

THE SON OF EX- U. S. MINISTER TO ENGLAND
 Commends Peruna to All Catarrh Sufferers.



Hon. Lewis 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 1066 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 vessels their healthy elasticity. Peruna is not a temporary palliative, but a radical cure.

Better keep on the safe side.
 Don't use a liniment you're not sure about.
 If you have an Injury, an Ache a serious Cut or Bruise, Lumbago, Neuralgia or anything that is curable by a liniment, better get **MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.**
 It cured aches and injuries of Man and Beast before many of you were born. It was found to be reliable by your sires and grandsires; it will be found so by you.

WINCHESTER
 FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS
 "New Rival" "Leader" "Repeater"

If you are looking for reliable shotgun ammunition, the kind that shoots where you point your gun, buy Winchester Factory Loaded Shotgun Shells: "New Rival," loaded with Black powder; "Leader" and "Repeater," loaded with Smokeless. Insist upon having Winchester Factory Loaded Shells, and accept no others. ALL DEALERS KEEP THEM

Libby's Mince Meat

In our mammoth kitchen we employ a Chef who is an expert in making mince pies. He has charge of making all of Libby's Mince Meat. He uses the very choicest materials. He is told to make the

BEST MINCE MEAT

Ever sold—and he does. Get a package at your grocery—enough for two large pies. You will never use another kind again. Libby's Mince Meat is made from the choicest meats, and is packed in airtight cans. Write for facts and prices. **LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY, CHICAGO.**

TURKEYS WANTED 20,000 pounds of good fat birds for the holidays. Also chickens, ducks and geese. Write for facts and prices. **DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.**

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY: gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 DAYS' treatment FREE. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box 2, Atlanta, Ga.

Want Everything always carries an empty belly.

Game is always scarce where Poor-Hunter lives.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Defiance Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Defiance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

A blind horse can see what his owner is driving at.

Rice in South Texas.

The Government report for 1902 shows that Texas holds the world's record for the production of rice. Some of the best rice lands in the State are along the line of the M. K. & T. Ry. An interesting book on Texas will be sent on request.—James Barker, Gen'l Pass. Agent, M. K. & T. Ry., 501 Wainwright Bldg., St. Louis.

It takes a rich man to enjoy the pleasures of poverty.

YELLOW CLOTHES ARE UNSIGHTLY. Keep them white with Red Cross Ball Blue. All grocers sell large 3 oz. package, 5 cents.

It takes a photographer to throw light on his subject.

Try me just once and I am sure to come again. Defiance Starch.

Hot-Head fills the pipe of peace from the empty powder horn.

FAT MAN WAS SLICK
 AND THE LITTLE MAN WAS TAKING NO CHANCES.

Sleeping-Car Comedy Replete With Humor—Porter Aids Conscienceless Heavyweight in a Very Up-to-Date Confidence Game—A Complete Success.

A man who more than got his money's worth from the weighing machines waddled up the aisle of the sleeping car in the wake of the negro porter.

"Well, where are you going to put me this time, Eb?" he asked.

"Right up byah, suh. Uppah 13, suh." Eb made a sweeping bow as he indicated the berth with a wave of his hand.

"Upper 13? Haven't you got any lower berths left?" asked the fat man.

"Not a lowah on de train, suh. If dere was, suh, you know right well, suh, you'd suhtainly hab it."

"Um-m-m."

The fat man eyed upper 13 critically.

"Will it hold me, Eb?" he asked anxiously. "You remember what happened last time I slept in an upper berth."

"Deed I do, suh, 'deed I do! An' dat little thin man down below you. Oh, lawdy, lawdy! I 'tought he'd a like 't died wid fright."

An anxious face appeared between the curtains of lower 13 and surveyed the speakers sharply.

"Well, that's all very funny to talk about after, Eb, but I don't want to go through anything like it again. The question is, will this berth hold me."

The porter's face took on a grave expression.

"Why, I doan know, suh. I doan see no reason why it shouldn't 'ceptin'—pahdon me, but ain't you a trifle mo' fleshy dan what you was?"

The head again appeared between the curtains of lower 13. This time it began to speak.

"I—beg your pardon, sir." It said, "but if you prefer a lower berth, why—er—beg—"

"Tut, tut, tut," broke in the fat man, hurriedly. "Your offer is very kind, sir, but I really couldn't think of depriving you of your night's rest. And I am sure the upper will hold all right. I'm not in the least afraid, I assure you."

"Ah, but really, now, I insist. I have absolutely no preference. In fact, I know I shall rest much better in the upper berth."

The head disappeared and a moment later a weakened little man crawled out in the aisle with a bunch of clothing in one hand and a pair of shoes in the other.

"I insist, sir." The little man's tone was almost defiant.

"Oh, well, of course, if you insist," smiled the fat man, bowing as low as nature would permit him.

The porter made up the berths, and ten minutes later the fat man was snoring peacefully in lower 13.

It seemed to the thin man as he swung into upper 13 that he saw the porter wink. But then, it may have been a flicker of the lamp.

GOOD OF ITS KIND

Mme. Burmeister's Idea of a Thorough-Bred Animal.

When Mme. Dora Petersen Burmeister returned from Europe several seasons ago and gave a series of piano recitals at the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore, an old, yellow dog, which she befriended, was the subject of most discussion amongst her admirers, next to her great artistic ability.

It was a most miserable looking animal, with all the earmarks and the old piece of rope around its neck which stamped it without doubt as a dog of the street, and, therefore, it caused discussion, every one wondering why the artist should make a pet of such a beast when she might have the very best. Finally one acquaintance determined to ask Mrs. Burmeister what she saw in the dog. She did not seem to recognize any reason why the dog was not just as good as any other, until at length the acquaintance said: "Why, that dog is nothing but a cur!"

Mrs. Burmeister evidently did not understand the meaning of the word, for she asked: "A what?"

"A cur," was the reply.

"Yes?" answered the artist. "Well, if it is a cur, I'm sure it is a thorough-bred cur."

NO GOOD FOR DRINKS

Form of Charity Not Appreciated by Its Recipient.

A well known Philadelphian tells this story on himself:

One day last fall, while I was standing on the corner of Fortieth and Market streets, I was approached by an old tramp. He was a dilapidated looking old fellow, with such a woebegone expression on his face that my heart went out to him. He came up to me and said:

"Say, boss, couldn't you give a poor old man some change? I got to get to Germantown to-night, and I'm clean done up."

I drew out my purse and found that I, too, was "hard up." Then I thought of my exchange book. I took out a couple and gave them to him, with full directions as to how to use them. He took the exchanges and, after gazing at them for some time, handed them back with:

"Thank ye, young feller; but them's no good fer drinks."

What Famous Parisian Beauties Indure to Remain Beautiful.



Otero who holds in exact milk.

Gladys Deacon nursing her poor little nose after that horrid paraffin treatment is not a circumstance to what Paris women do to achieve the triumphs of perfect, ravishing beauty.

Belladonna, as you know, is a narcotic poison, much used by physicians to cause a "stagnant" and spasmodic action—our fashionable dames have of late commenced to employ it like eau de cologne. Nowadays, every woman and girl carries in her bag a silver or a gold flask of the latter—the most alcoholic drink in the world—using it to stimulate the senses before a momentous meeting or previous to making a grand entrance on the stage.

Do you remember La Cavalleri, she of the raven black hair, worn in bandeaux on each side of the forehead and over the ears, Cleo fashion? Well, she is a blonde to-day, thanks to the art which enables women to create that rare and delicious combination of fair tress and dark eyes of which, unassisted, nature is so niggardly. I met her at a Rue de la Paix dressmaker's recently and heard Otero say to her: "Peroxide or—?"

"Do you take me for a typewriter?" cried La Cavalleri indignantly. "Please understand that my prince secured me the recipe of the incomparable Poppaea, which, I am told, was invented at the behest of Emperor Nero, who promised the chemist to cut him up into mince meat lest he furnished a perfect, though harmless, lotion. It's excellent stuff," continued La Cavalleri, who apparently enjoyed the envious glances of the other ladies, "but to work perfectly it needs the assistance of Africa's sun. While bleaching I sat on the balcony of my Cairo palace, my hair floating loosely over my shoulders, drying in the rays of the ardent sun, who caressed it with burning and devouring looks. That, girls, made it as brilliant as threads of gold."

There was a rumor, some little time ago, that King Leopold would marry Cleo de Merode. I interviewed her on the point when she returned from her German tour.

"Nonsense," she said, "there are no she asses in Belgium."

"No what?" I cried.

"One can't buy asses' milk in Leopoldom," said the dancer with a show of comic despair, "neither in Brussels nor Ostend was I able to get any, and I hate, nay, positively loathe, bathing in cows' milk. Besides, it is not half so good for the complexion as the other."

"Why don't you try the olive oil bath?" I suggested.

"Olive oil bath? I never heard of it before. But it ought to be good. I will try it to-morrow. Thanks, awfully."

When she was gone I remembered that I had promised Rejane not to mention this new elixir of life to anyone. Our great Frou-Frou has been addicted to the olive oil bath for some time. She can afford it, for her husband is in the oil trade, and as he humorously puts it, "nothing is lost by the process." I caught her in her oil tub a few weeks ago, on the occasion of an early morning visit to her house. She was immersed to her chin, and every little while took handfuls of the fluid and let it drip down her face, taking care not to wet her hair, done up high. I must stand this for two hours," she said, "while the bath is kept at an even temperature by special apparatus. From this tub I step in the next one, filled with hot water, as hot as I can bear it. Then follows a coat of tar soap, and finally an all-over massage. A cold spray winds up the exercise."

"And what special benefits do you derive from the treatment?"

"Never was my skin so clear and white, nor so smooth and subtle as to-day," said Rejane, holding out one beautifully formed leg. "And," she said, with becoming frankness, "I am not getting younger."

Otero bathes in rosewater, not attar of roses though, and for advertising instead of hygienic purposes.

Her bathing hours are from 5 to 7, and the act is a sort of semi-public function. Everybody having the entrée to her gilded boudoirs may attend. I will take you along.

Picture to yourself a lofty apartment furnished in rococo and hung with yellow satin, bunches of fresh American beauty roses attached to walls, curtains and draperies. The carpet is



white velvet, and tall mirrors are framed in silver.

In the center a dais, surrounded by gilt chairs, upholstered in the color of the walls. The golden samovar sings and whistles, in the garden below the gypsy band plays a cardos. A white figure emerges from the bedroom adjoining, a white hand tries the temperature of the water in the silver bathtub enthroned on the dais. It is satisfactory. Otero jumps in and her two maids dump two basketfuls of rose leaves over her—red and yellow.

After that callers are freely admitted, and the beauty in the flower covered pit does her best to amuse them.

The face masks made of flour, white of egg, olive oil and honey has now gone out of fashion—the effect was not lasting enough. Instead, elderly coquettes utilize pieces of raw beef, attached to the cheeks, chin and forehead by bandages. Several well-known women, supposed to employ the new-fangled face mask, were pointed out to me, and their complexion left really nothing to be wished for.

The poor face of the dame of fashion, how it is tortured nowadays. Medicine, surgery, mineralogy, pastel and charcoal painters all work on its improvement with more or less success.

A year or two ago one of our beauty doctors coined money by offering to make girls taller. He had a wonderful method of pulling their legs—electrically, of course. The patient had to lie on her stomach while a nurse passed a sort of carpet sweeper arrangement over her knee joints. This fiasco was shelved after a month or two, but now a similar one has bobbed up. To-day some enterprising rascal makes "aristocratic hands" to order; even fingers "that look like pork sausages" are given the latest slender shape. And if the finger nails are not as perfect as they might be, why, they can be burned off with nitric acid to make room for new ones "as good as a duchess's."—Chicago Tribune.

Sailed Vout a Rudder.

The British Leship Hood has just accomplished that which reflects the greatest credit her officers. She sailed from M. to Devonport, a distance of 2,035 miles, without a rudder, at an average of nearly thirteen knots. She is a run from Argosfoit to Malthead a disabled rudder, and when an animation was made at the latter port was found that she would have had a new steering apparatus. An old rudder was shipped aboard and the ship started for home, being with her twin screws. Her performance would have been a very odd one for a battleship with a rudder and without one it is regarded as a remarkable.

Invincible.

Three Irishmen were discussing the merits of various fighters in a city saloon, and their conclusion one said: "Yes, gint, the Irish are the greatest firs in the world." After they left I placed a little German, who was contentedly sipping his beer and smoking his pipe, listening to what the Irishmen had to say, remarked to the bartender that he did not think the Irish were such great fighters. The bartender said they proved themselves fine fighting men.

"Well, I had think they was any goot as fatters," the German stubbornly retorted. "Vy only last week me and the rudder Gus and anudder fellow waded one of dem."

Romance in Ruskin's Life.

John Ruskin's hopeless love continues to be the subject of much gossip in the English press. One gossipy writer says there is in existence a letter by Ruskin which he himself has seen, giving Ruskin's account of the separation from wife. It shows that there was nothing more than incompatibility between them. The real passion of Ruskin's came to him when he was a master 50. He fell in love with an Irish girl, Rosie La-touche. She loved him, but their religious differences were insuperable. The girl died whistling a girl and Ruskin broke down. The misfortune clouded the rest of his life in despair. He fell in with Socialists, who revealed to him the plight of his dead love. Hence came the crushing collapse which ultimately overthrew his brain.

One on Prent Ingalls.

President Ingalls of the Big Four road writes an erable hand and a farmer living near Springfield, Ohio, is glad of it. One Mr. Ingalls was riding over a divn of the road and came within a hundred yards of a particularly empty hog pen owned by the farmer. It day he wrote an autograph letter the agriculturist, complaining of the hog pen. The farmer could read a word of it and showed themissive to a Big Four agent. The latter did not make anything out of it, er, but said it looked like the pig sometimes issued by President Ibs. This was a suggestion to farmer, who declares that he made several trips on the road, unaided the scrawl as a pass before the conductors discovered that it was a protest instead

Three of the Leech.
 The leech is the only animal which possesses three separate jaws.