THE U. S. Government Chemists have reported, after an examination of the different brands, that the ROYAL Baking Powder is absolutely pure, greatest in strength, and superior to all others

ROYAL BAKING POWDER COMPANY, 106 WALL ST. NEW-YORK.

FRIENDSHIP.

Friendship is not like love: it cannot say
"Now is fruition given me and now
The crown of me is set on mine own brow.
This is the minute, the hour, and the day."
It cannot find a moment which it may
Call that for which it lived; there is no vow
Nor pledge thereof, nor first fruits of its bough,
Nor harvest, and no myrtle crown nor bay.

Love lives for what it may win or has won;
But friendship has no guerdon save to be,
Itself is its own goal, and in the past
Or future can no dearer dreams be done
Or hoped for; save its own dear self to see
The same, and evermore unchanged to last.
—Edward Lucas White in New York Sun.

"General Order No. 1."

John F—— was a soldier. He was a member of the Tenth Maine regiment and orderly sergeant of his company. He was every inch a soldier, brave and true, albeit a little prone to stick to the letter rather than to the spirit of the law. The articles of war were his study. In short, he was excessively military—military all through.

At the close of the late war John came home and was shortly afterward installed into the responsible position of sexton of our church, and he straightened things out wonderfully. On the very first Sabbath after his taking charge we found posted upon the wall of the church vestibule an imposing document headed, "General Order No. 1."

There had been trouble in certain quarters resulting from the difficulty which ladies who came to church late found in gaining their seats when gentlemen had got in ahead of them. John determined to remedy this, so he issued "General Order No. 1," which read as follows:

Rules to be observed when a lady wishes to enter a pew in which gentlemen are already seated: Let the lady advance one pace beyond the pew—halt—about face—and salute. The pew will be vacated by the gentlemen by a flank movement. The squad should rise simultaneously when the lady presents herself, and face outward—then deploy into the aisle, the head man facing the lady, the others passing to his rear, when, if necessary, the line will be perfected up and down the aisle by a right or left countermarch, as the case may require, the right in front.

The lady, when the way is clear, will salute again, and advance to her position in the pew, after which the gentlemen will break from the rear, obliquely, and resume their places.

Parties performing this evolution have possession of the aisle until it is completed, and none others will interfere.

JOHN F. F——, Sexton.

Things went straight after that.—New York Ledger.

What Shall We Make Our Sundays?

What is to be the fate of our Sunday no one can tell. Its fate ought to be fair and even noble when one thinks about the growth of common sense. The idea of a day of rest for man and beast ought to ask no aid from revelation, so easily should it repose upon the wants of our race. And if to this conception of rest be added the idea of a certain high and moral education, the day should still find ample support in the processes of reason. A majority of Americans perhaps favor the day because of their religious beliefs and feelings, but almost the entire population ought to confess the value of a season by any former period.

The multiplying millions, the awakened intellects which can grow in vice as easily as in virtue, the needless work and pain of a people made half wild by liberty, the value of all true education and study, whether it comes from the arts or the fields of the sanctuary, join in asking the thinkers powerful in the church to discover what kind of Sunday will most truly bless man, not only as a religious being, but also as a being capable of greatness and happiness upon earth.—Professor David Swing in Forum.

"Everybody's" Idea.

First Boy—Why does everybody look so glum?

Second Boy—'Cause there ain't goin to be no war.

First Boy—Did everybody want to go to war?

Second Boy—No; everybody wanted to stay home an make money while the war was goin on.—Good News.

New Office Requisite.

Visitor—Why do you have that dog sitting on your writing desk?

Clerk—I have mislaid my sponge, so I am getting him to lick my postage stamps for me.—Sobremesa.

ROOFING!

GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING FELT costs only $2.00 per 100 square feet. Makes a good roof for years, and any one can put it on.

GUM-ELASTIC PAINT costs only 60 cents per gal in bbl. lots, or $1.50 for 5-gal. tubs. Color dark red. Will stop leaks in tin or iron roofs that will last four years. Try it.

Send stamp for samples and full particulars.

GUM-ELASTIC ROOFING CO., 39 and 41 West Broadway, New York.

Local agents wanted.

"German Syrup"

JUDGE J. B. HILL, of the Superior Court, Walker county, Georgia, thinks enough of German Syrup to send us voluntarily a strong letter endorsing it. When men of rank and education thus use and recommend an article, what they say is worth the attention of the public. It is above suspicion. "I have used your German Syrup," he says, "for my Coughs and Colds on the Throat and Lungs. I can recommend it for them as a first-class medicine."—Take no substitute.

Ask Your Dealer For

ORONOCO

Plug-Cut Smoking Tobacco.

WEBB & CO., Seattle, Wash., Agents.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Prices of a Few Autographs.

Some prices on autograph letters are as follows: From Charles Francis Adams, 1859, 50 cents; long letter in German by Hans Christian Andersen at Copenhagen, $5; John Quincy Adams, 1841, $5; P. T. Barnum, 1867, 75 cents; Joseph Bonaparte, in regard to the sale of his diamonds and on political matters, dated at Philadelphia, 1823, $4; Ole Bull, $4.50; President Cleveland, letter regarding Mrs. Cleveland, 1890, $3; C. Corot, on art subjects, $3; Edward Eggleston, on sending copy of a novel, 75 cents; Nathaniel Hawthorne, Concord, 1862, $12.50; Leigh Hunt, three page letter on note paper without date, $4; Jean Ingelow, $2.50; Washington Irving, $6.50; Andrew Jackson, $7.50; Louis XIII of France, signed document, $3; President Monroe, commission of a major in the army, on vellum and signed by J. C. Calhoun, $2.50; Joaquin Miller, autograph verse, $1; Marshal MacMahon, $3; Ouida, $3; Ellen Terry, $1; President Tyler, $2.50; Victoria, Duchess of Kent and mother of Queen Victoria, $3; Benjamin West, $40.

An order of arrest signed by Robespierre, also signed by Couthon, is valued at $25; a salary advance agreement of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, $7.50; Jonathan Swift, with seal of the deanery, $10; photograph of Theodore Thomas, signed and dated, 75 cents.—New York Telegram.

American Levity.

Singularly enough it appears that Poe, the only absolutely distinct genius our country has yet produced, was incapable of humor and that even his levity was artificial. Hawthorne, next to Poe in originality and far above him in style, was but meagerly equipped with smile provoking material. Bryant, our greatest poet, maintained a lofty seriousness throughout his work.

It may be sacrilege to say so, but the truth is Lowell was the founder of our levity. He never could be quite a reliably serious thinker, but could at any moment break off into funmaking. Humor is good in a fresh and natural state, but so is a peach. Cut and dry either, and you have a poor article for a regular diet. We Americans have fed upon laughable things until our faces show the wrinkles of a grin even when in solemnest repose.

We are never sure of one another, but must wait awhile after each communication to find out whether or not it is a joke. The effect of highest sincerity cannot be reached in the midst of all this hurly burly of chaffing voices. How can one be serious while everybody else is grimacing?—Chautauquan.

There Was Just One Man.

There is a gallant congressman who once had the reputation of sowing wild oats broadcast. When he was first running for congress, many breezy stories were told about him. At last he gave it out in the heat of his campaign that he would speak shortly in defense of his morals. It was a Populist district, and he had a big audience. The speech every one liked, but until the last sentence not a word was spoken about the advertised subject. At the last the candidate stuck his hand under his desk and pulled out several boxes of imported cigars.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "I am accused of having certain bad habits. Particular instances have been alleged in fact. I wish to make some one in this assemblage a present of a box of good cigars. If there is any one here who has never done what I have done, will he please step up and take it?" No one moved. For a long time the big crowd kept silent. But an old Baptist minister in a far back seat after awhile arose and said in a high, squeaky voice, "Colonel, I don't smoke."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Didn't Know His Own Child.

At Antietam, just after the artillery had been sharply engaged, the Rockbridge (Va.) battery was standing waiting orders. General Lee rode by and stopped a moment. A dirty faced driver about 17 said to him:

"General, are you going to put us in again?"

Think of such a question from such a source to the general of the army, especially when that general's name was Lee.

"Yes, my boy," the stately officer kindly answered; "I have to put you in again. But what is your name? Your face seems familiar somehow."

"I don't wonder you didn't know me, sir," laughed the lad; "I'm so dirty, but I'm Bob."

It was the general's youngest son, whom he had thought safe at the Virginia Military institute. "God bless you, my son; do your duty!" and the general rode on.—Washington Post.

Fuel in Smoke.

A great deal of value "goes up in smoke," but few people realize that smoke has any value. Some Scotchmen, however, have discovered that it is so valuable that they pay several of the Scotch iron works a regular rental for the privilege of collecting and carrying away the smoke and gases from their blast furnaces. The smoke and gases are passed through several miles of wrought iron tubing, diminishing in size from six feet down to eighteen inches, and, as the gases cool, there is deposited a considerable yield of oil.

At one of the smallest of these institutions—a Glasgow plant—there are pumped and collected about 60,000,000 cubic feet of furnace gas per day, and on an average some 25,000 gallons of furnace oil are recovered weekly, using the residual gases, consisting chiefly of carbonic monoxide, as fuel for distilling and other purposes, while a considerable yield of sulphate of ammonia is obtained.—Chicago Press.

The Metal of the Future.

"Here is the metal of the future," said a gentleman, holding out what was apparently a silver matchbox, but which was as light as air. "Of course," he continued, "aluminium is no new discovery, but it is only lately that the cost of production has brought it within the possibilities of ordinary use. The most characteristic feature and great advantage of the metal is its wonderful lightness, as you see. It is very like silver, but is only one-fourth its weight. It has one other great advantage that every housekeeper will see with joy and that is that it never oxidizes or tarnishes.—New York Tribune.

HIS CHANCE AT LAST.

Clement and Henry Walford were twin brothers. How like and yet how unlike! In appearance there was everything to lead one to see that they could both lay claim to the same birthday; their faces were identical, their figures the same. Fortune, however, had placed them in totally distinct channels. Their mother in her day (for she had been dead these twenty years) was an actress of rare ability, and people had crowded the theaters night after night to follow her impressive acting.

Both her sons had inherited her talents in no small measure, and two years previous to her death they had launched out in their first struggle to win fresh laurels for the name around which all that was gifted had gathered. Talents, alas! may live and shine, yet they may live and scarcely flicker. Today these two men were brothers only in name. The gifts of the one had been recognized by a fickle public, the abilities of the other never even had a thought.

Clement Walford! His name was on everybody's lips. The critics gave him columns in the papers, theatrical managers almost knelt at his feet and paid eagerly the money he demanded to secure his services; society held open its doors, and the great actor entered at his ease. And Henry? A struggler—nothing more; a disappointed struggler. Clever, but unknown; gifted, but unheard of. His brother's success may have cut him, but it never discouraged him. He labored on, still hopeful. While the popular man was rich in London, the other was hovering on the very edges of poverty. There were times when he had been forced to write to his brother a letter asking for help, but no reply ever came. The poor man's wife had even knocked at the great actor's door, but the response from a servant's lips was that "Mr. Walford was engaged."

And so the brothers lived. The one utterly oblivious to the ties of relationship, the other hoping for recognition and reconciliation at last. Clement Walford's triumph was at hand. Hitherto Shakespeare's characters had with him remained untouched, but paragraphs in the newspapers had just appeared announcing the fact that it was his intention to appear at an early date as Hamlet. Everybody, from manager to public, was sanguine of a great success; it was the topic of the clubs, the conversation of the critics. Clement Walford himself felt inwardly comfortable and satisfied that failure with him could never be. Success! Success! Success! He harped on that word at night, saw the dream of his life realized as he walked the streets to rehearsal and heard the enthusiasm of the people, and watched them clamoring there, even in the empty theater, as scene by scene was gone through at rehearsal on the stage. In all this he was alone with himself. He thought of Clement Walford and of him alone. A brother! He had none. The other had had the same chances—why did he not take them? If a man, even his own flesh and blood, snapped his fingers at his opportunities, was it for him to put them in his grasp?

The night drew near. The day before the performance had arrived and the last rehearsal had been held. Clement Walford returned to his rooms. He stood before the gilded mantelpiece and looked into the glass. He started back! He felt giddy. Again he looked into the mirror with straining eye. He had never seen such a deathly pallor on his face before. He smiled at his foolishness. He attempted to reach a chair, but found his feet would scarcely carry him. Make what effort he might his head was dropping on to his breast; he felt his hands trembling and looked at them to see if it was true.

"Engagement—strain—anxiety—nervousness—overdoing it," he cried; "a drink of water—brandy—will set me right. Where's the bellrope? Ah! there it is," and crawling toward the cord, across the room, he just managed to reach it when he fell to the ground.

When he awoke he lay in bed, the doctor standing by. He lifted his eyes toward those of the doctor.

"Why—why am I here? How long have I been here? Is this—is this the first night?" he asked.

"You have been here for a few hours, that is all," was the doctor's reply. "Lie quite still—keep your hands in bed, now."

"Thank God! Thank God" the man said. "I was afraid it was the first night. What's the matter with me? What's the matter with me? Why don't you answer? Don't look at me like that; answer me!"

"You have been doing too much lately; you are not strong."

"Not strong!"

"And nothing but perfect rest will bring you around again," the doctor said. "You have"——

"What? what? Tell me quickly!"

"You have broken a blood vessel!"

The man looked at the doctor for a moment. Then he rose in his bed. His voice was scarcely discernible; it was cold and harsh; it was not the voice of a man whose tone had fascinated all its hearers. He looked the medical man wildly in the face. He asked quietly at first:

"Do you know what tomorrow night is? No; of course you don't. But I do. It is the first night of 'Hamlet,' and I shall be there—there, with the house before me, hanging on every word I utter. Do you think this bed will hold me from my triumph, do you think you, or the warning of any man, will prevent me from welcoming the hour of my success? Not strong! you don't know me. You are a stranger to my strength. Don't speak a word. I shall only ridicule your warning. I tell you, you don't know me. Take your hand away—take it away. What do you say? Rest—rest here, or I must—what! Die? Die! You talk madly. No, no, I shall live! Live in myself for years, live in the memory of all forever After tomorrow night! After tomorrow night! Give me a drink of water!"

With trembling hands the man refused the aid of the doctor, but lifted the glass to his lips and gulped down the contents. Hour after hour passed, the night had gone and with the first signs of the approaching day the doctor—who had remained a faithful watcher all through the night—drew aside the window curtains, and the light streamed in upon the man as he lay in his bed. It lit up the face of a man whose life was fast going. He looked almost pitifully toward the doctor.

"I shall be there tonight, eh?" he asked. "I mustn't disappoint them, doctor. Let me run through my lines with you. Do! There is my Shakespeare—there, on that table by the window. It was my mother's gift. Bring it to me carefully."

The doctor silently did as he was bid. He knew that he was obeying the wishes of one for whom he could not do much more. When he turned his head he saw that the dying man had raised himself in the bed.

"Turn to the Third Act—the First Scene. I enter. Listen now, and tell me what effect this has upon you. Listen!

"To be or not to be—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—
No more—and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heartache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep! perchance to dream; aye, there's the rub—
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come.

"Why do you stare at me? Keep your eyes on the book and not on me.

"For in that sleep of death what dreams may come."

Then the man stopped. He murmured these words yet again and again then, turning to the doctor, he told him what he well knew—that he was dying.

"Do you know what would be my dream in that long sleep?" he asked wildly and yet plaintively. "I will tell you. My brother! He would mock at me that I was snapped off in the very moment of my triumph. He would point at me and laugh. I, who had refused to hold out a helping hand to him and exert my influence to better his position. Oh, I couldn't bear that! Harry, Harry, old fellow, if I could only see you again; if I could only ask you to forgive me before it is too late; if I—Doctor," he cried suddenly, "I must see my brother Harry! I must see him! You'll find his address in that desk—send for him. Tell him his brother Clem wants to speak to him and do at last what he has always refused. There, in that desk."

The doctor quietly laid the patient's head upon the pillow. Then he told him that which brought a wild smile of gladness to his pallid face. He laughed at the news. His brother Harry was below waiting even then. When the doctor saw that the man was dying, he asked the servants if their master had any relations living. They only knew of one—a brother he never saw, a brother who a few days before had knocked at the door and had gone away unseen. They knew his address, for he had left it. He had come up to London, hoping against hope that still the great actor would endeavor to get him an engagement. So the doctor telegraphed to him, and he had only just that moment come.

"Send him to me—now—at once," the dying man said in a voice now weak. "Tell him, before he comes up, that his brother Clem is longing to see him."

The doctor went to the door and called, and when he saw Henry Walford ascending the stairs he started in surprise. How like these two men were; how wonderfully like. But one, though poverty had lined her story upon his face, looked strong and well, the other man was dying fast. Quietly he entered.

"Harry, old fellow," one said, lifting a hand out of bed with a last strength.

"Clem! Clem!" the other cried, taking the proffered hand and putting the other arm around his neck and lifting his head up. Then the two men kissed each other.

"Harry, old boy, I'm dying! I know it. I shall have missed tonight, shan't I? But I've found you. Come nearer to me and listen! Harry, I've been cruel to you—you forgive me?"

The other clasped his hand.

"No, no; say it! Say 'I forgive you!'"

"Clem, my brother; I forgive you, Clem," Henry Walford said, through his tears.

"I shan't be able to talk much, so I must say it quickly. A little water—just wet my lips. Thank you—thank you, old fellow. Now, listen earnestly to me. Come very near. Harry, your chance has come at last—and tonight. You can take it in my stead, for I shan't be here. You know the part? Ah! I thought so—you have played it many times. But mine—mine is a daring plot. There is my fur coat on the back of that chair—put it on. Yes; never mind about letting go my hand—put it on, Harry."

Henry Walford did so.

"Yes—yes—it is myself. Go down to the theater tonight. Walk in at the stage door without saying a word. They will touch their hats to you and let you pass. Go to my room—it is the first on the left. Make up—dress—everthing is there. Be in readiness—the orchestra will commence, the curtain will rise, and—and—as—you—step on the stage the house will ring with applause. Your chance—has—come—at—last. Thank God—I—your brother, Clem—can give it to you. Harry—Harry, old fellow—Harry—hold my hand—I'm—goodby—put your arms—round me—Harry—Harry"——

The man fell back in his brother's arms—dead!

That night the theater was packed. The stage doorkeeper touched his hat to the great actor as he passed through without a word. The prompter's bell rang and the curtain rose. Hamlet entered and the noise was deafening, and when the curtain fell he who played the Prince was called again and again. On the morrow the newspapers devoted column after column in eulogizing a remarkable performance, "one that would live in the memory of all who had seen it." Then, when the truth came out, the excitement and curiosity were increased twofold. Clement Walford was ever remembered, Henry Walford from that night was never forgotten. His chance had come at last.—Harry How in Strand Magazine.

Damages for Grief.

A new cause has arisen for a lawsuit. A woman in France was notified by the authorities of a lunatic asylum of her brother's death. She went to the funeral and ordered a handsome tombstone. Her mother was so grieved at her son's death that the plaintiff had to give up her situation to take care of her. Then she learned that the directors of the asylum had made a mistake, and that her brother was alive. After unsuccessful efforts for compensation she has gone to the court, claiming heavy damages for grief and injury.—New York Sun.

An Indignant Burglar.

On a recent morning about 3 o'clock a burglar visited Johnston's drug store, corner of Tenth and O streets, and instead of entering through the regularly provided doorway after ringing the night bell, he climbed over the transom and was about to help himself, when his noise aroused the clerk, who threw his boot at the intruder. "You've got a cheek to throw your boot at me," was the remark of the burglar, who said "Good night" and departed.—Washington Star.

WHEN WAR IS DECLARED

Against a man's happiness by his stomach, the enemy may be pacified and brought speedily and easily to terms. That potent regulator of digestion, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, disciplines the rebellious organ thoroughly. Indigestion arises from weakness of the stomach, and the food in it, for want of the power to digest, decomposes and acidifies, giving rise to heartburn, flatulence and pain, besides a multitude of symptoms both shenseful and perplexing. But peace soon reigns when the great stomachic is resorted to and used with persistence. Dyspepsia gives rise to morbid discomposure of mind, and even sleeplessness and hypochondria in chronic cases. To the complete dismissal of these the bitters is fully adequate. Liver complaint, constipation, debility, rheumatism and malaria are completely subdued by this genial medicine.

Unfollowed to his grave he goes,
O'er his departure few are sad;
This was the candid man who chose
To tell his friends what faults they had.

ON THE OCEAN.

There is no place where ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS do not prove their value. George Augustus Sala, the well-known English writer, writing of his trip across the Pacific, says:

"I especially have a pleasant remembrance of the ship's doctor—a very experienced maritime medico indeed, who tended me most kindly during a horrible spell of bronchitis and spasmodic asthma, provoked by the sea fog which had swooped down on us just after we left San Francisco. But the doctor's prescriptions and the increasing warmth of the temperature as we neared the tropics, and, in particular, a couple of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS clapped on—one on the chest and another between the shoulder blades—soon set me right."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS always act uniformly.

Whisky, if indulged in habitually, is sure to spoil a man's countenance. That is, it will give him a rye face.

Not so many Harvard students as usual will spend the Christmas holidays at home this year. The Yale game, as you may remember, went the other way.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

IT COVERS A GOOD DEAL OF GROUND

—Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. And when you hear that it cures so many diseases, perhaps you think "it's too good to be true."

But it's only reasonable. As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing like the "Discovery" is known to medical science. The diseases that it cures come from a torpid liver, or from impure blood. For everything of this nature, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. In Dyspepsia, Biliousness; all Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, and in the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

The worse your Catarrh, the more you need Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Its proprietors offer $500 cash for a case of Catarrh in the Head which they cannot cure.

Golden West Baking Powder

Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED.

CASH PRIZES

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.

S.S.S. CURES MALARIAL POISON

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so promptly, or so safely as Swift's Specific.

LIFE HAD NO CHARMS.

For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life lost all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then decided to try S.S.S. A few bottles of this wonderful medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever.

J. A. RICE, Ottawa, Kan.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

What You Read About Hood's Is So

The testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are not purchased, nor are they written up in our office, nor are they from our employes. They are simple statements of facts from people whom Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured published without sensationalism or fictitious headlines. They prove positively that Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses absolute merit and that

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Sold by all druggists. $1 per bottle; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache and indigestion. 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.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

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

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PERMANENTLY CURED OR NO PAY. No PAY UNTIL CURED. We refer to 5,000 patients. NO OPERATION. NO DETENTION FROM BUSINESS. Write or call for circular and bank reference. Examination free.

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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.

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We have just issued an elegant 104-page illustrated catalogue of

FIREARMS AND SPORTING GOODS.

If you are in need of anything in this line, send us your name and we will send you one by return mail. Address

THE H. T. HUDSON ARMS CO., 93 First Street, Portland, Or.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC

ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They act mildly, neither gripe nor sicken as other pills do. To convince you of their merits we will mail samples free, or a full box for 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Bosanko Med. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

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The sower has no second chance. If you would at first succeed, be sure and start with FERRY'S SEEDS.

Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894 contains the sum and substance of the latest farming knowledge. Every planter should have it. Sent free.

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