

A VENERABLE PASTOR CURED BY PE-RU-NA.

Pe-ru-na is a Catarrhal Tonic Especially Adapted to the Declining Powers of Old Age.

The Oldest Man in America Attributes His Long Life and Good Health to Pe-ru-na.

Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Texas, has attained the great age of 114 years. He is an ardent friend of Pe-ru-na and speaks of it in the following terms. Mr. Brock says:

"After a man has lived in the world as long as I have he ought to have found out a great many things by experience. I think I have done so."

"One of the things I have found out to my entire satisfaction is the proper remedy for ailments due directly to the effects of the climate. For 114 years I have withstood the changeable climate of the United States. During my long life I have known a great many remedies for coughs, colds, catarrh and diarrhoea. I had always supposed these ailments to be different diseases. For the last ten or fifteen years I have been reading Dr. Hartman's books and have learned from them one thing in particular: That these ailments are the same and that they are properly called catarrh."

"As for the Hartman's remedy, Pe-ru-na, I have found it to be the best, if not the only reliable remedy for these ailments. It has been my stand-by for many years and I attribute my long life and my extreme old age to this remedy."

"It exactly meets all my requirements. I have come to rely upon it almost entirely for the many little things which need medicine. I believe it to be especially valuable to old people, although I have no doubt it is just as good for the young."

—Isaac Brock.

A New Man at 79.

Major Frank O'Mahoney, West Side, Hannibal, Mo., writes:

"I am professionally a newspaper correspondent, now 79 years old. I have watched the growing power of the Pe-ru-na plant from its incipency in the little log cabin, through its gradations of success up to its present establishment in Columbus, Ohio, and I conclude that merit brings its full reward."

"Up to a few years ago I felt no need to test its medicinal potency, but lately when my system needed it, your Pe-ru-na relieved me of many catarrhal troubles. Some two years ago I weighed 210 pounds, but fell away down to 165 pounds, and besides loss of flesh I was subject to stomach troubles, indigestion, loss of appetite, insomnia, night sweats, and a foaming of getting my entire system out of order. During some months I gave Pe-ru-na a fair trial, and it rejuvenated my whole system. I feel thankful therefore, for although 79 years old I feel like a young man."

—Major Frank O'Mahoney.

In old age the mucous membrane becomes thickened and loses its normal function. This leads to partial loss of hearing, smell and taste, as well as digestive disturbances. Pe-ru-na corrects all this by its specific

operation on all the mucous membranes of the body.

One bottle will convince any one. Once used and Pe-ru-na becomes a life-long stand-by with old and young."

Mr. Samuel Saunders of Bixbedale, Mo., writes: "My disease was catarrh of the urethra and bladder. I got a bottle of Pe-ru-na and began taking it, and in a few days I was relieved and could sleep and rest all night. I think that Pe-ru-na is a valuable remedy. I had tried other very highly recommended medicines, but they did me no good. My physician told me that I could not expect to be an old man if I was still of the same mind with regard to your Pe-ru-na medicine."

In a later letter Mr. Saunders says: "I am still of the same mind with regard to your Pe-ru-na medicine."

Well, many years ago there lived a very beautiful young widow, Martha Custis, in a palace called the "White House" on the banks of a little river in Virginia near Williamsburg. It was such a fine, grand house, all shaded with trees, that it must have been something like the mansion in the story of "Jack and the Beanstalk."

Only this is a real, true story about the wife of the first President of the United States.

Her home was called the "White House" because it was pure white, and built nearly all of stone and marble, but Mrs. Custis didn't think when she lived there that she was going to be a President's wife, and that the name of the home of future Presidents' wives would be the same as her house by the river-side, the White House!

Here she lived with her two little children, a boy of 6 years old and a little girl of 4. Their papa was dead, but they had a Grandpa Dandridge, who loved them dearly and was very kind indeed to the little children and their mamma.

Mrs. Custis used to romp and play hide and seek in the big, old mansion with her little son and daughter, and when she would tell them long stories and talk to them of their dear, dead papa. At these times she would feel very lonely, indeed, and after his death she never went any place for three years.

But one time she was invited to dinner at a neighbor's house and to attend a ball afterwards. It was a Mr. Chamberlayne, a Virginia country gentleman, who was going to the party, and as he had known Mrs. Custis since she was a little girl, he felt so sorry for her loneliness and begged her to come. At last she consented to go, and there she met Mr. Washington, who was a dear friend of Mr. Chamberlayne's.

When they were introduced Washington wasn't in such a hurry to go on to Fort Duquesne, where he had started, for he liked to talk to Mrs. Custis, and sat next her at the dinner table. She was never so pretty before, and looked like a young lady and wore her hair rolled back.

After the dinner party came the ball, and all the neighbors for miles around danced at Mr. Chamberlayne's. It was a grand affair and must have been almost as pretty as the one Cinderella danced at in the story of a certain prince and princess. In one respect, for Martha Custis was the belle of the ball, and if she didn't wear glass slippers she had tiny embroidered satin ones and stepped like a fairy with a prince, for she danced the minuet with George Washington.

I am not so sure that he moved around so gracefully as his great partner, but he pleased her very much, for his steps were slow, and his bows were low as the minuet went on. They liked each other very much, and when a servant brought the young soldier's horse to the door he didn't want to leave till Mrs. Custis told him he could visit her at her "white house."

After the wedding was at her house, on Jan. 6, 1759, and nearly everybody in Virginia was invited, and the house was full of company for a week.

For three months Gen. and Mrs. Washington lived at her home, then they moved to Mount Vernon, on the Potomac river. This was Washington's home, for he was rich, too, and owned the largest house in Virginia.

George Washington always loved his wife's two children, and afterward her grandchildren as much as if they were his own. When Washington died, December, 1799, Congress was going to erect a monument to him at Washington, and asked Mrs. Washington's consent to have the body removed. In reply she said: "Taught by the great example which I have so long had before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the public will, I must consent to the request made by Congress."

The monument was not erected, and two years later she died and was buried beside him at Mount Vernon, where every year visitors read this on her tomb:

"Martha, consort of Washington, died May 21, 1801, aged 71 years."—Amy M. Bradshaw in Boston Herald.

Washington's Private Character. It is inevitable that a man occupying Washington's high position should be assailed on the point of his moral character. As a matter of fact he came in for such bitter and minutely circumstantial attacks from his Tory enemies that even in this day there is an undertow of suspicion that his life in this respect would not bear inspection to minute.

But on the other hand, there is the testimony to the contrary of those that knew him and who knew him best. That he was a great admirer of handsome women is sufficiently shown in his own writings. Furthermore, it is clearly shown that he was a man to whom women were attracted.

He has left behind him even more than the usual wake of youthful love sentimentality. He even dropped into verse on the subject. All through his life his regard for women and for the balls, routs and other gay assemblages where women appear at their best manifested itself. He speaks again and again in his correspondence of these events, and always with a certain kind of youthful enthusiasm.

George William Curtis: "His countrymen are charged with fond idolatry of his memory and his greatness is pleasantly depicted as a mythological

exaggeration. But no church ever canonized a saint more worthily than he is canonized by the nation's affection, and to no ancestor here, benefactor or law giver were divine honors ever so justly decreed as to Washington the homage of the world."

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STORY SIMPLY TOLD

FACTS OF WASHINGTON'S LIFE, FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

His Courtship and Marriage to the Beautiful Martha Custis—How They Danced the Stately Minuet, in the Days of Long Ago.

So full of grace they stately stepped, But courtship was the business of the day, And the betrothed were with waltzes rich, Brushed old brocade with velvet swish, Brushed against the velvet waistcoats rich.

And powdered wigs with rolls and puffs, Then cavalier and stately dame, Left off in dance of courtly fame, With stately slow and bows so low, This minuet of long ago.

Perhaps I should continue in rhyme, As I began, for the story I am going to tell you is so like a beautiful poem in the sweetness of character of Martha Washington and the perfect happiness of the first President of our country knew with his charming wife. But as this is for little people, it should be plain, of course with once upon a time, long time ago.

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IN HISTORIC CAMBRIDGE

Where General Washington First Took Supreme Command of the Continental Army.

On Sunday, July 2, 1775, an illustrious stranger, mounted on a noble steed and accompanied by several mounted attendants, rode into Cambridge. He was a tall, well formed man, of distinguished mien, and wore the cocked hat, the blue and buff uniform and insignia of a major-general of the Continental army.

It was soon noticed about town that this stranger, Gen. George Washington, the newly appointed commander-in-chief of the patriot army, had arrived, and, furthermore, that next day, on the west side of the training field, in what is now known as Old Cambridge, he would formally assume command of the troops. As may be supposed, the news spread like wildfire, and the excitement was intense.

Up to this time the American forces were practically without a head, but now it was instinctively felt that a brilliant and trusted leader had arrived, who was to be their civil and political savior. And the event fully proved that the quiet entrance of this noted Virginian into the place was not only an event of great local importance, but one of the most momentous and far-reaching incidents in the world's political history.

On the morning—Monday, July 3—Washington formally took command of the American army. It goes without saying that it was a day of deepest import to this country. For on that day George Washington, intrusted by the Continental Congress with the chief command of the American army, and thus made the foremost man of the revolution, entered upon the active duties of his office, and was received with enthusiasm by the little band of heroes assembled at Cambridge. As he entered the confines of the camp, the shouts of the multitude and the thunder of artillery gave tone to the scene, beleaguered in Boston, of his arrival. His military reputation had

last appeal was addressed to the King of England; and the instant the monarch was plainly told that the colonies had chosen war in preference to voluntary slavery. Early in the session John Adams made a powerful address, in the course of which he sketched the conditions of the wants of the country and of the army. The necessity of appointing a commander-in-chief and the qualities requisite in that high office were dwelt upon, and then the speaker concluded by putting in nomination George Washington of Virginia.

"As soon as his name was mentioned, Washington rose and withdrew from the hall. For a moment he was overpowered with a sense of the responsibility which was about to be put upon him, and to his friend Patrick Henry he said, with tears in his eyes: "I fear that this day will mark the downfall of my reputation." On the 15th of June the nomination was unanimously confirmed by Congress, and the man who had saved the wreck of Braddock's army was called to build a nation."

With great dignity he accepted the appointment, refused all compensations beyond his actual expenses, set out with an escort by way of New York, and reached Cambridge five days after the battle of Bunker Hill.

When Washington arrived in Cambridge one of the first things that occupied his attention was the selection of a building suitable for his headquarters. After inspecting several of the most commodious and available ones in that immediate vicinity, his choice fell upon a large, square mansion on the Watertown road, built in 1759 by Col. John Vassell, an unwavering Loyalist—a "Tory," as his class was opprobriously termed—who had just fled to England.

Half a century and a quarter has passed since the dramatic scene of July 3, 1775, was enacted beneath the

in June, 1798, as confirmed by the general's diary. The impressions of the first President and his conversations give unique value and interest to the paper. The visitor thus records his first meeting with the general and his wife, the narrator's "lie" referring to his effort to conceal the fact that Kosciuszko had left America to head a Polish organization.

"Mr. Peters' house is at the extreme point of the city, quite near Georgetown. We arrived there between 6 and 7 o'clock. One can guess how my heart was beating. I was to see the man for whom since my youth I had had great respect. I caught sight of him through the window and recognized him at once. About a dozen people were coming toward us. I saw only him. I was presented to him by Mr. Law. He held out his hand to me and clasped mine. We went into the parlor. I sat down beside him; I was moved, dumb and could not look at him enough. It is a majestic face, in which dignity is united with gentleness. The portraits that we have of him in Europe are not like him at all. He is nearly 6 feet high and very strongly built; he has an aquiline nose, blue eyes; his mouth and particularly his lower jaw, are large.

"He wore a tall coat, black stockings, satin waistcoat, and breeches of the same color.

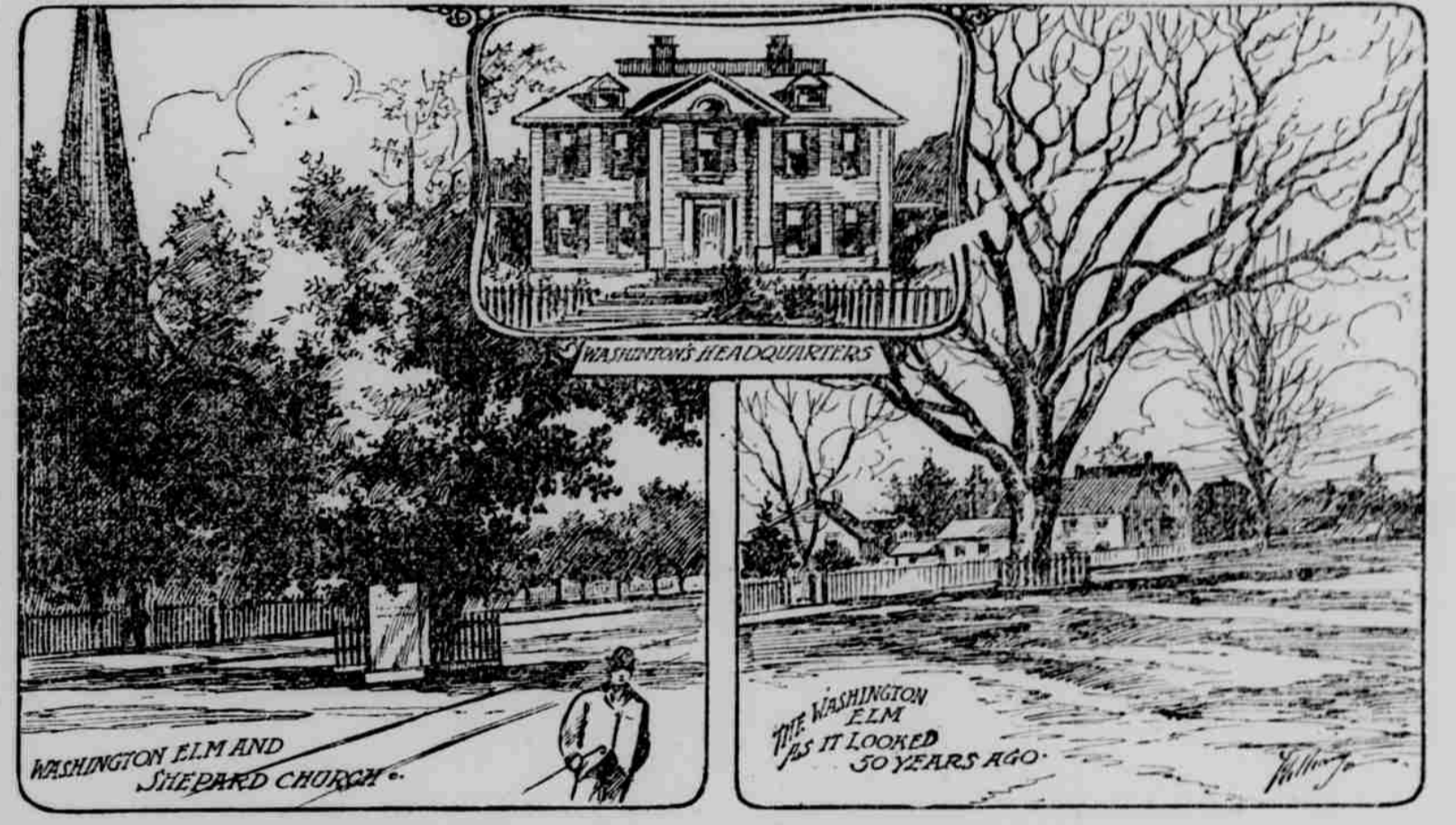
"He began by questioning me about Gen. Kosciuszko. I was extremely embarrassed and confused. The first word I said to this great man was a lie. That was what this mysterious departure brought me to. He put to me the following questions:

"How long are you in this country?"

"Eight months."

"How do you like it?"

"I am happy sir, to see in America those blessings which I was so ardent



preceded him, and excited great expectations. They were not disappointed. His personal appearance, notwithstanding the dust of travel, was calculated to captivate the public eye, and as he rode through the camp, amid a throng of officers, he was the admiration of the multitude. In the throng collected from the surrounding country, happy was the countryman who could get a full view of him and to carry home an account of it to his neighbors.

And then, on the broad highway—now Garden street—not far from, and in sight of embryonic Harvard college, in the grateful shade of a majestic elm, the "father of his country" drew his sword and performed the simple ceremony of taking command of the patriot army, an army whose Aetion minutemen at Concord bridge April 19 had "fired the shot heard round the world"; whose few brigades of raw militia or June 17 had met the veteran troops of England on Bunker Hill and demonstrated their prowess, winning a moral, if not a military, victory; and which newly organized and persistent army, after a wasting, disheartening war of seven years' duration, firmly established upon this continent a republic of freedom that was destined to become one of the greatest as well as the best nations on the face of the globe. The incident marked the commencement of Washington's career in the service of his country. How gloriously was the promise given by his bearing redeemed!

To go back a little: On the very day that the important British fortress, Fort Mifflin, surrendered to Col. Ethan Allen, the Colonial Congress, which had adjourned in the previous autumn, reassembled at Philadelphia. Washington was there, and John Adams and Samuel Adams, Benjamin Franklin and Patrick Henry; Thomas Jefferson came soon afterward. "A

historic elm in ancient Newetowne, but the tree, alive, but showing the decrepitude of age, still exists.

"Beneath this tree Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775."

Although Washington, on taking command of the army, found his duties manifold, intricate, appalling and overwhelming, he was strengthened and encouraged then and thereafter by the loyal, efficient support of the civil and military leaders of New England.

This in Massachusetts alone was a tower of strength, for, besides Benjamin Lincoln of Hingham, the first secretary of the war department, and Henry Knox of Boston, the founder and chief of the artillery service of the Continental army, the successor of Gen. Lincoln as secretary of war and founder of the celebrated Society of the Cincinnati, he had the moral and practical support of four great civil Bay State leaders—Samuel Adams of the sturdy old Puritan stock of Boston; John Hancock of Boston, president of the Continental Congress of 1776, first signer of the Declaration of Independence and afterward governor of the commonwealth; John Adams of Quincy, second president of the United States and one of the most active members of the Congress of 1776, and Benjamin Franklin of Boston, printer, philosopher and poet, statesman and diplomat, who "plucked the lightning from the clouds and the scepter from tyrants."—Boston Globe.

AS A POLISH POET SAW HIM. Interesting First Impression of Gen. George Washington. The Century recently contained an historical "find" in the unpublished diary of a friend of Kosciuszko, the Polish poet Niemcewicz, who visited General Washington at Mount Vernon

"The company rose to depart. . . . The general conducted us, in leaving he said to me: "I shall be very happy to see you at Mount Vernon; I shall be there in a few days; I hope you will come."

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DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives relief in all cases of dropsy, edema, and other ailments. Dr. R. H. GIBBS, 100 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

GREEN RAPE 25 CENTS PER TON. Greatest, Cheapest Food on Earth for Sheep, Swine, Cattle, etc. JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., WIS.

WESTERN CANADA is attracting more attention than any other district in the world. "The Gem of the West," "The Land of Sunshine." The Natural Feeding Grounds for Stock. Area under crop in 1902: 117,925,754 bushels. Yield, 1902: 1,179,257,540 bushels.

LAND for sale in Western Canada. Innocent flirtations are probably on the par with white lies. Clear white clothes are a sign that the housekeeper uses Red Cross Ball Blue. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

CUT LOOSE From the dealer who waxes fat selling you farm wares with Maple axes, Maple blisters, Elm or poor Birch hubs, Cotton-wood box, light irons and cheap paint. Buy of the man who will furnish you with the NEW TIFFIN wagon which is built ON HONOR and which runs easier and lasts longer than any other. Made by TIFFIN WAGON CO., Tiffin, Ohio.

SLICKERS? WHY TOWERS' FISH BRAND COARSE! THE STANDARD BRAND OF WATERPROOF OILED CLOTHING YOU HAVE ALWAYS BOUGHT. Made in black or yellow of the best materials and sold with our warrant by reliable dealers everywhere. A. J. TOWERS CO., BOSTON, MASS. ESTABLISHED 1836.

GREGORY'S SEEDS Put on your hat and get the standard for reliability. J. H. Gregory & Son, Marblehead, Mass. W. N. O.—Omaha. No. 8—1903

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUT, GRAVEL, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, MIGRAINE, SCIATICA, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URIC ACID. Price 25c. Insincerity signs that it wants to be an angel and then sends for a doctor.

\$3.00 W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES MADE IN AMERICA. W. L. Douglas makes and sells more shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. \$25.00 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$4.00 GILT EDGE LINE. The best imported and American leathers. Neatly made, comfortable, and durable. W. L. DOUGLAS, 120 N. 2nd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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NEW CURE FOR LAME BACK. Rutledge, Minn., Feb. 16th.—Mr. E. C. Getchell of this place relates a happy experience which will be read with interest by all those who have a similar trouble.

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