Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

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

A New Prophet and Mystic In Kief.

A new sect whose prophet is a certain peasant called Kondrati is making extraordinary progress in the provinces of Kief and Poltava. Kondrati is a man of considerable power as a speaker, but who was at one time confined in a lunatic asylum. He was arrested some time ago and sent to Transcaucasia, but his followers are most energetic apostles and continue to propagate Kondratism. Their principle tenet is that all men are as Christ was, and in exactly the same way sons of God when they have been touched by the Spirit. The plainest facts and statements in Scripture are interpreted in a mystical spirit. There is also a tendency to free love among them, but as the last statement is vouched for only by the Russian clergy it may have no foundation. The Kondratists already number 7,000.—Christian World.

Our Recent Statues.

Any foreigner who intends writing his impressions of the United States should not fail to notice our statues and in the case of the two erected Fourth of July in New England he should certainly find room to say something. At Newburyport the figure of Garrison in bronze was uncovered, and at Bridgeport that of Barnum. The ordinary foreigner would have a mental struggle to comprehend why the two cities should select such different subjects for memory and honor, but nevertheless any schoolboy could explain the whole matter, though we doubt if the foreigner would be wiser even with an explanation from our most enlightened citizens.—Providence Journal.

A poll parrot, owned by a New Yorker, seeing smoke in the adjoining house to her master, a few months ago, awoke him by shrieking frantically, and in this way was probably the means of saving property, if not lives.

Skin diseases are caused by impure or depleted blood. The blood ought to be pure and rich. It is *made so* by

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. Scrofula and Anæmia are overcome also, and Healthy Flesh is built up. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

Only Cheap High-Class TYPEWRITER,

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.

Bee Supplies.

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PORTLAND SEED CO.,

171 Second Street, - Portland, Or.

Send for catalogue.

GROUND SQUIRRELS

And GOPHERS Totally Exterminated by WHEELER'S CARBON BISULPHIDE.

F. A. Cook & Co., Sole Agents, Portland.

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January 2	12	per cent
" 15	10	"
February 1	11	"
" 15	15	"
March 1	9	"
" 15	8	"
TOTAL	65	per cent

We have paid to our customers in 75 days. Profits paid twice each month; money can be withdrawn any time; $20 to $1,000 can be invested; write for information.

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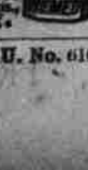

The Power of Music.

A family living in a Harlem apartment house received a call from the gentleman living in the next flat. The young lady of the family met him at the door.

"You are the young lady who plays on the piano in this flat, are you not?" said the caller.

"Yes, sir."

"Would you do me the favor to play some of Wagner's music this afternoon from 2 to 3 o'clock?"

Young Lady (very much flattered)—Certainly, sir. I suppose you love music.

"No, it's not that. The truth is, the landlord is going to call on me this afternoon for the rent, and I am going to claim a reduction on account of your piano playing. Now, if you will play when he can hear it for himself I think he will cheerfully come down $5 a month on the rent."—Texas Siftings.

Trifles.

"You seem excited, dear. What has happened?"

"Poor Jack Murray! I have just rejected him."

"Oh, don't mind a little thing like that. Why, I reject him every six months."—Life.

Escaped With His Life.

Lightly the burglar moved from room to room through the house, whose inmates, wrapped in the blissful sleep that comes to the weary breast after an evening spent at an amateur concert, heard not his feathery footfall. Borne to his quickened senses from the sleeping chambers came the sound of deep, regular breathing that seemed mechanically to mark the flight of time as it moved on sluggish wing toward the great beyond.

Passing noiselessly into a large apartment, he turned his dark lantern about until its pale rays fell upon a rich dressing case, on whose polished marble top were scattered in careless profusion the jewelry and other personal adornments of some strangely neglectful wearer.

His hand closed eagerly on the costly trinkets, and he was on the point of transferring them to the capacious pocket of his overcoat when one of the slumberers moved uneasily and in a muffled voice made the remark:

"Great Scott, Emily, I thought I had explained it so you could understand it! Now, if you won't interrupt me, I'll give you the facts about this whole tariff business from beginning to end"——

The jewelry fell from the nerveless grasp of the burglar. Gasping for breath, he staggered to the nearest window, jumped blindly through it, carrying the sash with him, and fell upon the sloping roof of the kitchen, from which he rolled to the top of the coal shed and thence to the ground, alighting in a snowbank, and without stopping to pick up his hat or his lantern he dashed with breathless haste away from the premises and vanished in the darkness. He had secured no booty, but he had escaped a horror worse than death.—Chicago Tribune.

His Mind Unburdened.

He had a worried look on his face as he stepped into the busy man's office.

"Excuse me," he said, "but from your appearance you are an intelligent man, and I take it for granted that you have read 'Catherine and Petruchio' or seen it performed on the stage."

"I have seen it."

"No doubt you are also acquainted with Baron Munchausen?"

"Yes."

"Do you"—and the visitor fixed his eye earnestly upon the other man's face—"do you know the difference between them?"

"Of course I do," answered the victim as his fingers nervously clasped a heavy glass paperweight.

"But do you see the same difference that I see?"

"I—I don't know about that."

"Well, here it is: One is the 'Taming of the Shrew,' and the other is the shaming of the true."

His drawn features relaxed. A smile illumined his countenance, and a sigh escaped him. He had at last got it off his mind.—Washington Star.

Begging Off.

Grandpa—What! Don't like fat? If you don't eat fat, you will grow up as thin as a rail.

Little Grandson—When I grow up, I want to earn lots of money, so as to take care of papa and mamma and you and grandma.

"Grandpa's own grandson, so he is! But what has that to do with fat?"

"I can get an awful big salary as a living skeleton, you know, grandpa."—Good News.

The Cruel, Cruel World.

Weary Raggles—I'm goin to git m' hair cut.

Dusty Rhodes—Gee whiz! Whut fer?

Weary Raggles (hysterically)—Why, der people's gettin to take me fer a poet!—Truth.

Economy.

Daughter—I think I had better refuse him, don't you, papa?

Papa—Yes, but stave him off until the first of the month if you can. I want to save all I can on that gas bill.—Brooklyn Life.

Too Naturally.

Mr. Critic—If that's "A Hunting Scene," why don't the men have guns?

Mr. Caustic—Perhaps the artist painted them so naturally that they've gone off.—King's Jester.

Senator Sherman has moved into his new $150,000 house at Washington. It is one of the finest residences at the capital. He made much of his money out of Washington real estate.

THE CAIRN OF SKULLS.

Do you remember Verestchagin now?
The burning sands, the gallows in the snow,
The camp fire in the Himalaya pass,
The captives whom the black mouthed cannon blow?

He limned no peaceful pastures of soft grass,
No pools where kine their images might glass,
Nor dusky roof tree in the valley's lull—
Home of dull yokel or fair country lass.

How doth one vivid scene all else annul;
The wide, wan desert, gray and sorrowful,
Where in the midst uprears—oh, dreadful tale
Of carnage!—bleaching skull piled upon skull.

Sleep's multifold sweet dreams will not avail
To cancel its impress, till Time shall fail,
And I become incorporate in the flow
Of fire and tide and earth encircling gale.

—Douglas Dane in Boston Commonwealth.

SING-LEE.

A—ago, when young men in China did their own courting, Hoang-Ty ruled as emperor.

One summer day the ruler lay down on his silken couch to have his usual after dinner nap, but was so disturbed by the discordant music of some strolling musicians that he could not rest.

Sending for Lyng-Lun, the court musician, he reproved him, saying, "Lyng-Lun, is that the music you allow the emperor of China to hear?"

"Most gracious majesty," Lyng-Lun replied in vindication of himself, "we can never have perfect harmony in our music until we have a melodic arrangement of the different tones."

Hoang-Ty's face lowered as he said angrily, "Why has not this been done?" and before Lyng-Lun had recovered from the astonishment occasioned by this question, Hoang-Ty continued: "Lyng-Lun, listen to the commands of China: Music must be arranged and regulated by you, on similar principles to those on which I have established the laws of the land. If in one year from today you have done this, you may ask any boon you wish from the state; if on the other hand you have not accomplished the task, you lose your rank and your head at the same time."

"Your commands shall be obeyed, most gracious ruler," said Lyng-Lun, as he prostrated himself and left the palace feeling that he had only another year to live.

How could he satisfy the emperor? He had no fundamental principles as a starting point. True, he was court musician, but he could only make music by following the dictates of his ear.

For several days Ling-Lun was not seen in his usual place at court; and, as he was a general favorite with both gentlemen and ladies, and moreover the handsomest man in China, it is no wonder that many conflicting rumors were spread abroad concerning him.

But soon the tongue of gossip was silenced, as he was seen making preparations for a journey by some friends, who soon learned of the task imposed upon him, and consoled with him on his prospective fate, since they thought Hoang-Ty's undertaking an impossible thing to achieve.

"Who ever heard of order or law in music?" said they. "Why, music was the gift of the joss. Why should human beings try to become as great as the gods?" they asked themselves.

However, the day came when Lyng-Lun took his departure. He must seek in other countries for this fundamental law of music, since it was not to be found in his own.

He traveled through many countries and had many adventures and hairbreadth escapes from robbers and wild animals; but no matter where he sought the elusive knowledge, all was in vain.

About six months had passed when, in his wanderings, Lyng-Lun came to the Si-Jang country; thence he traveled on until he reached the Hoang-Ho, the river of bamboos. Lyng-Lun proceeded along the bank until he came to an inviting spot just at sundown, and, being weary, determined to rest there for the night.

After a slight supper of rice he lay down to sleep, but had not slumbered long when he was awakened by strains of sweetest music. He sat up and rubbed his eyes. Never had he heard such wonderful melody. He looked about him to see from whence it came, and soon found it proceeded from the river that flowed at his feet.

The strains, which had been low and sweet at first, now increased in volume until they became as loud as rolling thunder, yet were still harmonious and entrancing to the ear.

Suddenly the music ceased and all was silent for a moment, when a sweet voice began singing.

Lyng-Lun now rose and, parting the bamboos that lined the banks of the river, perceived a ravishingly beautiful young woman sitting on a rock.

He listened for a long time, entranced, unable to utter a word or move.

The moon had made her nightly passage through the sky and was fast approaching the western horizon, though every object was still clearly discernible. In the silvery light Lyng-Lun saw the maiden lift her white arms, which were fastened together by a chain of gold, toward the sky, as if in supplication to the moon, and her song became more plaintive as she sang:

Handsome, gay and loving is he.
When will he come to set me free?
Oh! when, to set me free.

The last line was sung so plaintively that tears flowed from Lyng-Lun's eyes as the rain from heaven.

He had just recovered his presence of mind and was about to address her, when, as the moon rolled down the opposite side of the hill, the maiden dived into the river and was seen no more that night.

Lyng-Lun, after gazing for some time at the dark waters where she had disappeared, said wonderingly to himself: "Where have I heard that sweet voice before? Where have I met her fair face?"

Finding he could not answer these questions he lay down again to sleep, and dreamed he saw the fair, nymphlike maiden walking toward him on the surface of the river. Then suddenly she began to sink and called upon him to save her, when he awoke to find the sun shedding its burning rays on his face.

After breaking his fast and bathing in the crystal water Lyng-Lun sat down again to think.

Taking his knife from his pocket he cut a bamboo, and trimming it off between the knots began picking out the pith. All this was done in sheer idleness. If any one had asked him what he was making he could not to save his life have told.

Then to clear the hole thus made he blew through it, and was surprised to hear a beautiful clear tone issue from the reed. He blew again, and the river murmured an answering tone in unison with that which came from the bamboo. Immediately two beautiful birds of blue plumage with golden breasts perched on a tall bamboo which rose above the others and began singing.

Commencing with the same note produced by Lyng-Lun from the bamboo, and that of the murmuring waters, the birds gradually ascended the scale until it was completed.

"Here," thought Lyng-Lun, "is what I have been seeking for six months. Here is a scale at once intelligible, inimitable and easily revealed to man." Nature has furnished the fundamental law of music. Lyng-Lun had now only to cut seven bamboos and tune them to the notes the birds had sung.

It was nightfall when this was accomplished, but he could breathe freely once more, since now he had no longer to fear death at the hands of his emperor.

His task ended, Lyng-Lun's thoughts once more reverted to the charming maiden who had so quickly captivated his heart and whom he longed to see once more.

Peering through the bamboos and seeing she was not on the rock where she had been the evening before, he scanned the river bank to right and left. No signs of life were visible, and he was about in despair to give up all hopes of ever beholding the water nymph again, when he heard the waters at his feet murmur the same music that had ravished his senses the night before. Was she approaching, and did the waters transmit her song? Louder and louder grew the strains and then, as they suddenly ceased, he heard again the maiden singing on the rock.

This time he was not so much astonished and dumfounded by her beauty and voice. He had tasted of the sweetness of her song and was now able to think clearly and act with promptness and decision.

There was no mode of reaching her, save by swimming, and, the distance not being very great to the rock, he boldly plunged into the water and swam toward the nymph.

The maiden evidently was not aware of his presence; at least she made no sign other than by singing most joyously:

He is coming to set me free;
Valiant and noble, I know thee,
My lover, oh! 'tis he!

She finished as he reached the rock, and, perceiving him, sprang into his arms, saying: "Oh, I knew you were coming. I knew you were near. O my love! I have waited so long!" And she buried her face on his shoulder.

As Lyng-Lun felt her soft, white arms around him, and her heaving bosom next his beating heart, and saw the warm blushes as she kissed him—causing his own face to flame—love coursed through his frame and he was at once madly, blindly in love with the fair maiden.

Now he knew, without doubt, where he had seen and heard her before; it was in his heart—she was his ideal love.

"Yes, my love," he murmured, "I have come for thee."

One more embrace followed, but it was suddenly terminated by Sing-Lee—for that was the maiden's name—drawing from him and saying: "Did you bring the magical birds with you? Only the notes sung by them can break these chains; and then, oh, then I am free! Free to go with you!"

"The magical birds?" asked Lyng-Lun in surprise; then, understanding that she was under an enchantment, he moaned, "Oh, if I had only known!"

"You must catch them; only their song can set me free," said Sing-Lee, as she began weeping.

Lyng-Lun stood in deep thought for some moments; then drawing the seven bamboos from his sleeve, one after the other, he blew the notes of the scale.

The sky became overcast with dark clouds, as if the witch who had so wronged Sing-Lee knew the maiden was about to be set free; and the moon seemed to dance with delight at the prospect.

The last note sounded, and Sing-Lee stood before Lyng-Lun more beautiful than ever, while the golden chains had fallen at her feet.

The magical scale had proved efficient.

At this moment a large swan glided to them and said, "Sing-Lee, my daughter, you must mount my back with your lover and I will swim with you to the bank." That reached she said, as she dived out of sight, "Fly, now; the witch's power is great."

They soon left the river many miles behind them, and then Sing-Lee told Lyng-Lun the story of her captivity.

Her father was a prince, who lived many leagues to the north, at the sources of the Hoang-Ho. Near them also dwelt a water witch and her son, Tsing-Ho, their nearest neighbors.

Now, Tsing-Ho had fallen desperately in love with Sing-Lee, and when her mother refused his offer of marriage she was turned into a swan and doomed to live as such the remainder of her life.

Still Tsing-Ho was no nearer the accomplishment of his object, for Sing-Lee's father was well versed in omens and charms, and was thus able to protect his child from Tsing-Ho's wicked enchantments.

These charms her father used successfully as a safeguard for a long time; but one day, while not thinking of the danger, Sing-Lee wandered some distance from the castle. She was walking along, humming her favorite song and gathering wild flowers for her father, when, upon looking up, she found Tsing-Ho standing in front of her.

Before she could scream or run away he had her in his power. Sing-Lee firmly refused to marry him; and, as her father had so charmed her life that Tsing-Ho could not change her from a human being, he put chains on her hands, and taking her many miles away from her home placed her on a rock—where Lyng-Lun had found her—and then set her free. During the daytime she was compelled to live under the water in a palace of Tsing-Ho's; but he could not harm her in any way, further than by keeping her captive.

The lovers had now proceeded on their way for four days, when they discovered an army in pursuit of them.

"Surely, Tsing-Ho is after me again!" cried Sing-Lee, frightened at the thought of further captivity; and they set off at a quicker pace. But the army soon overtook them, when, oh, joy! she recognized the banners of her father's army and soon saw him at its head.

The handsome Lyng-Lun was a hero, and not to be despised as a son-in-law, so the father accompanied them to the court of Hoang-Ty to intercede for them.

Here Lyng-Lun produced the bamboo and demonstrated the beauty and truth of his musical scale.

The emperor, Hoang-Ty, was so much pleased with him for this achievement that he raised him at once to the highest rank in his gift, and, after hearing of his adventure, said: "Now, Lyng-Lun, what do you request as further compensation for the perils and discomforts endured in your search?"

"If it please your majesty, I would ask permission to marry Sing-Lee, a foreign princess," answered Lyng-Lun, prostrating himself many times.

Now, such a marriage was against the law of China, but then an emperor can break the laws he has himself made, and in a case where both the young people were so devotedly in love and the story of their meeting was so romantic an exception must be made. Therefore Hoang-Ty, smiling graciously on the handsome couple, gave his consent.—Adelaide Percy in Short Stories.

Using English Coins For Weights.

Many are the uses of money, but Mr. Joseph Newton, late of the Royal mint, points out there is at least one use which is not generally known. This is the availability of coins for letter weighing when the ordinary postal weights do not happen to be at hand. Commencing with the sovereign, this weighs a very safe quarter ounce, for foreign postage, two equaling, of course, a half ounce, and four one ounce. The next denomination, the crown piece, is just on the right side of one ounce in weight, and the half crown of half an ounce. Five separate shillings, or two shillings and a sixpence, for the ounce and half ounce, will do as well.

Descending from gold and silver to hard working bronze, it is found that either three penny pieces, or five halfpence, or 10 farthings will respectively make up one ounce. Another peculiarity in regard to the halfpenny is noted by Mr. Newton. That is its diameter, which is precisely one inch, so that by using it as a measure it will be seen that 12 halfpence laid flat and in touch are equal to one foot and 36 to one yard.—London Tit-Bits.

The Crowds In the Midway.

Referring to the crowds in Midway plaisance in Jackson park, a correspondent writes to the Paris Figaro: "They move along like a procession of Quakers. They have no jokes, no frolics, no shouts, no fun. The dead silence that marks their promenade makes one think of the processions of the pupils of some deaf and dumb institution," etc.

This is not strictly true—not so truthful as it would be for us to say that the Parisian idea of fun and frolic involves barricades, riots, murder, arson and queen killing.

We are grateful for serviceable suggestions, but we must beg to be excused from practicing that kind of sport which appears to be so popular in Paris and which has made Paris infamous in history. We are proud that we have remained, in spite of all temptations, so Quakerish as to regard with horror the lewd fun, the lubricious jokes, the bawdy shouts and the licentious frolics which the correspondent of Figaro ruefully fails to find among us.—Eugene Field in Chicago News-Record.

THE COMPLEXION OF A CHINESE

Is not yellower than that of an unfortunate individual whose liver complaint has assumed the chronic form. The eyeballs of the sufferer assume a saffron hue, there is dull pain in the region of the organ affected, the tongue is coated, breath sour, sick headaches usually but not always occur, and there is sometimes dizziness on arising from a sitting posture. Constipation and dyspepsia are also attendants of this very common ailment, always in its aggravated form, liable to breed abscesses of the liver, which are very dangerous. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters wholly eradicates it, as well as the troubles complicated with it and which it originates. In chills and fever, a complaint which always yields to the Bitters, the liver is seriously involved. This fine alterative tonic removes costiveness and indigestion, rheumatic, nervous and kidney trouble and debility.

There is a prevalent suspicion that the anarchist who sent the hog-Latin manifesto to Chauncey Depew is a native Chicagoan.

SELF-PRAISE.

Self-praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he says is supported by the testimony of others no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only genuine and reliable porous plasters made is not self-praise in the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the cures they have effected and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used them.

Beware of imitations. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS arrest the progress of decay.

The clown may be thick headed, but he is usually quick to take a tumble.

Each year finds "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" in new localities in various parts of the world. For relieving coughs, colds and throat diseases they have been *proved* reliable. *Sold only in boxes.*

It is a wise anarchist who knows when his bomb will explode. Those who guess at it seem to come to grief.

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.

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.

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

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists; price, 75 cents per bottle.

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.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

OUR BABY BOY

Perfectly Cured of Impure Blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla

BURTRON F. KING.

"Our little baby boy is now almost two years old. When he was about six weeks old there appeared a breaking out on his head and breast. A doctor said it was scrofula, but his treatment failed, and we called upon three other physicians, who termed it salt rheum or eczema. Even then he grew worse. A crust would gather on his head as thick as a quarter and puff up with corruption. Then it would come off, taking the hair with it. About three months ago we resolved to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Olive Ointment. To day we are happy to say that Burtron is now

Entirely Well.

The sores have all disappeared and his hair is growing nicely. He has only taken one bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and used one box of Ointment. DAVID A. KING, Harveyville, Kansas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet easy in action. Sold by all druggists. 25c.

CLIP. SAVE AND SEND TO US

The 2-ton Aermotor Steel Truck weighs 175 pounds, has 16 inch wheels with 2-inch face. When three of the wheels are on the floor, the other end one is about 1½ inches from the floor, thus enabling it to swivel easily. The body is 28 inches wide by 50 inches long. A bottom board is easily put in to make the bottom tight. If stakes are required, narrow boards can be put in slanting over the outer rail and under the inner one; or, if wide

boards are used, they will practically make side boards. By making these stakes long enough and putting in end ones in the same way bulky material may be handled.

We are making this offer to show a sample of our work. We want to show how nice a thing we can make, and how reckless we are in the matter of prices. This Steel Truck is furnished at $1.50 cash (2 cents per pound), and 2 coupons of advertisement No. 4, as per conditions named in No. 4. This is adv No. 5.

GOLDEN WEST

Is a Baking Powder that leads all others in purity and leavening power. Ask your grocer for list of prizes, or write to

CLOSSET & DEVERS, Portland, Or.

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. By druggists, by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1.00. WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio.

WE WANT YOU TO WORK FOR US thus making $12 TO $35 PER WEEK; parties preferred who can furnish a horse and travel through the country; a team, though, is not necessary; a few vacancies in towns and cities; spare hours may be used to good advantage. B. F. JOHNSON & Co., 11th and Main streets, Richmond, Va.

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