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.

DREAMING.

The cooling fingers of the twilight lay
A balm upon the fevered ebb of day,
And, languor lulled by dream winged spirits in their flight
Between the half uncertain hours of dark and light,
I dream of thee.

Trilled through the silvery sphere of fading day,
A late bird homeward wings its wearied way;
And, through the wide tranquillity of upper sea
Attunes his vesper note of faroff minstrelsy
To songs of thee.

Far from the west the sentinel of light
Sets the dead altars of approaching night
Aflame, and paints the ambient skies with mystic gold,
Whose liquid light reflects the happiness of old
Of me with thee.

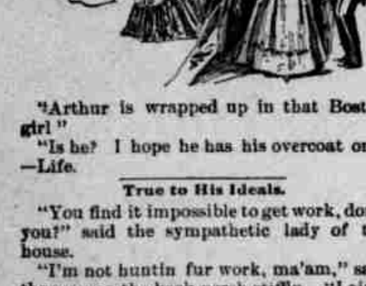
The sky, the air, the sea, the earth, its flowers,
Lie steeped in magic of the moonlit showers.
And I? Far out beyond the waves, where sky meets sea,
From star to star across the night's tranquility,
I come to thee.

The evening winds, distilled from fragrant flowers,
Pour out their incense on the dew wrapt hours,
And on the still, sweet harmony of sky and sea
I stray a little space into infinity
To dwell with thee.

Thus when the fingers of the twilight gray
Pour balm upon the ebbing tides of day,
I, languor lulled by dream winged spirits in their flight
Between the half uncertain hours of dark and light,
Can live with thee.

—Amy Seville Wolff.

A Cold Corner.



"Arthur is wrapped up in that Boston girl."

"Is he? I hope he has his overcoat on."—Life.

True to His Ideals.

"You find it impossible to get work, don't you?" said the sympathetic lady of the house.

"I'm not huntin fur work, ma'am," said the man on the back porch stiffly. "I ain't no common tramp. I'm huntin for leisure."—Chicago Record.

The Wrong Man.

"Kind sir, pray give me a shilling for my six hungry children."

"Awfully sorry, but I'm not buying hungry children just now; fact is, I've got nine of my own at home already."

AN UNSEEN ENEMY

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtle and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, can only be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks wi h Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the system and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

The theatrical manager is known by the company he keeps.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY, } ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December. A. D. 1886.

[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

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PORTLAND SEED CO.,
171 Second Street. - Portland, Or.
Send for catalogue.

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THE MUNSON.
Price $65; superior to $100 machines. Agents wanted in every town. Good chance for live men. Write for particulars and catalogue of Typewriter Supplies. PACIFIC TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, Portland, Or.

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And GOPHERS Totally Exterminated by
WHEELER'S CARBON BISULPHIDE.
F. A. Cook & Co., Sole Agents, Portland,

Golden West Baking Powder
HAS NO SUPERIOR IN any particular.
MONEY REFUNDED BY any grocer,
IF NOT SATISFACTORY.
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Closset & Devers.

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—MANUFACTURED BY—
Goodyear Rubber Co.,
73 and 75 First St., Portland, Or.
Write for catalogue—FREE.

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664½ Howard St.................Near Third,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
At Ferries take Howard Street Cable Cars to the House. *Direct Route to Midwinter Fair Grounds.* 100 Single and Family Rooms. Rooms 20c, 25c and 50c per day. For two or more persons 30c, 50c and 75c. $1.00 to $2.50 per week.
GEO. W. FRANCE, Proprietor.

THE ORIGINAL SHERLOCK HOLMES.

He Speaks of the Significance of Trifles In Detective Work.

Sherlock Holmes, the detective who figures in many of Conan Doyle's short stories, is probably one of the most popular characters in contemporaneous fiction. It will therefore interest the reading public to know that this fascinating character was drawn from life and that the original still lives. His name is Dr. Joseph Bell, and he is a lecturer on medical jurisprudence at Edinburgh university, where Conan Doyle was once one of his students.

In discussing his own career with a Pall Mall Budget reporter recently Dr. Bell said: "For 20 years or more I have been engaged in the practice of medical jurisprudence on behalf of the crown, but there is little I can tell you about it, for, after all, any deductions and inferences and so on which I have been the means of placing at the disposal of the authorities are simple and commonplace.

"The only credit I can take to myself is that appertaining to the circumstance that I always impressed over and over again upon all my scholars—Conan Doyle among them—the vast importance of little distinctions, the endless significance of the trifles. The great majority of people, of incidents and of cases resemble each other in the main and larger features. For instance, most men have a head, two arms, a nose, a mouth and a certain number of teeth. It is the little differences, in themselves trifles, such as the droop of an eyelid or what not, which differentiate men."

"Will you give me an instance of the manner in which you note these all important trifles?"

"This one struck me as funny at the time. A man walked into the room where I was instructing the students, and his case seemed to be a very simple one. I was talking about what was wrong with him. 'Of course, gentlemen,' I happened to say, 'he has been a soldier in a highland regiment and probably a bandsman.' I pointed out the swagger in his walk, suggestive of the piper, while his shortness told me that if he had been a soldier it was probably as a bandsman. In fact, he had the whole appearance of a man in one of the highland regiments. The man turned out to be nothing but a shoemaker and said he had never been in the army in his life. This was rather a floorer, but being absolutely certain I was right and seeing that something was up I did a pretty cool thing. I told two of the strongest clerks, or dressers, to remove the man to a side room. I went and had him stripped, and under the left breast I instantly detected a little blue 'D' branded on his skin. He was a deserter. Of course the reason of his evasion was at once clear.

"I always regarded Conan Doyle as one of the best students I ever had. He was exceedingly interested always in anything connected with diagnosis and was never tired of trying to discover all those little details which one looks for. I recollect he was amused once when a patient walked in and sat down.

"'Good morning, Pat,' I said, for it was impossible not to see that he was an Irishman. 'Good morning, your honor,' replied the patient. 'Did you like your walk over the links today as you came in from the south side of the town?' I asked. 'Yes,' said Pat. 'Did your honor see me?' Well, Conan Doyle could not see how I knew that, absurdly simple as it was. On a showery day, such as that had been, the reddish clay at bare parts of the links ad-

DR. JOSEPH BELL.

heres to the boot, and a tiny part is bound to remain. There is no such clay anywhere else around the town for miles. Well, that and one or two similar instances excited Doyle's keenest interest and set him experimenting himself in the same direction—which, of course, was just what I wanted with him and all my other scholars."

"Is there any system by which the habit of observation is to be cultivated—among the police, for instance?"

"There is among doctors. It is taught regularly to the students here, at all events. It would be a great thing if the police generally could be trained to observe more closely. The lines upon which it might be done would be to make the prizes bigger for the educated man. At present the incentive to special training is not too great, I believe. The fatal mistake which the ordinary policeman makes is this—that he gets his theory first and then makes the facts fit it, instead of getting his facts first and making all his little observations and deductions until he is driven irresistibly by them into an elucidation in a direction he may never have originally contemplated.

"With regard to the doctors, I think every good teacher, if he is to make his men good doctors, must get them to cultivate the habit of noticing the little apparent trifles. Any really good doctor ought to be able to tell, before a patient has fairly sat down, a good deal of what is the matter with him or her. With a woman especially the observant doctor can often tell by noticing her exactly what part of her body she is going to talk about. But to get back to the police. You cannot expect the ordinary 'Bobby,' splendid fellow as he is, so far as pluck and honesty go, to stand eight hours on his legs and then develop great mental strength. He doesn't get enough blood to his brain to permit of it.

"I should just like to say this about my friend Doyle's stories—that I believe they have inculcated in the general public a new source of interest, the kind of interest created by Richard Jefferies and the 'Son of the Marshes.' They make many a fellow who has before felt very little interest in his life and daily surroundings think that, after all, there may be much more in life if he keeps his eyes open than he had ever dreamed of in his philosophy. There is a problem, a whole game of chess, in many a little street incident or trifling occurrence if one once learns how to make the moves."

Rides In a Glass Carriage.

An Austrian lady with a weakness for attending army maneuvers has built herself a glass carriage, so that she may observe parades, marches and other military functions in any sort of weather. Every part of the vehicle is made of glass, with the exception of the upholstering, the springs and the tires.

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCOIS BRET HARTE.

"Oh, mon Dieu!" she said, dropping rapidly into a different accent, with her white teeth and fixed, mirthless smile, "so it is a claim for property, eh? You're wanting money—you? Tres bien. You forget we are in California, where one does not own a slave. And you have a fine story there, my poor friend. Very pretty, but very hard to prove, m'sieu. And these peasants are in it, eh? Working it on shares like the farm, eh?"

"Well," said Dawson, slightly changing his position and passing his hand ever the horse's neck with a half wearied contempt, "one of these men is from Plaquemine and the other from Coupee. They know all the L'Hommadieu's history. And they know a streak of the tar brush when they see it. They took your measure when they came here last year and sized you up fairly. So had I, for the matter of that, when I first saw you. And we compared notes. But the major is a square man, for all he is your husband, and we reckoned he had a big enough contract on his hands to take care of you and L'Hommadieu's half breeds, and so"—he tossed the reins contemptuously aside—"we kept this to ourselves."

"And now you want what, eh?"

"We want an end to this foolery," he broke out roughly, stepping back from the vehicle and facing her suddenly with his first angry gesture. "We want an end to these airs and grimaces and all this 'dandy nigger business.' We want an end to this 'cake walking' through the wheat and floating of the honest labor of your betters. We want you and your 'de Fontages' to climb down! And we want an end to this ropin' in of white folks to suit your little game. We want an end to your trying to mix your nigger blood with any one here, and we intend to stop it. We draw the line at the major."

Lashed as she had been by those words, apparently out of all semblance of her former social arrogance, a lower and more stubborn resistance seemed to have sprung up in her as she sat sideways watching him with her set smile and contracting eyes.

"Ah," she said dryly, "so she is here. I thought so. Which of you is it, eh? It's a good spec; Mallory's a rich man. She's not particular."

The man had stopped as if listening, his head turned toward the road. Then he turned carelessly and facing her again waved his hand with a gesture of tired dismissal and said: "Go! You'll find your driver over there by the tool shed: He has heard nothing yet, but I've given you fair warning. Go!"

He walked slowly back toward the shed as the woman, snatching up the reins, drove violently off in the direction where the men had disappeared. But she turned aside, ignoring her waiting driver in her wild and reckless abandonment of all her old conventional attitudes, and lashing her horse forward with the same set smile on her face, the same odd relaxation of figure and the same squaring of her elbows.

Avoiding the main road she pushed into a narrow track that intersected another nearer the scene of the accident to Rose's buggy three weeks before. She had nearly passed it when she was hailed by a strange voice, and looking up perceived a horseman floundering in the mazes of the wheat to one side of the track. Whatever mean thought of her past life she was flying from, whatever mean purpose she was flying to, she pulled up suddenly and as suddenly resumed her erect, aggressive stiffness. The stranger was a middle aged man, in dress and appearance a dweller of cities. He lifted his hat as he perceived the occupant of the wagon to be a lady.

"I beg your pardon, but I fear I've lost my way in trying to make a short cut to the Excelsior's company rancho."

"You are in it now," said Mrs. Randolph quickly.

"Thank you, but where can I find the farm house?"

"There is none," she returned with her old superciliousness, "unless you choose to give that name to the shanties and sheds where the laborers and servants live, near the road."

The stranger looked puzzled. "I'm looking for a Mr. Dawson," he said reflectively, "but I may have made some mistake. Do you know Maj. Randolph's house hereabouts?"

"I do. I am Mrs. Randolph," she said stiffly.

The stranger's brow cleared and he smiled pleasantly. "Then this is a fortunate meeting," he said, raising his hat again as he reined in his horse beside the wagon, "for I am Mr. Mallory, and I was looking forward to the pleasure of presenting myself to you an hour or two later. The fact is, an old acquaintance, Mr. Dawson, telegraphed me yesterday to meet him here on urgent business and I felt obliged to go there first."

Mrs. Randolph's eyes sparkled with a sudden gratified intelligence, but her manner seemed rather to increase than abate its grim precision.

"Our meeting this morning, Mr. Mallory, is both fortunate and unfortunate, for I regret to say that your daughter, who has not been quite herself since the earthquake, was missing this morning and has not yet been found—though we have searched everywhere. Understand me," she said, as the stranger started, "I have no fear for her personal safety—I am only concerned for any indiscretion that she may commit in the presence of these strangers, whose company she would seem to prefer to ours."

"But I don't understand you, madam," said Mallory sternly. "You are speaking of my daughter and"——

"Excuse me, Mr. Mallory," said Mrs. Randolph, lifting her hand with her dryest deprecation and her most desiccating smile, "I'm not passing judgment or criticism. I am of a foreign race, and consequently do not understand the freedom of American young ladies and their familiarity with the opposite sex. I make no charges; I only wish to assure you that she will no doubt be found in the company and under the protection of her own countrymen. There is," she added, with ironical distinctness, "a young mechanic—or field hand, or quack well doctor, whom she seems to admire, and with whom she appears more or less on equal terms."

Mallory regarded her for a moment fixedly, and then his sternness relaxed to a mischievously complacent smile. "That must be young Bent, of whom I've heard," he said, with unabated cheerfulness. "And I don't know but what she may be with him after all. For, now I think of it, a chuckle headed fellow of whom a moment ago I inquired the way to your house told me I'd better ask the young man and young woman 'who were philandering through the wheat' yonder. Suppose we look for them? From what I've heard of Bent he's too much wrapped up in his inventions for flirtation, but it would be a good joke to stumble upon them."

Mrs. Randolph's eyes sparkled with a mingling of gratified malice and undisguised contempt for the fatuous father beside her. But before she could accept or decline the challenge it had become useless. A murmur of youthful voices struck her ear, and she suddenly stood upright and transfixed in the carriage, for lounging down slowly toward them out of the dim green aisles of the arbored wheat, lost in themselves and the shimmering veil of their seclusion, came the engineer, Thomas Bent, and on his arm, gazing ingenuously into his face, the figure of Adele, her own perfect daughter.

* * * * * *

"I don't think, my dear," said Mr. Mallory, as the anxious Rose flew into his arms on his return to San Jose a few hours later, "that it will be necessary for you to go back again to Maj. Randolph's before we leave. I have said 'good-by' for you and thanked them, and your trunks are packed and will be sent here. The fact is, my dear, you see this affair of the earthquake and the disaster to the artesian well have upset all their arrangements, and I am afraid that my little girl would be only in their way just now."

"And you have seen Mr. Dawson, and you know why he sent for you?" asked the young girl with nervous eagerness.

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Mallory thoughtfully; "that was really important. You see, my child," he continued, taking her hand in one of his own and patting the back of it gently with the other, "we think, Dawson and I, of taking over the major's ranch and incorporating it with the Excelsior, to be worked in shares like the Excelsior, and as Mrs. Randolph is very anxious to return to the Atlantic states with her children it is quite possible. Mrs. Randolph, as you have possibly noticed," Mr. Mallory went on, still patting his daughter's hand, "does not feel entirely at home here, and will consequently leave the major free to rearrange by himself the rancho on the new basis. In fact, as the change must be made before the crops come in, she talks of going next week. But if you like the place, Rose, I've no doubt the major and Dawson will always find room for you and me when we run down there for a little fresh air."

"And did you have all that in your mind, papa, when you came down here? And was that what you and Mr. Dawson wanted to talk about?" said the astonished Rose.

"Mainly, my dear, mainly. You see. I'm a capitalist now, and the real value of capital is to know how and when to apply it to certain conditions."

"And this Mr.—Mr.—Bent—do you think—he will go on and find the water—papa?" said Rose hesitatingly.

"Ah, Bent! Tom Bent! Oh, yes," said Mr. Mallory with great heartiness. "Capital fellow, Bent! and mighty ingenious. Glad you met him! Well"—thoughtfully, but still heartily—"he may not find it exactly where he expected, but he'll find it, or something better. We can't part with him, and he's promised Dawson to stay. We'll utilize him, you may be sure."

It would seem that they did. And from certain interviews and conversations that took place between Mr. Bent and Miss Mallory on a later visit it would also appear that her father had exercised a discreet reticence in regard to a certain experiment of the young inventor of which he had been an accidental witness.

THE END.

More Than Skin Tight.

A young man went into Solomon Solomon's place a week or so ago and said he wanted to have a pair of trousers made. That's Mr. Solomon's business, and he soon had roll after roll of material down for inspection. When the choice had been made and the measuring was begun, the young man said:

"I want you to make 'em skin tight."

Mr. Solomon rolled his eyes up from his stooping position.

"Skin tight!" he repeated aghast. "Vy, mein frent, dot vos not de satyles. Ve gan't ruin our pizness by durning out anyding vot vos not in de shtyles! Say, mein frent, you don'd vant dot skin dight?"

"I want 'em skin tight. I don't care nothin about no style. I'm doin this here business to suit myself. If you don't want to make 'em the way I want 'em you needn't make em at all. Now take your choice."

Mr. Solomon raised his shoulders into his neck and turned out the palms of his hands.

"Vell, mein frent, schust as you say. I make 'em skin dight. But you nod pe sadisfite mid 'em. But I do schust as you say."

A few days later the young man called and got the articles and took them home. From a cursory inspection in the shop he said he thought they were just right. But in an hour he was back again.

"See here!" he cried, rushing up to the obliging Mr. Solomon. "What kind of things do you call these?" And he shook the trousers out of the paper wrapper and held them up.

"Dose?" inquired Mr. Solomon, carefully adjusting his eyeglasses. "Dose? I gall dose skin dight pands."

"But what did you make 'em like this for?"

"Like dot? Vell, my frent, I told you. I gan'd help id. You dold me to make 'em schust so dight as your skin."

"I know I did. But, bully gee! I can sit down in my skin!"—New York Recorder.

Where There Is the Most Loneliness.

"Poor girl," she said. "She must lead an awful life. But then she must have known what it would be when she married him."

"Is he unkind to her?" asked the little woman.

"Oh, no; I guess not. But they live in a little farmhouse out in the country with the nearest neighbors five or ten miles away. Think how lonely it must be!"

"Yes, of course it's lonely, but she has her husband."

"Oh, yes; he can't get away very well."

"He can't go to the club?"

"Certainly not. He'd have to ride 100 miles or so to find one."

"And she's sure to have his company evenings."

"Of course. But think of living on that vast prairie with no neighbors—hardly a house in sight. Can you conceive of anything more lonely?"

"Oh, yes," said the little woman promptly.

"What?"

"Living in the city in the midst of thousands, with clubs and theaters, but hardly a soul you know. No one can be as lonely as one who is alone among thousands. The loneliness of a little back room overlooking a court is nothing to the loneliness of a brilliantly lighted ballroom to a stranger in it."—Detroit Free Press.

NEW CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Calderwood's Rheumatism Cure is a new discovery entirely. *It never fails to cure* sciatica, lumbago, gout, chronic, muscular or inflammatory cases, whether of long or short duration. It is very pleasant to take.

One teaspoonful is a dose.

It is quick to act and always effects a *permanent* cure.

Securely packed in wooden boxes and shipped anywhere on receipt of the money. Three bottles for $5. Send money by express, draft, postal order or registered letter to Calderwood's Rheumatism Cure, Market street, corner of Fourth, San Francisco, Cal.

Testimonials of cures sent to any one on application. Three bottles will last three weeks. Any ordinary case will succumb in that time. Some have got well after using but one bottle. This remedy does away with doctors' bills, prescriptions and drug store expenses, besides it saves time and trouble.

Directions on every bottle. Circulars and testimonials in every package. When ordering state your nearest express office, and always give your postoffice address and full name.

Over his ears in debt—the man who hasn't paid for his new hat.

NERVOUS DYSPEPSIA.

The failure of the nerves of the stomach to perform their functions is the cause of nervous dyspepsia, a most exhausting form of disease. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are an excellent remedy. Senator James F. Pierce of New York writes:

"For the past two years I have suffered very much from an aggravated form of nervous dyspepsia. I have resorted to various remedial agents, deriving but little benefit. A few months since a friend of mine suggested the trial of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Following the suggestions, I have been using the same with the happiest effects. To those similarly afflicted let me suggest the manner of their use. I place one over my stomach, one over the hepatic region and one on my back. The effect is excellent. From the day I commenced their use I have been slowly but surely improving, and am quite confident that by continuing I shall again be restored to my accustomed health."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS cleanse the system.

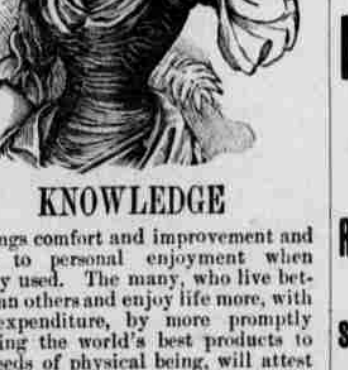
It is doubtful if God ever made a man who could please all his neighbors.

A cough, cold or sore throat should not be neglected. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* are a simple remedy, and give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.*

The man who is "always on the go" generally doesn't know how to stop when he gets there.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Do You Cough?
It is a *sure sign of weakness.* You need more than a tonic. You need
Scott's Emulsion
the Cream of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites, not only to cure the Cough but to give your system real strength. *Physicians,* the world over, endorse it.
Don't be deceived by Substitutes!
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

PRAIRIE farm land in Nebraska to trade for timber land. H. E. Noble, Portland, Or.

Invalid 3 Years, Cured by Hood's

Miss Susie Dodson

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Gentlemen:—I am glad to tell you that I have been given good health by Hood's Sarsaparilla. For three years I was an invalid, suffering terribly from
Nervousness and Lameness.
"I was so nervous I could not bear the least noise, and I had to walk with crutches for six months, as I could not put one of my feet to the floor. Physicians did not do me any good, so a friend told me to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, but
I Said There Was No Use.
"However, after thinking the matter over, I decided to give it a trial, and have taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the result is that I am well as any one could wish to be, and can do any kind of work. I advise all my friends to take Hood's Sarsaparilla for I believe it will do them good."
MISS SUSIE DODSON, Colton, California.
Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST.
25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.
It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

DOCTOR
Pardee's Remedy,
THE GREAT CURE
—FOR—
INDIGESTION
—AND—
CONSTIPATION.
—A—
Regulator of the Liver and Kidneys
—A SPECIFIC FOR—
Scrofula, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia
And All Other Blood and Skin Diseases.

It is a positive cure for all those painful, delicate complaints and complicated troubles and weaknesses common among our wives, mothers and daughters.

The effect is immediate and lasting. Two or three doses of DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY taken daily keeps the blood cool, the liver and kidneys active, and will entirely eradicate from the system all traces of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or any other form of blood disease.

No medicine ever introduced in this country has met with such ready sale, nor given such universal satisfaction whenever used as that of DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY.

This remedy has been used in the hospitals throughout the old world for the past twenty five years as a specific for the above diseases and it has and will cure when all other so-called remedies fail.

Send for pamphlet of testimonials from those who have been cured by its use. Druggists sell it at $1.00 per bottle. Try it and be convinced. For sale by

MACK & CO.,
9 and 11 Front St., San Francisco

January 2	12	per cent
" 15	10	"
February 1	11	"
" 15	15	"
March 1	9	"
TOTAL	57	per cent

We have paid to our customers in 60 days. Profits paid twice each month; money can be withdrawn any time; $20 to $1,000 can be invested; write for information.
FISHER & CO., Bankers and Brokers, 18 and 20 Broadway, New York.

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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.

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

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

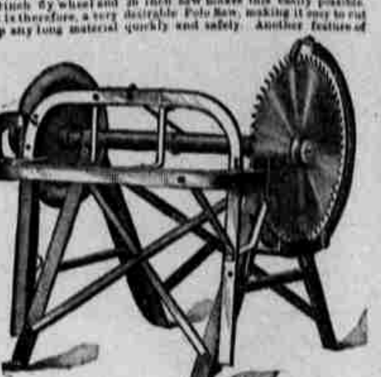
N. P. N. U. No. 537—S. F. N. U. No. 614

CLIP. SAVE AND SEND TO US

Because of the high speed at which Circular Saws are run more power is wasted in friction than is used in sawing, where the bearings of the shaky, wooden saw frame get out of line.

In the Aermotor Saw Frame, the only Steel Saw Frame ever made, this difficulty is absolutely and wholly prevented because THE BEARINGS FOR THE SHAFT ARE MADE BY BABBITTING IT IN THE ENDS OF A PIECE OF STEEL TUBING. The steel tubing and babbitt are then slitted so as to take up wear with a bolt. The frame is all steel, very rigid, and riveted together so that nothing can get loose or out of place. The *guard so encircles the saw as to make it impossible for any one to get hurt, a point of the greatest importance in a saw to be used by unskilled hands.*

The swing frame which carries the wood to be sawed and which automatically returns to its place has also a guard to keep a pole off from the fly wheel and yet does not cause it to present very much of an angle to the saw. The use of a 100 lb. 30 inch fly wheel and 20 inch saw makes this easily possible. It is therefore, a very desirable Pole Saw, making it easy to cut up any long material quickly and safely. Another feature of



Since we offer this very superior saw frame with a 20 inch superior saw at a much less price than any cheap imperfect wooden frame can be bought for, we are sure that the friends of the Aermotor will appreciate the fact that we have again been doing the public a great service and have distinguished ourselves in redesigning an old article and putting it into an infinitely improved shape.

For a saw of similar size and quality, and ordinary wooden frame, you would be charged $40. We make this all steel frame and this superior saw at $65 AND GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO GET IT AT $15, *for the benefit of our Geared Aermotor.*

We have sold an enormous number of Power Aermotor outfits with which saws are used, and a poor saw that runs hard detracts from their usefulness and their reputation. If we furnish a very superior saw at a very low price, many geared outfits will be bought to drive them. Wherever one Geared Aermotor goes, others are sure to follow.

When we take a well known article, redesign it, and put it in a shape very superior to anything that has appeared before, it widens and enlarges our reputation for doing well everything to which we put our hands and this is the thing that has in the past brought so much business to our factory, and which in the future, we have no doubt, will bring, practically, all the business in our line. It is this reputation that we are daily working for.

We believe that this Aermotor Steel Saw Frame and Saw will confirm and enhance the fame which we have gained in the manufacture of Steel Windmills and Steel Towers, hence, for the purpose of scattering them so that everybody may know that a good thing can be had for a small price, WE OFFER THIS STEEL SAW AND FRAME FOR $15 CASH AND FIVE COPIES OF ADVERTISEMENT No. 6 of this series as per conditions stated in No. 2. In our next advertisement, No. 4, we shall talk of galvanizing and make an offer that will be of universal interest. *This is adv. No. 3.* AERMOTOR CO.

KIDNEY,
Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy Gravel and Diabetes are cured by
HUNT'S REMEDY
THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.
HUNT'S REMEDY
Cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins or Side.
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Cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, General Debility, Female Weakness and Excesses.
HUNT'S REMEDY
Cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles.
HUNT'S REMEDY
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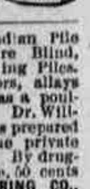
Dr. Evory's California CATARRH REMEDY. The Great Cure for Catarrh, Deafness, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Headache, Fetid, Sickening Breath; Restores the Voice, Sense of Smell, etc. Price 50c, all druggists or mail. A. P. EVORY & CO., Props., 362 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c. CONSUMPTION.

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