DURING hard times consumers cannot afford to experiment with inferior, cheap brands of baking powder. It is **NOW** that the great strength and purity of the **ROYAL** stand out as a friend in need to those who desire to practise Economy in the Kitchen. Each spoonful does its perfect work. Its increasing sale bears witness that it is a necessity to the prudent—it goes further.

N. B. Grocers say that every dollar invested in **Royal Baking Powder** is worth a dollar the world over, that it does not consume their capital in dead stock, because it is the great favorite, and sells through all times and seasons.

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

GRACE.

Something it is like her!
The curve of the cheek and the way
The hair has gone astray,
Twining about the ear;
Yes, and the picture here
Has that look of vague surprise
That I saw sometimes in her eyes.

Something it is like her!
As if a painter had seen
Her face but once, and then
Striven with it in his heart
Almost in vain, to impart
To his canvas aught of the grace
Of the soul he saw in her face!

Something it is like her!
And so it hangs here by my head,
And the light of its beauty is shed
Over my room, and it seems
That sometimes it brings me dreams
Of herself—of her flitting smiles
In these dreary, sad afterwhiles.

Something it is like her!
And I bow my head even now
Into my hands, and the low
Sound of her voice comes again.
Trembling the sad refrain
Of the end of the joy that is dead
In my heart, from which hope has fled!
—Washington Post.

Early Disparagement of Anæsthetics.

It was predicted that the most serious malpractices would follow the introduction of the anæsthetic art. It was feared that the art would be used by the robber, by the murderer, by those who were desirous of committing deeds of violence, and that, in short, it would be a means of putting the most dangerous and ready weapon of evil ever dreamed of into the hands of the evil disposed, the worst disposed of the whole community.

It was argued that the practice, however safe and successful it might be, was sinful, was opposed to the divinely appointed decree, and could not be sustained except in direct defiance of righteous law; for, was not man born to suffer, and was not pain a part of the curse that had fallen on man by his first disobedience to the Almighty will?

It was insisted on by a more practical group of objectors that, as the process of anæsthesia became general in its application, the mortality induced by anæsthesia would of itself be the death warrant of the declared advancement and bring all its glory to the dust.—Dr. Richardson in Longmans' Magazine.

Justice Greater Than Charity.

The one divine work—the one ordered sacrifice—is to do justice, and it is the last we are ever inclined to do. Anything rather than that. As much charity as you choose, but no justice. "Nay," you will say, "charity is greater than justice." Yes, it is greater; it is the summit of justice—it is the temple of which justice is the foundation. But you can't have the top without the bottom; you cannot build upon charity. You must build upon justice, for this main reason, that you have not, at first, charity to build with. It is the last reward of good work. Do justice to your brother (you can do that whether you love him or not) and you will come to love him. It is all very fine to think you can build upon charity to begin with, but you will find all you have to begin with begins at home and is essentially love of yourself.—Ruskin.

A Hint to Congress.

The bright little daughter of a representative visited the house. As might be expected, she did not find the proceedings especially interesting. She stood it as long as she could, and then said:

"Well, I'm tired of this preachin. If there isn't goin to be any singin I guess I'll go home."—Washington Star.

Mohammedans Never Use Coffins.

The Mohammedans always, whether in their own country or in one of adoption, bury without coffin or casket of any kind.

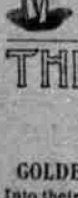
INSIST ON HAVING THE

Belting, Packing and Hose, Boots and Shoes, Rubber and Oil Clothing, Druggists' Rubber Goods,

—MANUFACTURED BY—

Goodyear Rubber Co.,

73 and 75 First St., Portland, Or.
Write for catalogue—FREE.



EX-PRESIDENT • HARRISON

Says of the Military School: "It is good in every respect—good for the boys, good for the schools and good for the country."

BISHOP • SCOTT • ACADEMY

Portland, Or., is a Military School under government control. Scientific, classical, commercial courses. Write for catalogue. Spring term begins February 6.

THE : PEOPLE'S ~PARTY~

—SHOULD PUT—

GOLDEN WEST BAKING POWDER

Into their platform. To use it is a measure of health, pleasure and economy.

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.

Five Things About a Note.

There are five essential elements to the legal validity of a negotiable draft, note or check:

It must be payable in money—that is, gold, silver or greenbacks, possibly also in United States currency; not in any kind of merchandise. Thus a note "payable in 100 calves" has been decided to be invalid.

It must be payable without any contingency or uncertainty. A note promising to pay "$1,000 out of the proceeds of ore to be raised and sold for any mine" is invalid. But a particular fund may be designated, as, "I promise to pay out of the estate of B., deceased."

It must be payable at a certain specified time—a time certain to arrive. A note payable to A. B. "when he is twenty-one years of age" is not good, for he may not live to be twenty-one, and so the time is not certain to arrive.

But a note payable "on demand" is held to be good, for demand is in the nature of things certain to be made at some time. The owner of such a note would not possess common sense if he never demanded payment.

It must be payable to the order of a certain party therein named, or else payable to bearer. Otherwise it is not negotiable, although as a simple written contract it is good as between the maker and the person to whom it is payable. But it is not capable of indorsement unless the words "order" or "bearer" appear.

The amount payable must be specified and certain. A note for $100 "with interest" is good, because the interest can be calculated and thus certainly ascertained, but a note reading, "Pay $100 or $200" is not good.—Chautauquan.

An Almost Extinct Work of Art.

When I was a youngster there was one almost invariable work of art in every family that had ever lost one or more members. This was a picture made out of the hair of the deceased. The designs of these grewsome memorials were always the same. A man or woman made of hair was represented at a grave made of hair under a hairy weeping willow. Sometimes even the sky and the distant landscape (which invariably included a church and a very proper path leading straight to its door) were also constructed of the same material. At others they were limned upon the cardboard with water colors. Watch guards, necklaces, earrings and brooches were also made of hair, and the business of contriving these devices must have been an active one.

The introduction of the mortuary photograph chromo sent the hair artist to the wall, but the species is by no means extinct yet. I met one the other evening who was taking home the memorial of the whole family of a widow of wealth. He told me that there were twenty odd people represented in the material employed in this masterwork. It was certainly melancholy enough to remind one of twenty funerals. I tried to find out what such a feat of genius was worth, but he declined to be interviewed. He hinted at hundreds of dollars, but whether this meant what it was worth in his estimation, or what he was paid for it I could not define. I know that thousands of dollars would not hire me to live in a room where it hung upon the wall.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Bulletin.

A Chief Justice's Gown.

Unlike judges in most lower courts the supreme court justices wear black gowns that are much like the cassocks of church choristers. Arrayed in these somber black gowns, the justices, a row of seven or eight very large and very learned men, present an appearance of official dignity that is most striking.

The supreme court convenes at 12 o'clock. One day Chief Justice Chase was unable to find his robe. He searched every part of the robing room, and even lighted a match to go deeper into his closet than usual in search of the missing gown, because the day was a dark and rainy one.

It wanted but a minute or two of 12 when the chief justice, almost beside himself with long searching, appealed to Ben Wade, the famous rough and ready senator from Ohio, who chanced to enter the room, to help him find his lost gown.

Wade had just come in from out of doors, and so, thrusting his umbrella under one of the settees to see if the missing garment was there, he fortunately fished it out. Holding it at arm's length on the end of his dripping umbrella he shouted, "Here, Chase—here's your old shirt."

The learned chief justice reached his seat in the middle of the row just as the clock struck the last stroke of 12, but the spectator from the front would never have guessed that the gown which clothed so much dignity had been ten seconds before dangling at the end of a very wet umbrella.

Then the Wind Ceased to Blow.

One of Kansas City's prominent citizens was escorting his wife along the street during the high winds of Friday when they were caught by a particularly strong breeze and almost lifted off their feet. The citizen caught hold of a brass rail and his wife clung to his arm, but the citizen's hold was loosened, and two fingers were sprained. His wife was torn away from him and driven across the street. As she sailed away he called after her:

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

That produced a calm, and as the wife returned the smile departed from the citizen's face.—Kansas City Times.

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

All this did not, however, abate her admiration for both—perhaps particularly for this picturesquely gentlemanly young fellow, with his gentle audacities of compliment, his caressing attentions and his unfailing and equal address. And when, discovering that she had mislaid her fan for the fifth time that morning, he started up with equal and undiminished fire to go again and fetch it, the look of grateful pleasure and pleading perplexity in her pretty eyes might have turned a less conceited brain than his.

"But you don't know where it is?"

"I shall find it by instinct."

"You are spoiling me—you two." The parenthesis was a hesitating addition, but she continued with fresh sincerity. "I shall be quite helpless when I leave here—if I am ever able to go by myself."

"Don't ever go, then."

"But just now I want my fan—it is so close everywhere today."

"I fly, mademoiselle."

He started to the door.

She called after him, "Let me help your instinct, then. I had it last in the major's study."

"That was where I was going."

He disappeared. Rose got up and moved uneasily toward the window. "How queer and quiet it looks outside. It's really too bad that he should be sent after that fan again. He'll never find it." She resumed her place at the piano, Adele following her with round expectant eyes. After a pause she started up again. "I'll go and fetch it myself," she said, with a half embarrassed laugh, and ran to the door.

Scarcely understanding her own nervousness, but finding relief in rapid movement, Rose flew lightly up the staircase. The major's study, where she had been writing letters during his absence that morning, was at the further end of a long passage and near her own bedroom, the door of which as she passed she noticed half abstractedly was open, but she continued on and hurriedly entered the study. At the same moment Emile, with a smile on his face, turned toward her with the fan in his hand.

"Oh, you've found it," she said with nervous eagerness. "I was so afraid you'd have all your trouble for nothing."

With a half breathless smile she extended her hand for the fan, but he caught her outstretched little palm in his own and held it.

"Ah, but you are not going to leave us, are you?"

In a flash of consciousness she understood him, and, as it seemed to her, her own nervousness and all and everything. And with it came a swift appreciation of all it meant to her and her future. To be always with him, and, like him, a part of this refined and restful seclusion—akin to all that had so attracted her in this house; not to be obliged to educate herself up to it, but to be in it on equal terms at once; to know that it was no wild, foolish, youthful fancy, but a wise, thoughtful and prudent resolve that her father would understand and her friends respect—these were the thoughts that crowded quickly upon her—more like an explanation of her feelings than a revelation—in the brief second that he held her hand. It was not perhaps love as she had dreamed it, and even believed it before; she was not ashamed or embarrassed, she even felt with a slight pride that she was not blushing. She raised her eyes frankly. What she would have said she did not know, for the door which he had closed behind her began to shake violently.

It was not the fear of some angry intrusion or interference surely that made him drop her hand instantly. It was not—her second thought—the idea that some one had fallen in a fit against it that blanched his face with abject and unreasoning terror. It must have been something else that caused him to utter an inarticulate cry and dash out of the room and down the stairs like a madman! What had happened?

In her own self possession she knew that all this was passing rapidly, that it was not the door now that was still shaking, for it had swung almost shut again, but it was the windows, the book shelves, the floor beneath her feet that were all shaking. She heard a hurried scrambling, the trampling of feet below and the quick rustling of a skirt in the passage as if some one had precipitately fled from her room. Yet no one had called to her—even he had said nothing. Whatever had happened they clearly had not cared for her to know.

The jarring and rattling ceased as suddenly, but the house seemed silent and empty. She moved to the door, which now had swung open a few inches, but to her astonishment it was fixed in that position and she could not pass. As yet she had been free from any personal fear, and even now it was with a half smile at her imprisonment in the major's study that she rang the bell and turned to the window. A man whom she recognized as one of the ranch laborers was standing a hundred feet away in the garden looking curiously at the house. He saw her face as she tried to raise the sash, uttered an exclamation and ran forward.

But before she could understand what he said the sash began to rattle in her hand, the jarring recommenced, the floor shook beneath her feet, a hideous sound of grinding seemed to come from the walls, a thin seam of dust like smoke broke from the ceiling, and with the noise of falling plaster a dozen books followed each other from the shelves in what in the frantic hurry of that moment seemed a grimly deliberate succession; a picture hanging against the wall to her dazed wonder swung forward and appeared to stand at right angles from it; she felt herself reeling against the furniture, a deathly nausea overtook her, and as she glanced despairingly toward the window the outlying fields beyond the garden seemed to be undulating like a sea.

For the first time she raised her voice, not in fear, but in a pathetic little cry of apology for her awkwardness in tumbling about and not being able to grapple this new experience, and then she found herself near the door, which had once more swung free. She grasped it eagerly and darted out of the study into the deserted passage. Here some instinct made her follow the line of the wall rather than the shaking balusters of the corridor and staircase; but before she reached the bottom she heard a shout, and the farm laborer she had seen coming toward her seized her by the arm, dragged her to the open doorway of the drawing room and halted beneath its arch in the wall. Another thrill—but lighter than before—passed through the building, then all was still again.

"It's over, I reckon; that's all just now," said the man coolly. "It's quite safe to cut and run for the garden now through this window." He half led, half lifted her through the French window to the veranda and the ground, and locking her arm in his ran quickly forward a hundred feet from the house, stopping at last beneath a large post oak where there was a rustic seat, into which she sank. "You're safe now, I reckon," he said grimly.

She looked toward the house. The sun was shining brightly. A cool breeze seemed to have sprung up as they ran. She could see a quantity of rubbish lying on the roof, from which a dozen yards of zinc gutter were perilously hanging, the broken shafts of the farther cluster of chimneys, a pile of bricks scattered upon the ground and among the battered down beams of the end of the veranda; but that was all. She lifted her now whitened face to the man, and with the apologetic smile still lingering on her lips asked:

"What does it all mean? What has happened?"

The man stared at her. "D'ye mean to say ye don't know?"

"How could I? They must have all left the house as soon as it began. I was talking to—to M. L'Hommadieu, and he suddenly left."

The man brought his face angrily down within an inch of her own. "D'ye mean to say that them d—d French half-breeds stampeded and left yer there alone?"

She was still too much stupefied by the reaction to fully comprehend his meaning, and repeated feebly, with her smile still faintly lingering, "But you don't tell me what it was?"

"An earthquake," said the man roughly; "and if it had lasted ten seconds longer it would have shook down the whole shanty and left you under it. Yer kin tell that to them if they don't know it, but from the way they made tracks to the fields I reckon they did. They're coming now."

Without another word he turned away half surlily, half defiantly, passing scarce fifty yards away Mrs. Randolph and her daughter, who were hastening toward their guest.

"Oh, here you are," said Mrs. Randolph, with the nearest approach to effusion that Rose had yet seen in her manner. "We were wondering where you had run to and were getting quite concerned. Emile was looking for you everywhere."

The recollection of his blank and abject face, his vague outcry and blind flight, came back to Rose with a shock that sent a flush of sympathetic shame to her face. The ingenious Adele noticed it and dutifully pinched her mother's arm.

"Emile," echoed Rose faintly, "looking for me?"

Mother and daughter exchanged glances.

"Yes," said Mrs. Randolph cheerfully, "he says he started to run with you, but you got ahead and slipped out of the garden door—or something of that kind," she added, with the air of making light of Rose's girlish fears. "You know one scarcely knows what one does at such times, and it must have been all frightfully strange to you—and he's been quite distracted—lest you should have wandered away. Adele, run and tell him Miss Mallory has been here under the oak all the time."

Rose started, and then fell hopelessly back in her seat. Perhaps it was true! Perhaps he had not rushed off with that awful face and without a word. Perhaps she herself had been half frightened out of her reason. In the simple weak kindness of her nature it seemed less dreadful to believe that the fault was partly her own.

"And you went back into the house to look for us when all was over," said Mrs. Randolph, fixing her black, beady, magnetic eyes on Rose, "and that stupid yokel 'Zeke brought you out again. He needn't have clutched your arm so closely, my dear—I must speak to the major about his excessive familiarity—but I suppose I shall be told that that is American freedom. I call it 'a liberty.'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Single and Married.

A native of Ireland landing at Greenock wanted to take the train to Glasgow. Never having been in a railway station before, he did not know how to get his ticket. Seeing a lady, however, going in, Pat thought he would follow her, and he would soon know how to get aboard. The lady, going to the ticket box and putting down her money, said, "Maryhill, single." Her ticket was duly handed to her, and she walked off. Pat, thinking it all right, planked down his money and shouted, "Patrick Murphy, married."—Tit-Bits.

A NEW ENGLAND MIRACLE.

A RAILROAD ENGINEER RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE.

The Wonderful Story Told by Fred C. Vose and His Mother-in-Law to a Reporter of the Boston Herald—Both Are Restored After Years of Agony.

From the Boston Herald.]

The vast health-giving results already attributed by the newspapers throughout this country and Canada to Dr. Williams' "Pink Pills for Pale People" have been recently supplemented by the cases of two confirmed invalids in one household in a New England town. The names of these people are Fred C. Vose, his wife and his mother-in-law, Mrs. Oliver C. Holt of Peterboro, members of the same household.

To the Herald reporter who was sent to investigate his remarkable cure Mr. Vose said: "I am 37 years old, and have been railroading for the Fitchburg for fifteen years. Since boyhood I have been troubled with a weak stomach. For the past seven years I have suffered terribly and constantly. My stomach would not retain food; my head ached constantly and was so dizzy I could scarcely stand; my eyes were blurred; I had a bad heartburn, and my breath was offensive. I had physicians, but they failed to help me. My appetite gave out, and four years ago I developed palpitation of the heart, which seriously affected my breathing. Had terrible pains in my back, and had to make water many times a day. I finally developed rheumatic signs, and couldn't sleep nights. If I lay down, my heart would go pit-a-pat at a great rate, and many nights I did not close my eyes at all. I was broken down in body and discouraged in spirit, when some time in February last I got a couple of boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished the first box I noticed that the palpitation of my heart, which had bothered me so that I couldn't breathe at times, began to improve. I saw that in going to my home on the hill from the depot, which was previously an awful task, my heart did not beat so violently and I had more breath when I reached the house. After the second and third boxes I grew better in every other respect. My stomach became stronger, the gas belching was not so bad, my appetite and digestion improved, and my sleep became nearly natural and undisturbed. I have continued taking the pills three times a day ever since last March, and to-day I am feeling better than at any time during the last eight years. I can confidently and conscientiously say that they have done me more good, and their good effects are more permanent, than any medicine I have ever taken. My rheumatic pains in legs and hands are all gone. The pains in the small of my back, which were so bad at times that I couldn't stand up straight, have nearly all vanished, and I find my kidneys are well regulated by them. This is an effect not claimed for the pills in the circular, but in my case they brought it about. I am feeling 100 per cent better in every shape and manner."

The reporter next saw Mrs. Holt, who said: "I am 57 years old, and for fourteen years past I have had an intermittent heart trouble. Three years ago I had nervous prostration, by which my heart trouble was increased so badly that I had to lie down most of the time. My stomach also gave out, and I had continual and intense pain from the back of my neck to the end of my backbone. In fourteen weeks I spent $300 for doctor bills and medicines, but my health continued so miserable that I gave up doctoring in despair. I began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills last winter, and the first box made me feel ever so much better. I have taken the pills since February, with the result of stopping entirely the pain in the spine and in the region of the liver. My stomach is again normal, and the palpitation of the heart has troubled me but three times since I commenced the pills."

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., or Brockville, Ont.

There are rumors in the Cœur d'Alene mining regions that the Italian miners will be driven out by American labor, and that force will be used.

TELL YOUR FRIENDS.

Hosts of letters have been written, some to the proprietors of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, some to friends, telling of their inestimable value. Here is one from the Hon. Edmund L. Pitts, the late President of the New York State Senate:

"STATE OF NEW YORK,
SENATE CHAMBER,
ALBANY, March 11, 1886.

"I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family for the past five years, and can truthfully say they are a valuable remedy and effect great cures. I would not be without them. I have in several instances given some to friends suffering with weak and lame backs, and they have invariably afforded certain and speedy relief. They cannot be too highly commended."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS will purify the blood.

"Your account has been standing a long time, Mr. Dukey." "Then give it a seat, my dear Shers." "Very glad to; shall we make it a receipt?"

Throat diseases commence with a cold, cough or overfatiguing the voice. These symptoms (which, if neglected, often result in a chronic trouble of the throat) are allayed by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*"

He—Give me a kiss, won't you? She (hesitatingly)—Well, I will, if you won't give it away.

WORK FOR WORKERS.

Are you ready to work, and do you want to make money? Then write to B. F. Johnson & Co. of Richmond, Va., and see if they cannot help you.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

SLICKER

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.

The Admiral Cigarettes are superior to all others.

MUSCLE AND VIGOR—A DIFFERENCE.

Many muscular men succumb to fatigues borne with ease by persons far their inferiors in physical strength. Muscle does not imply vigor. In fact, it is not difficult of proof that athletes do not live as long nor enjoy as good health as the average individual who is vigorous—that is to say, whose digestion and sleep are unimpaired, whose nerves are tranquil, and who has no organic tendency to disease. These requisites of vigor are conferred upon those inherently weak, no less than upon those debilitated through wasting disease, by a thorough, persistent course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, the leading national tonic, indorsed and recommended by physicians of eminence. It will not endow you with the muscle of a Corbett, but it will infuse energy into your system and renew the active and healthful performance of its functions. It averts and cures malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints, and overcomes dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and nervousness.

Chappie—There is one thing about Miss Finde's new house that I don't like. Sappie—What's that? Chappie—Her father.

WATER MOTOR.

One Tuerk Water Motor, new, that will develop from 10 to 15-horse power; can be had at a sacrifice by addressing

PALMER & REY,
Portland, Or.

$100 REWARD—$100.

The reader 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 known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on 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.

A POTTER PRESS.

Size, 33x48 inside bearers; table distribution; bed springs; will print nine-column folio or six-column quarto; a splendid all-round press for country office; for sale cheap; guaranteed in order. Address

PALMER & REY,
Portland, Or.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Tempt Not

a Cough with a Weak System, Consumption with Weak Lungs, or Disease with Loss of Flesh. Take

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, for any ailment resulting from poor nourishment. *Physicians,* the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

Pimples AND *Blotches*

ARE EVIDENCE That the blood is wrong, and that nature is endeavoring to throw off the impurities. Nothing is so beneficial in assisting nature as Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) It is a simple vegetable compound. Is harmless to the most delicate child, yet it forces the poison to the surface and eliminates it from the blood.

S.S.S.

I contracted a severe case of blood poison that unfitted me for business for four years. A few bottles of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured me.

J. C. JONES, City Marshal,
Fulton, Arkansas.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"August Flower"

"I am Post Master here and keep a Store. I have kept August Flower for sale for some time. I think it is a splendid medicine." E. A. Bond, P. M., Pavilion Centre, N.Y.

The stomach is the reservoir. If it fails, everything fails. The liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the head, the blood, the nerves all go wrong. If you feel wrong, look to the stomach first. Put that right at once by using August Flower. It assures a good appetite and a good digestion.

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.

Use **ST. JACOBS OIL** FOR **PAINS** RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, SCIATIC, And all the World Knows the CURE is SURE.

DROP IT IF YOUR BUSINESS DOES NOT PAY.

Chickens are easily and successfully raised by using the **Petaluma Incubators** and **Brooders.** Our illustrated catalogue tells all about it. Don't buy any but the Petaluma if you want strong, vigorous chicks. We are Pacific Coast Headquarters for Bone and Clover Cutters, Markers, Books, Caponizing Tools, Fountains, Flood's Roup Cure, Morris Poultry Cure, Creosozone the great chicken-lice killer and every other article required by poultry raisers. See the machines in operation at our exhibit with the Norwalk Ostrich Farm, Midwinter Fair, hatching ostriches and all kinds of eggs. Catalogue free; if you want it, write to us.

PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO.,
750—752—754—756 Main street, Petaluma, Cal.

SALARY AND EXPENSES FROM START, FOR CANVASSERS FOR CLEAN, hardy Orchard, Garden and Lawn Nursery Stock. Advantages for beginners; steady advancement; permanent. OUTFIT FREE. Name this paper. BROWN BROS. CO., Oregonian bldg, Portland, Or.

Smoke the Admiral Cigarettes and be happy.

Eating in Haste

At times while serving as constable and deputy sheriff brought on dyspeptic trouble, although I was naturally healthy. Eight months ago I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured my dyspeptic trouble and set me back in my age about fifteen years. I advised others to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and they now rejoice over the good effect it has had upon them. My wife had suffered from severe headaches, general prostration and loss of appetite. She has taken two bottles, and her head is now free from pain and she is enjoying excellent health and renewed strength." S. SHUMWAY, Webster, Mass.

Mr. Shumway.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills assist digestion. 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, 50cts. Injector free.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

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.

Free by Mail

On receipt of ONE DOLLAR

A WHOLE GARDEN.

Let us mail you our Illustrated Catalogue which will tell you all about it. Sunset Seed and Plant Co. (Sherwood Hall Nursery Co.), 427-9 Sansome Street, San Francisco. Selected Seeds a specialty.

Dr. Evory's California CATARRH REMEDY. The Great Cure for Catarrh, Deafness, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Headache, Fetid, Sickening Breath; Restores the Voice, Sense of Smell, etc. Price 50c. All druggists or mail. L. F. EVORY & CO., Props., 309 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

RUPTURE

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.

The O. E. MILLER CO.,
Marquam Building,
PORTLAND, OREGON

Incorporated Capital and Surplus, $1,000,000.

WATER MOTOR FOR SALE.

One celebrated Tuerk Water Motor; new; will develop 10 to 15-horse power. Water is the best and cheapest power to use, and the "Tuerk" is the best and cheapest motor in the market. Will be sold at a sacrifice. Address

PALMER & REY, Portland, Or.

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. D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich.

MASQUERADES, PARADES, AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Everything in the above line. Costumes, Wigs, Beards, Properties, Opera and Play Books, etc., furnished at greatly reduced rates and in superior quality by the oldest, largest, best renowned and therefore *only reliable Theatrical Supply House on the Pacific Coast.* Correspondence solicited. GOLDSTEIN & Co., 26, 28 and 30 O'Farrell street, also 822 Market street, San Francisco. We supply *all Theaters on the Coast,* to whom we respectfully refer.

YOU WANT THE BEST. Send for our Catalogue of INCUBATORS. Best makes. Low prices. *Easy payments.* Address W. C. Beach, Ripon, California.

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

The Admiral Cigarettes are the best.

N. P. N. U. No. 532—S. F. N. U. No. 609