

SOME FAMOUS WOMEN

BEAUTIES WHO HAVE FIGURED IN THE FATE OF NATIONS.

The Power and the Tragic Ending of Henrietta Stuart and Mme. de Pompadour—Louisa of Prussia, Who Won Silesia From Napoleon.

It is curious that no picture gallery has ever been made of the beautiful women who have influenced history. From the days of the great Egyptian queen many a dull page of history has been lighted up by some fair face that has brought a little human interest into the dry and cold calculations of kings and politicians.

Antony was not the last politician whose course was influenced by beauty. Think of the beautiful Louisa of Prussia jesting with Napoleon for a kingdom. "I knew that I was to see the most beautiful queen in existence," said Napoleon to Talleyrand after a banquet given in her honor, "but I have found the most beautiful queen and at the same time the most interesting woman in the world." And Louisa had won from him the restoration of Silesia.

It is said, indeed, that she laughingly offered him a rose in exchange for the fortress of Magdeburg, but Napoleon was one of the iron men of the world. He kept the flower—and Magdeburg.

A book of "Beautiful Women," by Hallett Hyatt, has pictures of some of the most beautiful women that have ever lived, and Mrs. Stuart Erskine has gathered their romantic stories.

One comes upon a picture of Eliza Follen, the actress, who began life by playing childish parts in a strolling company and advanced to fame in London as Miss Hardencastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." She became a favorite in society and married the twelfth Lord Derby, when she "lived happily ever after," taking her place at court and in society. No barriers are insurmountable to the career of beauty.

Here is the picture of "Madame," the beautiful Henrietta Stuart, youngest daughter of Charles I., who married the Duke of Orleans. The features seem hard and the expression somewhat cold and stately. She would appear a woman more of brain than tenderness. In reality she had a sparkling wit, with that wonderful gift of personal magnetism—"All men loved and most women adored her," wrote a gallant Frenchman in his memoirs.

Life in the French court was a continual round of pleasure, and the days were passed in ballets and theatricals. In the morning madame would drive out with her ladies, to be escorted on their return by King Louis XIV. and his court on horseback. After supper they would all drive out, accompanied by Lull's violins, to watch the moonlight on the water and talk the moonshine of lovers.

Five years later madame was the king's trusty adviser and the only medium of communication between him and her brother, Charles II. It was in the spring of 1670 that she brought about that secret treaty of Dover that made Charles a Roman Catholic and plunged England into war with Holland.

That was the summit of madame's

power. The sequel was ghastly and dramatic. A few weeks later she was at St. Cloud in the flush of high spirits at her success. A glass of foed chieory water was brought at her request, and she drank it off quickly. Five minutes later madame was no more. All the power of her fascination and beauty was ended by a secret poison.

As the pages are turned the portrait of a lady in a brocaded dress appears, a face with a very deep forehead and expressionless lips. This is the famous Mme. de Pompadour. Her birth was very humble indeed, but she came in the way of Louis XV., who gave her unlimited influence till she became a recognized power in Europe. For many years she conducted the foreign policy of France, interviewing ambassadors and treating with kings. Rebuffed by Frederick the Great, this amazing woman made overtures to Maria Theresa of Austria to divide his kingdom between them, and, sitting in her summer house, she gayly arranged with a couple of diplomats the repartition of Europe.

Moreover, but for the freedom she gave to her personal likes and dislikes, it is not improbable that she would have accomplished some of the less wild of her schemes. Her dramatic end has often been told. In the midst of a discussion on affairs of state, as she sat rouged and powdered in her chair, the cure who was with her rose to go. She detained him. "One moment, M. le Cure," she said, "we will take our departure together." And a few minutes later the beautiful diplomatist was dead.

The portrait of the unlucky Marie Antoinette, frank, queenly, superb, of whom Burke rapturously wrote, "Glittering like the morning star, full of life and splendor and joy," is here too. Recall her life at the Petit Trianon, that miniature palace with the Corinthian pillars, where she wandered about unattended and no one rose at her approach. It is always grimly pathetic that the one French queen who a little fulfilled the part that we have been taught to expect from a queen should have been sacrificed to the mad rage of the revolution.

Angelica Kauffman was the child of a Tyrolean peasant, who made her way by the force of her artistic gifts as well as her beauty. She was one of the original members of the Royal academy. Like many a beautiful woman who never becomes famous, she was married secretly to an adventurer who passed himself off as Count Frederick de Horn. Too late she discovered that he had been a footman to that person and no more, and for some ten years she was blackmailed by this adventurer.—Washington Post.

Have You a Cough

A dose of Ballard's Horehound Syrup will relieve it. Have you a cold?

Try it for whooping coughs, for asthma, for consumption, for bronchitis, Mrs. Joe McGrath, 327 E. First street, Hutchinson, Kans., writes: "I have used Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my family for five years and find it the most palatable medicine I ever used. Sold by Hart's drug store."

It is said that a million pianos are made yearly. This explains some things in the next block.

Cures Old Sores.

Westmoreland, Kans., May 5, 1902: Ballard, Snow Liniment Co., your Snow Liniment cured an old sore on the side of my chin that was supposed to be a cancer. The sore was stubborn and would not yield to treatment, until I tried Snow Liniment, which did the work in short order. My sister, Mrs. Sophia J. Carson, Allensville, Mifflin Co., Pa., has a sore and mistrusts that it is a cancer. Please send her a 50c bottle. Sold by Hart's drug store.

The very biggest octopus after all is what some are calling the tobacco trust. That's right, smoke it out!

That Tired Feeling

If you are languid, depressed, incapable for work, it indicates that your liver is out of order. Herbine will assist nature to throw of headaches rheumatism and ailments akin to nervousness and restore the energies and vitality of sound and perfect health. J. J. Hubbard Temple, Texas, writes: "I have used Herbine for the past two years. It has done me more good than all the doctors. It is the best medicine ever made for chills and fever." 50c. Sold by Hart's drug store.

San Francisco school-children are to go to school in tents. Will they ever be able to enjoy a circus in after years?

If you knew the value of Chamberlain's Salve you would never wish to be without it. Here are some of the diseases for which it is especially valuable; some nipples, chapped hands, burns, frost bites, chilblains, chronic sore eyes, itching piles, tetter, salt rheum and ecema. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

For the first time in its history the saloons of Louisville were closed Sunday, and the howls of the outraged Kentuckians can be heard from ocean to ocean.

The Morning Astorian 65 cents per

An Animal Story For Little Folks
THE BUSYBODY

One day Mr. Trunks was quite sick. It was all because he had taken too much of the pink lemonade that the peanut boy in the circus, where Mr. Trunks resided, had given him for a joke. And just as he was feeling the worst there came bussing along Mr. Bluebottle Fly.

He was one of those busybodies that always mix themselves up in other people's affairs and always know what is best for boys and girls, much better, indeed, than their parents.

"Oh, dear, I'm so sick!" moaned Mr. Trunks.

"You eat too much," buzzed the fly in his right ear.

"You ought to take antifat."

"Oh, fly off!" cried Mr. Trunks. "You increase my pain." And he jabbed at him with his trunk and missed him again.

"I know all about your case," buzzed Mr. Bluebottle close to his mouth. "I have been all summer around a soda water fountain in a drug store, and I am now quite a skilled doctor. You should take liver pills and then salts



"NEXT TIME YOU WILL MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS."

and then tonic. No candy, no tarts, no peanuts. Go to bed at 8. Study your lessons in the afternoon and never at night. I should advise you to give up the circus business, as it is too wearing."

"Will you please go away?" groaned Trunks.

"You ought to have a mustard plaster on your stomach and a blister on your head."

An idea struck Mr. Trunks.

"Mr. Fly," he said, "do you suppose if you stung me on the head it would do for a fly blister?"

"Of course! Most certainly! I shall try at once," buzzed the busybody.

Trunks lowered his head and Mr. Fly lit. He began to sting. Mr. Trunks began to fill his trunk with pink lemonade.

Suddenly he raised his trunk, shook off Mr. Bluebottle, aimed at him as he flew by and doused him with the contents. "Next time," said he, "you will mind your own business." I think he did.—Detroit Journal.

THE UNFAITHFUL GIRAFFE'S FATE

The giraffe and the rooster once formed a partnership. They agreed to share and share alike all things they got.

One day after they had looked in vain for something to eat they came to a tall banana tree.

"Ah, here we are!" cried Mr. Rooster. "Help yourself, Brother Giraffe, and toss a few of the juicy bananas down here to me."

But Mr. Giraffe had forgotten the bargain he had made.



"COME UP AND HELP YOURSELF."

"Hand me a banana, I say!" cried Mr. Rooster. "I am so hungry I can hardly see straight. Hand me a banana or two."

But Mr. Giraffe only laughed and said: "There is plenty of good, ripe fruit up here, partner. Come up and help yourself."

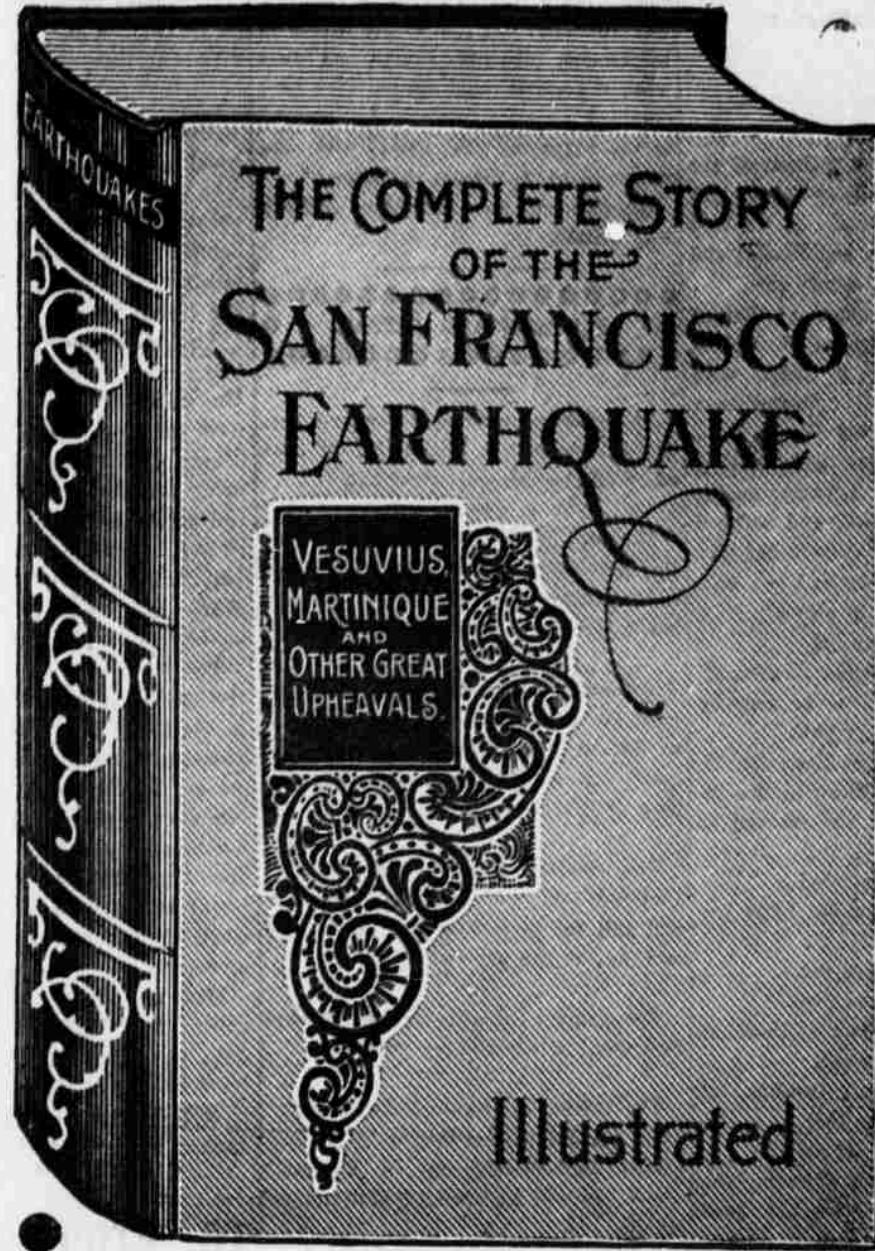
"Very well," replied Mr. Rooster. "If you will not let me share your dinner I shall let everybody know that you are here."

Then he raised himself upon his toes, flapped his wings and crowed as loud as he could. "Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-o-o-o!"

Some hunters who were near by heard the rooster and came running to the scene. They threw a lasso about the giraffe's neck and took him away to spend the rest of his days in a circus. The rooster they gave a good home, and he lived to a ripe age very happily.—Atlanta Constitution.

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"My brother-in-law told me about the wonderful Cuticura remedies. I took his advice and got the Ointment, Soap, and Resolvent. I washed with the Cuticura Soap and then applied the Ointment, and took Cuticura Resolvent as directed. In a short time my face began to get better, and when I had taken one bottle of Resolvent I could brush the scales off my face like a powder. When I had taken four bottles my face was as clear as ever.

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