Officially reported, after elaborate competitive tests made under authority of Congress by the Chief Chemist of the United States Agricultural Department, ***Superior to all other Baking Powders in Leavening Strength.***

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

The most Careful Housewife will use no other.

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

A WOMAN'S HEART.

ONE DISEASE THAT BAFFLES THE PHYSICIAN.

The Story of a Woman Who Suffered for Nine Long Years—How She Was Cured.

From the Newark (N. J.) Evening News.]

Valvular disease of the heart has always been considered incurable. The following interview therefore will interest the medical profession since it describes the successful use of a new treatment for this disease. The patient is Mrs. George Archer of Clifton, N. J., and this publication by the *News* is the first mention made of the case by any newspaper. All physicians consulted pronounced the patient suffering with valvular disease of the heart and treated her without the slightest relief. Mrs. Archer said: "I could not walk across the floor; neither could I go up stairs without stopping to let the pain in my chest and left arm cease. I felt an awful constriction about my arm and chest as though I were tied with ropes. Then there was a terrible noise at my right ear like the labored breathing of some great animal. I have often turned expecting to see some creature at my side.

"Last July," continued Mrs. Archer, "I was at Springfield, Mass., visiting, and my mother showed me an account in the *Springfield Examiner*, telling of the wonderful cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. My mother urged me to try the pills and on November 25th last I bought a box and began taking them, and I have taken them ever since, except for a short interval. The first box did not seem to benefit me, but I persevered, encouraged by the requests of my relatives. After beginning on the second box, to my wonder, the noise at my right ear ceased entirely. I kept right on and the distress that I used to feel in my chest and arm gradually disappeared. The blood has returned to my face, lips and ears, which were entirely devoid of color, and I feel well and strong again.

"My son, too, had been troubled with gastritis and I induced him to try the Pink Pills with great benefit. I feel that everybody ought to know of my wonderful cure and I bless God that I have found something that has given me this great relief."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of most every ill that flesh is heir to. These pills are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, all forms of weakness, chronic constipation, bearing down pains, etc., and in the case of men will give speedy relief and effect a permanent cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. The pills are sold by all dealers or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box or 6 boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Religious Faith of the Presidents.

Everybody in New York has heard of the remark recently made by Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll to the effect that Abraham Lincoln was no more a Christian than Voltaire was. This has given rise to a discussion of the religious views of the martyr president which promises to have a long run.

It is a remarkable fact that of the 23 presidents of the United States very little is recorded by the biographers of the majority of them as to their religious faith. It is further remarkable that as to all of the greatest of them, Washington excepted, there was much doubt during their lives and much discussion after their deaths as to whether they were Christians at all, and if they were, to what classification of Christians they properly belonged. By common consent the greatest presidential names are those of Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Grant. The religious belief of all these men, except Washington, was a matter of doubt during the greater part of their lives, and in the cases of Jefferson and Lincoln—the two greatest of all our presidents in the judgment of the most critical and discriminating authorities—the controversy is still an open one.

As to both of the last named presidents the assertion has been made broadly, as Colonel Ingersoll has quite recently made it in regard to Lincoln, that they were not Christians. The panorama of the presidents presents some curious contrasts in the matter of religious professions, utterances and practices of the successive incumbents of the White House.—New York Herald.

JOHN BOYD THACHER A WITNESS

He Fully Verifies a Disputed World's Fair Award.

John Boyd Thacher is laconic and decisive in his statements. During the lively campaign just closed in New York this marked him especially as Chairman of the Democratic State Committee. It was equally true of him as Chairman of the Executive Committee on Awards at the World's Fair. This is the positive and sententious way in which he verifies in an official letter the honors won by Dr. Price's Baking Powder: "I herewith inclose you an official copy of your award, which in due time will be inscribed in the diploma and forwarded." Thus the question respecting the award, [illegible] by an envious New York rival, is [illegible] beyond cavil. This same rival, by [illegible], is widely advertising an award [illegible]. The official records prove this [illegible] false, as they show the N[illegible] not so much as [illegible] Fa[illegible]

Special Brand of Idiot.

It is absolutely impossible to exist without a valet. No man with any self respect or any regard for his personal comfort can afford to do so.

The young man who uses the patent trousers stretcher or the more economical mattress and who confides his boots to be cleaned by street boys at the corners of public thoroughfares does not enter into consideration. He should know better.

There are certain necessary adjuncts to living which are vulgar in themselves, but which, with a proper amount of tact, can be so transformed as to render them acceptable to the æsthetic sense.

Money is one of these. We do not—I am speaking of people of refinement—wish to know what is the cost of articles or how they are purchased any more than we care to assist at the preparation of our food or the slaughter of cattle which are to provide us with sustenance. And yet even these rude functions may be so directed and accomplished as not to be offensive to our sense of delicacy.

The special brand of idiot who can publish utterances like the above has Life's deepest pity. For months this brainless biped has been pouring out similar drivel in the columns of a weekly journal whose name we considerately refrain from giving. The paper is young, very young, but anything over two weeks old should know better than to print such loathsome twaddle. From his brilliant pen came the statement some time ago that "one should dress quietly at a funeral." It is many a long day since the reading public has been brought face to face with anything so fatuous and so sickening as this complacent "gent."—Life.

Excitements That Kill.

Now that the season of outdoor athletic games has opened, the usual list of injured from professional games of baseball, cricket, football and similar rough games may be expected to appear. But though a number do get injured in this way every season a far more common danger is from the excitement which accompanies these games. In the excitement of highly contested games the players run the risk of enlargement of the heart, which may prove fatal at the time or drag along for years. While a few of the players can endure almost anything in the way of excessive muscular exertion others of an ambitious and excitable nature run great risks.

Many of the games demand a continued exertion of a dangerous and reckless kind, and nothing short of a permanent injury to the player must follow where excitable temperaments engage long in the games. Often one suffers from a slight heart derangement which would never trouble him if he did not strain himself in excitable games. The true way is to demand a rigid examination of all those who would enter into games for long continued struggles. Exercise of a proper sort is beneficial, but many cannot stand more than the gentlest sort.—Yankee Blade.

Curfew Will Ring.

An ancient custom has been revived in the cities and towns in Canada. This is the ringing of the curfew. In olden times the curfew was rung at nightfall, at which time all fires were covered, lights extinguished, and the people retired to rest. The custom was instituted in the reign of William the Conqueror. The act passed at the last session of parliament in Canada is not, however, quite so strict as the one of olden times. It provides that at 9 o'clock the curfew shall be rung, and if any persons under 17 years of age are found on the streets they shall be locked up by the watchman or police, and unless satisfactory explanation can be given the parents shall be made to suffer either by confinement in jail or fine or the sending away of the children to some public institution where they will be taken care of until the authorities see fit to let them out.—Niagara Falls Letter.

The Trolley Buzz.

Just as constant use of the telephone was said to produce aural affection popularly known as "telephone ear," so is the overhead wire system of electric transit being held responsible for an affliction which in Philadelphia is denominated "the trolley buzz." It is a nervous affliction resulting from the combination of hiss and roar which is a prominent feature of the "cheap and nasty" system of rapid transit. It worries the possessors of fine sensibilities, is dangerously annoying to the sick and prevents the robust from sleeping as they ought to sleep. "Have you got the trolley buzz?" is a common query in the Quaker City, and if greedy corporations can have their way here the same inquiry will take the place of the oriental "How is your liver?" or the American "How d'ye do?"—Washington Star.

The far and "frontier" west does not appear to be peopled exclusively by tough citizens. At Winnemucca, Nev., a jury was formed last week of men whose average age was 27, who were all total abstainers from drink; none smoked cigarettes, and none had ever chewed tobacco.

A plague of caterpillars has invested the neighborhood of Clarkton, N. C. Engineers of the Carolina Central railroad state that the caterpillars are two inches deep on the track for a distance of 10 miles.

A swarm of fleas has taken absolute possession of a farmhouse near Hinkle-[illegible] Pa., and driven the occupants from [illegible] the house will probably be [illegible] of them.

WAS A BORDER BAD MAN

And Met the Merited Fate of a Desperado.

BILL SNOW, A DIME NOVEL HERO.

Went to Oklahoma In Search of Adventure, Started as a Game Man and Ended as a Desperado—His Heartbroken Widow Commits Suicide.

They buried pretty, unfortunate Mollie Snow at Guthrie, O. T., a few weeks ago, the victim of arsenic administered by her own hand. Two weeks before that the Indian police killed and buried Bill Snow near Lenapah. Wild Bill, as Snow was called, was a typical "killer" of the later day stripe—a dapper, well dressed, flashy looking young fellow, with jet black hair, big black eyes and a dime novel desire to be considered a "bad man."

When Oklahoma was opened up to settlement in 1889, Bill and Mollie were posted in the Cherokee strip ready to make the run for a home, says a New York Times correspondent. Bill had always been a reader of dime novels, so when he reached Arkansas City and found that it was fashionable to wear a big six shooter he purchased a 44 caliber Colt and a belt.

One day a drunken thug insulted Mollie and drew a pistol on Bill, who interfered. Now was his chance to establish his reputation as a "killer," and Snow shot Kickapoo Sam through the head. For weeks after this neither Bill nor Mollie could sleep well at night for thinking about that lonely grave on the prairie, but the men on the border came to speak of Bill Snow with respect as a "dead game" man whom it would be well to let alone.

In May, when the final rush for homes came, Bill, Mollie and the pistol were in the front rank. Down upon the banks of the Canadian river Bill drove his stakes, and when a couple of Texans came along and concluded to squat upon Bill's land he warned them off with his six shooter in his pistol hand. They were preparing to resist when a friend of theirs came along and said: "Better let that fellow go easy. He's the game chap that killed

BILL SNOW, DANDY KILLER.

Kickapoo Sam," and the Texans went on a mile or two farther and drove away an inoffensive German who was not a "game man" and did not carry a big pistol. Bill and Mollie's claim was first class bottom land, well timbered and worth a good deal of money.

Bill proved up all right and built a nice little house on his claim. Just about this time deputy marshals were in demand, and Bill was pointed out as a "game" man who would be likely to make a good one. So Bill Snow moved to town and began to wear high heeled boots, drink liquor with the boys, dance with the girls at the dancehouses and incidentally to serve some warrants for the United States marshal. Over in the Pottawatomie country he killed an Indian for whom he had a warrant, and later on he had a shooting match with a half breed Mexican over a pretty girl.

This latter affair came to the ears of Mollie, his wife, and she concluded to follow Bill some night. By this time Bill had become so popular that he had spent the $1,000 nest egg, sold his claim on the Canadian and was about through with the proceeds of that. He had advanced from the stage where they call a man "game" and had become noted as a "killer." As he remembered the dime novel days in Illinois he wished some of his old chums could hear of his exploits, so he had a local writer give him a "sendoff."

This newspaper notoriety stirred up other "bad men" with records, and Bill had to defend his title with his pistol, with the result that he killed a man named Dennis over in the Chickasaw country. When he returned to Oklahoma, he was more of a hero than ever. But his money was almost gone, and he had an extravagant girl on his hands, the former mistress of the Mexican whom he had killed. Added to this, he went into politics and tried to be elected sheriff. His record as a "killer" was not in his favor, and he was defeated by the better class of people.

About this time his wife, Mollie, followed him to a questionable house in company with a man, a friend of Bill's. They came upon the "killer" unexpectedly in the hall, and Bill, mistaking the reason for his wife's presence in the house, shot the man with her. He was arrested and thrown into jail. By this time many people who were afriad of him conspired to see that he got justice and was hanged.

His wife, Mollie, was almost the only friend he had left. With all the money at her disposal she managed to arrange matters so that Bill escaped before the time set for his trial. All he had left was his six shooter, his reputation as a "killer" and a horse which he stole from the sheriff. Every one's hand was now against him, and he rode south into the wild country arund the Wichita mountains and then joined the Rogers gang.

He had now gone through all the stages from a "tenderfoot boomer" to a "game man," and thence to a recognized "killer," and now he had landed in the "desperado" ranks. He held up stages and robbed express cars. He got all the notoriety his nature craved. Still his Illinois wife clung to him, and a year ago she even visited him at his retreat in the hills. But the officers followed her and became so hot on her husband's trail that she had to leave. A few weeks ago an Indian scout caught Snow napping and shot him full of holes. Mollie learned of his fate and committed suicide—her hero, the "game" man, the "killer," and, lastly, the "desperado" was dead.

Enormous Loss of Power.

At the electric light convention in St. Louis Mr. L. B. Stillwell remarked that the Central station manager, who is buying energy in the form of coal and selling it in the form of light and wasting it at every step in the process, is losing far more before the energy passes through the dynamo than afterward. He estimates that out of each 1,000 horsepower bought in the form of coal it is at present possible to sell not more than about 2.8 horsepower in the form of light. Some 930 horsepower is lost before reaching the dynamo and the rest afterward. It seems clear therefore that the problem of cheap electricity is in its final analysis a problem of thermodynamics.—Engineering News.

THE AUTHOR OF "BEN BOLT."

How Thomas Dunn English Wrote the Famous Song That Trilby Sang.

"That unfortunate early indiscretion of mine" is the way Thomas Dunn English refers to his famous song, "Ben Bolt," that was sung by Trilby in the popular novel of that name and that has been sung the world over for half a century. The verses were written at the request of N. P. Willis in 1843 and were what Mr. English terms a "patchwork" of two poems. Willis was then conducting The New Mirror in New York and asked English to write a sea song for the periodical. English started a sea song, but could not finish it acceptably to himself, so he began work on another poem, which he partly completed also. In despair he combined the two, signed his initials to the patchwork and sent the poem to Willis, with instructions to burn the production if he did not desire to publish it.

Willis was delighted with the verses and published them in The New Mirror Sept. 25, 1843, under the title "Ben Bolt." The English papers stole the poem and reprinted it, and it took England by storm.

Oh, don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt,
Sweet Alice, whose hair was so brown?

was on every tongue, and the poem was parodied and replied to and generally considered an English production. Mr. English then wrote music to go with the words, but his version never achieved the popularity of that adapted from a German song by a strolling singer and actor named Wilson Kneass.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

The song made an immense hit in this country and England, and an American publisher who changed the line "Where children went in to swim" to "Where we gathered the flowers as they grew" because he thought the former immoral sold over 60,000 copies.

Dr. English was born in Philadelphia June 29, 1819, and resides in Newark, N. J. He has won considerable fame as poet, novelist, dramatist, physician, lawyer and politician and at present is one of New Jersey's representatives in congress.

"When I was elected to congress three years ago," says Dr. English, "the newspapers mentioned the fact that I was the author of 'Ben Bolt,' and the song was revived in popularity. It then sank into obscurity again, but now a gentleman named Du Maurier, whom I never harmed in my life, revives it in 'Trilby.'"

CORRECT EVENING DRESS.

The Various Articles That Make Up the Costume of a Well Dressed Man.

To begin with, evening dress should never be worn before 6 o'clock; in these days when people dine so late it is seldom worn as early. Ordinarily at home a man may wear a black sack coat with silk collar, waistcoat and trousers to match. With this coat, which is called a "dinner" coat, should always be worn a black cravat—not made up, but tied by the wearer in a simple bowknot. This style of costume is suitable only for most informal dinners at home, or in summer at the houses of one's intimate friends.

With what is usually called a dress coat (swallow tail) should be worn always, except when in mourning, a white lawn cravat tied in a bowknot. This may be starched or not, as the wearer prefers, but is somewhat trimmer looking if starched. With this coat a black waistcoat may be worn. It should be single breasted, with black buttons. In case a white waistcoat is preferred (it is usually considered more dressy) it should be made of pique or some similar fabric that can be washed. It should be single breasted, with buttons covered with the material or else plain pearl buttons.

Apropos of buttons, it is well always to avoid anything conspicuous, no matter how costly. Plain pearl buttons may be worn in the front of the shirt or plain gold studs, or even silver. Oriental pearls are often worn. These, if not too large, are to be preferred. Even though a man is in mourning he should wear evening dress. He may wear the dinner coat, etc., as described above, or the swallowtail, with a black silk (not satin) cravat.

White waistcoats should not be worn with black cravats nor with dinner coats, neither should a man in mourning wear satin facings and satin cravat. Plain black silk is best. A very prominent part of evening dress is the footgear. Plain black silk hose with patent leather pumps are best. Some men prefer low shoes. In this case they should be made without toe caps. A great many young men wear elaborate embroidered hose, but this class is also apt to wear jeweled studs, rings, etc.

It is the man in the perfectly laundered, well fitting plain linen shirt, white starched cravat, plain studs, well brushed and pressed clothes, plain black silk stockings and pumps who makes the best appearance. And the man in the embroidered or tucked shirt front fastened with jeweled studs, watered silk facings, white silk waistcoat, gold buttons, gorgeously embroidered hose, is not "in it."—Vogue.

For Modern Cooking.

As a matter of useful information it may be stated that whenever a cooking receipt calls for a baking powder the "Royal" should be used. The receipt will be found to work better and surer, and the bread, biscuit, rolls, cakes, dumplings, crusts, puddings, crullers or whatever made will be produced sweeter, lighter, finer flavored, more dainty, palatable and wholesome. Besides the "Royal" will go further or has greater leavening power, and is therefore more economical than any other powder.

Many receipts as published still call for cream of tartar and soda, the old-fashioned way of raising. Modern cooking and expert cooks do not sanction this old way. In all such receipts the Royal Baking Powder should be substituted without fail.

The greatest adepts in the culinary art are particular to use the Royal only, and the authors of the most popular cook books and the teachers of the successful cooking schools, with whom the best results are imperative, are careful to press their readers and pupils with the importance of its exclusive employment.

The Royal Baking Powder is the greatest help of modern times to perfect cooking, and every receipt requiring a quick-raising ingredient should embody it.

A NEW CATALOGUE.

The Sunset Seed and Plant Co., San Francisco, the leading nursery firm on this coast, has in press a Fruit Tree Catalogue and Price List that will be of great interest. It is handsomely illustrated and printed in clear type on good paper. Copies can be had on application.—*S. F. Commercial News and [illegible], December*

A HOUSE IN A FRET.

Let the mother become sick and helpless, and the house is all in disorder. When both father and mother are down, you may as well close the shutters. Order is brought out of chaos often very easily, and Mrs. John Malin of South Butte, Mont., February 17, 1893, found an easy way out of her difficulties, as she writes thus: "My husband and I took very bad rheumatism from severe colds, and my arms were so lame I could not raise them to help myself. I sent at once for a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and before the bottle was half empty I could go about my work. My husband became so lame he could not get out of bed. Two and a half bottles completely cured him. I will always praise St. Jacobs Oil, and you may use this as you see fit." This is a clear case of what is best at the right moment, and how every household can be made happy where pain abounds.

The man who stops long enough to pose as a reformer will never reform anything.

BEFORE A FULL HEAD OF STEAM

Is gathered by that tremendously destructive engine, malaria, put on the breaks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will check its progress and avert disaster. Chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake are promptly relieved and ultimately cured by this genial specific, which is also a comprehensive family medicine, speedily useful in cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. Against the hurtful effects of sudden changes of temperature, exposure in wet weather, close application to laborious mental pursuits and other influences prejudicial to health it is a most trustworthy safeguard. It fortifies the system against disease, promotes appetite and sleep, and hastens convalescence after debilitating and flesh-wasting diseases.

She—And what would you be now if it were not for my money? He—A bachelor.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

Allcock's Porous Plasters are the only reliable plasters ever produced. Fragrant, clean inexpensive and never failing, they fully meet all the requirements of a household remedy, and should always be kept on hand. For the relief and cure of weak back, weak muscles, lameness, stiff or enlarged joints, pains in the chest, small of the back and around the hips, strains, stitches and all local pains Allcock's Porous Plasters are unequaled.

Ask for Allcock's, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Brandreth's Pills avert disease.

When a man leans toward cremation he may safely be said to have grave doubts.

The firm of E. L. G Steele & Co. of San Francisco secured by succession the property in a trade mark known as "Diamond L," which had been patented in 1871 by C. Adolph Low & Co. Under that brand and trade mark E. L. G. Steele & Co. had sold a tea which had become known far and wide for its excellence and in which they had built up a heavy trade. In 1888 the sales of the tea had fallen off so heavily that the firm set an inquiry afoot, and discovered that Lievre, Frick & Co. of San Francisco were selling a spurious tea under that brand. E. L. G. Steele & Co. compelled them to confess and to promise not to repeat the offense. They appear not to have kept their agreement, however, as this week E. L. G. Steele & Co. brought an action against the same firm, alleging infringement and demanding $50,000 damages. All honest dealers who have built up a business on fair dealing will lend their moral support to the punishment of all such rascality as this. Men who confess their own lack of ability by endeavoring dishonestly to prosper at the expense of more worthy and successful men, and at the same time defraud the community, are enemies of the community and of all honest merchants E. L. G. Steele & Co. have always been one of the sound and trustworthy institutions of San Francisco, and so long as they had a fair field they could not do otherwise than prosper. A stab in the back, however, is a form of competition in which their integrity does not permit hem to embark, and their only recourse is expensive and annoying litigation to protect themselves.

NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South. Rock-ballast track; fine scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Diners; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write C. C. Donavan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

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

Sold by druggists; price, 75 cents.

THE PORTLAND VOCAL FOLIO

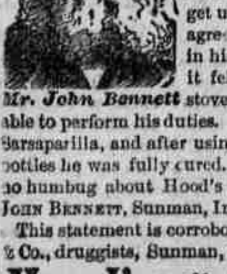
Of thirty-nine selected Songs, by mail, 50 cents. (Stamps taken.) Address Wiley B. Allen Co., 211 First St., Portland, Or.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

Try Germea for breakfast.

Indigestion Cured

"I suffered with indigestion. Food distressed me very much. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla after meals, and before one bottle was gone I could eat heartily without distress. I have recommended Hood's Sarsaparilla to many. I never heard of it failure to cure. Recently our station agent had the grip. After he was able to get up he had a disagreeable sensation in his head. He said it felt as large as a stove, and he was unable to perform his duties. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using one and a half bottles he was fully cured. Truly, there is no humbug about Hood's Sarsaparilla."—John Bennett, Sunman, Ind.



Mr. John Bennett

This statement is corroborated by Bigney & Co., druggists, Sunman, Ind.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, always reliable and beneficial.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

Dr. PIERCE'S Golden Medical DISCOVERY

Cures Ninety-eight per cent. of all cases of Consumption, in all its Earlier Stages.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. Address for Book, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

KARL'S CLOVER ROOT PURIFIES THE BLOOD TRADE MARK
IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN
CURES CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION DIZZINESS ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION
$50 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

An agreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

My son was afflicted with catarrh. I induced him to try Ely's Cream Balm, and the disagreeable catarrhal smell all left him. He appears as well as any one — J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at Druggists' or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, New York.

CONSUMPTION

is not inherited. It develops only when lungs are weak and the system run down.

Scott's Emulsion

the cream of Cod-liver Oil, often cures Consumption in its early stages and *always* prevents it. Coughing is stopped, Lungs are strengthened and the system built up. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

MEN DR. LIEBIG & CO., Special Doctors for Chronic, Private and Wasting Diseases.

Dr. Liebig's Invigorator the greatest remedy for Seminal Weakness, Loss of Manhood and Private Diseases, Overcomes Prematureness and prepares all for marriage life's duties, pleasures and responsibilities; $1 trial bottle given or sent free to any one describing symptoms; call or address 400 Geary St., private entrance 405 Mason St., San Francisco.

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