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Of the State University, and State Analyst, says that "the ROYAL BAKING POWDER has greater leavening power than any other of which we have any knowledge." This makes the ROYAL the most economical, as it is also the purest.

Wife-Poor Maudie, how sad she feels at the loss of her husband; she is covered with weeds from head to foot. Husband (sobbingly)—Yes, so is the grave of her lamented.

The English Consul Webb, who resigned his post in the Philippine Islands in consequence of his conversion to Islamism, intends to preach the Koran to English-speaking people.

Holiday presents in jewelry for everybody. Send to A. Feldenheimer, leading Jeweler, First and Morrison, Portland, Or.

THREE TROUBLES.

Three things which all workingmen know give the most trouble in their hard-strain work are: Sprains, Bruises and Soreness.

THREE AFFLICTIONS.

Three supreme afflictions, which all the world knows afflict mankind the most with Aches and Pains are: Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago.

THREE THINGS.

To do are simply these: Buy it, try it and be promptly and permanently cured by the use of



MASTIFF ON THE BRAIN.



Tobacco is man's most universal luxury; the fragrant aroma of Mastiff Plug Cut starts people to pipe smoking, even those who never used tobacco before.

"German Syrup"

I must say a word as to the efficacy of German Syrup. I have used it in my family for Bronchitis, the result of Colds, with most excellent success. I have taken it myself for Throat Troubles, and have derived good results therefrom. I therefore recommend it to my neighbors as an excellent remedy in such cases. James T. Durette, Earlysville, Va. Beware of dealers who offer you "something just as good." Always insist on having Boschee's German Syrup.

We used to hear that consumption was curable if one took it in hand in time; but people in general had to regard it as fatal.

Since we know more about it, we know how to fight it. Now we do begin in time. We begin before you suspect any danger.

Our means are CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil. Shall we send you a book on both? Free.

Scott & Bowman, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York. Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do.

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PURELY a vegetable compound, made entirely of roots and herbs gathered from the forests of Georgia, and has been used by millions of people with the best results. It

CURES

All manner of Blood diseases, from the pestiferous little boil on your nose to the worst cases of inherited blood taint, such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh and

SKIN-CANCER

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. Write to S. S. S. Co., Atlanta, Ga.

A DREAM OF BURIAL AT SEA.

Down through the deep, deep, gray green seas in sleep. Plunged my drowned soul: and ever on and on, hurrying at first, then where the faint light shone. Through fathoms twelve, with slackening fall did creep: Nor touched the bottom of that bottomless sleep. But with a slow, sustained suspension, Bowed 'mid the very wildest waves, Like a thin cloud in air, voraged the deep. Then all those dreadful faces of the sea, Horned things abhorred and shapes intolerable, Facing gleam lidless eyes swam up to me, And pushed me with their mouths, and coiled and fell. In spiral volumes, writhing horribly— Jagged the grotesque, fanged, ghastly jaws of hell. —A. Symonds.

MONTGOMERY PEEL.

I shall never forget the first time I ever saw Montgomery Peel. He was at a justice of the peace presiding at the preliminary trial of Andrew Brukmore, charged with the murder of David C. Cahoon. I was a mere boy at the time, but I remember that Montgomery Peel made a profound impression on me, and I also recollect that when my father, in answer to a question, said that a justice of the peace was not a high officer, I wondered why Peel had taken the peace; wondered why he had not declared himself governor of the state. He was a very tall man, with black, inquiring eyes and a great growth of dark brown whiskers. He presided as my ideal of dignity; his voice was penetrating and his questions were to the point. At first every one appeared to think that Andrew Brukmore was surely the murderer of David C. Cahoon, but as the examination proceeded, as the justice threw the soft light of apparent innocence upon the dark complexion of seeming guilt, it was plainly seen that the prisoner would not be held to await the action of the grand jury.

"Gentlemen," said Montgomery Peel, arising and addressing the assembly, "I have attempted to look with the eye of calmness and wisdom into this case. I have blundered my ears to the whisperings of prejudice, and within myself I have quieted every impulse that sought to jump toward a hasty conclusion. At first the evidence was bold against the man, but what at first seemed to be a wall of evidence now proves to be a fog of deception. Andrew Brukmore, he continued, turning majestically to the prisoner, "there are times, sir, when we are all called upon to face the trials of dark severity. You have faced yours, and now step aside without a stain upon your garments. Gentlemen, it is my desire that you all shake hands with Mr. Brukmore."

The scene was affecting. It that quiet Virginia community murder was of rare occurrence. Indeed many old men who were present had never before seen a prisoner held under so grave a charge. Every one pressed forward and shook hands with Brukmore, and I remember hearing a red-headed, freckled faced boy say: "I reckon the folks air cryin', pap, 'cause they air sorry they ain't goin' to hang him."

This trial seemed to make a different man of Montgomery Peel, for he attended church more regularly, and when his term of office expired he did not announce himself as a candidate for reelection. One day, several years later, father and I were riding through the woods when we came upon Montgomery Peel cutting down a tree.

"Why, what are you doing here?" my father asked. "You are surely not chopping firewood this hot weather." "No," said the giant—and he was indeed a giant—"I am going to build a house."

"What, build a house away out here?" "Yes, for the house I am going to build would be out of place anywhere except in the quiet woods; I am going to build a church."

"It will take a strong preacher, Peel, to draw a congregation away up here." "If the size of the congregation depends upon the strength of the preacher it is likely to be small, for I am to be the preacher."

"You are joking." "Did you ever know me to joke?" he asked, standing with one hand resting on the tree and gazing earnestly at my father. "I don't know that I ever did, Peel, but I can hardly believe that a man of your bright prospects could content himself with preaching in this lonely place. Why, there is not a house within three miles."

"Peter sometimes preached many miles distant from any house, yet thousands of people went to hear him." "Yes, that is true; but Peter preached a new and interesting gospel, while you can only hope to follow in a well worn path."

He gazed intently at my father and then answered: "We have seen a path that was worn, and then we have seen it deserted; have seen the grass and weeds grow where the ground was once made smooth and bare by many feet." "True enough, Peel. And now let me say that if you are in earnest I hope that you may be instrumental in drawing thousands from the wickedness of the world."

"I dare not hope to draw thousands," said he. "I dare not picture to my mind a multitude flocking to hear me; but I will dare hope to draw one soul away from an awaiting destruction, and if I do even that much I shall feel that my church has been built to some purpose."

As we rode along my father was silent for some time, and then, as though speaking to himself, said: "The poor fellow has lost his mind." The report that Montgomery Peel was building a church far away in the woods naturally awakened great interest in the community. Many of the men declared that he must have lost his mind, but the women, with that hopeful sympathy which ever expects a good result from an ostensibly pious action, averred that he was appointed to bring about a great reformation. Wives persuaded their husbands to assist in building the church, and thus aided Peel was soon ready to deliver his first sermon. It was on a Sunday, warm, bright and beautiful, that hundreds of people flocked to see him. I remember hearing one man, a cynical fellow, remark: "Oh, he has gone off this way for effect. He knows that if he had gone into a regular church nobody would pay any attention to him. He always was a sort of theatrical fellow, anyway."

"Why do you call him a theatrical fellow?" the man's wife spoke up. "I am sure that I never heard of his going to a theatre." "Marry Ann, you don't know what you

are talking about." "I know enough not to talk about a man that is trying to do good in the world."

"Good in the world!" her husband contemptuously repeated. "There's altogether too much talk these days about doing good in the world. If a man wants to do good, why don't he plant something and raise stuff for the people to eat?"

"It is quite as important to take care of poor people's souls." "I don't know about that. The Lord will fix the soul business all right." The church was crowded. Montgomery Peel stepped forward on a sort of platform, still majestic, but with a sprinkling of gray in his beard. A hymn was sung, a prayer was offered, and then the preacher thus began: "My friends, I will not explain why I have erected this church other than that I have taken it upon myself to preach the word of God. I do not come before you claiming to have been directly called to deliver the word unto you—that is, I heard no voice telling me to preach, but I did feel that I could do much good, and that it was my duty to spend the rest of my life in this service. I shall attempt no revolution, and those of you that have come expecting to hear a new doctrine, or even a new explanation of an old doctrine, will be disappointed. I believe that immortal fruit grows upon the tree of sincere repentance. I believe that each of us owes to God a life of simple purity and honesty. Our allotted time on earth is but a few days, and what should we gain though we were placed in high position among men, for high positions soon crumble into the dust of forgetfulness and men soon pass away. It is not enough simply to declare that we love the Lord, for love is often selfish; it is not enough simply to praise the Lord, for praise is sometimes the love-shoot of fear. While professing to love the Lord, and while showing that we praise him, we must look with tenderness upon the faults of others, we must speak no evil word of a neighbor, neither shall we bear tales, for the man who comes and tells us that some one has spoken in our dispraise may profess that he took our part and hushed the mouth of slander, yet he destroys our happiness for an entire day. Every Sunday hereafter—that is, so long as I am able—I shall preach in this house, urging repentance and kindness of heart. Many people have wondered at the great change that has come over me. This was a natural result of an unexpected action. Bear with me—come and commune with me, and I do not think that any one will ever regret that this humble house was placed here among the trees."

Many years passed. I grew up and wandered in foreign countries. My father passed away, and still, a letter from an old friend told me, Montgomery Peel continued to preach. I returned home, and on the following Sunday went to the log church, now almost covered with moss. The congregation was singing a hymn when my friend and I entered. "Where is the preacher?" I asked when we had sat down. "Hasn't come up yet. He lives in a cellar immediately under the floor, and has grown so old and infirm that we sometimes have to wait for him."

The hymn was finished and still he did not come. Another hymn was sung and then a man arose and said that he would go down and see if anything had happened to the preacher. The man soon returned. "Brethren," said he, "the old man is dead. Those of you who desire to do so may come down and see him."

Nearly every one shrank back, but I went down into the cellar. The old man, shriveled and white with age, lay upon a bed of straw. The place was dark, and when we held a candle near his face we found a paper pinned to the bosom of his shirt. Written on the outside of the paper were these words: "Read this to the congregation."

We went up stairs, and the man that had found the dead preacher thus addressed the awestricken congregation: "Brethren and sisters, we have a communication from the old gentleman whose voice you shall never again hear." He then read as follows: "The hand of death is upon me, and I feel that it is my duty to say a few words to you, my dear people. You have been so good, so patient and so kind that I love you with all my soul. I have loved you ever since I needed your love. I will tell you when I first needed your love and sympathy: Many years ago I was walking along a lonely road. Night hawks may have cried, but I did not hear them; I could not have heard the voice of an angel had he shouted at me. I met a man; I knew that he was coming that way. 'Hold,' said I. 'He stops, and asked what I wanted. 'I want you,' said I. 'What do you want with me?' 'I want you to give me something.' 'What do you want me to give?' 'Your life.' 'Why?' 'Because you ruined my home years ago. I sprang on him there in the moonlight. I cut out his heart and wiped his face with it. That man was David C. Cahoon.'—Opis Read in Arkansas Traveler.

Why Tell the Truth? The tolling of bells at funerals is a relic of the earliest ages, and originated in the Pagan idea that the sound of bells frightened away evil spirits. It was kept up until watches and clocks became common to apprise the worshippers of the arrival of church time. Why the custom now prevails it is difficult to conjecture.—Chatter.

Looks Too Pleasant. Mr. Stiff (a popular undertaker, to one of his employees)—You've got too cheerful a countenance for a successful undertaker, Joe; you look too pleasant. Joe—'I can't help it. It's the way I built. 'Well, I'll get you some of the New York funny papers.'—Chicago Herald.

A Lucky Discovery. Henry—I understand you met your girl's father at the house last night. Thomas—Well, not exactly; but he was there while I was. Henry—Did he show you the door? Thomas (confidently)—Oh, no; I found it myself.—Washington Critic.

Man's Inhumanity. Mrs. Youngplugg (with a sigh)—Jack doesn't call me sweetheart any more; it's a photograph now. Miss Chatterly—Why does he call you a photograph? Mrs. Y.—He says I'm always talking back at him.—New York Sun.

A Fatal Admission. She (his sweetheart)—Oh, what a nice present you have given me. I hope you have not got too extravagant. He—Oh, no, a dollar down and a dollar a—oh, ah, I didn't pay much for it.—Yankee Blade.

Heaven is a New Aspect.

When my grandson was a year old I lay away at his bed until he slept. One night, as I was about to leave him, he opened his eyes and said, most earnestly: "Grandma, I am so glad you are not a dreammaker. I asked him why he said that. 'Because there are no dreammakers in heaven.' I asked him the reason for thinking so and he replied, 'Because the little angels never have any dreams.'—New York World.

Not a Green Olive.

Miss Olive is evidently fitting herself to become a funny man on a newspaper, for looking out of the window at some children playing in the street she observed positively: "Pray, mamma, why are those children so new about? Again her mother gave it up. 'They are both American kids, dear.' 'Pretty good for a small girl scarcely 8 years old; but, then, this is a rapid age.'—Boston Herald.

Ready for Trial.

Great Bodily Lawyer (to New York)—The trial of our honorable client will begin tomorrow. Assistant (astounded)—Trial? Couldn't you get the case postponed any longer? 'No need to wait further postponed. All the important witnesses are dead.'—Philadelphia Record.

His Hour of Triumph.

A naturalized citizen of English birth tells this story: "The day before the Fourth of July last year the teacher to whom my boy goes to school explained to her class why the day was celebrated, giving full particulars. The next morning the boy, who was born in this country, said to me: 'Dad, this is the day we licked you.'—Syracuse Herald.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

Dr. Parker's Sore Throat Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price, 25 cents a bottle. For sale by all druggists. Pacific Coast Agent, Geo. Dahlbender & Co., Drugists, 214 Kearny street, San Francisco. Soft gloves are worn by pugilists to prevent hard feelings in a friendly fight.

For a first-class article in Jewelry, Watches, Diamonds, etc., send to A. Feldenheimer, leading Jeweler, First and Morrison, Portland, Or.

The proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for catarrh and cold in the head. I have been afflicted with catarrh for twenty years. It became chronic, and extended to my throat, causing hoarseness and great difficulty in speaking; indeed, for years I was not able to speak more than thirty minutes, and often this with great difficulty. I also to a great extent lost the sense of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm I dropped of mucus has ceased, and my voice and hearing have greatly improved.—James W. Davidson, Attorney-at-law, Monmouth, 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.

This year the first of the put-up jobs so far visible in places is the new election booth.

THE TROUBLE.—"Brewer's Bronchial Trochae" set directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the throat. Speakers and singers find the Trochae useful.

Literal.—"What is your father?" "He's dead." "But what was he before he died?" "He was alive."

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Have You Asthma?

DR. R. SCHIFFMANN, St. Paul, Minn., will mail a trial package of Schiffmann's Asthma Cure free to any sufferer. Gives instant relief in worst cases, and cures where others fail. Name this paper and send address.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. See Private Circulars. Address for pamphlet, Dr. Porterfield & Lowy, 523 Market street, San Francisco.

Use Enameline Store Polish; no dust, no smell.



It's flying in the face of Nature to take the ordinary pill. Just consider how it acts. There's too much bulk and bustle, and not enough real good. And think how it leaves you when it's all over! Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets act naturally. They help Nature to do her own work. They cleanse and renovate, mildly but thoroughly, the whole system. Regulate it, too. The help that they give, lasts. They're purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, the smallest, easiest, and best to take. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They're the cheapest pill you can buy, for they're guaranteed to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only for the good you get. This is true only of Dr. Pierce's medicines. SHILOH'S CURE. Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists at a Moderate Price. For a Large Size, See or Chest Shilo's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER. Mrs. F. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Shilo's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE' consider it the best remedy for debilitated system I ever used." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble is exalted. Price 75 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and cure you. Price 50 cts. This is the best of all remedies for Catarrh of the Bladder. Shilo's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

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Of consideration are nostrums of which it is asserted—and there are many such—that they cure immediately all ailments of long standing. There are no such things. Chronic disorders cannot be instantaneously removed. Cont'd. Ugly in the use of a genuine medicine, such as Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, will eradicate chronic physical evil. Not the least of these last in the course of its operation is medicine is equal to the removal of which, if persisted in, the Bitters is particularly adapted. Constipation of the bowels is a complaint which should be dealt with early and systematically. So are its usual attendants, liver complaint and dyspepsia. For those, for malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble and more recently "la grippe," this highly and professionally commended medicine is an undoubted specific. Nothing can exceed it, moreover, as a means of imparting strength to the feeble and nervous.

It is hard for a man with a bad liver to believe that anybody in his neighborhood has the right kind of religion.

HARM AND EFFECTIVE.

BRANDERBURY'S PILLS are the safest and most effective remedy for Indigestion, Irregularity of the Bowels, Constipation, Biliousness, Headache, Distress, Malaria, or any disease arising from an impure state of the blood. They have been in use in this country for over fifty years, and the thousands of unimpeachable testimonials from those who have used them, and their constantly increasing sale, is incontrovertible evidence that they perform all that is claimed for them.

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CATARH CAN'T BE CURED.

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they can't reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal medicine. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood. It is a perfect cure. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what reduces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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The restoring and invigorating properties of Hood's Sarsaparilla, combined with its power to vitalize and enrich the blood, render it peculiarly adapted for all troubles peculiar to women—that tired feeling, or debility caused by change of season, climate of life. Hood's Sarsaparilla has accomplished very gratifying results in many cases. Read the following: "I was for a long time a sufferer from

Female Weakness

and tried many remedies and physicians, to no good purpose. One day I read one of the Hood's Sarsaparilla books, and thought I would try a bottle of the medicine. It made so great a difference in my condition that I took three bottles more and found myself perfectly well. I have also given

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