THE SON OF EX-U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND

Commends Peruna to All Catarrh Sufferers.

Hon. Louis E. Johnson is the son of the late Reverdy 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.

In a recent letter from 1006 F Street, N. W., Mr. Johnson says:

"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 Poisons.

Catarrh is capable of changing all the life-giving secretions of the body into scalding 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 serve as 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.

There is but one remedy that has the desirable effect, and that remedy is Peruna. This remedy strikes at once to the roots of catarrh by restoring to the capillary vesselstheir healthy elasticity. Peruna is not a temporary palliative, but a radical cure. Send for Dr. Hartman's latest book, sent free for a short time. Address The Peruna Drug Manufacturing Co., Columbus, Ohio.

If you do not derive prompt and satisfactory results from the use of Peruna, 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, O.

Probably True.

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

Dix—Well, I don't doubt it. Even at its present size, the mosquito is almost as big a bore as some men I know. —Chicago News.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Thoughts Unutterable.

"And so you have no swear words in your language, Mr. Omokura?"

"No, madame," the Japanese traveler replied.

"But, of course, you can think cuss thoughts, I suppose, can't you?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Good for Little Folks.

Don't torture the children with liquid and pill poisons! The only safe, agreeable laxative for little ones is Cascarets Candy Cathartic. All druggists, 10c, 25c, 50c.

Heartless Fellow.

Wife—Be sure and advertise for Fido in the morning papers.

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. If returned stuffed, 2 pounds reward." — Tit-Bits.

Price of Victoria Cross.

Forty-seven pounds was paid recently in London for a Victorian cross won by Gunner T. Arthur, R. A., at Sebastopol in 1855.

Canned Fruit.

Perhaps you have been in the habit of canning your own fruit and think the kind you buy at the store is not nearly so good. If that is the case we want you to buy of your dealer a can of Monopole peaches or pears or strawberries or other fruits. Only the very finest and largest fruit is used for this brand and it is put up in the heaviest and sweetest syrup under a beautiful blue label embossed in letters of gold. There is no other brand quite so good. Ask your dealer for Monopole and accept no substitute. Wadhams & Kerr Bros, packers, Portland, Ore.

Waste of Material.

He (chuckling over a job of teakettle mending)—Maria, I belive there was a good mechanic spoiled when I went into the law business.

His Wife—I don't know about that, but you spoiled a good bachelor when you got married.

Knew the Effects.

"What has put her in such a nervous state?"

"I can't be sure, but I think it's hearing herself talk."

RHEUMATISM

CANNOT BE RUBBED OUT

But a good liniment or plaster will often give temporary relief because it produces counter irritation or reduces the inflammation and soreness. But no sort of external treatment can have any effect whatever upon the disease itself, for ***Rheumatism is not a skin disease,*** but is due to an over acid condition of the blood, and the deposit of irritating matter or Uric Acid salts or sediment in the muscles and joints, and no amount of rubbing or blistering can dislodge these gritty particles or change the acid blood. Rheumatism often becomes chronic, and the muscles and joints permanently stiff and useless and the nervous system almost wrecked, because so much time is lost in trying to cure a blood disease with outside applications or doctoring the skin.

Rheumatism must be treated ...gh the blood, and no remedy ...uch prompt and lasting relief ... It attacks the disease in ...utralizes the acids, and ...itating or poisonous ... l enriches ...s it circu- ...corroding, ... deposits ... of the ...sufferer ... it so far as they go, but they don't go far ...upon them to do the work of a blood purifier, ... to liniments and plasters as cures are bound to meet with disappointment, and will be nursing a case of Rheumatism the greater part of their lives.

S. S. S. is a purely vegetable remedy, does not contain any Potash or mineral of any kind, and can be taken with safety by old and young.

...ho write us about their case will receive valuable ...m our physicians, for which no charge is made. ...ecial book on Rheumatism, which is the result of ...ence in treating this disease. It contains ...ormation about Rheumatism.

Louisville, Ky., March 27, '02.
Gentlemen:—I am glad to say that S. S. S. has cured me of Rheumatism. About two years ago I suffered from Rheumatism in my knees and feet, my ankles swelling so that I could not put on my shoes. This continued for several months, during which time I was applying liniments and going by my physician's directions, but derived no benefit. I was told of S. S. S. and tried it. I immediately got relief, and continued the medicine until I was entirely well.
2103 Floyd St. D. J. DUANE.

...HE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

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 bleatings 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 stride 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.

Apart from this incident the shoot was eminently successful. Four tigers fell to Lord Curzon's gun or, to be correct, three tigers and a tigress. Our first illustration reveals the vanquishing Viceroy, Lady Curzon, and the largest of the spoils. The tiger measured 10 feet and the tigress 8 feet.

CARRYING LORD AND LADY CURZON THROUGH THE JUNGLE

HE PROVED HIS HONESTY.

Though His Fraud 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 quiets 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 $1 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 $265), 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 chuch 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. The evening was very dark. In the close lane under her park pale, 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 chaise.

I had the presence of mind before I let down the glass to take out my watch and stuff it within my waistcoat, under my arm.

He said, "Your purses and watches!"

I replied, "My watch is not in my pocket."

"Then your purse." I gave it to him; it had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it.

He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said, "Don't be frightened; I will do you no hurt."

I said, "No; you won't frighten the lady."

He replied, "No; I give you my word I will do no hurt."

Lady Browne gave him her purse and was going to add her watch, but he said, "I am much obliged to you. I wish you good night!" Then he pulled off his hat and rode away.

"Well," said I, "Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it."

"Oh, but I am!" said she. "And now I am in terrors lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with my old bad money that I carry on purpose."

"He certainly will not open it directly," I said, "and at worst he can only wait for us at our return; but I will send my servant back for a horse and a blunderbuss," which I did.

Straining the Language.

An amusing liberty which a native of Muscle Shoals took with a word in our language comes out in a story told in the New York Times. A man borrowed the native's horse without stopping to ask permission. In the course of a few days the animal was returned, but the native did not take a kindly view of the matter, and concluded to have legal redress. He announced his intention of having the offender arrested.

"What will you have him arrested for?" he was asked.

"For horse-stealing, of course."

"How can you make horse-stealing out of it, when he returned the horse?"

"Ain't it stealing if he brought 'im back?"

"I'm not a lawyer, but I don't see how it can be."

"All right, then; I'll have 'im arrested for usury."

"I don't see how you can make usury out of it, either."

"Why, hang it all! he used 'im, didn't he? Yes, sir, he used 'im three or four days, an' used 'im mighty hard, too, by the looks of 'im."

Chicago Again.

"Morrison has invented a pad for wrapping around the feet when one has the gout."

"Then he should put it on the market in Chicago."

"And why?"

"Because there are more footpads there than anywhere else."

W... often calls her boys to get ... the morning she has so much ... of them that she never calls ... loud till the sixth time.

CURIOUS "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 medieval 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—mud dauber—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.

Cordyceps, or torrubia, to give this pirate his scientific name, is found in his 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-fungi, large and small, useful by setting them to destroying insects injurious to crops, but the attempt failed. Cordyceps refuses to be of service to society; he is a freebooter, and goes only where he will.

In China cordyceps chinesis 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, 1763, 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 cordyceps 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 scorns to eat of any meat;
He lives upon Foodine.

But Mrs. Spratt will none of that;
Foodine she cannot eat.
Her special wish is for a dish
Of Expurgated Wheat.

To William Spratt that food is flat
On which his mater dotes.
His favorite feed—his special need—
Is Eata Heapa 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 Wood.

Now, none of these Leander please;
He feeds upon Bath Mitts.
While sister Jane improves her brain
With Cero-Grapo-Grits.

Lycurgus votes for Father's Oats;
Proggine appeals to May;
The Junior John subsists upon
Uneeda Bayla Hay.

Corrected Wheat for little Pete;
Flaked Pine for Dot; while "Bub,"
The infant Spratt, is waxing fat
On Battle Creek Near-Grub.
—Chicago Tribune.

If a boy is good enough to help his mother with the dishes, she should reciprocate and raise no objection if he shuts the doors and pulls down the curtains while engaged in doing it.

If there is anything in the superstition that rice throwing brings good luck, it is a wonder it is not thrown after the hearse at a funeral.

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."
J. C. Williams, Attica, N. Y.

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.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., $1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then don't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing.
J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

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

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

He Had It.

"Yes; it's Fullerton's hobby that advice is cheap and within the reach of every person."

"What does he mean, anyhow?"

"What he says, I suppose. He's a confidential divorce lawyer."

Pointer.

The beggar had a notice up, "Deaf and Dumb," and the passing philanthropist stopped in front of him.

"I'd like to give this man something," he said, to his companion, "but how am I to know he is deaf and dumb?"

"Read the notice," whispered the beggar cautiously.—Chums.

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effectual manner.

Getting Back.

"Do you enjoy walking?"

"Immensely."

"Good. Then I'll take you for a ride in the country in my automobile."

Piso's Cure is a good cough medicine. It has cured coughs and colds for forty years. At druggists, 25 cents.

No Give Away.

Father — No, Johnnie, you can't have another piece of pie.

Son—O, please, papa! I won't tell mamma, honest!—Detroit Free Press.

FITS Permanently Cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE $2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa

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.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the past 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

An Unfailing Sign.

She—I knew you would propose to me tonight.

He—Why?

"I saw the moon over my left shoulder."—Life.

ST. JACOBS OIL

POSITIVELY CURES

Rheumatism
Neuralgia
Backache
Headache
Feetache
All Bodily Aches
AND

CONQUERS PAIN.

JOHN POOLE, PORTLAND, ORE.
Foot of Morrison Street.
Can give you the best bargains in Boilers and Engines, Windmills, Pumps and General Machinery. Wood Sawing Machines a specialty. See us before buying.

Whether you are satisfied with the Spices and Baking Powder you use or not, we want you to try a can of the brand

MONOPOLE

We guarantee them better than any other kind. You can get them from your dealer.
Wadhams & Kerr Bros., Portland Or.

It Costs You Nothing

To catch cold—you get something for nothing, sure enough. You can keep it if you want it, but you can get rid of it by using Queen Bee Cough Drops. Keep a box in the house. They taste nice, look nice, are nice. Made of honey and menthol. 5 Cents a box. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. Two boxes sent by mail postpaid on receipt of 10c. in stamps.
Pacific Coast Biscuit Co.
Portland, Ore.

THE BEST WATERPROOF CLOTHING IN THE WORLD
BEARS THIS TRADE MARK
TOWER'S FISH BRAND
MADE IN BLACK OR YELLOW
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES
ON SALE EVERYWHERE
CATALOGUES FREE
SHOWING FULL LINE OF GARMENTS AND HATS
A. J. TOWER CO. BOSTON, MASS.

BEST FOR THE BOWELS

If you haven't a regular, healthy movement of the bowels every day, you're sick, or will be. Keep your bowels open, and be well. Force, in the shape of violent physic or pill poison, is dangerous. The smoothest, easiest, most perfect way of keeping the bowels clear and clean is to take

CANDY CATHARTIC
Cascarets
TRADE MARK REGISTERED
REGULATE THE LIVER

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent. Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weaken, or Gripe. 10c. 25c. 50c. Write for free sample and booklet on health. Address Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Montreal, New York. 308

KEEP YOUR BLOOD CLEAN

25 CTS PISO'S CURE
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAIL
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Proved by Its Le...

Church—How do you know your wife has got a temper?

Gotham—Because she lost it today.

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine

Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of
Brent Good

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
FOR BILIOUSNESS.
FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
FOR THE COMPLEXION

Price 25 Cents. GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Ferry'S Seeds
Seeds the Kind that Leads
cost more—yield more. sold by all dealers.
1903 Seed Annual postpaid free to all applicants.
D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

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