IN EVERY Receipt that calls for baking powder use the "Royal." It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

"We recommend the Royal Baking Powder as superior to all others."—*United Cooks and Pastry Cooks' Association of the United States.*

A Fallacy.

One of the fallacies of the present hour is the belief that "tar camphor," or mothaline, will keep clothing free from moths. The first part of the deception is that it contains neither camphor nor tar. Its proper name is naphthalin. According to a specialist, Dr. Kolinski, "naphthalin may affect the eyes in an extraordinary manner, through its property of deleteriously affecting the nutritive property of blood. The eye being a vascular organ, its structure readily undergoes degeneration. The effects of it are ecchymosis, white patches in the retina, cloudiness in the lens and crystals in the vitreous humor."

Because of its cheapness, housewives use it so plentifully that one is suffocated by its sickening odor on entering many dwellings and stores. While it produces catarrh, only those who are afflicted with the disease can endure it without suffering from smarting of the eyes and throat when in contact with the pungency of its odor. Only care and absolute cleanliness can protect from moths. A few whole cloves put in with the clothing and inclosed in newspapers is a better preventive than naphthalin.—Homemaker.

Music in the Thunder.

A startling and most remarkable phenomenon occurred in Brookfield, Fairfield county, on Sunday night, Aug. 30, which will be remembered to life's end by those who heard it. About the time for the evening service, and when the congregations of the churches were awaiting the beginning of worship, it began to thunder and lightning in the distance, and the shower appeared to be rapidly approaching until it was directly overhead.

Suddenly there was a burst of musical thunder, sounding somewhat like a gong in different tones, and so marked were the musical notes as to be sweet and almost bugle like. As quick as a flash all the eyes of the congregation in the church were directed to the ceiling, and the suppressed cry of "What's that?" could be heard all over the church. "It's thunder!" was the exclamation from all. All were startled, although some were more frightened than others.—Danbury (Conn) News.

ANTI-FERMENTINE

Is a HARMLESS preparation in tablet form for preserving ALL KINDS OF FRUIT WITHOUT COOKING. One package preserves fifty pints of fruit or a barrel of cider, and only costs 60 cents. Fruits preserved with Anti-fermentine retain their natural taste and appearance. Ask your druggist or grocer for Anti-fermentine.

"How pleasant it is to be tall." "Pleasant?" "Yes; everybody looks up to you."

ST. JACOBS OIL

The Great Remedy for Pain.

Cures all the Aches and Pains of Man & Beast.

Tower's Improved SLICKER

Is Guaranteed Absolutely WATER proof.

Will Not Peel, Leak or Stick

All Improved Slickers have beside the Fish Brand TRADE MARK on every Coat.

Soft Woolen Collar.

Watch Out!

Send for Catalogue.

A. J. TOWER, MFR. BOSTON, MASS.

SOCIETY BADGES.

A. FELDENHEIMER, Leading Jeweler of the Pacific Northwest, keeps a large stock of all SECRET SOCIETY BADGES on hand. Best goods at lowest figures. Badges made to order.

N. P. N. U. No. 507—S. F. N. U. No. 584

TWO VOICES.

The humblest and frailest grassy blade
That ever the passing breezes swayed
Is of Beauty's palace a green arcade.

Akin to the uttermost stars that burn,
A story the wisest may never learn,
Is the tiny pebble thy footsteps spurn.

In each human heart potential dwell,
Hid from the world and itself as well,
Heights of heaven, abysms of hell.

The core of the earth is fiery young!
No matter what may be said or sung
With a weary brain and a wailing tongue.

Soul! self pent in a narrow plot,
Longing each morn for some fair lot,
Some bounteous grace which thou hast not,

Dull thou must be not to understand,
And blind thou art not to see at hand
Thy dreams by reality far outspanned;

For wonder lies at thy very door,
And magic thy fireside sits before,
And marvels through every window pour.

Woven the wings of the swift hours be
Of splendor and terror and mystery;
One thing is needful—the eyes to see!
—Cornhill Magazine.

Table Decoration.

The fashion of beautifying the table, which in these days is carried to such an extent, is by no means so original as many claim it to be. It is simply the revival of an old custom. We are told that in France when the great joints grew distasteful and small dishes took their place decorations of the table changed too. Permanent pieces called "dormants," or "surtouts," made of crystal and mounted in silver were placed in the middle of the table, and from them branched candelabra of gilt and silver, vases filled with flowers, tiny trays covered with sweetmeats, or here and there statuettes.

Finally the surtout grew so large that it almost covered the table. People at last grew tired of the monotony of this ornament, no matter how artistic it might be, and instead the center of the table w s often covered with a layer of potter's clay, in which a florist would set cut flowers in any design that pleased him. Artists were often employed to decorate the table, the center of which would be covered with temples, bridges, amphitheaters or emblematic groups of figures, all made of paste.

Sometimes the artist would represent a landscape covered with snow. M. Carada invented an artificial hoarfrost, which was melted by the heat of the room, during which process the guests saw the thawing of the river and the budding of the trees and flowers as spring succeeded winter. There were also the "sableurs," who, by means of beautifully colored sands, powdered marbles, ground glass, beads and bread crumbs, made very ingenious figures upon the table cloths.—Harper's Bazar.

When Tennyson Was Made a Peer.

I spent with Lord Tennyson a long evening till nearly midnight the day before he took his oaths and his seat as a peer. He was occupied a good deal in writing and bringing to perfection a poem of four lines, which he told me had given him as much trouble as many a substantive poem of some length. It was interesting to hear of his tentative efforts and his rejection of them, till his ear and his mind were perfectly satisfied. Next day I met him in the house of lords and saw him write his name on the roll of peers.

The attendance in the house was exceedingly scanty on that historic occasion. I do not think that a dozen persons were present. The poet was not in the smallest degree elated. His true eminence towered supremely above the adventitious honor, yet he could not but feel the gratification which had arisen, not from the fulfillment of a kind of ambition which he had never felt, but from the sense of the secure fame involved in the recognition by his country of the priceless services which he had rendered to her literature.—London Sunday Magazine.

A Long Horse Car Line.

"A street car line 50 miles long is pretty good for length," said H. G. Fouse at the Southern. "There is such a line in the Argentine Republic, but it isn't the longest in the world. The street car line between Vera Cruz and Jalapa is 63 miles in length. I have ridden on it, and the trip isn't much worse than it used to be to go to Lowell a few years ago on what was the old Fifth street line in this city. Horses are changed about every 10 miles. When the grade is steep, they are changed at shorter intervals.

"The distance is covered in about eight hours, and the fare is 10 cents a mile. The superintendent of the line is a man named Thrailkill, who was one of Quantrell's lieutenants during the war. These unusually long horse car lines that one finds in South America are relics of the first attempts at railroad building, the primitive road of this kind having been devised somewhere in Massachusetts, the cars running on wooden rails and being drawn by horses."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Women's Mirrors Five Centuries Ago.

From the Twelfth to the Fifteenth century small mirrors carried in the pocket or attached to the girdle were regarded as indispensable adjuncts to ladies' toilets. The pocket mirror was a circular plaque of polished metal fixed in a shallow box and covered with a lid. Ivory was usually the material of such cases, and, as a rule, they were carved in relief with representations of love, domestic scenes, hunting sports and the like. Gold, silver, enamels and ebony were likewise used as materials. The sort of mirror worn at the girdle had no cover, but was provided with a short handle.—Washington Star.

THE CLEW.

This life is but a labyrinth,
A slender clew it hides,
Our own dread self the minotaur
That far within resides.

And softly each dim passageway
With silent feet we tread,
Advancing steadily but slow,
Lest we should snap the thread.

For lost the silken clew of love,
The way could not be trod
Which leads from narrowness and dark
Out to the scope of God.
—Elizabeth M. Chapin in Springfield Republican.

BOUND FOR GREEN FIELDS

It was a lovely May morning, a morning on which even the life of an omnibus conductor seemed endurable. Besides, the particular company for which Archy Johnston worked had become infected by socialistic principles, to the extent of only employing their hands from 7 a. m. to 10 p. m., and giving them, as a rule, the alternate Sundays. So that, as things went, he might be considered well off.

Better off, at all events, than the pale young man who, as Archy completed his arrangements before starting, watched him, with a rather melancholy air, from the curbstone. For this pale young man, whose name was Warner, by special permission of the company, to whom a benevolent clergyman had appealed on Warner's behalf, came every morning at 7 o'clock to see if there was a conductor off work, and if there was to take his place on the omnibus. For the last month he had presented himself regularly, and the men had come to know and have a kindly feeling toward him; but in that month he had only been on duty seven days. This fact inevitably raised the question as to what Warner did with himself when no vacancies occurred. He did not look as if he did anything very remunerative. Nothing more remunerative, probably Archy guessed correctly, as he glanced across, than tramping the streets in search of permanent employment.

Archy's omnibus started last, and he had two or three minutes to spare; so, being a sociable young fellow, he crossed over to speak to Warner, who, for his part, responded with an anxious good will in which, if Archy had known, there was a certain undercurrent of penitence. The fact was Warner had just been thinking as he saw the omnibuses roll away and realized with a sigh that all the men were on duty, "What if one of them were to die and he were taken on as a permanent hand?" The iniquity of this thought to his kindly and gentle nature seemed terrible, and the consciousness of guilt made his tone to Archy one of deprecating cordiality.

He did not in any way appeal for pity, and yet the few facts Archy drew from him were an appeal to any one conversant with the city. He lived a mile away, 24 Dilk street, an address that lingered curiously in Archy's memory. He had been a carpenter and comfortably off, but now he was hopelessly out of work, and with his wife and their young child had been living how he could.

"We feel it most, you see," he said in his patient way, "for the child." Then he checked himself, as if he had said too much, and added quite hopefully, "But it's a long lane that has no turning, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Archy, reserving to himself a reflection that life contained some very long lanes, indeed, as not of a cheering character.

No more passed between them just then, for the conductor's time was up. But the next morning, as his eyes encountered the depressed looking figure again, a sudden impulse seized him.

"Can you take my place today?" he said, accosting Warner. "I'm awfully anxious to have the day, but I can't risk getting sacked."

Warner's face beamed.

"I told Janet this morning," he said, as he followed Archy, "I'd a feeling I should be in luck today."

"It's just here," said Archy staring straight before him. "I'm thinking of going down into the country for a day—or two—or may be more—I can't exactly tell, not being on the spot, how long I may require to stay. And it would be a load off my mind to know my place wouldn't be snapped up."

"I'll keep it for you," said Warner energetically, "and give it up to you when you come back; for it's a queer thing, as I know, to be thrown out of work. And I'm sure I hope you'll have a pleasant journey. Beautiful down in the country this time of year, ain't it?"

"Ah!" said Archy. "Yes, the country's a fine place, especially, as you say, about this time of the year, when you can lie down in a field and smoke a pipe without catching cold, otherwise than from the general treachery of the climate. Natural objects, as meadows, spring flowers, cows, windmills, rippling streams, a blue sky when it don't happen to be rainy, fresh air, plenty of wholesome victuals, that's my style."

Archy had spoken jerkily and rapidly, but with entire composure; and yet there was something in his tone, a suggestion of a possible want of sincerity, that made Warner's brain whirl.

"I expect that would be all our styles," he said timidly, "if we could afford it. You've friends in the country, I suppose."

"Ah!" replied Archy benignantly, looking at Warner for the first time. "Lots of 'em. Fellows who would share their last crust with me. But it ain't come to that; they live on the fat of the land, I call it."

"You're a lucky fellow," said Warner admiringly.

"Well," said Archy, with still deeper gravity, "sometimes I think I am in luck's way, now you mention it. Especially this morning. And now I think as there's a particular train I have it in my mind to catch, and as your time's just up, I'll bid you good day."

He grasped Warner's hand and turned away. After all, he had said and done nothing remarkable; and yet, such was the serene benignity of his tone and manner, that for a moment Warner stood stock still on the pavement, staring after him.

Archy went back to his lodgings, but he could not rest there, and soon he went out again. He found himself wondering what Warner's wife and child were like, and it struck him that, as he had nothing else to do, he would go around by Dilk street.

It was a small street of tiny, jerry built houses, with their numbers inscribed very legibly on the doors, so that Archy had no difficulty in recognizing 24. There was a brown blind over the low half of the window; but Archy's tall head rose above it, and as he passed he glanced furtively in, as if it were a crime. It was a small, bare room with no furniture but a deal table, a box or two and an old rocking chair drawn up to the hearth, whose fire had gone out. On that rocking chair a girl was sitting, with a baby in her arms, rocking slowly to and fro, and singing wearily, over and over again:

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet.

A mere girl she looked, but very wasted and her cheeks had not a tinge of color, and yet it was one of the sweetest faces, Archy thought, that he had ever seen. If this was Warner's wife, perhaps he was a lucky fellow after all.

He wondered if there was anything to eat in the house. She did not look as if there was. But for the life of him he dared neither ask her nor order anything to be sent from the nearest provision dealer's, and though he thought of all kinds of expédients for getting a shilling inside the door that should look as if it belonged to one of them, and had been mislaid, none of them were feasible. If it had been dusk, he thought, scanning the water spout with a critical eye, he might have clambered up the roof and dropped the shilling down the chimney. He was nearly as tall as the house already, and he could climb like a sailor. But it was broad daylight, and at last—he had been lounging all this time in front of a small grocer's shop close by—he turned away in despair, reflecting that, after all, Warner had had a day's work on Monday, and it was only Wednesday. He would go now into some quarter of the city and look for work himself. For work? Well, yes. It was hardly that he consciously made up his mind to do so. But that was what he did.

* * * * * * *

It was a month later, and Archy had not gone back to his old position. Neither, however, had he found regular work. If he had gone to the right quarters, it may be said, of course, he might have found it. He might have been assisted to emigrate, and a dozen things. But, unluckily, the poor are seldom conversant with the many admirable schemes set on foot for their relief, and Archy had a general idea that philanthropic institutions only drove an individual from one official to another, without really doing anything for him. It was a mistake, of course, but one of the natural results of the division of labor. Archy stood, indeed, for a moment outside the doors of the general relief committee; but there the beautiful probability of his story of having a place as omnibus conductor that he had not been dismissed from, and yet could not go back to, owing to having heard a white faced girl, through a window, singing the "Meeting of the Waters"—as related to a credulous relief committee—struck him so forcibly that he broke into a loud laugh as he turned away.

But it was not a cheery laugh. Though he had given up his old lodging and been sleeping where he could, the few pence he contrived to earn were not enough to keep him, and for weeks he had not had a hearty meal. A dull despair was creeping over him; but he tramped blindly on asking for work, till he fancied that the officials at different establishments were looking on him with suspicion, as one whom they had refused before. And all the time he knew that he might go back to his old place. Warner would give it up without a murmur or a grudge; he was that kind of fellow. Then he fancied Warner going home to tell his wife the news, and then he fell to wondering how they were getting on. He fancied he would go and see.

That day when Warner's omnibus stopped at the end of the route, at 1 o'clock, every passenger had left it. They had a quarter of an hour to wait, and the driver slipped hastily across to his favorite public house, which was conveniently situated. Warner looked eagerly up and down the street, as if expecting some one; but it was almost deserted. There was a policeman a little way down; there was a shabby looking fellow standing at the corner against a lamppost with his hat slouched over his eyes—no one else. Warner's face fell; but it lightened again in a moment, as a girlish figure emerged from a street nearly opposite, and ran lightly across to the omnibus. Warner held out his hand, and she sprang in.

"Here it is," she said proudly, unpacking her small basket. "You can't guess what I've made you for dinner today, and if you eat it now I do believe it will be hot."

"Meat pie, Janet!" said Warner. "Well, you are a cook and no mistake. I've twelve minutes—blest if there ain't that unfortunate old lady who always comes a quarter of an hour before we're timed to start."

"She's a long way off," said Janet, with a look of disappointment. "Go on with your pie, Will; she won't be here yet awhile."

But the old lady, having made various frantic and far off signals, was increasing her speed, which suggests to a casual observer the inadvisability, in a general way, of attempting to persuade a woman that a tram or train, which she literally sees before her with horses or an engine attached, is not going to start till the time appointed. Statistics are very well—she sees the time table. Nothing has altered, it never started before then; it never will. No—oh, no; but the safest side is inside.

"Very well, then," said Warner reluctantly. "Hang the old girl—look at her umbrella!"

They kissed each other hastily in the omnibus, thinking that no one saw them.

Least of all the aimless vagabond at the corner with hat slouched over his eyes, who was looking at nothing. He—ah, no! Then Janet sprang down again; and presently the old lady mounted the step, and Warner ate his pie furtively, between maintaining a conversation on the drink traffic, a subject in which his passenger seemed to take an absorbing interest; but then she had had her lunch before she started. Yet Warner had also time to reflect, pleasantly, on how much better Janet was looking, and what a color she had, and wondered, also, if the young man who had gone in the country would be back tomorrow, and couldn't help hoping not. Then more passengers entered, and the driver hurried back at the last moment, stuffing a large fragment of bread and butter into his pocket; and the omnibus rolled away.

But that night, when Warner returned to the small house in Dilk street, he found a note thrust under the door that no one had noticed. It ran thus:

DEAR MR. WARNER—I leave this note in passing, to say I have given up my place as conductor for good, and therefore hope you will stick to it as long as it suits you. I have made up my mind to stay down in the country. Yours, with best wishes,

ARCHY JOHNSTON.

—May Kendall in Murray's Magazine.

Horses In Spectacles.

Horses, it appears, are taking kindly to spectacles. The Optician, which has made special investigations into the subject, gives the case of a short sighted horse whose owner ordered for him a pair of spectacles. They were made to fasten firmly into the head stall so that they could not be shaken out of place. At first the animal appeared startled by this addition to his harness, but he soon got used to his glasses and liked them so much that when he was turned out to pasture he felt uneasy and uncomfortable without his goggles and one Sunday hung around the barn and whinnied so plaintively that the owner put the headstall and goggles on him, and the horse was so glad that he rubbed the man's shoulder with his nose as the only method of returning thanks.

Dogs who suffer from short sightedness have also been provided with spectacles and have been able thereby to recognize their canine acquaintances much further off than before. If the system is not carried further no great harm will be done, but suppose "uppish" horses and dogs insist upon discarding goggles for the pincenez or even the monocle? Puppies in eyeglasses would be intolerable.—London Telegraph.

Starting and Stopping.

About twice as much energy is required to stop a moving object as to start it. In order to relieve its horses of a great deal of work the London General Omnibus company has adopted an ingenious device by which springs are wound up when the omnibus stops. The amount of energy which is thus stored up in the springs is utilized for starting the vehicle again.—New York Recorder.

A Fine Wire.

The surface of any given quantity of gold, according to the best authorities, may be extended by the hammer 310,184 times. The thickness of the metal thus extended appears to be no more than the 566,020th of an inch! Eight ounces of this wonderful metal would gild a silver wire of sufficient length to extend entirely around the globe!—St. Louis Republic.

PATIENCE.

Be patient! Easy words to speak
While plenty fills the cup of life,
While health brings roses to the cheek,
And far removed are care and strife.

Falling so glibly from the tongue
Of those—I often think of this—
Whom suffering has never wrung,
Who scarcely know what patience is.

Be patient when the suff'rer lies
Prostrate beneath some fell disease,
And longs, through torturing agonies,
Only for one short hour of ease.

Be patient when the weary brain
Is racked with thought and anxious care,
And troubles in an endless train
Seem almost more than it can bear.

To feel the torture of delay,
The agony of hope deferred,
To labor still from day to day,
The prize unwon, the prayer unheard,

And still to hope and strive and wait
The due reward of fortune's kiss,
This is to almost conquer fate,
This is to learn what patience is.

Despair not, though the clouds are dark,
And storm and danger veil the sky.
Let fate and courage guide thy bark,
The storm will pass; the port is nigh.

Be patient, and the tide will turn,
Shadows will flee before the sun,
These are the hopes that live and burn
To light us till our work is done.
—All the Year Round.

A Great Lacquer Artist.

Artistic Japan has suffered another great loss in the death of Mr. Shibata Junzo, commonly known as Zeshin, who expired on the 13th of July, at the ripe age of eighty-five. A greater worker in lacquer probably never lived than this remarkable artist. Everything that came from his hands was of the most beautiful and refined character, and repeatedly during the last ten years he gave practical demonstrations of the fact that the capacity of modern Japanese artisans to produce lacquer of the highest quality is in no respect inferior to the capacity of the great masters of former times.

Zeshin was among the ten artists chosen last year to receive the special protection of the imperial household, and he had obtained more than a dozen gold, silver and copper medals for work shown by him at various exhibitions. He was a finished expert in every process of lacquer manufacture, and his decorative skill, exercised chiefly after the fashion of the Shijo school, perpetually furnished novel and exquisite examples.

EXPENSIVE ECONOMY.

Some people begrudge the little money that an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER costs, and then when they are racked with pain from a lame back, or from the soreness arising from a cold, they will spend any amount of money to relieve the pain. If they only had one of these world-renowned plasters on hand, they would be saved a vast amount of suffering and be considerably richer. At the first sign of stiffness of the joints apply one of these plasters without any delay. The soreness will be greatly relieved at once and soon disappear entirely. It will be money saved to have them on hand, to say nothing of the comfort they bring.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS contain no irritating matter.

Well done—the farmer who falls in with bunco men.

Use Enamelline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

IRREGULARITY.

Is that what troubles you? Then it's easily and promptly remedied by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate the system perfectly. Take one for a gentle laxative or corrective; three for a cathartic.

If you suffer from Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, or any derangement of the liver, stomach, or bowels, try these little Pellets. They bring a *permanent* cure. Instead of shocking and weakening the system with violence, like the ordinary pills, they act in a perfectly easy and natural way. They're the smallest, the easiest to take—and the *cheapest*, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get.

"August Flower"

I used August Flower for Loss of vitality and general debility. After taking two bottles I gained 69 lbs. I have sold more of your August Flower since I have been in business than any other medicine I ever kept. Mr. Peter Zinville says he was made a new man by the use of August Flower, recommended by me. I have hundreds tell me that August Flower has done them more good than any other medicine they ever took. GEORGE W. DYE, Sardis, Mason Co., Ky.

Golden West Baking Powder

Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED.

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To Introduce our Powder, we have determined to distribute among the consumers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person or club returning us the largest number of certificates on or before June 1, 1894, we will give a cash prize of $100, and to the next largest, numerous other prizes ranging from $5 to $75 IN CASH.

CLOSSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, Or.

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.

HOW WE GROW OLD.

The thread that binds us to life is most frequently severed ere the meridian of life is reached in the case of persons who neglect obvious means to renew failing strength. Vigor, no less the source of happiness than the condition of long life, can be created and perpetuated where it does not exist. Thousands who have experienced or are cognizant—including many physicians of eminence—of the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters bear testimony to its wondrous efficacy as a creator of strength in feeble constitutions and debilitated and shattered systems. A steady performance of the bodily functions, renewed appetite, flesh and nightly repose attend the use of this thorough and standard renovant. Use no local tonic represented to be akin to or resemble it in effects in its place. Demand the genuine, which is an acknowledged remedy for indigestion, malaria, nervousness, constipation, liver and kidney complaints and rheumatism.

When a parliamentary division ends in a free fight both the eyes and nose are apt to have it.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists; 75 cents.

Blood Poisoning

"Twelve years ago my wife was picking raspberries when she scratched herself on a briar, the wound from which soon developed into a running sore, between her knee and ankle. 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 today she is entirely cured and better than ever." J. N. AUGHENBAUGH, Etters, York Co., Pa. Mrs. Augenbaugh

Get HOOD'S

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills.

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.

HARNESS,

Saddles, Collars,

Whips and Leather. WHOLESALE.

Harness, per set, $7.00, $10.00, $12.00, $15.00; Elegant style, $20.00, $25.00. Saddles, rawhide covered trees, $4.00, $6.00, $12.00, $15.00, $20.00 $25.00, $30.00, $40.00. Plow Harness, $15.00 to $25.00. Team Harness, $20, $25.00, $30.00, all with the celebrated NO WAD Horse Collars. The "Jim Corbett" Cart Harness, price $12.00. Set Breast Collars, is a "knock out." Bridles, Robes Blankets, Mits, etc.

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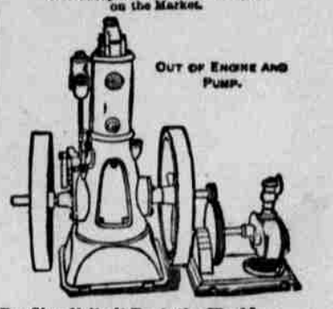

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