grippe and Catarrh—A Congressman's Letter.



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Columbus, O., July 10, 1900. The Peru-na Medicine Co., City: Gentlemen—A number of years ago our attention was called to Dr. Hartman's Peru-na, and since then we have used it with wonderful results for grip, coughs, colds, and catarrhal diseases of the head and stomach.

For grip and winter catarrh especially it has been of great service to the inmates of this institution. — Sisters of the Good Shepherd.

The following letter is from Congressman Meekison, of Napoleon, Ohio:

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# The King's Prisoner.

BY JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN. (Copyrighted, 1900, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) It was a cold December day, 1746, in the reign of his gracious majesty, George II. Yorkshire is bleak in winter and I remember well how bitterly the wind howled about Moor House that day of days. I sat idle at a window in my own particular wing of the old manor, but my thoughts were far away in London. Lord! What a farago were those same thoughts. For I was but a girl and a beauty, and I had just returned from the gayeties of a London season. St. James', the Mall, Vauxhall, the whirl of fashion and frivolity, adulation, wholesale conquest—and not a man among all the dandies to touch a maiden's heart. Bah! Better far the keen winds of the woodlands and the dullness of an ancestral home. And yet—there was one—he he top and fashion plate like the rest?

At this precise point I awoke from my day dreams and found that I was watching a little group of horsemen headed towards Moor House. As I watched them with idle curiosity, a flash of wintry sunlight brought out the gleam of red. "Soldiers!" I thought, and now I gazed with real interest, wondering what was their errand at the manor. Presently I could see that one of the riders in the center of the group wore no red. Soon they came clattering into the stable yard, and then I saw that he was a prisoner. His hands were tied and his feet were bound under the belly of his horse.

Forthwith I sent my maid to find who was the prisoner and what was the errand of the troopers at Moor House, and presently she returned with mouth agape to tell me that the prisoner was a most desperate and violent adherent of Prince Charlie, being conveyed to the Tower. The captain of the troopers had gone in to my father to ask leave to billet his men at the manor for the night. Now, my father was Hanoverian to the backbone; so I knew that the captain's request would be granted as a matter of course. And so it proved; for when I went down to dinner my lord presented me to Captain Huntly. And Captain Huntly, quite the town dandy and man of fashion, made his best leg and quite gallantly expressed his happiness over the honor of being presented to so famous a beauty as Lady Bess Heriot.

After dinner, finding the captain dull, I left the two men to their cards and had the sergeant of the troopers sent in to me. The poor man was quite overcome by the magnificence of my presence, and scarce managed to make intelligent answers to my questions about the prisoner. He was young, he said; scarce more than a boy, yet he was a most dangerous plotter and exceedingly skilled in the use of the sword. "Twas certain that he had stood high in the councils of the Pretender; indeed, so valuable were the secrets he held that the King was determined to have them at any cost.

"A dangerous rebel," said I. "Then he is for a long imprisonment in the Tower." "No, your Leddyship," replied he. "He will be but questioned at the Tower; then he goes to Tyburn Tree." "What," cried I, "they will hang him?" "Aye," he answered, grimly. "He is a most contumacious varlet. He has been offered pardon, if he would betray his friends and he has chosen death."

"And what's his name, sergeant?" said I. "Walter Lennox is the name he's called by, your Leddyship, but 'tis said there is some mystery about him." Heavens! I knew the man. Thrice had I met him in London, a dandy among dandies, masquerading under a cloak of fashion and frivolity. Yet I had suspected the masquerade. He was the one I had guessed might be a man.

My heart swelled within me for the pity of it, but I kept my face under the eyes of the keen old sergeant and agreed with him that so hardened a wretch would be well punished. And finally I announced that I would see the desperate villain. The sergeant, nothing loth to exhibit his prisoner, and flattered by my interest, made ready a lantern and with Mistress Molly, I followed him to the coach room where a sentry stood watchful at the door, his bayonet gleaming. They threw open the door and thrust in the lantern.

The prisoner lay in some straw, his hands and feet bound with rope. At our coming he sat up and blinked for a moment at the lantern's light. Then he lifted up his chin and looked at me. There was quick recognition in his eyes, instantly veiled; then followed a full, direct gaze. Ah, the power of that look! Something like a flame seemed to leap into my breast and for once it was Bess Heriot's eye that quailed and dropped. My knees went weak, but I kept my countenance. "Lord, sergeant!" cried I in my most affected London drawl, "what an arrant rebel it is. Sure the rogue is dangerous. Take me away."

At 2 of the clock in the morning I led him into the kitchen where a bright fire was burning on the hearth and food and wine stood on the dresser. And coming into the light we stopped to look. Ragged he was and ill-dressed, half-starved and trembling with the cold, but brave and bright and unshaken. Gone was the masque of the dandy, but he was handsome as he never was in coat and wig and powder. And I bore his scrutiny unflinching, being in a kitchen maid's gown and hooded and cloaked, with a smutty face to cap it. "Zur," said I, hitting off to the life the kitchen maid whose clothes I wore, "don't 'ee waste time. Hast none long to bide. Fill stomach and warm bones." But to my astonishment, instead of going down on his knee and halting me as his preserver, he burst out into a laugh and vowed he would not touch a mouthful until I told him how his escape had been effected. So I went on, secure in my disguise:

"Ladyship have a-brought it about. Ladyship says to me says zhe: 'Wench, come quiet to kitchen w' your zweet'art, Joe Gamekeeper, for I've a-got a need o' 'ee for what I mind to do. An' zhe told Joe to zaddle grey hunter—food an' spirits an' pistols in the bags an' a big cloak—an' to wait behin' orchard wall. An' Ladyship says to me, says zhe, 'Zentry have a-got much zpirits in heaself. Take lanthorn under zawl an' zip all unbeknown through passage to cellar under coach horse—puzh up trap door quiet like—cut ropes—an' bring rebel rogue to kitchen. Give 'ee this purse o' gold for him. Tell him mount Grey Hunter an' ride for life. If he have a-goa 'eart of a vly 'ee'll go free.'"

With that I laid the purse down on the dresser. But he made no move to take and clapped his hands softly, saying it was as good as a play, and then fell to eating. "Zur," said I, "vy did 'ee zcowl zo, Wast dreamin' of zweet'art, likee?" "Nay," said he, "no time have I had for sweethearting. But I dreamed of a maid I saw in London. In my dream she was kind, but you waked me to remember that in the flesh she had denied me and called me 'arrant rebel,' and so I scowled."

"Fair, wuz zhe, zur?" I asked. "The toast of London town," he said, "but scatter-brained and with a temper." And then he laughed. The impudent rogue! I said no more till he had finished. And then the audacious fellow came up close and said, with a wonderful dancing light in his eye, but with his lips sweet and sober:

"Now, Lady Bess Heriot, with many thanks for your food and wine and fire your humble servant is ready to go back to his straw—and his dreams." "Lord! I was that taken aback I just stood and stared at him. And he went on gravely and soberly: "Your worshipful father, you see, has given billet for tonight to this captain, and to free his prisoner attains him—and his—of treason. I cannot accept freedom at such a price to—my friends." With that he made a grand bow and stood waiting my answer.

Alas! I know he spoke the truth, but I burst out on him with a torrent of reproaches and assertions that the Heriots had thought to fear from such a cause. Methinks I must have made too light of it, for he drew off cold and distant. But he answered: "Madame, I would I could accept your estimate of my value as a prisoner, but I know what I know and 'tis trouble for you all—sore trouble." "But, lad," I cried, "'tis Tyburn Tree elsee."

"I know," said he gravely. But there was no sign of finching in him. And then I forgot all my fine airs and begged him not to throw his young life away—aye, I pleaded with him with tears.

"Lady Bess, why have you done this thing?" he asked me finally, holding me with his eye. And I could not say a word, nor could I take my eyes away, and in turn he said nothing, but gazed at me steadfastly a long time. "I cannot die on Tyburn Tree—now," he said finally. "I will to France and there send word. If you find the price too heavy, send word in time and I will return. Anyway, I will return—some day."

With that the audacious young rebel, still in the shadow of death, threw off his soberness and laughing like a boy for sheer joy of being cast on the floor my kitchen maid's cloak and heedless of the smut took me in his arms and covered my face and lips with kisses. For a minute I fought him; then all my anger and pride cozed out of me and I gave him back kiss for kiss. Then he loosed me and without a word strode out into the night.

Belongs to Husband's Family. From the time of her betrothal a Chinese girl belongs to the family of her prospective husband, and often when her own family is poor or feels unable to afford keeping her until she reaches a marriageable age, she is sent even while a mere child to her husband's family to be raised by them. Even when she stays at home she worships not the tablets of her own ancestors, but those of her husband's.

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W. N. U.—OMAHA. No. 1—1901

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