At Chicago Royal Leads All.

As the result of my tests, I find the ROYAL BAKING POWDER superior to all the others in every respect. It is entirely free from all adulteration and unwholesome impurity, and in baking it gives off a greater volume of leavening gas than any other powder. It is therefore not only the purest, but also the strongest powder with which I am acquainted.

> WALTER S. HAINES, M. D., Prof. of Chemistry, Rush Medical College, Consulting Chemist, Chicago Board of Health.

All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum, lime or ammonia.

BOYAL BAXING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK

There had been a row in Bum Huller, and Mr. William Smith had been delivered in person to the undertaker. Bir Pete had been arrested on general principles, and an attorney volunteered to defend him. He took the ground that the shooting had been an accident and was arguing away at the jury at a great rate when Peter rose to

"Excuse me, your honor, and gentleman of the jury," he said, "but I can't stand this any longer. My friend here says it was an accident that Bill Smith was shot. Your honor, my reputation is dearer to me than my life. It would have been an accident if I'd missed him. I've been shooting around this territory for 20 years and never had an accident like that yet. That's all P've got to say, your honor," and Peter sat down amid great applause, and the jury didn't leave the box except to congratulate him on his acquittal.—Detroit Free Press.

Bilkins—My! My! What an unspeakable dessing it is to live in a free country!

Wilkins-Of course.
Bilkins-Yes indeed. The paper says that the full name of the Hawaiian princess is Victoria Kawekin Kaiulani Lunalilo Ka-

Bilkins—Well, in this free republic it will be perfectly proper to address her as Miss Cleghorn.—New York Weekly.

Night Editor (of New England paper)— Has the editorial correspondence from Chi-

go got in yet? Telegraph Editor—It's on the wire now.
"How does it begin:"

"The glories of the great Columbian ex-position are simply indescribable."

Shouting to foreman through speaking tube—"Save about three columns for de-scription of Chicago fair!"—Chicago Trib-

Mrs. Hogan—And fwy isn't the old mon a-workin now? Mrs. Grogan-It's a inventor he is. He has got up a road schraper that does the

work of foive min.

Mrs. Hogan—An how minny min do it take to r-run it?

Mrs. Grogan—Six. It will be a great thing fer givin imployment to the laborin

He had just eaten a piece of the first pie

"What is the matter, dear?" she asked.
"Is it that feeling of sadness and longing that is not akin to pain?" "No," he answered: "it isn't a feeling of sadness and longing. It is a feeling of sad-ness and shortening."—Washington Star.

Clara-Dick, fix my mallet. Dick-What's the matter with it? Clara-The handle comes out every time Dick-Then play with some one else.-

Cynicus-I should think it would give you a turn to take care of that baby. Domesticus-I shouldn't mind one turn. It usually takes about 40 a night to keep bim quiet.—Detroit Tribune.

First Actor (in a tragic whisper)-Are we Second Actor (glancing grimly at the



When in Portland be sure to take in the greatest novelty at the Exposition We shall bake biscuits and cake every afternoon and evening on our pretty Jewel Gas Stove. Everybody cordially invited to have a biscuit with us and see the wonderful merits of Golden West Baking Powder proved by actual work.

CLOSSET & DEVERS,

PORTLAND, OR.

GOT

DR. 80-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY.

Which some directly on parts affected absorber the company alloys the large offsection of mark. Dr. Bossanke, Philadelphia, of mark. Dr. Bossanke, Philadelphia, P.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING FOR CHILDREN J SYRUP
reals by all bragglets. No Cente a bettle.

N. P. N. U. No. 516-S. F. N. U. No. 598

FUGACES ANNI.

Oh, my love, my queen othiay,
The light of youth is gone.
Thy balmy trooses gather gray.
Thy rosy lips are wan.
Will thy true eyes after yet
And their nuptial smile forget

Oh, my love, will Time deceive, Will he wither true love sof There is more in love, believe, Than the silly nations know: More in love, when bloom is dead, Than the rose wreath round his hes

Oh, my love, and if thou need.
Harbor when the north winds blow:
If the tender footprints bleed.
On the flints among the snow.
Love will raise a sheltered cot,
Where the ice blast enters not.

Oh, my true love, we are wise; When snow whitens on our land Underneath the cloudy skies We will travel hand in hand, To our rost beyond the snow,

-Lord de Tabley

THE MOST PERTILE SOIL

What is there in this Alberta, through which the Canadian Pacific Railway washington and Oregon? The most fertile soil in America, wood, water, coal and climate; that is what they say. This Valley of the Saskatchewan seems This Valley of the Saskatchewan seems to have been rediscovered of late by some Washington and Idaho men, who kept things dark until they and their friends had secured locations immediately around the few depots already erected when the line was opened. Then they sent word of what they had found, and their friends are going in by the score. The country, they say, is large and good throughout, and new stations are promised as settlement requires them. Then throughout, and new stations are promised as settlement requires them. Then Maine, Michigan and Vermont caught on, and sent up delegates to spy out the land and report. They gave a practical answer. They wrote, saying they have examined the country, had selected locations and were coming home to self the old place and on where it was worth the old place and go where it was worth while farming. The grain and vegetables they saw cannot be excelled in North America, and can be equaled in very few parts. The cattle, horses and sheep were rolling fat and standing up to their knees in rich native grasses. Why was this not all known before? Because for generations only the Hudson Bay Company knew it, and they wanted no set-tlers in their far country; and when they lost hold of it there was no way of getting to it. Now two branches of the Canadian Pacific Railway run through the richest parts of it.

Experiments With Durable Woods In some tests made with small sonare of various woods buried one inch in the ground, the following results were ob-tained: Birch and aspen decayed in three years; willow and horse chestnut in four years; maple and red beech in five years; elm, ash, bornbeam and Lem-bardy poplar in seven years; oak, Scotch fir. Weymouth pine and silver fir decayed to a depth of half an inch to seven years; larch, juniper and arbor vitte were uninjured at the expiration of the seven years.-Chicago Times.

The Political Chamelees

When the chameleon had to explain his changes of color, it is recorded that "Then first the creature found a tongue. The political chameleon differs from the natural one. He is all tongue, and he uses it, while exhibiting in succession all the hues of the rainbow, to prove that he has never changed his color at all.-London Saturday Review.

Why the Duke Sold His Patate. The Duke of Westminster, who has ndalized the English aristocracy by elling Cliveden, his ancestral estate in Berks, to Mr. Astor, excuses himself by saying that he has a family of 10 children to provide for. The sale adds \$50,000 a year to the duke's income.

Times Have Changed.

Mrs. Smythe-Before we were married you didn't use to groan the moment !

Smythe—I know it, my dear, but you didn't use to stick a millinery bill under my nose then, either. - Life.

The letters in the various alphabets of the world vary from 12 to 203 in number. The Sandwich Islander's alphabet has the first named number, the Tar

While Eyraud was being prepared for the guillotine he said: "Don't bother me about religion. Tell my wife and daughter to do the best they can. That is all I wish to say."

Remember that proper cultivation and use of the voice not only add to its beau ty, but prevent it from becoming promaturely old, worn and cracked.

The largest cut stones in the world are in the Temple of the Sun at Baalbec. Many are more than 60 feet long, 20 feet bread and of unknown depth.

YES, I HAVE A GOODLY HERITAGE. eyard that is mine I have to seep,

Fend thou thy cornfield; one day thou

Or if thine be an orchard, graft and prop Food bearing trees, each waterest in its pla Or if a garden, set it yield for crop Sweet herbs and herbs of grace.

psaint;
For though thy desert bloom not as the rose,
It yet can rear thy pain.

—Christina G. Rosetti in Atalanta.

A WHITE ONE.

The air was thick with steam and im-pregnated with the smell of soap, and the temperature was by no means low, more especially as the sun was streaming in through the uncurtained windows, but the sundry girls were used to these inconven They chatted continuously over their work, not because they were happy or be-cause they had anything particular to say, but because they had no conception of the dignity of silence. The conversation was dignty of stence. The conversation was perhaps not of the most edifying description, and the language employed was forcible, garnished by slang, and not free from superfluons expletives, for these girls were not of the highest type.

There was a curious tawdriness, or rather gaudiness, about their, for the most part, and the same frinces.

socied dresses; they had big, heavy fringes hich the steam had taken out of curl, so that in nearly every instance they strag-gled into the hold eyes beneath them: their faces, too, were in striking contrast to their hands in the matter of cleanliness, for it hands in the matter of cleaniness, for it was not compulsory to put them in the water to earn adjivelihood, but they were better in this respect than they would be nearer the end of the week, for today was

tidiness was manifested in the person of one whom the girls called Liza (the li be-ing pronounced as if it was the diphthong ing pronounced as if it was the diphthong ai). This 'Liza, the preliminary "e" of whose name was invariably dropped by her acquaintances, was a hunchback, and her face, though it possessed the merit of cleaniness, was aimost repulsively ugly.

The complexion was sallow, the mouth badly shaped, the eyebrows oldrusively

dark and heavy; very sad were the eyes note their wistful look, but 'Liza did not encourage scrutiny, and indeed the brown yes were not remarkable in themselves and were moreover half hidden by drooping lids, from which she glapced in a not very popular among her companions, partly because she chose to be exclusive and partly because she could on occasion say unpleasantly sharp things. But there was one person whom she loved, and that was Miss Callender.

By and by the ringing of a bell created a diversion among the workers. Almost simultaneously eight pairs of red, soapy arms were drawn out of the washtubs, eight pairs of red, crinkled hands were wiped on some portion of convenient ap-paret, and eight pairs of ill shod feet

rampled into an adjoining room.

At a table in this room stood a young ially, very sweet in appearance and pretto the girls, and shook hands with each one as they passed. She had their interest at heart, and made it her duty to come two or three times a week and provide them with dinner. This dinner consisted usually. as on this occasion, of a plate of sonp and a large slice of pudding, for which they paid a penny; a second belping of either could be had for a farthing, so the payment was merely pominal; but the girls were

the recipients of charity.

The coppers were "dabbed" down on the table in a little pile, and Miss Callender. indied out the soup, which was quickly and noisily consumed. The young lady watched the other women, smiling. Per-

fectly dainty herself, their roughness did not seem to repel ber. "Girls," she said presently, in her quiet, clear voice, "I am going to give a party in the Mission hall. Will you come?"

accompanied by a general clattering of spoons on the almost empty plates, "Lor', Miss: what sort of a party might

it be, now?"
"Oh, friendly," said Miss Callender.
"Music and plenty to eat, and—you may bring your sweethearts."
This caused a prolonged giggling.

"Might we bring more than one?" in quired Polly Blaines, who enjoyed the dis tinction of being the prettiest of the girls.

Miss Callender shook her head disap

provingly.
"You oughtn't to have more than one, she said, smiling.
"Oh, as for that, miss, I don't want any, "On, as for that, miss, I don't want any,
I'm sure: but there, the more you draws
off, the more they comes on. That's how
it is with men, and that's wby them as
don't want 'em always has the most ad-

And Polly, conscious of a fascinating renose and a dimpled chin, tossed her

ead in the air. Whereupon all the girls, not to be out-done, and by no means reticent on the sub-ject of their jove affairs, fell to talking about them. finding the topic eminently congenial, and treating it in a manner which displayed no more vulgarity of heart than is concealed by certain ladies. Miss Callender rather encouraged than checked them; she liked them to be per-fectly natural before her, and was glad of

anything which gave her an insight into their lives and character. Two there were who kept silence one a fittle newly married woman to whom love was too sacred for common speech, and

The pudding she had begun to attack seemed to stick in 'Liza's throat, and she had great difficulty in gulping it downs for the other hunger of which she was often conscious, the hunger of the heart, now so asserted itself as to make her obtained the blitter and a Compthing there. livious of boility needs. Something there was, too, of interness in her mind as she listened to the talk of these others. Perhaps Polly's words did more to cause it than anything else, "Them as don't want em always has the most admirers." Look ing up she suddenly met the eyes of this girl. To her morbid imagination they ex pressed pity, perhaps scorn. She crim

There was a momentary lull, so that ther all heard her when she said in a pe

culiarly loud, harsh deflant voice:

"Mine isn't living: mine isn't."

"Yours? Did you have a sweetheart once?" asked the married woman, not ungently, though there was the slightest per ceptible accent on the pronoun.
"And why no?" asked 'Liza, and her

voice was louder than before, "It isn't only pretty girls as has people caring for 'em. These's other things besides looks." "Of course there are, dear," said Miss

Callender southingly, for 'Liza's eyes flashed ominously. 'Goodness is worth finshed ominously. "Good much more to a good man." "What was his name, "Liza!" asked Polly was conceited, and Liza hyperensitive, scented patronage.

"I sin't going to tell yer," she said. Then, with swift contradiction, "his first name was Charlie." "Was he handsome?" asked Polly, pinch

ing her neighbor under the table, so that the latter, a high colored, coarse looking girl, gave a little squeak.
"I never see anybody better looking,"
said 'l.iza with promptitude. "He wasn't
any of your pink, dolly men." (Polle's

invored autor happened to be fair.) "He was dark, and his nose was straight, like a gentleman's, and his teeth was white, and"
—'Liza warmed to her subject—"and he used to wear a red silk the with a pin in it.
And," she went on, "he always gave me lots of presents—lots—and he loved me so as he couldn't bear me out of his sight.
Oh," she cried excitedly, "he did love me, and we was so happe, keepin sompany, and and we was so happy, keepin company, and he was a-golu to-marry me"— She paused abruptly. Indeed, her shrill voice had got almost beyond her control. "What did he die of?" asked one of the

Indeed, from that day began a new ere for 'Liza. Whether it was that Miss Callender singled her out for special attention, or because they were really capable of a insting impression themselves, it is impos-sible to say, but it is certain that she was differently treated by the other women, and equally certain that this treatment had a salutary effect upon her. Repellant had a salutary effect upon her. Repellant at first, she grew daily more approachable, less suspicious, more gracious, and her better qualities came into play. Perhaps the influence of Miss Callender had not a little to do with this, for from the beginning 'Liza had loved her, and now her feeling was little less than worship. And to love another is so good for a woman's coal that it works like market on her whole to love another is so good for a woman's soul that it works like magic on her whole being. It made possible to 'Liza the com-prehension of a love higher than Miss Cal-lender's, and the little London heathen, being taught by her dear lady concerning those things of which she had been ignor-ant hitherto, became what the girls called 'Spalidates.'

Toward the end of the summer, she consented to be confirmed, and went to classes, and this seemed to the others to make 'Liza more important, especially when she ex-plained that "there was ladies at the

'Liza was nearer being happy now than she had ever been in her life, and yet she seemed sudder too. Often she heaved great sighs that made her neighbor turn and look at her, and frequently there were marks of tears on her face; so that by and by it grew evident to the others that there was some thing weighing upon ber.
One day the little married woman, who

had developed a sort of friendship for her, ventured to ask if anything was the matter with her.
"I can't help seein as you sin't quite yourself, 'Liza," she said, "you ain't in no

ort o' trouble, are yer?"
'Liza shook her head. "Cos if there's any way of helping yer,
'Liza, it ain't much as I could do, but
what I can I will, yer know. Might it be
as yer've quarreled with some one, or is it yer rint, now?-or perhaps maybe"-color-ing, in doubt as to how 'Liza would take it, "maybe you're caring for some one

agin, which we can't help our feelings."
'Liza shook her head.
"It ain't nothink o' that, Mrs. Jones,"

"It wouldn't be religion, as is depressin you, I hope?" said Mrs. Jones, with as much severity as she was capable of. "It do take some people like that, which there was a young man our way as came nigh golo off his head, but that ain't nateral. It ought to make us 'appy. My Jim, he's sort o' re-ligious hisself, which he pays great rispeck to Sundays, and always washes hisself, and

I'm sure a brighter man you couldn't see."
"It isn't religion," said 'Liza, "and yet it is. Everything gets sort o' turned up-side down when one looks at things that way, and all what seemed natural once seems wrong now. It's interestin seein how things twist around, but it's sad too: it's disturbin. There's past things I'd wish different now."

"P'raps you could undo 'em," suggested Mrs. Jones, who was eminently practical. "Anyway, God knows, don't he, if you're

"liza sighed.
"l a'pose," she said, with apparent irrelevance, "one didn't ought to care if one
was loved or not; and there ain't no doubt
as pride is my besettin!"
Mrs. Jones shook her head meditatively.
She was afraid "religion was upsettin
'Liza," she told her husband that night.

As the time for her confirmation drew near 'Liza looked graver than ever and more worried. At last it came to the day itself. She had obtained a holiday from the laundry through the influence of Miss Cal-lender. What was the surprise of that lady and the others therefore when in the midst of the midday meal in rushed 'Lizal She had on a clean print dress, made for the ocion, but her hair was disordered, he face pale from fatigue and excitement, her

eyes shore brightly.

"Hullo," exclaimed the girls in a breath.
"My! aint she a swell," They thought she had come to show off her dress.

"Eliza," said Miss Callender, "what do you want? You will be late for your confirmation."

firmation."

"Oh, miss," gasped 'Liza, almost breathless, as she was, "I had to come. I've tried and tried to say it, and I never could, and at first it seemed a white one, but lately it's come atween me and God; and I've thought on it at night in bed, and when any of you has been kind to me, it ha'cut me like helfe, and oh miss when saying like a knife; and, oh, miss, when you've spoken of him, I've been a-near fallin' down and explaining to yer, but somethin held me back. And I told God, but he seemed to say it wasn't any use my just tellin, un-less I undid it. Oh, please, all of you—I don't care now what you think of me, or if you despise me—I can't go to church until I've told yer. Him as I talked of was only what I dreamed about when I was lonely, evenings and times; and there wasn't no Charlie, really, and no one ain't never loved me, nor wanted to marry me."-Ludgat Monthly.

Dreams and Position During Sleep. It would be very interesting to get exact observations as to the habits of all the lower tribes of men with regard to sleeping, for it is a point upon which a good deal would seem to depend, if, as Tylor and most of our anthropologists hell-we, man's first ideas of a spirit world arose from dreams. We know that most of our domovements while asleep, and the same thing has also been observed in monkeys. The effect of the position of the body during sleep upon the character of our dreams is too well known to require comment, for probably every one has experi-enced the very disagreeable results of sleep-ing on the back. - Nineteenth Century.

A Word For the Cat-

At this season, when the family departs from town, a word must be spoken in behalf of the house cat, too often left behind to lead a vagrant and precarious existence. Already on the Back Bay, where "early closing" is the rule, the cats have become conspicuous by the ab-sence of their owners. A few less felines in the world are not objected to, but that suffering and slow starvation should attend their taking off is a shame to humanity. Unless the devoted house cat can be provided with a summer home, it should be mercifully put out of existence in a way the animal society understands how to do perfectly.-Boston Her-

A tree sparrow on one occasion built its nest in a tall elm just beneath the more bulky erection of a crow. Not only did the large nest screen the smaller, but it afforded a means of protection from the vagaries of the weather. Some time after the crow's nest was plundered of after the crow's nest was planting its contents, while that of the tree sparrow escaped untouched.-London

THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF STRENGTH

When we recollect that the stomach is the grand laboratory in which food is transformed into the secretions which formish rigor to the system after entering and enriching the shood; that it is in short the fountain head of strength, it is essential to keep this important supplying machine in order and to restore it to activity when it becomes inactive. This Bostetter's Stomach Blitters does most effectually, seasonably, regulating and reinforcing digestion, promoting due action of the liver and bowels. Stringth and quietude of the nerves depend in great neasure upon thorough digestion. There is no nervine tonic more highly esteemed by the medical fraternity than the Blitters. Physicians size strongly commend it for chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney and bisider trouble, sick headache and want of appeitte and sleep. Take a wineglassful turee times a day.

Behold the porter—dreadful sight!
This travel is no fun;
In one hand is a whisk broom light—
The other holds a gun.

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POROUS PLASTERS in such cases:

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Brandbern s Fills tone up the system.

Mrs. Smythe—I believe in making the servan keep her place. Mrs. Hiram Daily—So do i but, dear me, I can't make one stay over a week

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By local applications, as they cannot reach the itseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure dealness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an unflamed condition of the nuccous litting of the outstehlan time. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the stube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be cestroyed fo everating cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which I nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any one of deafness (caused by catarrh) that annot be cured by Hali's attarth Cure. Send for circulars, tree.

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took it. The hoped for at the outset, and I have taken twelve bottle. I am completely well and feel like a new woman.

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perfect food-palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for Quick Flesh Building in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

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

SKIN- CANCER Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases malled

German

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly every thing on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a iew months ago, when I used Bo schee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good t has done me. I am greatly reliev ed during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble."

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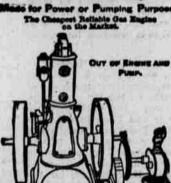
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