The Best Baking Powder

AND MOST ECONOMICAL,

Is that of Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder. It is prepared with greater care and accuracy, from finer and more expensive materials, competent chemists test every ingredient nothing is left to chance. No ammonia, alum or other adulterant taints this purest of human food products. Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder is the embodiment of all the excellence that it is possible to attain. It is always uniform and reliable and retains its full strength until used. It is not only more economical because of its wonderful raising power, but by reason of its greater bulk, the cans being much larger than the ordinary kind; it will go farther and do better work. It never disappoints. Dr. Prices is the only baking powder that contains the whites of eggs.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by druggists; price, 75c per bottle.

If you pay as you go, you are most likely to avoid the rush.

The good reputation of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" for the relief of coughs, colds and throat diseases has given them a favorable notoriety.

Too many young men empty their sandboxes on the first grade.

The Bank of England receives and pays out gold by weight, and as every plug of Star tobacco is carefully weighed to see that it is a full sixteen-ounce pound before being packed in the box, it would seem that the manufacturers of Star Plug are determined to give consumers a sixteen-ounce plug.

THE QUIMBY HOUSE, Portland, Or., is the best $1 a day hotel on the Pacific Coast. Try it. Quimby & Edwards, proprietors.

TRY GRENRA for breakfast.

MANY SUCH.

A group of mechanics was seated in the engine-room when one said: "How was it Tom?" "I was caught up, slapped 'gainst the ceiling and whirled down to the floor. I lay there like one dead, and every muscle was sprained. I was cured in one day." What cured him?

ST. JACOBS OIL

with equal facility and certainty has cured promptly and permanently worse cases. Here is one after suffering half a lifetime.

14 Sumner St., Cleveland, O., Aug. 11, '88.
In 1851 sprained my arm clubbing chestnuts; could not lift my arm; constant pain until 1880, when St. Jacobs Oil cured me.
JACOB ETZENSPERGER.

"ALL RIGHT!
ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness after eating, and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. Sometimes a deathly sickness would overtake me. I was working for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa. ®

Tower's Improved SLICKER

is Guaranteed *Absolutely* Water. proof.

Will Not Peel or Stick Leak

ALL *Improved* Slickers have beside the Fish Brand TRADE MARK on every Coat a

Soft Woolen Collar.

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OLDS & KING,

Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Etc,

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PORTLAND, OR.

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

J. H. FISK, Assayer and Analytical Chemist, 61½ Washington St., Portland, Or.

A ROMANCE OF RICHES.

The Town of Rouseville, Where an Acre Was Worth $2,000,000.

This is the oldest town in the Pennsylvania oil regions, having been the first town to spring into life under the wonderful stimulus of the oil excitement. It is located on Oil creek, two and a half miles above Oil City, and it was here that the third well was drilled for oil, and on the McElhanny farm, a short distance above Rouseville, the first real "spouter" was struck. This was the famous "Fountain well," which flowed a stream of oil over the top of the derrick, high above the tallest trees in the neighborhood, and started the great rush of people into this wonderful region. This was once a great oil metropolis, with banking offices, scores of hotels and all the commercial facilities of a city. Being so near to Oil City and Petroleum Center, its population never got above 10,000, if it reached that figure, but it was one of the most active cities in the belt of oil. It was surrounded by some of the wonderful flowing wells of early oil days. The Widow McClintock farm, which fell into the possession of Johnny Steele, afterwards known to the world as "Coal Oil Johnny," is within sight of this town. Like all other oil towns, Rouseville has been swept by fire a number of times, and there is but little of the old town left. What is left of it is a curious old relic, in which there is but little to suggest the bustle and excitement and the fortunes lost and won in former days. "Coal Oil Johnny" is by no means the only man who found an easy fortune within sight of this queer old town. The first great oil fire was here when the Rouse well was burned, and Henry Rouse, after whom the town was named, was burned to death, along with sixteen other men. The story of this tragedy has been told in these columns and need not be repeated. It was the most appalling tragedy in the history of oil fires, and, being the first, it created a wonderful sensation. There has been talk of erecting a monument on the site of the fire to honor the memory of the sixteen men who were the first to perish in the development of the oil region. Col. Drake, who drilled the first oil well, has no monument yet, and the citizens of Rouseville do not believe that either monument will ever be erected.

If oil were found in a literal lake, instead of in a porous rock, Rouseville, like Petroleum Center, would have been situated over a lake of oil. A number of big wells were struck within the limits of the town, and great "gushers" surrounded the town on every side. Not only were the Oil creek flats here wonderfully prolific, but Cherry run, which empties into Oil creek at this point, produced some wells only second in richness to the Oil creek wells. Some of the largest of these were near Rouseville, and it can be said that the wells in the vicinity have produced enough oil to have submerged the town. The money value of the oil taken from the ground near Rouseville is above $50,000,000. The Story farm alone has produced about $10,000,000 worth of petroleum, and still has a small production—perhaps 100 barrels per month. The first well drilled at Rouseville, the third on the creek, as stated, was put down by the primitive method of a "spring pole engine." This was no engine at all, but a stout sapling, or spring pole to which the tools were attached. Three or four men would pull the spring pole down and its spring would lift the tools for the next stroke. This was called "tramping a well down," and as many of them were tramped down to the depth of 500 and 600 feet the operation was very slow and tedious. No less than 150 wells were put down on Oil creek in this crude way before steam was applied to the work. Where three months were often required to drill a well then, one is drilled now in ten days and even less.

The history of some of the big wells near Rouseville is the history of many, and will serve to illustrate the amazing richness of the oil belt in this section. The Reed well, on Cherry run, was struck July 17, 1864. It was located on an acre of leased ground. The land interest was to receive one-quarter of the oil and the owners of the well the balance. One well was put down, and in ninety days from starting the drill $785,000 had been realized from it by the working interest alone. The Mingo Oil company, of Philadelphia, bought out one-quarter of the land interest in the well for $280,000, after the owner had already sold $30,000 worth of oil from it. Mr. Reed, after selling $75,000 worth of oil from his account, sold to Bishop, Bissell & Co. half of his interest for $200,000. A man named Frazier had an interest in the well that netted him $100,000 in oil, and he afterwards sold his interest for $100,000 cash. Most of these sales were cash in hand. The Mingo Oil company paid $280,000 for their interest in one payment. Three other wells were drilled on this one acre of ground, and from the four wells $2,000,000 were realized. This is perhaps the richest acre of ground ever developed in the oil country. The original owners were men of small means, and all became wealthy from this single transaction. Even the Philadelphia and New York companies who bought them out at such extravagant figures realized handsomely from their investment. There is no sign of the Reed well or any of its rich neighbors now. The places where the derricks and tanks stood are grown high with weeds and bushes, and from the mine of wealth the spot has returned to its primitive wildness and worthlessness.—Rouseville (Pa.) Special.

The Meeting Adjourned.

A guide in the Yellowstone park tells the following:

Us fellers had the mostest fun when a Washington cove named Hall went through the park. That was about three years ago, when the "Beehive" geyser just broke loose, and everybody was hot fer seein the "Beehive."

Wall, us drivers had heerd tell as how this Hall was pow'rful smart at sermonizin, so we all piles up ter the chapel. I ain't much of a judge, but I think it was about as ordinary a piece o' preachin as I ever heerd. Never heerd a shout from the amen benches, an not a soul got religion, an I don't think much of a parson as can't stir up more excitement than that. So my pal, Geyser Bob, he was there, and said he, "I bet I know a feller as can empty that whole room quicker than a coyute can kick." "All right," sez I, and I knowed there was goin ter be some fun, but I was a bit afraid that Bob was a goin to shoot; but he didn't. He just yells in the door, "The Beehive is spoutin!" an inside of ten seconds there wasn't but six people in the house besides the preacher, an he sez quick as a wink, fer I think he wanted ter git out himself, "Brethern, I think we better adjourn the meeting ter see the Beehive."—Philadelphia Record.

When Wigs Were Popular.

Writers transmit to us some curious facts in regard to the demand and supply of false hair when wigs were in fashion. The trade in wigs, for France supplied all the rest of Europe, became immense, and was represented in Paris by a large number of wholesale merchants, who employed cutters to operate in the provinces, especially in Normandy, Flanders and Holland, where the hair of the women was finer. The hair of warm countries was not wanted, because too coarse. English women and girls did not care to part with their hair, and were not so poor as to be forced to the sacrifice. Some villages in Normandy furnished as much as ten pounds, averaging two feet in length.

The price was from four to five francs a pound, and it was cut from the heads of the living, from the heads of the dead or sewed after combing, each kind having its commercial name. The great demand at last rendered the supply so scarce that horsehair had to be used instead or in part.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Queer Place for a Tree.

"One of the most unique sights I have ever seen on my travels," said Arthur Thomas, of New York, "is the old court house in Greencastle, Ind. I was in the town the other day, and my attention was called to a full grown tree. Now, the curious thing about this tree was that it didn't grow on terra firma, but on the tower of the court house. The tree sprouted years ago from a crevice in the bricks of the tower, and it developed year after year, until now it is a foot or more in circumference at the trunk. It is one of the most curious tree growths I have seen anywhere. It will have to go soon, however, for the county is going to construct a new court house. It seems a pity that it cannot be preserved, for it is a fine specimen of erratic tree growth.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

A Dog That Devours Hard Cash.

Have you ever gone across the inlet with a yachting party and seen Mr. J. D. Smith's shaggy haired dog? He is the most extraordinary shaggy haired dog that you will ever see.

He eats hard cash.

"Billy, Billy; now then."

That is what you say, and you flip him a five cent piece, and he gulps it down like a morsel of meat. Of course everybody who goes over there in a sailing party flips him five cents for the fun of seeing him swallow it, and they swear to me that on Wednesday he ate $5.30, all nickels.—Atlantic City Letter.

An Instrument of Torture.

At a picnic of the Union choir at Deacon Curtis' farm, an old piano which stood in the parlor attracted much attention from its antiquity, having been manufactured in 1740—150 years ago. It has six legs, with drawers in front, and is the property of one of Mr. Curtis' brothers, Mr. Frank Putnam. As it was played upon by several of the young ladies, peals of laughter greeted its dulcet (?) tones, and it was unanimously decided that even Mr. Charles Jennings—good musician that he is—could hardly keep in tune with its variable harmony. —Marlboro (Mass.) Enterprise.

That Alaska Find.

An American officer in Alaska has rescued a bright Indian boy from torture, and proposes to take the lad to San Francisco, and there make of him either a lawyer or a missionary. This shows a very level head. If the boy turns out to be of the poor and pious sort make him a missionary, but if he shows a desire to be the first native born Alaskan to go to congress educate him for the bar.—Detroit Free Press.

Growing Potatoes in Her Pocket.

An Auburn woman is said to have hung up a calico wrapper, in the pocket of which was a potato, a year ago. She did not use the wrapper till one day last week, when she discovered a whole hill of potatoes in her pocket. There were seven or eight perfect little tubers.—Kennebec Journal.

THE BORDER MEXICANS.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE HAPPY PEASANTS OF THE SOUTHWEST.

Realizing Rousseau's Definition of Freedom—Simple Lives That Have a Great Deal of Unvarnished Happiness in Them. A Look at the Better Side of the Greaser.

Along a zone of our southwest border, from the Gulf of California to Corpus Christi, on the Texas coast, is found a type of being that is almost an anomaly, even among our own cosmopolitan classes. The border Mexican, or "greaser," has no nation, yet he is distinctly local. He is the evolution of that arid and sun kissed belt characterized by flora and fauna as acrimonious and as shaggy as himself and best exemplified by the cactus, the coyote and the burro. You cannot accuse nature of making a mistake in his creation, for he is an adaptation that rises superior to adversity. You will find him picturesque and, when better known, not all bad. This Mexican is far below the nation's representative, yet he is not the degraded peon or serf of the land. He is rather what the peon has become in the two generations he has enjoyed the freedom of our government, if not wiser, at least less servile. He is generally admitted to be the result of a fusion for some centuries of the Spaniard with that mild type of semi-civilized Indian of the Cortez conquests, but is nearer the Spaniard, whose beautiful language, further softened into a dialect, he still retains. This may be due to laziness, but is more probably from the liquid movement of Indian speech peculiar to some of the southern tribes, as shown by the present language of the Pimas and Maricopas of southern Arizona.

WANT NOT THE UNATTAINABLE.

The Mexicans are the happiest of contented creatures, and, though poverty is their universal heritage, they have no wants. Jean Jacques Rousseau must have been among a similar peasant class in Italy when he wrote so truthfully that "He only is free who wants nothing beyond what he can get and does harmlessly as he pleases." There are two classes of Mexican peasants, the Labradores and the Rancheros. The former are the milder, simpler people found sprinkled along the small canyons and valleys on little plots of bottom land adjacent and irrigated by simple or community ditches called acequias, which lead from the streams, winding along the bank in a gradual way till the stream's lower level will permit them finally to wander over the bottom. They bridge no arroyas, build no dams, arches or culverts, and use only nature's level, water, to give the grade required for their canals. In engineering ability they are as far behind the Aztecs, who once inhabited this valley, as are the present Egyptians behind their ancestors under Menes.

A plot of a few acres supports an entire family of a dozen, exclusive of dogs—as many more. First a crop of melons and cebada (melons and barley); later a crop of frejoles and calabazas (Mexican beans and pumpkins). A little pepper and onions and their commissary is complete. The Rancheros have more or less cattle, ponies, sheep or goats, are less local in their tastes and are more hardy, so that it is among them that is sometimes found that outlaw element that has made "Greaser" the synonym for bandit and has stamped the race as thieving and treacherous. This character is partly the result of a traditional sentiment—a spirit of adventurous resistance to tyranny. On the Mexican side a man who evades their outrageous taxes and customs is a hero; one killed in an attempt to do so, a martyr. The government only is the robber. The men are fine horsemen, of the firm yet easy border seat, always using that instrument of torture, the bocada, or Spanish bit, in the control of their ponies. Many are expert in tossing the riata and some handle a revolver well. A Pueblo scene is very characteristic. Adobe dwellings, thatched roofs, arbors beneath which are the stone jars left unglazed for cooling water, and the stone hand mill for grinding the corn for corn cakes, called "tortillas." The conservatism of this people would compare with that of India. The agricultural methods are those described in the Bible. Hay is cut with a hoe, sometimes a hand knife or a sickle; a bough whose forks embrace the proper angle in their plow, and their oxen are yoked by lashing a pole to the base of ther horns.

AT THE BALL.

A fiesta is usually celebrated by a "baile," or dance. If it be fall and the night air be cool you will find this hop inside a "jacal." Everything has been removed from the house but a row of "sillas" (chairs and boxes), placed around the sides of the room, which is lighted by a few beds of glowing coals placed at intervals on the freshly swept, hard packed earth floor, by a few candles cemented to brackets or projecting adobe bricks by their own wax, and by the star beams that sift through the thatched roof and ceiling. The coals serve also as a stove and free light for cigarettes. The music will be given from an orchestra composed of a couple of guitars, a violin, an accordion and one or more harps. There are no hop cards, but the habitue can tell you in advance what the programme will be—waltzes alternating with the Mexican redowa or three step, la galopa, a polka and maybe a western square dance or two.

There is no directoire or empire gowns, on corsage bouquets, none of the traditional Spanish dress save the mantilla. This is folded diagonally; double edged front, placed over the head, the longer end falling forward is carried loosely over the bosom as high as the throat and crosses the other fold on the left shoulder, leaving only an oval of face visible from brow to chin. The women retain a Spanish fondness for black and also the Indian love of bright colors. The men are indifferent to dress except so far as to having a broad, light felt sombrero, and a scarf, or sash, of bright colored wool or silk about their waist. To a Mexican girl dancing is instinct. Their accentuation is so perfect, their movements so yielding and full of muscular grace, that to waltz with one on an earth floor, where the friction is something frightful, is not impossible. Let those who decry dancing as a vice of civilization, an unnatural pleasure erected for a sensation, come and learn of these poetic savages the rhythm of motion. For they are poetic; there is a perfume of romance in the songs found in the poorest "jacal;" a sensuous softness that our language cannot render. I recall once being at a "baile," where in the interval between the dances I asked one of the young ladies to give us a Mexican song, which she did to an accompaniment on the guitar. It was exquisitely soft, though I could only catch enough of the Spanish to know that its theme was love. When the piece was finished she wanted us to return the courtesy by a song in English. We hastened to avow with the usual frankness in such cases, that we could not sing, but the girl evidently did not believe us, and would sing no more for us in spite of entreaty.—Philadelphia Times.

Billy Emerson's Team.

I joined a group in the Sturtevant house, in the center of which was Billy Emerson, the minstrel. He was relating to his listeners some of his experiences on the road. "In my early days," he was saying, "I was a member of a little band of minstrels whose modesty was in perfect keeping with its size. We only played the smaller towns, and every afternoon, rain or shine, we gave our parade. As I was the star I insisted that, in order to give tone to the company, the manager and I should head the procession in a carriage. Well, I had my way, and there was always a scramble on the manager's part, as soon as we reached a stand, to get the best looking carriage and team that the town afforded.

"We were to play in a little town out west one night, and had secured from the only livery establishment in the place the pair of horses which were also used in the town hearse. Well, there was a funeral that day, but the stable keeper, who was an Irishman, promised faithfully to be on hand at the tavern by 2 o'clock. The members of the company, surrounded by a crowd of gaping rustics, were standing out on the plank walk waiting for the start, and I was on the porch waiting impatiently for 'me coach.' At 1:59 o'clock I looked down the road in the direction of the stable and discovered an open carriage with two horses on a dead run, driven by our Irish friend, who yelled out to me as he reined in his panting steeds before door: "Av yez thought I wasn't coomin', sure yez don't know Pat Shea, for, be bevins, I'd been here on toime av I'd a had to brought the corpse wid me!"—New York Star.

A Popular Aristocratic Club.

According to the latest club book of the Union club the waiting list numbers nearly 350, and less than forty vacancies occurred within the past year. The limit of 1,200 was reached during that period, and the waiting list was reduced by about eighty. If vacancies continue to occur at the average of the past two years it will take exactly nine years to elect the present waiting list, unless some die off or get tired of standing in line.—New York Sun.

Miss Margaret Harkness, who is now studying the labor movement on the continent, will soon visit Olive Schreiner at the Cape. Miss Harkness hopes to go on to the diamond fields, following the example of Miss Schreiner, who spent a year at the gold diggings. Her new book, "The Labor Leader," will appear at Christmas.

Quarrying Onyx.

Mexican onyx is a form of stalagmite and its colors are formed of oxides of metals in the earth over the caves through which calcareous water passes. Gold is represented by purple, silver by yellow, iron by red, copper by green, and arsenic and zinc by white. Volcanic eruptions and earthquakes have almost destroyed the caves in which onyx exists, and the native Indians who mine it have to cut through masses of ruins. Blocks of the material are quarried in a primitive way, in order not to shatter the substance. Deep round holes are drilled by hand on a line. In each hole is inserted a snug fitting piece of wood, which has been grooved from end to end. Hot water is poured into the grooves at night. This swells the wood, and the block is split along the line without damage. The natives then saw the block into slabs and polish the surface by hand. Each piece is transparent, and when placed between the eyes and a strong light presents a remarkably beautiful effect in form and color.—New York Times.

Clergy in Russia.

The clergy of the Russian church are divided into two classes, according to their means of sustenance. One portion receive their regular salaries, the other have to work in the fields which the church apportions to them, and to depend on the gifts and collections from their parishioners. The latter are known as the "white" clergy. Now the synod is working out a plan for putting the entire clergy on regular salaries and abolishing the system of church collections. The sum of 32,841,000 rubles will be required annually for the salaries of the "white" clergy, which will be graded according to their respective offices. A special tax will be imposed upon the "orthodox" to raise that sum.—St. Petersburg Letter.

Origin of Cholera Infantum.

Professor Vaughan, of Michigan university, thinks that he has discovered the origin of cholera infantum. It is, according to his theory, the result of a poison generated by germs in the alimentary canal. He has extracted and tested in his laboratory the specific poison in question, and hopes to be able to produce an antidote with which the patient may be inoculated. He calls the poison tyrotoxicon, and finds it in cheese and all products of milk.—New Orleans Picayune.

TAKEN FOR A CRANK.

A semi-fiendish delight often seems to possess people of strong nerves in sneering at those with weak ones. The irritability of the nervous hypochondriac is ridiculed as natural ill temper. The very genuine and distressing symptoms from which he suffers are made light of. "He" or "she is a crank!" is the cheerful sort of sympathy with which the nervous invalid meets from the unfeeling and the thoughtless. At the same time no complaint is more defined and real, none has a more easily explainable origin when it is their ailment. Imperfect digestion and assimilation are always accompanied by nervous debility and anxiety. Build up the powers of assimilation and digestion with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and nervous symptoms, sick headaches and a generally feeble condition of the system are remedied. Remember that fearful ravages are produced by la grippe among weakly, nervous people. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters cures it, and prevents malaria, rheumatism and kidney complaint.

The latest way to express your opinion that a man is a fool is to say: "He is only ten minutes ahead of parcels."

THE FATHER OF MANY ILLS.

Constipation leads to a multitude of physical troubles. It is generally the result of carelessness or indifference to the simplest rule of health. Eugene McKay of Brantford, Ont., writes:

"I had for several years been a sufferer from constipation, had taken a great many different remedies, some of which did me good for a time, but only for a time, then my trouble came back worse than ever. I was induced by a friend, whom BRANDRETH'S PILLS had benefited, to try them. I did so, taking two each night for a week, then one every night for about six weeks. Since that time I have not experienced the slightest difficulty whatever, and my bowels move regularly every day. I believe firmly that for sluggishness of the bowels and biliousness BRANDRETH'S PILLS are far superior to any other."

Both men and women have their failings. With men it is the big head; with women the big hat.

The use of Ely's Cream Balm, a sure cure for catarrh and cold in head, is attended with no pain, inconvenience or dread, which can be said of no other remedy.

I feel it my duty to say a few words in regard to Ely's Cream Balm, and I do so entirely without solicitation. I have used it half a year, and have found it to be most admirable. I have suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since I was a little boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many of my acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Price, 50 cents at druggists' or by mail.
ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren Street, New York.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

It goes back —all the money you've spent for it—if there's neither benefit nor cure. That's what *ought* to be said of *every* medicine. It *would* be—if the medicine were good enough. But it *is* said of only one medicine of its kind—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It's the *guaranteed* blood-purifier. Not only in March, April and May, when the sarsaparillas claim to do good, but in every season and in every case it cures all diseases arising from a torpid liver or from impure blood. For all Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases, Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Biliousness, it is a positive remedy.

Nothing else is as cheap, no matter how many hundred doses are offered for a dollar.

With this, you pay only for the *good* you get.

And nothing else is "just as good."

It may be "better"—for the dealer; but *you* are the one that's to be helped.

1 CENT THE GREAT **SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE.** COUGH CURE. A DOSE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00. Travelers' convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

AGENTS made $71 in four days on my Electric Corsets and Specialties. 100 per cent profit and cash prizes. Sample free. Dr. Erdenman Broadway, N. Y.

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Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

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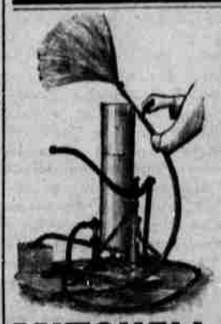

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