U. S. Government Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dep't), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

	LEAVENING GAS. Per cent.	Cubic in. per oz.
ROYAL, Absolutely Pure,	13.06	160.6
The OTHER POWDERS TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively,	12.58	151.1
	11.13	133.6
	10.26	123.2
	9.53	114.
	9.29	111.6
	8.03	96.5
	7.28	87.4
	4.98	65.5

Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, and of greater leavening power than any other powder.

John Plankinton's Ovation.

A noble type of the man who knows how to do good with his money was John Plankinton, of Milwaukee. Mr. Plankinton's charitable deeds began in early life, from the very generosity of his nature, and were continued uninterruptedly. What he has done is best attested by the fellow citizens of the great pork packer who had shared his public munificence and were thoroughly cognizant of his many private charities. In illustration of the esteem and love in which he was held it is related that when President Cleveland visited Milwaukee in 1887, the applause which greeted him as his carriage drove along the streets was as nothing to the ovation given John Plankinton, who rode in the procession.

When, a year or two later, Mr. Plankinton's body was borne to the cemetery, all the houses along the line of the funeral march were draped in mourning and expressions of personal sorrow were heard on every hand. It was a tribute to a rich man who spent his money wisely and who knew what was beautiful in a life that is worth living.—

Mutual Interrogatories.

"William," said she, severely, "how many more times are you going to ask me to marry you?"

"Clara," said he, with equal sternness, "how much longer are you going to persist in refusing me?"—Merchant Traveler.

THE REASON.

Let us look into the force, meaning, reason of the oft-repeated line: Cures Promptly and Permanently.

Pains Endured for 30 Years,
25 Years,
20 Years,
10 Years,

Have been promptly Cured by

ST. JACOBS OIL.

By the use of:

A FEW APPLICATIONS
A HALF BOTTLE
ONE BOTTLE
TWO BOTTLES.

Correspondence with Sufferers shows entire permanence of cure up to this time, in some cases covering

5 Years,
7 Years,
8 Years,
10 Years,

and so on, and this proof we hold.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of Buildings and Grounds, beautifully illustrated, in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c. in postage stamps by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

"August Flower"

My wife suffered with indigestion and dyspepsia for years. Life became a burden to her. Physicians failed to give relief. After reading one of your books, I purchased a bottle of August Flower. It worked like a charm. My wife received immediate relief after taking the first dose. She was completely cured—now weighs 165 pounds, and can eat anything she desires without any deleterious results as was formerly the case. C. H. Dear, Prop'r Washington House, Washington, Va.

GET your garden ready and **GET**

The Timothy Hopkins Collection of Sweet Peas

Containing twenty-one distinct varieties—a large packet of each—for $1.50, or a packet of the same varieties, mixed, for 10 cents.

12 **Carnations** (distinct varieties) . $1.00
12 **Chrysanthemums** (distinct varieties) $1.00
12 **Pelargoniums** (distinct varieties) $1.00
12 **Roses** (distinct varieties) . . $1.00

All strong, healthy, pot-grown plants, free by mail.

Flower Seeds—Twenty-five choice varieties, your own
Vegetable Seeds or our selection, for $1.00.

With either of above collections our handsomely illustrated 100-page catalogue is sent free. This is admitted to be a work of art, and contains a reproduction, in natural colors, of the twenty-one varieties now universally recognized as **The Timothy Hopkins Collection of Sweet Peas.**

SHERWOOD HALL NURSERY CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women.
Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture.
I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.
Mf'd only by The Evans Chemical Co. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.
A. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill.
Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.
CONSUMPTION.

YOU AND I.

Not he who lays it on the shelf,
But he who spends his talent saves it.
He gives indeed who gives himself,
And best or worst is his who craves it.

A thousand wish our work success;
One brings us cheer because he speaks it.
A common thing is happiness;
He only never finds who seeks it.

The atom with the supreme sun
Of Nature's plan was made partaker;
Alike has each its course to run,
And show the wisdom of its Maker.

The steady seasons come and go;
The constant needle strangely falters;
The moon drawn sea sways to and fro;
Opinions change; truth never alters.

We may resist our foe's assaults,
His sneers that sting, his blows that batter;
Correction of our daily faults
We find another, harder matter.

Self has no claims when duty calls;
Our destinies receive our shaping;
Escape we may from prison walls,
But from ourselves there's no escaping.

The cruel conquests of the sword
Bring fleeting fame that soldiers sigh for;
The cheering smile and winning word
Bring love that thousands pine and die for.

An accident, a lucky star
Might lead us to the abbey's niches;
Not what we have, but what we are
Is the imperishable riches.

Is there a course we should pursue?
Through ruin's realm we must pursue it.
Is there a work for us to do?
Though death confront us we must do it.

Not how to die, but how to live,
Demands our care and best endeavor.
For character its light will give
When sun and stars are quenched forever.
—E. N. Pomeroy in Youth's Companion.

They Kill, but Do Not Smoke.

The average Kaluli does not regard murder as a crime. It is kill or be killed in his own country, and he therefore regards the matter of the taking off of a friend most philosophically. "There is nothing to worry about: he is dead, and I killed him," he will tell you if you should inquire about a companion with whom he was on the best of terms the preceding winter. I have heard an Afghan, while purchasing a weapon, speak with evident gusto of the occasion when he would use the gun to murder a friend. It caused him as little concern, this contemplated crime, as if he had said, "Shall kill a chicken, if God so wills it, tomorrow for my pillau."

And yet there is something childish and affectionate about these men. They never seem to forget a favor, and repay it to the best of their ability. Unlike other Mohammedans, they do not observe the Koran with blind obstinacy, but occasionally stretch its precepts to accord with their ideas of religion. They do not drink, for that is directly against the law, nor do they smoke. San Francisco Chronicle.

The Kind of Music Baudelaire Liked.

Literature is on the border of science, draws inspiration from it, and finds in the marvels of physiology motifs of disquietude and fear—an unpublished shudder, in fact, to speak a little after the manner of Victor Hugo. Charles Baudelaire certainly had an influence on this particular movement. I hear him still telling us with a grimace not to be forgotten: "I adore Wagner. [He had been one of the first to defend him in Paris.] But the music I prefer is that of a cat hung up by his tail outside of a window and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws. There is an odd grating on the glass which I find at the same time strange, irritating and singularly harmonious."—Jules Clairette in North American Review.

Money in Electricity.

A very recent estimate of the capital invested in the electrical industries in the United States is $720,000,000, and of this amount $350,000,000 represents the proportion which electric lighting and power have attained; $100,000,000 is also the estimated investment in electrical supplies, of which the electric lighting and railway appliances constitute a large proportion.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Prince of Wales, simple and unostentatious as he always desires his private visits to be, cannot be fittingly entertained for even two or three days without an expenditure of $15,000 or $20,000.

So well trained are a pair of horses owned by a farmer in Lancaster county, Pa., that they pull a harrow regularly across the field from morning until night without a driver.

In Africa and India and in South America monkeys are often employed to gather the fruit which grows too ... to be reached by the natives.

England has one horse for every twelve persons, and only an average of four hours of daily sunshine in which to ride or walk.

In China wealthy people buy their coffins long before they need them, and exhibit them as ornamental pieces of furniture.

AT THE DOOR.

I thought myself indeed secure,
So fast the door, so firm the lock;
But, lo! he toddling comes to lure
My parent ear with timorous knock.

My heart were stone could it withstand
The sweetness of my baby's plea,
That timorous, baby knocking, and
"Please let me in; it's only me."

I threw aside the unfinished book,
Regardless of its tempting charms,
And, opening wide the door, I took
My laughing darling in my arms.

Who knows but in eternity
I, like a truant child, shall wait
The glories of a life to be,
Beyond the heavenly Father's gate!

And will that heavenly Father heed
The truant's supplicating cry,
As at the outer door I plead,
"'Tis I, O Father! only I!"
—Eugene Field in Christian Advocate.

A DOCTOR'S STORY.

I met Laura at a charity ball. It was a case of love at first sight on my part, and I got introduced.

"Dr. Sprigge—Miss Laura Wyatt." The introduction was made in an instant. We had one waltz, only one, which we danced from start to finish; and then, when that glorious waltz was over, we both felt as though we had known and loved each other all our lives.

How I managed it I don't exactly know, but I did manage it. I succeeded in getting introduced to old Mr. Wyatt, Laura's papa. I danced several other dances with Laura, and at the end of those dances

I vowed her the one thing undefiled
That lived and breathed in this world of sin;
The purest, tenderest, truest child
That a man ever trusted in.

You may say that it did not take me long to arrive at this conclusion. It did not take me long, simply because I am a man of great mental promptitude, and have grown accustomed to arrive rapidly at a correct diagnosis. You have to arrive at a rapid diagnosis when you see a hundred and twenty patients in three hours, which I had been in the habit of doing as assistant physician to St. Skinflint's.

I fancy I made a rather favorable impression on old Wyatt. I had cultivated a good professional manner. Some people say that in my profession manner is everything. I was what may be termed extra professional—your young consulting physician always is. I had the etiquette and the ethics of the profession at my fingers' ends, and at that time I honestly felt that if it had not been for my peculiarly prepossessing appearance, and the fact that I was deficient in the physician's crown of glory (I mean a bald head), a large and lucrative practice must be mine eventually; and till the night I saw Laura I was absolutely devoted to the profession of medicine, and I longed—I actually longed—for that bald head and the accompanying large and lucrative practice.

I called, and I was very favorably received. Mr. Wyatt asked me to dinner; and he made a very favorable impression upon me, and he gave me a very good dinner, and the interest the old gentleman took in medicine was something wonderful. Old Wyatt lived in a very large house, in thoroughly respectable style—butler who looked like an archdeacon and two parlor maids.

Well, I was very much in love with Laura (it was fifteen years ago, and I am as much in love with her now as I was then). I proposed for Laura in form; and then I had to confess to old Wyatt that I had only six thousand pounds of my own left. I had got through four thousand of my original ten in the rent of consulting room, the hire of a brougham, and the usual taxes to which the young consultant is subjected. I told old Wyatt flatly that I did not want his money; it was his daughter I wanted and not his ducats. This statement was absolutely genuine, for I was very much in love. I explained to Mr. Wyatt that by the time the rest of the ten thousand was gone I might honestly expect to be in receipt of the magnificent professional income of five hundred a year.

Then old Mr. Wyatt threw himself back in his chair and laughed aloud. I thought he would never leave off laughing. I remonstrated with him upon his heartless conduct.

"My dear fellow," he said, "I can't help it, it's too ridiculous. You deliberately throw away £10,000 and the best years of your life for the sake of a possible income of five hundred a year. Now, Dr. Sprigge, I will not attempt to conceal from you that my daughter is much attached to you. You are young, you are enthusiastic, you are ready to sacrifice everything for your profession. Now, the question is: Are you ready to sacrifice your profession for my daughter? I am a bit of a doctor myself," he said with a curious chuckle, "and I've a great respect for doctors, but there are reasons—good and substantial reasons—why my daughter could never marry a medical man, or, rather, to be more accurate, there are reasons why no medical man could marry my daughter."

What could he mean? It was a most mysterious statement.

"My dear sir," I said, "if I threw up my profession for your daughter's sake, we should not have enough to live on; £6,000 would not last very long."

"You need not trouble yourself about that," said Mr. Wyatt, "I am fairly well off. I should be prepared to give you a share in my business—it's a very good business—and I'm very fond of my daughter Laura, and she is my only child, you know. Don't be alarmed," said Mr. Wyatt, "I shouldn't want your money. I should only want your assistance in developing my business. I could give you a salary, if you liked—say, a couple of thousand a year; or, as I said before, you could have a share in the business."

"But I am not a business man," I remonstrated; "besides, I know nothing whatever of the nature of the business," I added, for I was altogether puzzled.

"You will not betray my confidence?" said Mr. Wyatt, with an air of mystery; "of course you won't. Well, I'm a benefactor of the human race. Did you ever hear of Bumstead's Infallible Tincture? I married Bumstead's widow. Laura is my daughter by a second marriage—this will give you all the necessary particulars," he said, as he thrust a little pamphlet into my hands. "I'll come back for your answer in a few minutes." Then he left me, and the room began to turn round and round.

Of course I had heard of Bumstead's Infallible Tincture—who hasn't? Who has not read the well known advertisement beginning:

Have you got a cold in the head? Try "Bumstead."
Do you suffer from indigestion? Try "Bumstead."
Is old age creeping upon you? Try "Bumstead."

And so on for a whole column. Had not I been continually irritated by my patients at the hospital telling me that they had tried "Bumstead" before they tried me? Was not "Bumstead" familiar in their mouths as a household word? And my Laura's father had married the widow of a quack—he was a quack himself! And I suffered agonies as I remembered that Laura was a quack's daughter. The idea was a horrible one.

I read the little book. There were hundreds of testimonials, according to which "Bumstead's Tincture" was infallible. The testimonials were from all sorts and conditions of men. They were evidently perfectly genuine, for they attached their names and addresses. Perhaps the mysterious Bumstead had discovered the Elixir Vitæ. Then I read on till I came to the description of the remedy itself. It was said to be "prepared from certain medicinal plants found only in Central Arabia, Beloochistan, and the mountainous region of the northwestern frontier of Crim Tartary." Oh, there could not be anything in it; of course, it was a swindle. If it were only genuine, I felt that I would not hesitate for a single instant. At that moment the door opened and Bumstead—I mean Mr. Wyatt—entered.

"Well, my young friend," he said, with a good humored smile, "what is your determination?"

"Mr. Wyatt," I said, and I assumed my very best professional manner, "if I could only believe in the genuineness of these testimonials; if I could only think that the Infallible Tincture does all that it is said to do; if I could only honestly believe in it, I would cast principle and pride and prejudice to the winds and instantly jump at your most liberal offer."

"You don't mean to say that you doubt the genuineness of the testimonials!" cried Mr. Wyatt, in evident indignation. Then he read Lord Addlepate's testimonial very slowly and very softly. "Dr. Sprigge," he said, at its conclusion, "Lord Addlepate is a peer of the realm, one of our hereditary legislators. Would you presume to doubt the word of an hereditary legislator? Call on his lordship, you are a physician; you can form your own opinion. The whole of these testimonials, sir, are absolutely genuine!" cried Mr. Wyatt, and he thumped the table with his fist. "I believe in Bumstead, sir, and I've never had a day's illness in my life." I did not think much of that argument.

"Look here," said Mr. Wyatt; "I'll make you a present of a gross of it. Take it to St. Skinflint's and try it on your patients." The horrible suggestion caused me to shudder in spite of myself.

"Do you care so little for my daughter, Dr. Sprigge," said Bumstead—I mean Mr. Wyatt—very solemnly, "that you actually decline to investigate the matter? Didn't the whole world believe the earth to be flat till it was proved to be round? Wasn't Columbus looked upon as a fool and an impostor? Let me tell you, sir, the day is coming when all the world will revere the name of Bumstead."

When I looked round upon the evident signs of wealth, when I looked into that old man's face, and I remembered that he was Laura's father, I could not doubt the honesty of his convictions. I seized his hand; there were tears in my eyes as I bade him an affectionate farewell.

"I will investigate it, sir!" I cried, "and I will communicate the result to you in a fortnight."

Then we shook hands.

* * * * * * *

I went into the nearest chemist's. I asked for a bottle of Bumstead's infallible tincture.

"It's a very valuable remedy, sir," said the chemist; "most of our customers find it a perfect panacea."

It was strange, very strange. Your true physiologist never hesitates to make a crucial experiment upon his own person. I took a double dose of "Bumstead" that night. It did not have the slightest effect upon me. I finished the bottle the next day; it did not even make me feel ill. I did not think much of "Bumstead" as a medicine. Most valuable remedies make you feel very ill, indeed—that is my experience. Then I called on six of the testimonial givers. They all swore by "Bumstead." "A man must take medicine of some sort, sir," one remarked to me; "when I'm a bit out of sorts I just flies to 'Bumstead,' and it does me a power of good."

My next step was to insert an advertisement in the Agony Column of the Times. It ran as follows:

To the physician who recommended "Bumstead's Infallible Tincture" to an aged nobleman suffering from heart disease, in the Pullman train running to Brighton, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th. Kindly send address, and greatly oblige Lord X.

Then followed an address in Mayfair.

I got 237 answers to that advertisement. Over 200 of them sang the praises of "Bumstead." Thirty inclosed prospectuses of rival medicines. One was a very rude letter. It ran as follows:

DEAR BUMSTEAD—I'll give you a testimonial with pleasure on receipt of a postal order for one pound.

The six remaining letters were all from medical men. Each of them declared that they remembered the incident perfectly, that Bumstead's Infallible Tincture was the very thing, and each of them intimated to Lord X. that he had better consult the writer at his earliest convenience. One was from the senior physician of St. Skinflint's.

After such evidence as this, could I doubt any longer? Could any man who possessed a well balanced and judicial mind dare to doubt such evidence as this? "Bumstead" must indeed be an infallible remedy when six eminent physicians, each traveling by the Pullman train to Brighton on a particular afternoon, should each have the good fortune to meet with an aged nobleman suffering from heart disease, and each and every one of them from the very bottom of his heart recommended "Bumstead" as a matter of course.

On the appointed day I called upon Mr. Wyatt. I respectfully saluted him as a benefactor of the human race. Within three months I married Laura. I gave up the practice of the profession as a matter of conviction. I went into partnership with old Mr. Wyatt. He died a year or two ago. He left everything to Laura. I am a rich man now. I live in Kensington Park Gardens, and I have a lovely place in the country, and I became—I practically became—well—"Bumstead."—St. James' Gazette.

How the Oyster Feeds.

How the oyster feeds may seem a problem. Fixed to an anchorage, how does it get its food? As seen in a "raw box," which is always "now open," the oyster is shut as close as a clam; but in its native habitat its shells are always a little apart, and microscopic waving hairs set up currents which carry the food plants to its mouth, where they are ingulfed and afterward digested. The oyster feeds every hour, every minute of the day, and turns material otherwise unavailable into one of the best of human foods. Scientific work by the state and national surveys have proved that nearly three-quarters of the bay are covered by such mud, and are fitted to nourish oysters, though only a small part is oyster bed. Why? The embryo sinks in the mud, and is smothered. To thrive, it needs merely some stones or other solid objects to serve as a resting place.—Dr. H. Newell Martin.

In the Visitors' Book.

A gentleman who has just returned from England has scribbled in his notebook some of the things which he found in an inn album in Devonshire, at a country inn where he was detained over a stormy day.

His best extract is the comment upon a misspelled word.

"I can fully recomend this inn," one traveler wrote, with more kindliness than orthography. Under this a later comer had written:

How can you "fully recommend" it
Unless another "m" you lend it?
Shorn of this letter, you must see,
The word a thousand fold must be
Short of its full identity!
—Youth's Companion.

Washington's Philanthropist.

William W. Corcoran made millions of dollars in the banking business, and he gave away millions, as every schoolboy knows. What he has done for the city of Washington and its vicinity is shown in the beautiful art gallery, the Louise home and other substantial structures. What his private charities have been can be learned from thousands of people he has relieved and assisted.—New York World.

Where Allspice Grows.

The Island of Jamaica produces about all the allspice that is used. It is known also as pimento, or Jamaica pepper. The tree on which the berries grow is evergreen, and the flowers grow in dense clusters. These develop into small green aromatic berries, the size of black pepper. If allowed to ripen they become pulpy and lose some of their pungency. For commercial purposes the berries are gathered when green, carefully dried in the sun, and afterward packed in bags holding 160 to 180 pounds and shipped. Pimento trees grow in many parts of tropical America, but nowhere do they thrive as in Jamaica. The trees are never planted by man and receive no cultivation worthy of the name. The seeds are dropped by the birds, and the rains and the tropical sun do the rest. Surplus trees are cut down and become walking sticks and umbrella handles. This spice is more mild and innocent than most other spices.—Baker's Helper.

The Safest Place in a Storm.

The safest place in a thunderstorm is said to be under a small tree or building or the open space, the signal of danger being the loud, reverberating thunder claps, which indicate that the lightning is not far off, and that the next bolt is liable to strike somewhere in the neighborhood.—Baltimore Herald.

NATURE'S SUREST ALLY.

If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weakly constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus struggles let us lest worse befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that "lamp to our feet" indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thorough ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance of the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use for nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic trouble and debility.

"He et ey are, my good man; but I do not know that they will fit you." Haidl ck—Yes, this is the very suit of clothes I gave your husband six months ago."

PROOF OF MERIT.

The proof of the merits of a plaster is the cures it effects, and the voluntary testimonials of those who have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS during the past thirty years is unimpeachable evidence of their superiority and should convince the most skeptical. Self-praise is no recommendation, but certificates from those who have used them are.

Beware of imitations and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Citticus—I wonder how it is that so few women stutter when they talk? Witticus—They haven't got time.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

"I'd think street cars would be built just alike at both ends." "Well, they are." "Oh, no! Any conductor will tell you there's always room up front."

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Also all *Private* diseases. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

A boy soon learns that he can get anything from his mother by asking for it but I nd in his prayers, but that he can't work his father that way.

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

Little Dot—Oh, dear! I wish I wasn't a girl. Teacher—You do? Why? Little Dot—'Cause I like to sit with the boys.

Our readers will serve themselves by noticing the remarkable offerings advertised in another column by the Sherwood Hall Nursery Co. of Menlo Park and San Francisco, who are leaders on the coast in furnishing everything for the farm and garden.

A new kind of flannel is called "tramp flannel." It shrinks from washing.

HOW PORTLAND GROWS.

Another Big Wholesale House Recently Started There.

Mr. William M. Jack, formerly in business at Butte, Mont., Mr. M. Howard lately connected with the National Tube Works Company of Chicago, and Mr. H. R. Boynton, until recently in charge of the business of the Western Tube Company of Kewanee, Ill., on this coast, have associated themselves together under the style of the W. M. Jack Company, for the purpose of carrying on a jobbing business in the line of wrought iron pipe, fittings, valves and cocks for steam, water and gas, steam pumps, hose, leather and rubber belting, steamship, mill and engineers' supplies. With the advantage that long experience in these lines gives, with ample capital and a thorough knowledge of the requirements of the trade tributary to Portland, it would seem that the company is destined to become one of the leading jobbing houses of Portland. The company occupies a 100-feet front, three-story, commodious building, at 13 and 15 Front street, fitted up expressly for its business.

For new and old SACKS, CHILIAN GUANO, etc., write EVERDING & FARRELL, Portland, Or.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

FACE AND FIGURE show it, if you're a healthy woman. They'll have a beauty of their own, no matter what your features. Perfect health, with its clear skin, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, is enough to make any woman attractive.

To get perfect health, use faithfully Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health, flesh and strength.

For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and "female complaints" generally, it is so effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good."

Hood's Cures

Saved My Wife's Life

Weakness, Nervousness, Salt Rheum.

John W. Jones
Kalama, Wash.

"Of my own free will and accord, unbiased by anyone, and wishing only to do good to the afflicted, I wish to tell of the good qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. I think there are no medicines equal to them, and have proved their merit by experience in my own family. My wife, Rachel, has been afflicted with weakness, nervousness, and salt rheum. I spent nearly all that I had of this world's goods for doctor's bills and medicine until we decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It undoubtedly

Saved My Wife From the Grave.

The salt rheum has entirely healed and she is **restored to good health.** I have many friends and relatives in the east who will be glad to know that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has cured my wife." JOHN W. JONES, Kalama, Wash. Get HOOD'S.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box. 25c.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts., 50cts., and $1.00 per Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER. 25c.

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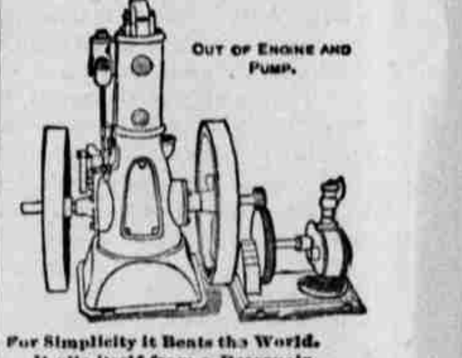

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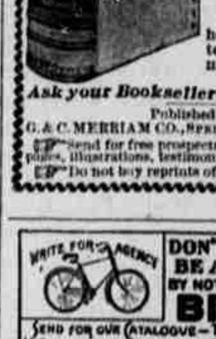

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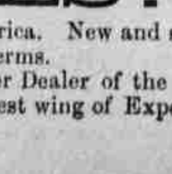

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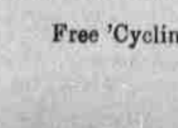

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