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

LOVE'S REMINDERS.

My binebird on you maple spray,
My coming causes you surprise.
You cry aloud and fly away
On wings that giltter as they rise;
So blue are they, so skyey clear,
Unequaled bliss their beaming brings;
For now I think of one most dear,
Whose eyes are bright as bluebird's wing

Kabarega, the negro king of Unyoro

in Central Africa, is a man who rules hi

subjects with a rod of iron. Like all tv

rants, he regulates their smallest actions

and a host of spies inform him of any

disobedience to his commands,

Among other things, he has made

san in his book about Emin Pusha and

the Equatorial Province.

About a month after Hassan's arrival

in Unyoro he bought a fowl and paid 30

cowries for it, while the market price

was only 25. In that part of Africa it

takes about 250 cowries to make \$1.

Soon afterward a dragoman of the king

ppeared and brought back 5 cowries

ful henceforth in your purchases-never to give for anything more than it is worth, first of all in your own interest, and next to this in order not to disturb

the market."-Youth's Companion.

An Interesting Predicament

A couple of deaf mutes rented an apart

blessed in due season by the arrival of a

bouncing baby with an excellent pair of

ungs. At night the little one woke up

nearly the entire house by its cries, but through all of it the parents slept until the tenant above, at the solicitation of

his wife, went down stairs and fairly forced an entrance. The deaf and dumb

couple resort to many ingenious devices to overcome the disadvantages under

which they labor. They are unable to

hear their doorbell, so they have ar-

Mrs. Romney's Water Cooler

of cellular brickware, manufactured of

clay, sawdust and asbestus fiber. In

the process the sawdust is burned out, leaving the product cellular, or porous. The receptacle, with the water to be

kept cool within, stands in a tray of galvanized iron, which holds water to a

depth of two or three inches. By reason of the porosity of the cooler and the force

of capillary attraction, the water in

the tray constantly rises through the cellular walls of the receptacle, and is

The Emperor and the Pirate.

venture and am therefore called pirate.

peror. Sir, there is no difference be-

twixt us but in the name and means of

Alexander, so far from being dis-

pleased with the freedom of the culprit,

was so impressed with the force of his appeal that he dismissed him unpunished.—Sala's Journal.

The Demand Was Grapted. A certain city in England sent a deputa-tion to Charles H, who was very ill, solicit-ing some favor. The orator, without any

doing mischief."

Alexander the Great was about to pass

underneath his own and were

Shy binebird on you maple spray, My coming causes you surprise.

Doing His Best,
"Hello, Threeshelle," said Bunko. "Did
not know you were here. Taking in the

not know you well town!"
"Well, I can't say that I'm taking in the whole town," said Threeshelle as he deftly extracted a gold enamelled hatpin from the headgear of a lady who was passing. "But I'm not letting anything escape me."—Chicago Record.

"Leave me now, Lobelia," said Mr. Mc-Swat, passing his hand nervously across his forehead. "I wish to be alone for the next hour or two."
"What is the matter, Billiger?" inquired

ira. McSwat, with some anxiety.
"I have got to consult a railway guide!" ed the unhappy man.—Chicago Trib-

A sweeping Victory.
Witts-You should have seen the sweepwitts—tou should have seen the sweeping victory my wife gained over an unusually persistent book agent this morning.
Watts—Should, ch? How'd she do it?
Witts—Chased him out of the house with
a broom.—Buffalo Courier.

A Juvenile Paradise First Boy-I wish we lived in South

America.
Second Boy—Why do you?
First Boy—The schools down there always close every time the town is bombarded.—Good News.

Husband-I wish you would get a new Wife-Why, dear, I have had this one for

years.

Husband—That the trouble. She's too old.—Cloak Review.

"Why, sir," said the young man, "do you refer to this as a dime museum poem?"
"Because," replied the editor," it is a
freak. It has more than the normal num-ber of feet."—Washington Star. A Puzzling Query.

Tommy—Say, paps.
Papa—What, Tommy?
Tommy—Would you have been any relative of mine if mamma hadn't married you?

New York Women Officials. Eighty-five women were nominated for school commissioner in the late canvass in New York and four were elect-The Republicans nominated eight, Democrats 30, the Prohibitionists 42, the People's Party 42 and the Political Equality-party 1. The list of one over last year.

Fat

is wanting in most foods, or, if present, is not assimilated. The result is loss of flesh and strength.

Scott's

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. is a palatable, easy fat food that any stomach can retain and any system assimilate without effort. It gives flesh and strength. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

The launch CYCLONE, one of as constantly evaporated—thereby keepthe speediest boats of its size ing the water inside as cool as it is usually drawn from a well or spring.—Denon the Coast. Length, 30 feet; ver Letter. depth, 3 feet; beam, 6 1-2 feet; 7 ft. from top of cabin to bottom of keel; half-glass cabin. This sentence of death on a noted pirate, but launch, fitted with the cele-trouble the seas?" gine, 8-horse power, in perfect "dost thou trouble the whole world? I, with one ship, go in quest of solitary adventure and the rover boldly, with one ship, go in quest of solitary adventure and the sear." at a great bargain. For price Thou, with a great army, warrest against nations and therefore art called em-

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Printed with Jaenecke-Ullman Ink. PALMER & REY,
Agents.

Ing some favor. The orator, without any mercy to the sick man, made a long, tedious discourse. "Have you anything more to say?" asked the merry monarch impatiently. "Nothing," replied the orator, "except that if you do not grant our request I am instructed to recite my speech over again." Charles ordered that all his demands should be freely and instantaneously compiled with.—New York Ledger.

By ARDENNES JONES-POSTER.

He had written other words. I preserve them. They are too sacred for

I at once answered this letter, telling Olef all that had happened, and went out to post it in time to catch the first

But I had no sooner returned to the house than a messenger brought me a dispatch. I opened it and read three

"Vera is dead!" (Signed), "IVAN."

CHAPTER III.

"What must happen to me now?" I meditated. "Here in this strange city am I, unattended, unprotected! My conscience will not permit me to stop here alone." A week went on, with no further tid-

ings from my uncle save one letter, in which he said that it had been decided to lay poor Vera at rest in Esther's family Within ten days Ivan came home. He

was attired out of severest respect for his departed wife, and as I tried to con-sole him during our conversation the tears rushed into his eyes and he cried as if his heart would break. Endeavor as if his heart would break. Endeavor as I might my words seemed to afford him no soothing. Upon the following day and for a week longer he steadily refused to go to his business office, declaring that life had lost all attraction for him now that poor Vera had gone.

The season flew by. Olers letters came and mine went. I had entered a musical college and musical college and arranged for a term news.
of vocal instruction; and before I realized it May month was upon us. Nature had put on her warm, green robes. The flowers never smelled sweeter, the leaves never looked brighter-and but for the absence of the music of Olef's dear voice the warble of the bird notes would never have rung out in more delightful harmony.
I had already begun to look for an-

From covert groves glides forth a trill
Of wild birds singing lustily.
Yet while I list my thoughts will still
Seek her who is most dear to me.
For, oh, her soft and soothing voice
Sounds merrier than the leaping through the soft and soothing the soft waters when spring rills rejoice—
Its music mates the linnet's song. Upon a bourgeoned white birch broad
A squirrel gambols spry and fleet,
Until, by my rude spaniel awed,
She higher mounts on hasty feet;
And as she bounds without a fall
From lower limbs to limbs above
Her agile motions well recall
The flake-light footfalls of my love,
—Maurice W. Casey in Boston Pilot. other letter from Olef. I remarked to Ivan that it was quite time. And I also told him that upon receipt of that let-ter I should return to Stockholm, hav-ing informed Olef to that end.

What was my surprise when Ivan at nce began to wean me from the notion

of going home!
"Why, do you know," he exclaimed, "that I had fully made up my mind to ask you to write Olef to pay us a visit that he might be enabled to go back with you? I like Olef very much. He seems such a capital good fellow, and I am heartily glad that you have set your hearts one upon the other."
I thanked him for his kind regard, al-

fixed tariff of prices for everything bought or sold in his country, and every deviation from it is severely punished. An instance of this is given by Vita Hashough not without blushing a bit, I must confess. "And now," he resumed, "let me offer you a bit of advice. Olef is getting ready to enter the profession of law, is

"He has graduated and been admitted to the bar," I replied. "Quite to my notion, then. If I am not mistaken your dot, left to you by

your father, Grefve Melin, amounted to one hundred thousand kronor—about twenty-eight thousand dollars in American money."
"Yes," was my answer, as his words,

with the message:

"A fowl costs only 25 cowries, while you have given 30. The seller has done wrong, and the king will punish him, but he sends to you the advice to be care-"Not half as charming as her dot," ut-tered upon the night of my arrival, flew back to my memory, and still I could not connect their meaning with the pres-ent, because Ivan seemed so interested in Olef's and my future.

"Could your fortune be converted into ready money?" he bluntly asked. "It is invested in securities which might be negotiated," I returned. A man who lives in a flat near Central

Very good. Of course you want to double your fortune. It would be but quite natural that you should. Olef, being a barrister, can quite readily accomplish the preliminaries for you. If you will write to him and instruct him to fetch over—well, say, twenty thousand dollars of that money, I, through my brokerage office, can invest it for you in New York Stock Fresham listed. New York Stock Exchange listed se-curities that will yield you 100 per cent. profit. In fact, I know of such an op-portunity today. Do as I advise you and I will make your fortune double itself and give Olef a permanent place as manager in my office. His legal learning will stand him in to great advantage and he will find twice the amount of profit in

ranged a piece of colored paper upon the gong in such a way that the paper flutters when the bell rings. By keep-ing a watchful eye on the bell they are able to receive their visitors promptly, stocks that he would in the law." Being only a woman of inexperience, I, of course, gave harbor to Ivan's adbut their inventive genius has not as yet devised a scheme to indicate the baby's vice. Twenty thousand invested would yield me an additional twenty thousand distress at night.-New York Mail and ides giving Olef a start in life! How happy we could be upon our little

The Colorado journalist, Mrs. Romney, has patented, among several other articles, a water cooler which does not And so by the outgoing steamer I sent Olef a letter, instructing him to carry out Ivan's suggestion.

I must mention here that for a fortrequire ice. It is a covered receptacle,

I must mention here that for a fort-night past I had experienced the stran-gest sensations—a feeling of langor steal-ing upon me and spells of morning dreariness. At times my limbs would seem stiff, almost dead. My back ached and I felt giddy. Twice I recall having stumbled over the floor when those dizzy waves swayed my head. I looked at my skin. It was growing parched, color-less, lifeless! I could not make it out. My exercise and habits were regular. My mode of living was perfect. I took plenty of baths, fresh air and good, wholesome food; and yet I grew weaker day by day, almost tottering at times.

It seriously affected my vocal powers; four or five notes dropped out of my register, top and bottom. I consulted the old housekeeper about it. We called in Ivan. At first he suggested the advice of a doctor, but finally concluded that the cause might lie in the tin pois from certain imported fruits that I had been using—a Swedish brand of pre-serves of which no member of the family.

except myself, had ever partaken. It happened that his surmises tallied with the cause, for 1 did put saids the fruits, took certain reme. les, including a powerful tonic, and within a few days. my physical strength began to mend, my came back and the roses rushed to my cheeks once more, as if glad to meet old acquaintances, and I got on without the least hint of my former failing.

CHAPTER IV.
The Thingvalla, which was expected to arrive at the end of the following month, would have given Olef time to convert my securities and reach New

Just eighteen days after posting letter I received a cablegram dated at Stockholm which told me that Olefa father had died, and that a visit to the States would be impossible. This cable-gram bore Olef's signature, and as I read Ift my spirits fell beneath their load of tion, and in spite of the fact that my musical examination was to occur the following Monday I resolved to return

"I hardly think that I would lose your opportunity to carry off first prize if i were in your place," urged Ivan. "Be-side, Olef's detention can be but momentary.

I remarked that it was strange tas. had not received my regular weekly let-ter from him. But Ivan soon turned my course of thoughts by saying that no doubt Olef's duties at home had crowded upon him so fast that he could find no time to write, and especially while



watching at the bedside of a dying father. And this argument, together with the stimulating hope of winning the prize, won me over.

"Bide your time, Cesca," Ivan we "The next steamer may fetch good I waited a week, and in the meantime

my sorrow had been somewhat assuaged by my receipt of the first prize for vocal honors at the institute. One morning Ivan handed me a letter

postmarked Stockholm. It was in blef's handwriting and yet it did not seen the same. I turned it over and ver again, upside down and then held it between me and the light of the sun. "Here is a double cross made with a

pen upon the lid of the envelope. 1 onder what he could have inte that to mean?" I asked, showing the cross to Ivan.

"He might have made it to reveal to you any attempt that should be made to open the letter," he suggested, looking at the mark.

I tore off the envelope and read: "Do not let your heart split upon the rock of this, my final adieu. Brevity must be my parting message. Cease to ope. My heart is lost to you.

"You will ask why I have not kept my troth. I can but say that my fa-ther's will, opened after his death, has reversed my life, into which now shines the beam of a new love.

"I am to marry the daughter of Lieut. Bodine to-morrow. OLEF OLSEN."

My heart, torn with the anguish of my own sad life, I could only sob and weep over it. And then, as often a woman will do, I tried to Iull my sorrow to sleep by the strains of melody. And as I played softly I followed the lines of that plaintive song, "Drifting Apart," that I remembered having read in "Broken Barriers"

Drifting apart! as the cruel shades
Of the years rise up 'twixt you and me.'
Drifting apart! — two separate tides
Carry us out o'er the wide, wild sea!
Drifting apart! for another's tore
Hath blinded you to the love I planned.
Drifting apart! for that allen love
Hath frozen your heart and chilled your hand.
Drifting! Drifting and further astray!
My God! will we ever again one day
Meet in the passion of life's hottest fray.
And love, as we did, in the good old way!
For the first time since my arrival in Drifting apart! as the cruel shades

For the first time since my arrival in America-nearly one year now-my Uncle Ivan began to show me warm attention. And embittered, weighed down, galled by Olef's cruel letter, I had let myself drift into closer communion with Ivan, and-yes, I confess it-to avenge the past I had given him to understand that his ministry was not wholly rejected. He was not too old-thirty-seven.

From the moment of Vera's sad death Ivan had taken every precaution to throw about me the barriers of protection, in order that any possible attempt to criticise my abode at his house might be set at rest. He had engaged an elderly housekeeper, in addition to whom I had induced one of the young women from the Conservatoire to make her

home with me. We walked a good bit, Ivan and I. And by this time his affection had grown to fire. It was no mere assumption, that love of Ivan's. He was deeply in earnest. I am not the woman to read a man's heart amiss. The name of his wife, Vera, had faded into a mere memory now, and I received certain proofs that Ivan would have stripped his heart of all else in the world for me. "What were those proofs?" you ask. Oh, that

is but for a woman to understand I must say that I returned the passion measure for measure. I had come to honor, respect and love Ivan. His image grew daily brighter and holier in my heart. And as we walked together, wrapped in one another's confidence, the very soul of joy lighted our pathway. Of course Irene, my companion, had no-ticed it. She seemed astonished at our mntnal affection.

"Why, you are uncle and niece-blood relatives!" she exclaimed one day.

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FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO.



The woodbird calls, the shadows fies, The sun comes golden from the sea; Across the meadow as I stray For you I take the fern fringed way. To gather violets wet with dew Which only bloom, my love, for you—For you, my love, alone for you!

The grasses bend, the dewdrops shine,
The hawthorn's breath is sweet as wine;
The soft wind steals with presence sweet
To fling white petals at my feet
And lift the leaves from violets blue,
Hidden to wait, my love, for you—
For you, my love, sione for you!

Blue as your eyes, which hearts begulle,

llue as your eyes, which awarts begune,
Their faint perfunce sweet as your smile.
I gather thom, with fervent prayer
That they my passion may declare;
Their petals pale, tear stained with dew,
May tell how I live but for you.

For you, my love, alone for you!

—Donahoe's Magazine.

It's Human Nature.

A well dressed man got on the Sixth ivenue elevated the other day groped along for a strap, which his companion finally placed in his hand. As the former seemed quite uncertain of his footing and was being partially supported by the latter, people stared at him rather hard under the impression that he was intoxicated. He was not well dressed, but wore a handsome ring, heavy gold watch chain and other jewelry. Passengers jostled him con-siderably as he swayed from the strap, and pretty soon it became evident to those in the vicinity that instead of being intoxicated the man was blind. young lady made the discovery and imnediately arose and motioned the blind man's companion to take her seat. When this had been communicated to the blind man, the latter turned in the direction of the lady and raised his hat respectfully, but declined the proffered courtesy. His companion whispered something in his ears-most like ly that the lady was both young and handsome—for the afflicted man begat pluming himself and finally turned by hanging hands on the strap so that the young lady might get a more definite view of a rather fine face. He straightened up his rings, settled his collar, felt to ascertain whether his coat was buttoned and pulled down his cuffs-just as a vain man usually does when ho wants to make a good appearance. New York Herald.

Soft Words.

One of the most curious of current beliefs is that of hypocrisy lurking in pleasant manners and sincerity in those that are rough or stern. It seems a relic of our Paritan forefathers, but it certainly is out of place today. foolish, or very innocent, to give heed to more than the letter of society courtesies. But, on the other hand, the wish to please is a good sign in itself, and the willingness to hurt, by word as well as by deed, is a bad sign in itself. Selfishness is, far more than hypocrisy even, a usual failing. And there is small bope for the habitually self absorbed rough speaker, while there is always a chance that the soft manner may sink into the heart. To those who tell us that soft words butter no parsnips, we may retort, oil is also better

one for every side of a question. MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIMSELP

for a wig than vinegar. If proverbs

mean anything, it is because there is

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic pur gatives which convulse his stomech, agonize his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicaments only which are violent 1-their action, and particularly catharities, are of any swall. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The isastive which most nearly approaches the beneficent action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, with it is painless, but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal ranel instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the atomach abare in the benege discipline instituted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throughout the system. Mainfoux, rheumatic, kidney and nervous compisints succumb to it.

This is the season of the year when the awn namaker begins to put the remainder of man clud in the scade.

Can Eusmeitne stove Pousa; no dust, n THY GRENKA for breakfast.

MOTHERS



and those soon to become mothers, should know that Doctor Fierce's Favorite Frescription robs child-birth of its tortures, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly ortened. It also promotes the secretion of a abundance of nourishment for the child.

Mrs. DORA A. GUTHBIE, of Oakley, Overton.

Mrs. Dona A. Gutherr, of Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn., writes: "When I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter now than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best to take before configurement or at least

PAINS AND ACHES

We all have pains and aches, but they needn't last long-not any longer than it takes to put on an Allcock's Ponous Plas-TER. The only thing to look out for is that you get the right plaster, for when you need you get the right plaster, for when you heed a plaster you need it, and there's no time for experimenting and finding out mistakes then. Ask for ALLCOCK's PORCUS PLASTRES and see that you get them. If they say that some other is just as good, tell them that only the best is good enough for you. ALLCOCK's PORCUS PLASTRES are quick and sure and acknowledged by the highest medical authorities to be the best outside remedy for pains and ackes of every description. BRANDRETH's PILLS invigorate the diges

"Half the world doesn't know how the Throat diseases commence with a cough, cold or sore throat, "Brown's Bronchial Trockes" give immediate relief. So'd only in boxes. Price, 25 cents.

"Do you like kiming?" he asked. "All su prises are pleasant," she replied demurely. Students, teachers (male or female), clergy-men and others in need of change of employ-ment should not fall to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. Their great success shows that they have got the true ideas about making money. They can show you how to employ odd hours profitably.

Oddly enough the homeliest of old maids are generally girls who were matchless in their youth.

We offer Oue Hundred Dollars' Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Tal-do, O. We the undersigued, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen wars, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholessle Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholessle Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, setting directly upon the blood and nuccous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Guard yourself for summer malaria, tired celling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.



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in the form most acceptable and pleas-ant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect lax-ative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constinction and permanently curing constitution. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession because it sets on the Kidprofession, 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 drug-gists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is man-ufactured 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.



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Hood's Sarsaparilla Easily Cured All the Bad Symptoms.

"For over 25 years I have suffered from female complaint. I was seldom free from an unbearable pain in the small of my back. Any over-exertion would cause me to lie on my bed from six weeks to two months. In the wluter of 1891 I had a sovere

I had a severe
which lasted through the apring into the summer. I secured a supply of Hood's Sarvaparilia
and it made a new seman of me. I am free
from the backache and it kept me from having
the grip last winter. My dangitter has also
hern benefitted by Hood's Haraparilia as she
also had the grip at the same time as I was

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The effect is immediate and lasting. Two or three doses of Dr. Parnaw's Remere taken daily keeps the blood cool, the liver and kidneys active, and will entirely eradicate from the system all traces of Scordaia, Sait Sheum, 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. Parnaw's Remery.

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.

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