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 through the blood, and no remedy brings such prompt and lasting relief as S. S. S. It attacks the disease in the blood, neutralizes the acids, and removes all irritating or poisonous substances from the system.

S. S. S. strengthens and enriches the thin acid blood, and, as it circulates through the body, the corroding, gnawing poisons and acid deposits are dislodged and washed out of the muscles and joints, and the sufferer is happily relieved from the discomforts and misery of 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.
2108 Floyd St. D. J. DUANE.

External remedies are all right so far as they go, but they don't go far enough, and you can't depend upon them to do the work of a blood purifier, and those who pin their faith 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.

SSS

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.

Rheumatic sufferers who write us about their case will receive valuable aid and helpful advice from our physicians, for which no charge is made. We will mail free our special book on Rheumatism, which is the result of years of practical experience in treating this disease. It contains in a condensed form much information about Rheumatism.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

LORD OF THE DESERT

By PAUL de LANEY.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Trapper's Story.

"Tell us, Mr. Hammersley, about yourself," said Bertha, the night of the trapper's return after supper was over and the evening was before them. "Father," she continued, "has told me very much about you, but he only knows your late life. We are under so many obligations to you that I —we feel interested in your early history, your childhood, your birthplace, your father and mother, your brothers and sisters—everything about you, Mr. Hammersley!"

"You ask something that I know but little about, myself," replied the trapper. "I have been on these plains so long that the past all seems like a dream. In fact, it is so much like a dream that I sometimes get it confounded with my dreams and scarcely know which is real and which a dream.

"I was born in New York City. At least, when I first recollect, we were living in Boston, and my mother told me that I was born in New York, and that we had lived in Chicago. My step-father was a big coarse fellow, a shipcarpenter, and as soon as I was large enough to be in the way he was very cruel to me. It seems that he and my mother were married when I was only two years old, and that my father had died when I was only one year old. I do not even know his name. It is unfortunate, too, but I was so young and knew not the importance of having my own name, so I took the name of my step-father, though I bear the given name of my father. This much I learned, but I do not remember how I learned it.

"Anyway, my mother died when I was still a mere child and then I was sent to a sort of orphanage or place for the poor, and as soon as I got old enough to leave the place I did so, and drifted into the streets—was a common street arab for several years —sold papers, shined shoes and did such things as that class of boys do until I was fifteen years old. In the meantime I had been reading cheap novels—I had picked up a smattering education at the orphanage, and kept up reading. My soul was fired to go west and kill Indians, and be a hunter and trapper and do such other things that a frontier life might lead to.

"Well, one day I met Leonidas Liggett, an Englishman, who said he had known my mother and father and took a great interest in me on that account. He said that he was going to join an immigrant train to cross the plains and asked me if I did not want to come. It was the thing I most desired, and I had no preparations to make, as I had all that I possessed in the world on my back.

"We joined the immigrant train early in the spring and I worked my way by driving stock, helping about camp and doing whatever fell to my lot. We had many adventures, were attacked by the Indians, some of the immigrants took sick and died, and the teams gave out, provisions run short, in fact, we had the usual mishaps of a trip across this long stretch of uninhabited country.

"When we reached the Boise City military post my friend Liggett met Martin Lyle and after a few minutes conversation he got employment with him and came on to the desert. They seemed to know each other, or something of each other, and after they met they were never separated before they left for the plains. Liggett came and bade me good bye and said he was sorry he could not get me employment, too, but I did not care to come to the desert then, did not want to work on a ranch, and remained with the immigrant train under the protection of the military post.

"An old trapper by the name of Mike Hope came into Boise one day with a fine load of furs. He was dressed in furs and was scarred and rugged, and told of his adventures on the desert. I followed him about the post every day to hear him relate his adventures and when he had finally sold his furs at a good price and bought his supplies, among them being a number of large bear traps, I ventured to approach him and request that he take me along. He sized me up and after learning from some of the immigrants with whom I had crossed the plains that I was what he considered a true blue, he consented.

"We left and came to this very place, and while he had prepared a great deal of the improvements here, I assisted him in making more. But he had found the secret chamber, and it was always guarded as such and kept prepared as a refuge in case we were ever attacked by the Indians, though he always treated them right and often made them presents. On account of this course we were never attacked by them, though we often met them when they were on the war path.

"The second summer after I came poor old Mike left me in charge of the place and traps and he made another trip to Boise. That is the last I ever saw of him. He got into a game of cards and then a fight and he was killed along with several others in the fight. When I finally became alarmed I made the trip to Boise and learned the facts of his death. I also learned that he did his part in the fight.

"Left in this manner there was but one thing for me to do. I had learned the trapping business and liked it. There was money in it, and I returned and took charge of the place as my own. In a short time after my return I found your father under the circumstances doubtless that he has already explained to you and since that time I have had no occasion to get lonesome or give up the plains, as I have made his cause my cause and long to see him revenged against the terrible deed of his brother and his companion, Dan Follett."

"But did you ever meet your friend Liggett, again," inquired Bertha.

"No, not to talk with him. I only saw him once, but I do not think he recognized me. I stopped at the Stone House once for water and saw him there. I do not think he would know me now," said the trapper.

"But you say he seemed to know my uncle?" replied Bertha.

"No, I did not mean that," said the trapper. "They appeared to know something in common, or to understand one another in some way. But that is also like a dream and I may have been mistaken."

After a few moments of silence the trapper continued: "So that is my whole story, so far as I know it, and there is nothing out of the ordinary about it. The novels I used to read led me to believe that there was romance about everything in the west but it is all alike to me. The daily attention to the traps, the curing of furs, the passing band of Indians, all —except the unfortunate events connected with yourself and your father are common-place to me."

Before the conversation was renewed there was a pounding on the outer door of the structure, for it was getting on toward midnight and the door had been closed.

The trapper rose and closing all evidence of a room behind him wended his way to the place of alarm.

CHAPTER XVIII.

News From the Stone House.

Oscar Metzger, one of the surviving cowboys, and the one who had been trusted with returning to the Stone House on forming the compact, was found at the door when the trapper responded that night. He had ridden the journey in great haste and considered that the circumstances demanded it.

All was tumult at the Stone House. Old Egan and his warriors had surrounded the place and would accept no terms of peace. It was only through an occasional gift by the Lord of The Desert to the old chief that he had kept on peaceful terms with him so long for the old chief had always considered the "White Grizzly," as he called him, a menace to the Indian's welfare and an encroacher upon his rights; besides this, the horses and cattle of the Lord of The Desert had always been considered a valuable prize and the late improved guns and revolvers about the place had more than once almost gotten the better of the chief's good intentions; and now that he had caught Dan Follett, the Lord of The Desert's right hand man and henchman, in the act of making away with his horses, and then trailed him back to the Stone House, he took it for granted that it was a ruse on the part of the "White Grizzly" to rob him, and considered all obligations of amity between them closed.

It was the blow that he had long desired to strike and he had come fully prepared to strike it.

After the capture of Follett the chief had pursued the Warm Springs Indians until he had killed or captured a majority of them and retaken all of his horses and several more besides, and then returned to his camp at the foot of Ash Butte. In the meantime he had wrung from one of the Warm Springs warriors the confession that Follett had come to the Warm Springs camp and persuaded them to embark in the enterprise against the Piutes. The old chief suspected this, but he wished to assure his warriors of the fact to make them the more sanguine in the attack upon the Stone House.

On the night of their arrival at Ash Butte a strong guard had been placed over Follett, but a stronger guard had been placed about the horses, which were also carefully corraled that night. Both guards were instructed to keep a vigilant watch, the one to see that their prisoner escaped and the other to see that he did not secure a horse.

Late in the night Follett's guard "faked" sleep and the wily Frenchman crawled away as lightly as a cat. When once in the darkness and alone he looked about to secure a horse but he saw the forms of Egan's warriors silhoutted against the horizon whenever he discovered the dark outline of an animal. In making his last attempt to secure one of the animals, and when he thought he was about to be rewarded for his trouble, a warrior shouted the Indian word for "coyote," and a dozen arrows "whished" in close proximity to him. Then he saw them sneaking in his direction as if to surround him, and he made away through the sage brush, striking boldly out across the desert, guided by the north star.

To add to his discomfort the Indians had removed his hat and coat and boots that night and he was now a fugitive on the desert without a coat, hat or shoes.

Old Egan had arranged his plans, and history itself records the fact that this old chief always laid them well. Couriers had already been sent to other allies of his tribe, while scouts were put on Dan Follett's trail to see that he went to the Stone House.

These scouts had followed him, climbing among the rimrocks by day and observing him as he picked his way across the plain, and then followed by night. They had seen him visit the trapper's abode, and had followed him on until he entered the Stone House. In the meantime Old Egan had mustered his men and, two hundred strong, had started for the Stone House, while he expected as many more allies to join him there sooner or later. There were marauders among the Modocs and Klamaths that he could count on, and he had sent for these also.

The destruction of the power of the Lord of The Desert had long been contemplated and the time had now come.

Egan was not slow to look after his own interests. To arrive first upon the scene and select a few of the choicest of the "White Grizzly's" cattle and horses and make way with them before the arrival of his allies was his purpose, and then besiege the whites until his allies arrived and then crush the enemy and divide the remaining spoils.

And he was not slow in action. Dan Follett reached the Stone House just after dark one night, and the following morning found Old Egan's warriors around the entire premises at a safe distance from the loop-holes of the outer walls, while a detachment of his men had driven away select bands of horses ad cattle.

The first cowboy to go without the enclosure that morning received an unmistakable warning in the form of a feathered arrow which was battered against the wall near his head. Then he saw the war bonnets of the Piutes protruding above the rocks and boulders in every direction and rushed back into the enclosure, followed by a shower of arrows, and gave the alarm.

There were about 50 of the inmates all told and all owned revolvers, but there were not more than half that number of rifles. They were well prepared for defense against an ordinary Indian attack, but it was not thought safe to go into the open against the odds that appeared before them in ambush. They made a sally just before night, but in the open the Indians had an advantage from behind the rocks and fences and the cowboys returned with some loss in wounded.

It was then that the Lord of The Desert decided to send for relief. General Crook had recently arrived at old Fort Warner and, expecting that the Indians would guard the trail toward this point, Martin Lyle knew but one man that he could trust to reach the Fort, and that was William Hammersley. He called for a volunteer to carry a message to the trapper and Metzker, anxious to return to the trapper's abode was quick to volunteer and was more quickly selected to carry the missive. He had slipped through the enemy's lines without mishap and made his way to the trapper's quarters bringing the trapper a request from the Lord of The Desert to go to the government fort for aid at once and promising him a liberal reward for his trouble.

(To be Continued.)

POLICEMAN'S LESSON.

One Tells How Reckless He Was with His Weapons at First.

"Experience is certainly a good teacher," observed a member of the Washington police force while discussing the order of Maj. Sylvester concerning the establishment of a school of instruction. "Some instruction to new appointees," he added, "is absolutely necessary, and with the proper start experience will do the rest.

"I remember my first tour of duty, which was many years ago, and I also remember that it not only came near being my last, but came near resulting disastrously for me. Having been sworn in and sent out to do police duty without being instructed as to my rights, I started over the beat to which I was assigned armed with all the dangerous weapons usually carried by policemen.

"These weapons were not intended for mere playthings I thought and that I had a right to use them under any and all circumstances I did not doubt. Should I want to make an arrest for any violation of the law and was unable to overtake the offender I was satisfied that I had the right to stop him with a bullet.

"During the evening," the policeman continued, according to the Washington Star, "I came across a party of crap shooters on the commons, and that I thought was an opportunity to distinguish myself. Being unable to overtake those who had participated in the game I proceeded to send bullets toward them, and only gave up my efforts when I had emptied my pistol. So far as I was concerned the affair was fun for me, but I nearly dropped dead when a friend informed me that I might have been given a penitentiary sentence had one of the bullets from my pistol taken effect.

"During the succeeding twenty years or more I did not find it necessary to discharge my revolver. Experience proved a good teacher for me, although proper instruction at the time of my appointment would have avoided the possibility of my being sent to prison."

SUCCEEDS HIS FATHER AS SULTAN OF ZANZIBAR.

Prince Said Ali, who visited London as Zanzibar's representative to the coronation, has been proclaimed sultan, to succeed his father, who died recently.

HIS HIGHNESS SAID ALI.

The new sultan is not yet 20. He was accompanied to London by Gen. Raikes, the English officer who is in command of the army and police in Zanzibar. The crowded London streets and the rush of life there according to cable dispatches, dazed the prince, and he was exceedingly anxious to get back to his own country. The picture is from a photograph taken in London.

AN UP-COUNTRY SOLOMON.

He Rendered a Very Wise and Equitable Decision.

In a small town in one of the central counties of New York State lives an old German, who, because of the high esteem in which he is held in the community, was elected justice of the peace. The old gentleman was once called upon, says the New York Times, to decide a most perplexing question.

One of his fellow citizens owned a dog which, although not very vicious, had a bad habit of barking at passers-by. A neighbor vowed vengeance. His chance came when he was returning from a shooting trip, gun in hand. The dog ran out and barked savagely at him, and he fired at the animal. As his aim was bad, the dog escaped, yelping, with nothing more serious than a wounded tail.

The owner of the dog had his neighbor brought before the old justice on a charge of cruelty to animals, and the court-room was crowded with the partisans of both men. The justice heard the charge, and then the defense that the dog was a dangerous animal and a menace to the neighborhood. The old German cleared his throat and delivered the dictum:

"Der man—he has been guilty of cruelty to animals." And one side of the court-room applauded the justice of the decision.

"But der tog—he vas a vicious tog." And the other side voiced its approval.

"I vill fine der man five tollars." Another murmur in the court-room.

"But I vill gif him anoder shot at der tog."

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
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Feetache
All Bodily Aches
AND

CONQUERS PAIN.

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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.

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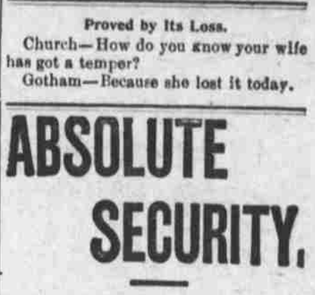

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BEST FOR THE BOWELS

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

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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. 816

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Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
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Proved by Its Loss.

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

Gotham—Because she lost it today.

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Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

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See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

FOR HEADACHE.
FOR DIZZINESS.
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FOR TORPID LIVER.
FOR CONSTIPATION.
FOR SALLOW SKIN.
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Price 25 Cents | GENUINE MUST HAVE SIGNATURE. Purely Vegetable. Brent Good

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