The Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to progress in cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping. Royal Baking Powder makes hot bread wholesome. Perfectly leavens without fermentation. Qualities that are peculiar to it alone.

Her Apology.

A little girl who had a foolish habit of plain speaking was taken to the sewing circle with her mother. On entering the room, after exchanging greetings with several matrons of her acquaintance, Miss Truthful walked up to another lady, and in the confident tone of one who gives utterance to a self evident fact, she said, loudly enough for every one present to hear:

"Why, Mrs. Handley, how homely you are!"

While the victim was hiding her confusion as best she might, and the rest were trying hard to conceal their amusement, the young lady herself was hastily taken from the room.

Once in the hall, she was dealt with somewhat severely, and made to feel the enormity of her unintentional rudeness. Then she was taken back to apologize.

Walking straight up to Mrs. Handley, while all the ladies held their breath to listen, she said, with trembling tones and with the tears still upon her cheeks:

"Mrs. Handley, I'm sorry you're so homely!"—Youth's Companion.

A Monster Wildcat.

A fifteen-year-old boy, while riding horseback over the prairie in the Sybille (Wyoming) country, the other day, suddenly came upon a monster wildcat that was crouching among the bushes along the route. Instead of trying to get away from it the brave young lad got off his horse and proceeded to pelt the animal with rocks and finally succeeded in killing it.

Olds & King, PORTLAND, OREGON.

OUR SPRING CATALOGUE abounds in bargains of all descriptions, and we have new ones arriving constantly. Here is the latest: A LADIES' EMBROIDERED EDGE WHITE MULL HANDKERCHIEF sent to any address on receipt of 17 CENTS and 1 CENT extra for postage. We are agents for the STANDARD PATTERN. P. & P. KID GLOVES and the ROYAL WORCESTER CORSETS. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue. We mail it free of charge.

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Are KING'S PERFECT-FITTING TROUSERS at $6.50 per pair. Few tailors can equal them in fit and finish.

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The most durable colors and the most stylish shapes. Strictly a $3 hat. Send your size and order for one to

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ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

Don't Delay

If you wish a succession of Flowers or Vegetables through the year. Plant now. For ONE DOLLAR we will send either of the following Collections of Well-Grown Plants, postage paid.

12 DISTINCT VARIETIES: ROSES, FUCHSIAS, VERBENAS, CARNATIONS, GERANIUMS, CHRYSANTHEMUMS — $1

SEEDS: FLOWER OR VEGETABLE. 25 CHOICE Varieties of either (your own or our selection)

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21 Distinct Varieties. A Large Packet of Seeds of each $1.50, or a Packet of all, mixed, 50 cts.

Supplementary List of Reasonable Specialties now ready. Please send for one.

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SILVER CUPS

For children and for grown folks. Fine family souvenirs. Largest stock of all kinds of Solid Silver and Plate at lowest prices. Letters promptly responded to.

A. FELDENHEIMER, Cor. First and Morrison, Portland, Or.

"August Flower"

"I have been afflicted with biliousness and constipation for fifteen years and first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried, but to no purpose. A friend recommended August Flower and words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold it. It has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia and biliousness." JESSE BARKER, Printer, Humboldt, Kas.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

TAKE PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. CURES KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES, HEADACHE & COSTIVENESS. PURE BLOOD

A VISION.

Last night, in the sweetest dream,
I saw my mother's face
Aglow with warmest love,
As we met with fond embrace.
O brightest, hollest hour!
Where lay thy mystic power!

A wind sighed 'mong the leaves:
The clouds hid all the light;
My dream was o'er. My heart still grieves
For her who came last night.

This morn on a grassy mound,
The summer sun shines bright;
The lily lowly bends
Robed in her garments white.
The rose its petals cast;
Too sweet, too bright to last.

Sweet saint, serene and bright!
To me the bliss was given
To lure her from her home of light,
But ere the morning skies were bright
She wandered back to Heaven.
—Arkansaw Traveler

The Monkey at the Wedding.

The popularity of familiar sights in unfamiliar places was instanced at a wedding in one of the small interior villages of western New York. It was a noon house wedding at the show residence of the place, and the reception following the ceremony was in progress when down the road came a man with hand organ and monkey. Attracted by the persons strolling about the lawn and piazzas, the fellow stopped and began his melodies with monkey accompaniment.

Everybody was interested, and soon from indoors the guests began to wander out, drawn by the spirit of the multitude, which was evidently centrifugal. The bridal party found themselves deserted, and at last succumbed to the general movement and followed the others, the bride even yielding to her feminine curiosity and coming out with the rest on the piazza.

The monkey outdid all previous performances in his line. He climbed awnings, ran up and down vine trellises, and capped the climax and uncapped himself at the top of a tall flagpole in the center of the lawn. Meantime the orchestra inside, playing to empty rooms, put aside its instruments and assisted by its silent presence the rival entertainment.

Most of the guests were city people. A large party was from New York. Probably not five out of the entire company would have crossed a street at home to watch a monkey's antics. In these altered circumstances, however, the same thing amused them for half an hour, and when the swarthy impresario took up, with his company of one, the line of march it was with pockets fairly heavy with the silver showered upon him.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The All-Ullah-hi.

There is so much that is similar to Christianity in this religion that I am tempted to hazard this suggestion, that the All Ullah-hi are a branch of decayed Christians; so many branches occur in this district—the Nestorians, the Chaldeans and the old Assyrian churches; it is not therefore difficult to imagine how the ignorant and nomadic mountaineers would substitute the name of Ali for that of Christ, to prevent themselves being persecuted by the followers of Ali or the Mohammedans of the Shiah sect, who ruled in these parts.

In the lapse of ages in their mountain fastnesses, without education and priesthood, they would naturally get hopelessly and lamentably mixed. The very name of Nazare is suggestive of Nazarene; the passover, the baptism, and the curious fellowship between them all tend to substantiate the theory. Many of the Eeliauts, or wandering tribes, who come from a distance to pasture their flocks in the summer months, belong to this sect, of which Sarmas Beg and his sons are said to be shining lights.

The orthodox Mohammedans attribute to this sect many secret and horrible crimes; they are said to be communists. Later on, at a village called Ilkatchee, we met a Seid who had been converted to Christianity by American missionaries, although he renounced thereby the chief position in his village and leader of the sect, which he had inherited from his father, and exposed himself to dire persecutions.

An Odd Phrase.

One of the odd phrases which everybody uses—a still odder one than "every now and then"—is the phrase "quite a few," by which we mean rather a good many. Quite a few! If you look into that sentence you find that it means exactly the opposite of what you seek to express by it; that is, if it means anything at all. But no one will have any right to quarrel with the sentence if it once firmly roots itself in idiom. Perhaps it isn't intrinsically any funnier than "a good many." Language is a queer, go-as-you-please thing, especially the English language, and that is the beauty and strength of it.—Boston Transcript.

Market Value of Autographs.

A complete collection of autographs of the "signers" of the Declaration of Independence is a fortune. There are only three in existence. One of these belongs to Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet of New York. The costliness of the autographs is in the ratio of the obscurity of the signers. One of the least distinguished signers was Thomas Lynch, Jr., of South Carolina. Only three examples of his writing are known, uninteresting business notes, and for one of them Dr. Emmet paid over $5,000.—Chicago Open Court.

How Thunderstorms Travel.

The rate of travel of thunderstorms has been studied by Herr Schourock from the record of 197 such storms in Russia in 1888. The velocity is found to have varied from thirteen to fifty miles an hour, with a mean of 28.5 miles an hour in the hot season, and increasing to thirty-two miles an hour in the cold season. It was least in the early morning, increasing to a maximum between 9 and 10 p. m. The storms traveled most quickly from southwest, west and northwest.—Exchange.

Probably the most remarkable railroad in the world is that running from Glogginz to Lounering, near Vienna. It is only twenty-five miles in length, but cost $9,000,000. It begins at an elevation of 1,400 feet and has its terminus at 13,000 feet. It has fifteen double viaducts, seventeen tunnels, and crosses itself nine times.

THE STARRY HOST.

The countless stars which to our human eye
Are fixed and steadfast, each in proper place,
Forever bound to changeless points in space,
Rush with our sun and planets through the sky.
And like a flock of birds still onward fly,
Returning never whence began their race,
They speed their ceaseless way with gleaming face,
As though God bade them win infinity.
Ah, whither, whither is their forward flight
Through endless time and limitless expanse?
What power with unimaginable might
First hurled them forth to spin in tireless dance?
What beauty lures them on through primal night,
So that, for them, to be is to advance?
—Bishop Spaulding in Century.

"T. & N."

"Goodby, mother; goodby, sister," said little Tim Seasongood, as he closed the gate in front of their cottage in a western coal mining town one morning and joined the "Tin Bucket Brigade," as the miners were called, on their way to the works. His little sister Cora stood on the front steps as long as she could see her brother and waved her plump hands after him. He looked back occasionally and threw kisses to her.

Tim was fifteen years old and was a driver in the coal mine; that is, he drove a mule which drew the loaded coal cars from where the miners worked to the mouth of the mine, where they were hoisted out at a shaft, then run down a long incline to the river, where the coal was loaded into barges by means of a tipple.

Tim's father had worked in the mine nearly all his life, and the boy had gone down into the darkness and among the mysteries of the mine when just old enough to walk without assistance, and by the time he was twelve years old he was familiar with all parts of it.

At the age of thirteen he was anxious to earn something to assist his father in supporting the family, and after much pleading his father permitted him to become a driver.

Tim was assigned to drive old Ned, a docile mule, which had spent the most of his daylight life underground. Ned was a knowing animal and took kindly to his new master. Tim always had a caress for his four footed friend. A bit of apple or some other dainty morsel was Ned's daily reward from Tim. In time the two became so friendly that there was no friction between them, and the miners playfully called them "T. & N." Tim got hold of some brass tacks one day and drove them into Ned's harness in such a way as to make these characters appear in bright letters.

As Tim clattered along that morning on his way to the mouth of the mine the sun was just rising. It was early in October and the surrounding hills were resplendent in their fall attire. Now and then a red leaf dropped from among its fellows and fluttered to the ground in the calm atmosphere. The sun was out in all its splendor that morning, the first time for several days.

Tim did not notice the beauties of nature as he hurried along, not that he was not a lover of the beautiful, but his thoughts were on a subject which more directly concerned his welfare.

His father had been killed in a mine accident a few months before, and Tim felt the responsibility of the support of his mother and sister resting on his young shoulders. He desired to attend school and acquire an education which would fit him for higher duties in life, but at that moment the outlook was decidedly gloomy for our young friend. He could not see how he could accomplish that which he desired, as the support of the family depended almost solely on his labor.

When he reached the mouth of the mine, Ned was backed into the cage and Tim followed and put up the bars. While waiting for the man in charge of the machinery to shove back the lever and lower the cage to the bottom of the shaft a hundred feet below, he heard some one inquire as to the stage of the water in the river, which flowed swiftly by 200 yards away. Tim glanced hastily riverward at the instant the cage started downward and saw that the water was almost to the top of the banks of the stream and was filled with floating driftwood. Heavy fall rains had set in a week before, and in consequence of the great rainfall the stream was extremely high.

Without a thought of serious danger, however, Tim dropped foot after foot toward the center of the earth, with Ned breathing softly on his neck as the two stood crowded into the cage.

"Be quiet, Ned," commanded Tim, as the animal manifested some uneasiness at the sound of water dripping faster than usual down the sides of the shaft. "You are not getting skittish in your old days, I trust," patting Ned on the nose. The animal placed his head affectionately on Tim's shoulder and became quiet.

When the cage stopped at the bottom the bars were lowered and Ned followed Tim out. Tim had lighted a little tin lard oil lamp, which he carried at the front of his cap, before entering the cage. When he emerged from the cage he saw the lamps of many miners flashing about here and there, like fireflies before a storm in summer, as the men prepared to go to the various departments of the mine. He had witnessed similar scenes many times before and paid no attention to them, but hitched Ned to the train of empty cars that stood waiting, and with a merry crack of his whip and a cheerful "G'long, Ned," went rattling away over the steel rail track. Half a dozen miners had clambered into the cars with their dinner pails and the tools which they had taken out of the mine the night before to get re-pointed. Tim was perched up on the head of the forward car, and he had to frequently duck his head to avoid colliding with well known overhanging obstructions.

After going a short distance Tom looked into the car next to him, and observed that its occupants, two old miners, were discussing something of a serious nature. Thomas Jenkins, the one nearest Tim, had removed his lamp from his cap and was gently tapping the side of it against the toe of his shoe in order to expose more of the wick so that the light would burn brighter. As the blaze flared up Tim could see the faces of the two men, and was alarmed at their seriousness. He caught the word "water" as he strained his ears to hear what they were saying. The rumble of the cars and the many echoes bounding back from the walls and the roof of the mine drowned the remainder of the conversation.

Tim had heard enough, however, to make him uneasy. The part of the mine in which he worked was almost directly under the bed of the river. There were many feet of apparently solid sandstone between the water and the coal vein, but sometimes it was feared that with a high stage of water in the river and its consequent heavy pressure, an opening fissure might let the water into the mine and drown all the miners, besides ruining the property.

The owners of the mine, in order to guard against such a catastrophe as much as possible, had years before walled up the entrance to that part of the mine, leaving only room enough for the cars to pass through. A stout oaken door was then hung so that it closed from the inside, which made that part of the mine almost water tight and separate from the other parts of the mine. It was so arranged that the greater the pressure against the door the tighter it fitted. A large well was then drilled into that department from the surface, which was carefully cased, so that the air might escape in case the water ever broke in without breaking down the protecting wall. This proved to be a wise precaution.

As Tim with his train rumbled past this door he involuntarily glanced at it to see that it was in good working order. He had become imbued with the fear of impending danger, and Ned, too, glanced from side to side as he hurried along. He also occasionally snorted his disapproval.

All the forenoon the empty cars were drawn in and the loaded ones taken out with the regularity of clockwork. Tim and Ned had been at that work so long that each knew exactly what to do.

Overhead the river rumbled and roared. Inch by inch the water climbed the banks and carried away the newly fallen leaves or whirled them off into little eddies, but Tim knew nothing of what was going on outside. The owners of the mine watched the rapidly rising waters with apprehension. The river was higher than it had been for some time and they feared for the safety of the men hard at work beneath the raging waters. A consultation was held and it was resolved to call out all the miners and laborers at 12 o'clock. At 11 o'clock an order was sent down for every man in the mine to come out at noon and bring their tools with them. The order was obeyed with alacrity. A few minutes to 12 the tools were piled into empty cars and the men filed from the river division and went toward the bottom of the shaft to be hoisted into the bright sunshine and safety.

Tim was the last, and was about to go with the train partly loaded with tools, when he thought of his dinner pail, which he had left behind. He jumped down and ran back fifty yards to get it. When he returned Ned was pawing the ground impatiently. The lights of the departing miners danced about in the distance as Tim sprang to his place behind Ned.

Suddenly there was a deafening roar. Everything seemed to tremble for a second. Ned reared and plunged forward. Just then a large flat stone fell from the roof, filling the cars with broken stones and knocking Tim to the ground, where he was held fast by something across his lower limbs. His light was dashed out by the fall. At the same instant Ned tore loose from his fastenings and plunged away in the awful darkness.

Tim screamed for help, but the sound of his voice was drowned by a great noise which seemed to fill the cavity about him. At first a small stream of water poured down on him. It grew in volume every second. Tim tugged and twisted to get out from under the weight that held him fast. His most violent efforts were fruitless. He knew that his time was short if he did not succeed in getting out, for he realized that the long dreaded moment had arrived when the river was breaking into the mine. He raised his voice again and again for help, but the only answer he heard was millions of echoes.

Just as he was about to resign himself to his fate he felt a warm breath on his face; Ned had come back. Tim reached up and clasped his faithful friend tightly about the neck and cried out, "Back, Ned, back."

For a second he thought his arms would be pulled from his body and at the shoulders. Then he felt himself drawn slowly forward, and it seemed that his legs would be broken as they slipped from among the stones that held him to the ground. The instant he was free Ned bounded away between the rails with Tim still hanging to his neck and his body swinging back above the animal's hoofs.

By this time the water was coming down in a stream a foot in diameter and growing larger every moment.

At the door to the department Ned stumbled and threw Tim to one side, which caused the animal to swerve near the wall. In some way one trace chain caught in the handle of the door and closed it with a bang which wedged it between the door posts as Ned dashed on with his human burden toward the bottom of the shaft.

All was confusion there. The most able bodied were hurrying up the ladders, as a general alarm had been sounded when the roar of water was first heard. Ned stopped with a snort and with his eyes gleaming in the darkness with excitement. Tim dropped limply to the ground, but was hastily picked up and carried to the cage. Ned backed into his accustomed place, and the signal was given to hoist away. The machinery was started and a few seconds later Tim and Ned were safely on top of the ground. All the miners were out in a short time.

Tim was unconscious when he reached the surface and was carried out into the fresh air. Ned followed closely and watched the movements of the men with as great anxiety as a dumb brute could express.

In a short time Tim opened his eyes, and in turning his head to one side he saw Ned. The animal crowded up at a signal from Tim and received the caresses lavished on him in a way that would lead one to believe that he knew all about what had happened and realized that they had had a very narrow escape.

Tim and Ned never went into the mine again. The accidental closing of the door had prevented the greater part of the mine from being flooded, and thereby a great deal of valuable property was saved.

As a mark of gratitude the mine owners provided for the Seasongood family and sent little Tim to school. He acquired a good education, and reaching manhood he embarked in business for himself.

He is now one of the honored and prosperous citizens of that locality.

Ned was given the best of care, and passed his remaining days in frolicsome idleness. He was frequently visited by Tim, and it was no uncommon sight to see the two standing out in a pasture, with Ned resting his head on Tim's shoulders and eating dainties from the hand of his best human friend. When Ned finally went to his last reward he was carefully buried by Tim.

At the head of the green mound was erected a headstone, on which was chiseled the words:

NED.
KINDNESS TO DUMB BRUTES IS ALWAYS REWARDED.

—C. A. H. in Pomeroy (O.) Tribune.

Why Wasn't He a Comet?

Young Mr. Staylate was sitting in the dimly lighted parlor the other night watching a 17-year-old girl trying to keep awake long enough to see the morning star rise. They talked astronomy.

"I wish I was a star," he said, smiling at his own poetic fancy.

"I would rather you were a comet," she said, dreamily.

His heart beat tumultuously.

"And why?" he asked, tenderly, at the same time taking her unresisting hands in his own. "And why?" he repeated, imperiously.

"Oh," she replied, with a brooding earnestness that fell on his soul like a bare foot on a cold oilcloth, "because then you would only come around once in every 1,500 years."

He didn't say anything until he was half way to the front gate, when he turned around and shook his fist at the house and muttered between his teeth: "By the gods, it'll be a thundering sight longer than that before I come around again."

But by that time the poor girl was in bed and fast asleep.—New York World.

Effect of Emotion on the Hair.

Accidentally the hair loses its color in a variety of ways. When the cyclone occurred at Louisville, March 27, 1890, and the Falls City hall fell, burying its occupants beneath the ruins, among the few drawn from the wreck comparatively unhurt was Henry Feithoelton, a saloon keeper. His hair, which six hours before was perfectly black, was found to be streaked with lines of gray and white. A score of similar examples could be cited where the hair has been caused to blanch suddenly through the influence of strong emotion.—Hyland C. Kirk in New York Times.

An Ancient Work on Angling.

The greatest work of antiquity on angling is said to be the Halieutica of Oppian, a Greek poet, who flourished in the time of Severus, A. D., 198, from which we learn that many artifices in fishing thought to be modern were known to the ancients. We also learn from Athenæus that several other writers had written treatises or poems on fishing some centuries before the Christian era.—American Angler.

A FINE PLACE FOR BOYS.

Hoitt's Oak Grove School is unquestionably one of the best schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. It is located near Millbrae, San Mateo county, Cal., in charge of Ira G. Hoitt, Ph.D., ex-State Superintendent, with a first-class corps of seven teachers. The place is beautiful and healthy. The number of pupils is limited to fifty so that special, individual attention may be given to each.

The bald-headed man is a blessing in more ways than one. He never gets his hair cut on Saturday night.

ALWAYS GIVING SATISFACTION.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS have always given satisfaction. In fifty years there has been no complaint of them. That is about their life in the United States, and millions of persons have used them. There is no doubt that they have established themselves by merit alone. They cure rheumatism, dyspepsia, piles, liver complaint, biliousness and any disease arising from an impure state of the blood. One or two at night on an empty stomach for a week or two will keep you in good form and tone up the system. They are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug or medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

The crow never makes any noise except with "caws," but the solemn-looking owl is out on a "toot" every night.

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 & Lousy, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

It is not so strange that the sea breaks on the shore—the sailors generally do the same thing.

The man who waits for appreciation generally gets it in the shape of an epitaph.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" have a direct influence on the inflamed parts, giving relief in coughs, colds and the various throat troubles to which singers and public speakers are liable. Sold only in boxes.

The poultry dresser is a lucky fellow. That is, he always gets the pick of the flock.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars' Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

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.

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.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50 cts. Injector free.

WE CANNOT SPARE

healthy flesh — nature never burdens the body with too much sound flesh. Loss of flesh usually indicates poor assimilation, which causes the loss of the best that's in food, the fat-forming element.

Scott's Emulsion

of pure cod liver oil with hypophosphites contains the very essence of all foods. In no other form can so much nutrition be taken and assimilated. *Its range of usefulness has no limitation where weakness exists.*

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

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.

N. P. N. U. No. 493—S. F. N. U. No. 570

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Between this and the other side of the broad Atlantic, in the shape of tourists, commercial travelers and mariners, agents "on the road," steamboat captains, ship's surgeons and "all sorts and conditions" of travelers, emigrant and new settlers appreciate and testify to the preventive and remedial properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in seasickness, nausea, malarial and rheumatic trouble, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Against the prejudicial influences of climate, crudely cooked or unaccustomed diet and impure water, it is a sovereign safeguard, and has been so regarded by the traveling public for a third of a century. No form of malarial fever, from the calenture of the Pacific and the broken-bone fever of the Mississippi to its milder types, can resist the curative action of this benignant preserver and restorer of health, a veritable boon to persons in feeble health or liable to incur disease.

When a child wants a favor from his parents he asks his father's permission, and tells his mother he is going to do it.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Use Enamelline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier is the best remedy for cleansing your system.

Mrs. J. N. Aughenbaugh
Of Etters, Pa.

Blood Poisoning

Intense Suffering 11 Years.

Hood's Healed the Sore in Seven Weeks—A Perfect Cure.

"I will recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla as first-class. It has proved its merits to us. Twelve years ago my wife was picking raspberries when she scratched herself on a brier, the wound from which soon developed into a terrible sore, between her knee and ankle. Notwithstanding all we did for it, it continued discharging for eleven long years. We tried medical skill on every side, with no effect. About a year ago she read of Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it herself, and while taking the first bottle she felt better and continued with it until to-day she is entirely well and better than ever. The sore was healed up in seven weeks. Her limb is perfectly sound. We attribute her cure entirely to Hood's Sarsaparilla." JACOB N. AUGHENBAUGH, Etters, York Co., Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE.

In raising a family of nine children, my only remedy for Coughs, Colds and Croup was onion syrup. It is just as effective to-day as it was forty years ago. Now my grandchildren take Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup which is already prepared and more pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents. Take no substitute for it. There's nothing so good.

Something New and Practical!

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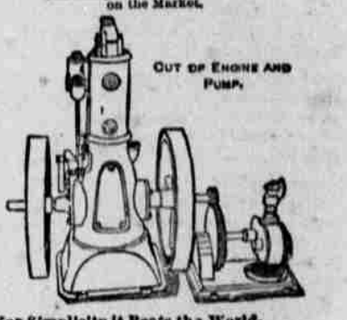

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