

**THE SON OF EX. U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND**  
**Comments Peruna to All Catarrh Sufferers.**



Non. Louis E. Johnson is the son of the late Reverend Johnson, who was United States senator from Maryland, also attorney general under President Johnson, and United States Minister to England, and who was regarded as the greatest constitutional lawyer that ever lived.

"No one should longer suffer from Catarrh when Peruna is accessible. To my knowledge it has caused relief to so many of my friends and acquaintances, that it is humanity to commend its use to all persons suffering with this distressing disorder of the human system."—Louis E. Johnson.

**Catarrh Potions.** Catarrh is capable of changing all the life-giving secretions of the body into irritating fluids, which destroy and inflame every part they come in contact with. Applications to the places affected by catarrh can do little good save to soothe or quiet disagreeable symptoms. Hence it is that gargles, sprays, atomizers and inhalants only give temporary relief. So long as the irritating secretions of catarrh continue to be formed so long will the membranes continue to be inflamed, no matter what treatment is used.

**Probably True.** His—A scientist says that, in proportion to its size of body, the mosquito has a better developed brain than the average man.

**Thoughts Unutterable.** "And so you have no swear words in your language, Mr. Omokura?" "No, madame," the Japanese traveler replied.

**Good for Little Folks.** Don't torture the children with liquid and pill remedies. Use only safe, agreeable laxative for little ones. In Catarrh of the Bowels. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

**Wife—Be sure and advertise for Fido in the morning paper.** Next day the wife read as follows in the newspapers: "Lost, a mangy lapdog, with one eye and no tail. Too fat to walk. Answers to the name of Fido. It returned stuffed, 2 pounds reward." — *Tit-Bits.*

**LORD AND LADY CURZON**  
**TIGER HUNTING IN INDIA**



**SINCE** Lord Curzon has been Viceroy of India he has become a great sportsman, or shikari, as the term is in the East. At first he confined himself to the popular and comparatively riskless sport of snipe-shooting. That proved too tame, however, and soon his Excellency sought to establish a reputation of a killer of big game. Toward this the fates—and the special advantages which the Governor General can command—have favorably contributed, and Lord Curzon can now boast of having bagged as many tigers as some of the best sportsmen who have spent years in the pursuit of big game in India.

Lady Curzon, too, has all the instincts of a sportswoman. She has accompanied her husband on several of his shooting expeditions, but it was only on a recent visit of Their Excellencies to Hyderabad that she actually took part in a "kill." True, she did not handle a gun, but she ascended the machan, or shooting ledge, and awaited the arrival of Mr. Stripes. Usually the machan is used by solitary sportsmen who have had khubber (news) of a tiger who has been causing havoc among the cattle, and, possibly, among the natives in a district. A kid is tied to the foot of the tree to which the machan is affixed, and the sportsman sits over it until the bleating of the animal attracts the tiger. On the latter's approach the sportsman, of course, has him at a distinct advantage, and only a bungler can fail to kill. In the case of the Viceroy's shoot the beaters did all that was necessary in driving the tiger within range.

One of the accompanying illustrations depicts the method of conveyance by which Lord and Lady Curzon traversed the jungle. A number of streams abound in the Nizam's big game preserves, and the negotiations of these with befitting dignity necessitated the carrying of Their Excellencies in the elaborate chair arrangement. It also minimized the risk of either coming to grief through the worst of Indian pests—snakes. This method of progression is made as comfortable as it can possibly be by reason of the remarkably well-balanced striders which generations of practice have taught the carriers to adopt.

A sensational incident was reported in the Indian papers as occurring in connection with a recent shoot. A gun which was being handed to Lord Curzon accidentally exploded in both barrels. Luckily no one was hurt, but how narrow was the Viceroy's escape may be judged from the fact that a hole was blown in his helmet. An inch or so lower and the bullet would have pierced his brain.



CARRYING LORD AND LADY CURZON THROUGH THE JUNGLE

**HE PROVED HIS HONESTY.** Through His Friend Was but Fourteen Cents, He Paid for It. The Great Northern passenger department received another contribution to the conscience fund yesterday, but the earnings will show an increase of only 14 cents and that amount will be debited to stamps. However, the 14 cents quiet the teasing, nagging conscience of a North Dakota farmer and stockman, which will compensate the passenger department for the trouble of making out and cancelling a ticket and auditing the 14-cent account.

It was last May that a farmer living at Rugby Junction, Pierce county, N. D., decided to go to Leeds, twenty-seven miles east, to look at a bunch of yearlings that he knew were for sale. He had planned to make the trip in a buggy, but it happened that when he was ready to go there was some work on the farm that needed to be done, so he set his hired man at it and decided to go on the railroad.

He paid 81 cents for a ticket from the junction to Leeds, intending to walk from there to the farm where the cattle were pastured. But on the train he met an acquaintance, who told him that it would be nearer to go to Niles and walk back from there. So when the train reached Leeds he stayed in his seat.

This farmer really had no intention of beating the railroad out of the 14-cent fare for the four and two-thirds miles of ride between Leeds and Niles. The railroad beat itself. The conductor of the train got off on the station platform at Leeds, yelled "all aboard," and gave the signal to go ahead. Nobody got aboard and the conductor did not think of going through the train again to collect fares. So the Rugby Junction man rode on to Niles without paying for his ride.

He found the bunch of yearlings and bought them (cost him something like \$205), and then made arrangements for driving them home. It happened, therefore, that he did not have a chance to square himself with the road on his return trip. He dismissed the matter from his mind for a time, but every now and then it would occur to him that he was a poor class leader in the church if he took an underhand advantage of "Jim Hill."

It took him four months to arrive at the conclusion that the only way out of the difficulty was to repay the company for the ride, and that is why General Passenger Agent Whitney received 14 cents in stamps.—*St. Paul Pioneer-Press.*

**A PURSE FOR HIGHWAYMEN.** Highway Robbery Very Prevalent in England a Century Ago. The frequency of highway robberies only a century ago sounds surprising to the present generation. Horace Walpole, in a letter to a friend, recounts an adventure of this kind which befell him and his friend and neighbor, Lady Browne, in the autumn of 1781.

The night I had the honor of writing to your ladyship last I was robbed. Lady Browne and I were, as usual, going to the Duchess of Montrose at seven o'clock. In the close lane under her park gate, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure on horseback pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side.

I suspected it was a highwayman, and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking and stopped. To divert her fears I was just going to say, "Is not that the apothecary going to the duchess?" when I heard a voice cry, "Stop!" and the figure came back to the presence of mind before I let down the glass to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat, under my arm.

**CURIOS "VEGETABLE FLY."**

**Modern Science Explains How Worm Becomes a Plant.** A few years ago a queer worm was discovered in South America that apparently buried itself and became a plant, a stalk springing out of its head, while the body formed the root. The story seemed to rank with the wonderful tales of the fifteenth century, in which travelers assured their credulous listeners of a plant in Central Asia—Tibet, to be exact—which produced small lambs, which calmly proceeded to graze when they fell to the earth from the branches. The fifteenth century writers did not tell us whether these lambs grew on pea vines or on mint stalks, but then modern science was rarely explicit. Modern science is more exacting, and when a traveler comes home with a story which is a little difficult to believe he is required to produce evidence. Over at the National Museum the inquirer may be shown plenty of evidence in the shape of a box full of queer dried roots, with long stems, and these roots are in the form of worms, locusts and other small creatures.

Modern science goes further, however, and refuses to believe even what it sees. So when this apparently indisputable evidence of animal life turned to vegetable was placed before it, science, still skeptical, got out her microscope and discovered that the plant that so mysteriously sprang from the head of the poor insect was nothing of natural growth from the creature itself, but a fungus that sapped the life of its victim as it flourished its branches of false pretense in the air.

The seed of the fungus, which is found the world over, sometimes finds successful lodgment in or about the head of some worm. It does not kill at once, but takes root and sprouts, in shape not unlike a horn, to the great inconvenience of the caterpillar. The horn continues to grow, and the unhappy insect finds itself less able to eat. It buries itself—in despair, perhaps—and the root, a veritable Jack the Giant Killer, waves triumphant over his victim.

The horn grows to the surface and forms a bulbous seed-pod, which bursts to scatter further dread and mischief among insect tribes. The root of the fungus, secure in the body of its victim, fills all the body, preserving the outlines, while absorbing the poor caterpillar completely. The transformed worm is now hard and dry, like a root, and is a genuine curiosity to look at. Nor are larvae the only forms this fungus attacks. The museum shows a common black wasp—mind dauter—which has the fatal stems growing from his head, and a seventeen-year locust is also among the contents of this box of insect tragedies.

Cordyrops or torribus, to give this plant its scientific name, is found in its largest size in New Zealand and China, besides South America, although he is known in all countries and has relatives in the United States. The Agricultural Department some years ago tried to make him and his extensive family of cousin-fungus, large and small, useful by setting them to destroying insects injurious to crops, but the attempt failed. Cordyrops refuses to be of service to society; he is a freebooter, and goes only where he will.

In China cordyrops chinese is dug up bodily, branches and all, tied in bunches with red thread and sold as a cure for throat diseases. But the Chinese will use anything on earth as medicine, insects especially, and to them every man who searches for entomological specimens is a "medicine man." The first record made of this freak in any scientific work is in a letter of Dr. William Watson, F. R. S., in the "Philosophical Transactions," London, 1753, where he writes thus to the Royal Society concerning "The Vegetable Fly": "The vegetable fly is found in the island of Dominica and (excepting that it has no wings) resembles the drone, both in size and color, more than any other English insect. In the month of May it buries itself in the earth and begins to vegetate. By the latter end of July the tree is arrived at its full growth and resembles a coral branch, and is about three inches high, and bears several little pods, which, dropping off, become worms, and from thence flies like the English caterpillars."

Dr. Watson, like a true scientist, says a writer in the Washington Star, was skeptical about the accuracy of these observations, although it is doubtful if he ever learned the exact nature of this remarkable "fly." It was left for nineteenth century scientists to classify and label cordyrops and his large and interesting family, and so destroy another traveler's tale.

**The Breakfast Food Family.** John Spratt will eat no fat. Nor will he touch the lean. He seems to eat of any meat; He lives upon Foodine. But Mrs. Spratt will none of that; Foodine she cannot eat. Her husband is in for a dish Of Expurgated Wheat.

To William Spratt that food is fat On which his mater dotes. His favorite food—his special need—Is Extra Heavy Oats. But sister Lil can't see how Will Can touch such tasteless Food. As breakfast fare it can't compare. She says, with Shredded Food.

Now, none of these Leander please; He feeds upon Bath Mitta. While sister Jane improves her brain With Cero-Chirapo-Grits. Leurgous votes for Father's Oats; Froggie appeals to May; The Junior John subsists upon Uneeda Bay in Hay. Corrected Wheat for little Pats; Flaked Pine for Dot; while "Bub," The Infant Spratt, is waxing fat On Battle Creek Near-Fat.—*Chicago Tribune.*

**Bronchitis**  
"I have kept Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my house for a great many years. It is the best medicine in the world for coughs and colds."  
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All serious lung troubles begin with a tickling in the throat. You can stop this at first in a single night with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Use it also for bronchitis, consumption, hard colds, and for coughs of all kinds.

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For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hooper*

Not as Considerate as He Might Be. "He's a good friend of yours, isn't he?" "Oh, only medium." "What do you mean by medium?" "Oh, he listens while I tell him all of my troubles, but he also wants me to listen while he tells me all of his."

**CASTORIA**  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Hooper*

Getting Back. "Do you enjoy walking?" "Immensely!" "Good. Then I'll take you for a ride in the country in my automobile."

Puzzled. A tiny little city boy on a visit to his grandmother in the country saw her plucking a hen. He looked into her face and said: "Do you take off their clothes every night, grandma?"

HOW'S THIS? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Whether you are afflicted with the spleen and taking foolish notions of not, we want you to be on the safe side.

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To catch cold—you get something for nothing. You can keep it if you want it. If you don't want it, you can give it away. It costs you nothing. It's the best thing you can get. It's the best thing you can get.

**BEST FOR THE BOWELS**  
If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you are not well. Keep your bowels in motion or you will be in danger. The most reliable, pleasant, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

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REGULATE THE LIVER  
Pleasant, Palatable, Painless, Taste Good, Do Good. Works every day. No griping or cramping. No purging or free vomit, and no stool on bowels. Address: Bowel Remedy Company, Chicago, Boston, New York, San Francisco, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Portland, Ore.

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Must Bear Signature of *Dr. Wood*

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