Absolutely Pure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

HALF A CENTURY AGO.

Philadelphia Gentlemen Drank In a Way to Astonish Their Descendants.

Among Americans up to 1855 the use and abuse of strong drink were almost universal, but it certainly affected their health less injuriously than at the present time. The worry and strain of modern business and social life shatter nerves now and lead to dram drinking to repair them. On the contrary, most of the excesses in the old times came after a solid dinner, and three or four hours were spent in rest and conviviality, but the amount drank was enormous. When the exchange was completed, in 1832, a dinner was given, and there was some apprehension that the wine would run out, and a well known broker on the committee expressed his surprise, as the company had not averaged more than three bottles apiece. This would be thought a very large allowance of strong Madeira in these times.

In 1853 the final audit of the accounts of the United States bank was completed, and on behalf of the government James A. Bayard of Delaware, John M. Mason and a Kentucky gentleman named Dukes appeared. It was a mere formality, as the matter had been settled ten years before. John Young acted as clerk. The party met in the northwest chamber of the bank building—now the custom house—at 11 o'clock. A bottle of brandy and six of Madeira were on the table, and after a short inspection of papers the wine was opened, and by 1 o'clock was drank. The day was warm, and a bowl of bishop was ordered, and this was made by the servant with the brandy and a flask of Curacoa.

This was drank, and the three committeemen went to dine with Charles J. Ingersoll about 5 o'clock. They returned, bringing a friend. A dozen Madeira were at hand, and smoking, drinking and whist were in order until 12, when the last bottle was drank, and then Prosser, the cook, brought in cold ducks and a mighty lobster salad. A gallon bowl of brandy punch was made as conducive to digestion. A tumbler of this finished the clerk, who went to sleep and was aroused at daybreak to drink a cup of coffee, and then all went down the steps and walked away in the fresh morning air, none the worse in appearance from the night's potations.

It is apparent that in a life like this it was the survival of the fittest. The steady ones carried off the honors, but gout, gravel and dropsy played havoc with the others, and these complaints were charged to port and Madeira by the doctors, and so the habit of drinking claret and light wines came into fashion.

Gambling was almost universal, and many fortunes of old Philadelphians disappeared in this way.—Philadelphia Times.

Financial Affairs of France.

The financial speech of the ex-Prime Minister M. Loubet, in the senate, is to be posted, by order of that house, all over France. There are some statements in it worthy of consideration. Thus, the national debt is set down at £1,200,000,000. It also appears that the difficulty of making both ends meet has greatly increased since M. Meline secured the triumph of his system. The court of audits has discovered 211 irregularities in the last budgetary account of money paid. By irregularities it means embezzlements, set down under the head of "virements."

Among them figures the £800 spent on behalf of a minister for "cabs," and £640 a month for little "dejeuners" at Voisin's, where a minister of justice entertained his friends. The "virements" at the home office are set down at £650, those of the war office at £1,330, those of the colonial office at £2,090, those of the public works office at £2,375. When M. de Freycinet was war minister, the "virements" of his department amounted to about £6,000 a year. He, as minister of public works and war, swelled the national debt more than any one else in power since Thiers' retirement. The redeemable loans were an expedient of M. de Freycinet to give employment to the public works department.—London News.

A Horrible Suspicion.

Lysander Dickerson of Sterling, Ills., thus writes to the Chicago Journal: "In a recent issue of your paper I find an item describing at some length the moving of the old Liberty bell into its new quarters in Independence hall at Philadelphia, and a recital of the safeguards with which the historic relic is now surrounded. In this item the bell itself is described with more or less minuteness. The article recalls to my mind the fact that some 45 years or so ago, in company with S. S. Dana of Wilkesbarre, Pa., I visited Independence hall and naturally made a close and careful inspection of this historic relic. At this time there was a place a foot or more deep chipped out at one of the outer edges. When it was exhibited at the fair, there were no evidences of vandalism. This convinces me of the truth of the story, which is generally unbelieved, to the effect that years ago the old bell was sold to an enterprising Yankee and by him worked up into trinkets. I claim to have one of them."

Too Polite.

"There is such a thing as being too polite. For instance, there is Flumleigh. He went into a store to inquire about something or other, and there was nobody but a woman there. He began by asking, 'I beg pardon, if you are not engaged'—and before he could say any more she interrupted him with, 'This is so sudden!' And, by gracious, she accepted him on the spot, and before he knew what was going on. No, sir; it doesn't pay to be too polite." And the speaker shook his head sagely and not without a suggestion of sadness.—Boston Transcript.

The Envied One.

"That's a fine, big pig, John."

"Aye, sir. Gin we were a' as ready tu dee as that yin, we'd doo."—Judy.

A World's Fair Reminiscence.

It happened two years ago, but the facts never came out till one day last week.

A man whose personality must be concealed for the present under the fictitious name of Tom Gallagher was attending the World's fair. He stepped into a restaurant in the Manufactures building to get something to eat. The crush was enormous, the waiters were flying to and fro in helpless confusion and after Tom Gallagher had secured a seat at one of the tables he seemed no nearer his dinner than before.

He waited patiently a few minutes and then beckoned a waiter to him.

"My friend," he said, slipping a half dollar into his hand, "bring me something to eat as quick as you can."

"Boss," said the waiter, with emotion, "I've been here more'n a month, and you're the first man that's ever give me a cent. But," he added in a hoarse whisper, "I've managed to steal $6."—Chicago Tribune.

Some Points About Wills.

Do you know that you cannot will away your body; that a clause in your will giving your body after death to any person or institution is not legally binding? Your executors cannot be forced to carry out your wishes, though they may do so through deference to your expressed preferences. It is also important to remember that three witnesses are needed in devising real estate instead of two, as in bequeathing personal property. "When a woman will, she will, depend on't," says the proverb. But there are so many sharp turns and short curves in the course of the law that though a woman wills to will what she will, how she will in nine cases out of ten she cannot make her will so that she wills what she will as she wills to will.—New York Press.

Ants as Biters.

Ants are terrible fighters. They have very powerful jaws, considering the size of their bodies, and therefore their method is by biting. They will bite one another and hold on with a wonderful grip of the jaws, even after all their legs have been bitten off by other ants.

Sometimes six or eight ants will be clinging with a death hold to one another, making a peculiar spectacle, some with a leg gone and some with half the body gone. One singular fact is that the grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off and nothing but the head remains.—Exchange.

The Pleiades.

Those timekeepers the Pleiades have been used to mark the days from the most remote periods. Mr. T. W. Fewkes, describing the fire ceremonies of the Pueblo Indians of Tusayan, says that, having been present on two such occasions in 1892 and 1893, he found that the error of time made by the Indians as to the 13th of November in those two years was insignificant. It was the culmination of the Pleiades which told the Indians the proper time for the beginning of their rites.—New York Times.

Religious Enthusiasm Offended.

Eliza Bangs and Lucy Green, negroes, came up before the recorder yesterday afternoon for fighting.

"Why did you hit her, Lucy?" Judge Calhoun asked.

"'Cause, your honor, she up en tell that preacher not to give me any communion when he passes 'round de bread an wine yesterday."

Judge Calhoun wrote a $3 fine opposite her name.—Atlanta Constitution.

PERSONS OF NOTE.

Pertinent Paragraphs of People of Prominence Throughout the World.

With the exception of the king of Denmark, Queen Victoria is the oldest reigning sovereign of Europe.

John Hare, a distinguished English comedian, will act in this country next winter, making his first appearance in New York, December 23.

T. H. Tucker, the conductor who ran the first train between Boston and Worchester, Mass., on July 4, 1835, is still living at his home, Melrose, Mass.

The Duke of Westminster has spent over 1,00,000 pounds in rebuilding Eaton hall, which is now considered to rival Chatsworth as England's finest house.

Mr. Gladstone derived marked benefit from his trip to the Baltic. The improvement was especially noticeable in his voice, which is now firm and strong.

Dean Farrar pleads for hospital contributions with the assertion that nearly half the population of London use them in the course of the year in one way or another.

Carl Zerrahan, who has been the musical conductor of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, for years, has resigned, and B. J. Lang has been elected to the position.

Baron Edmond de Rothschild has purchased the recently exhumed specimens of Roman silver works found near Pompeii, and has presented the collection to the National museum of Paris.

Lizzie Borden was a delegate to the Christian Endeavor convention in Boston. It is two years ago since she was on trial for the murder of her father and was acquitted. The Borden murder remains a mystery.

The new Portuguese minister to the United States, Mr. Ade Sequeira Chedim, is a particularly handsome man, about 40, with very elegant and attractive manners. He speaks English with only a slight trace of accent.

The old Paramus Dutch church at Ridgewood, N. J., has seen its first wedding since Aaron Burr and Mrs. Theodosia Prevost were married there 113 years ago. The distinction fell on Dr. W. L. Vroom and Miss Blanche Miller.

Senor Don Carlos Yslesias, a brother of President Yslesias, of Costa Rica, is now in this country. He is a mining enigneer, and has been commissioned by the government of Costa Rica to study the methods employed in the United States mint.

The new Duke of Hamilton and Brandon, who is the premier poet of Scotland, is paralytic and a confirmed invalid, while the only son and heir of the Duke of Norfolk, who is the premier peer of England, is deaf, dumb, blind and imbecile.

Mr. Weyerhauser, of St. Paul, Minn., has given a sufficient fund to maintain a chair for Semitic languages and history in the university of Minnesota. Professor J. R. Jewett, of Brown university, has received the appointment for that professorship.

Professor David Masson, who for thirty years has been professor of English literature in the university of Edinburgh, has announced his intention of retiring. He was appointed professor of English literature and rhetoric at that university in 1865.

It is stated that Michael J. Fanning has resigned the Prohibitionist state chairmanship of Michigan. In a recent congressional election there the Populists nominated the Prohibitionist candidate and ran the campaign for free silver. Mr. Fanning objected decidedly, and after considerable ill-feeling has finally given up the place he held.

Fragments of two gravestones with Jewish inscriptions have been found during the demolition of the disused barracks at Mauer, near Vienna. At the request of the authorities, Professor Dr. David Muller, of the university of Vienna, deciphered the texts, which record the deaths of two Jewesses, the one in 1360 and the other in 1402.

Mr. John Bloundelle-Burton, whose story, "The Desert Ship, has created such a stir, was born in 1850. His parents intended him for military life, but when at 21 he came into a comfortable inheritance, he determined to see something of the world. Mr. Burton's first long story was "The Silent Shore," which had quite a career under several different guises.

The Empress Eugenie, before leaving Paris for Cape Martion, gave Lieutenant-Colonel Bizot, who is under orders for Madagascar, the campaigning kit of the prince imperial, and also that which she herself used in her sad pilgrimage to the scene of her son's death in Zululand. Colonel Bizot is the son of the late General Bizot, whose wife during the empire was one of the ladies of the empress.

A Twilight Interview.

'Twas the first twilight interview. She, swinging in the hammock on the side veranda, and he sitting submissively at her feet with his legs dangling off the boards: "How refreshing at the closing hour of day," he gently remarked, "to thus in sweet companionship await the rising of the stars that will soon fleck the cerulean dome of heaven with spangles of silver! I would ever thus, with thee at my side, revel in the glories of the azure—azure as sure as "——

"What exquisite language," said she, with a sigh. "How can you afford it on six dollars a week?"

The young man was not quite "as sure" as he was, and slid down into the yard, scaled the fence, and was seen no more thereabouts forever.—Texas Siftings.

An Unhappy Combination in a Woman

Notwithstanding her genius, Professor Sonya Kovalevsky was almost mentally dependent upon a man. We have her written confession that she lectured better when Professor Mittag-Leffler was in the audience. Notwithstanding her solid contriubtions to applied mathematics, she originated nothing; she merely developed the ideas of her teachers. What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Setting aside all partisan questions, it would seem to be this; that a masculine head united to a feminine heart is likely to prove a very unhappy combination for a woman.—August Century.

HIS FIRST LOVE AFFAIR.

He Whispered Sweet Words of Love Under a Lilac Bush.

"George, do you remember your first love affair?"

He tilted back in his easy chair and nodded assent.

"Tell me about it, that's a good fellow," said Al.

With a retrospective look in his eyes, George thereupon began:

"Well, it happened when I had boyish blue eyes and a high ambition, with a great amount of self confidence. Since then, you may observe, my eyes have grown gray, my ambition has been tempered by experience, and my self confidence, if I really have any, does not so boldly assert itself.

"The girl I loved was a buxom maid of 18 summers. Do not ask me to describe her, for—shame on me—I really have forgotten how she looked in those days. I know I thought her very handsome—more so than any woman I have seen before or have seen since. On different occasions, with no great amount of time intervening, I remember of thinking of her as being angelic, amiable, affable, beautiful, cute, courteous, confiding, dear, and so on down through the alphabet. I told her so, too, for I always told her all my thoughts.

"I may have called her even more names, probably did, but this, you know, is only an off-hand recital, without reference to notes.

"Well, one summer evening—it strikes me it was in June—I found my love in a nook beneath a lilac bush, and in the fading twilight I gathered courage to ask her to be mine.

"She blushed deeply, her lips trembled for a moment, then she turned her pretty face from me and murmured an answer.

"Then my boyish blue eyes flashed defiance to the world, and my heart was in a raputre, as I clasped my pretty girl lover to me in fond embrace."

"And she was happy too?" Al ventured.

"Not a bit of it. She freed herself, her lips were puckered into a pout, and there was a scowl on her face that gave me the toothache.

"'How dare you take such liberties!' she hissed, and her little foot came down with all the force she could summon.

"I begged of her to consider that I had asked her to become my wife, and had she not answered 'yes?'

"'Why, George!' she exclaimed, 'I answered 'no!'

"That little word sounded to me like a death knell, and with all my confidence and ambition gone, I sunk beneath the bushes out of sight, and the twilight faded into thick, black gloom."

"And that ended it?"

"Yes."

"What ever became of her?" Al asked.

The portieres parted and a cheery woman brightened the room by her presence.

"That's her," said George, and he nodded toward his pretty wife.

"Well," Al remarked, laughing, "how did it finally happen?"

"Oh," George replied, and he rose from his easy chair, "she didn't stick to what she said near the lilacs in the twilight."—The Family Story Paper.

FANNY KEMBLES PUNCH.

It Was Very Seductive and Had a Disastrous Effect.

One characteristic anecdote of Mrs. Kemble, which, so far as I know, has not got into print, may be mentioned. Two youthful friends of hers having given invitations for a picnic on the border of the Stockbridge Bowl, Mrs. Kemble, with the warm-hearted sympathy she always showed toward young people, associated herself with them in the plan, and made the entertainment much more complete than they had intended. She engaged a band from Albany, had a dancing platform erected, and numerous boats engaged. Unfortunately the punch, which had been subtly compounded in New York, had for the sake of economical transportation, "no allaying Thames." The day was hot; there was a cry for something to drink, and at a fatal moment, when the person who should have superintended the beguiling beverage was engaged in another part of the grounds, it was prematurely poured into the punch bowls as undiluted as if Friar Tuck had presided. Its cunning smoothness disarmed the suspicion of the wariest guests, some of whom were betrayed before the mistake was discovered and corrected. The climax came when, after the lunch, and at a moment when two or three of the more unfortunate gentlemen had gone to a sequestered spot for a restorative swim, Mrs. Kemble ordered the chief boatman to bring to the little dock, prepared for the embarkation of those inclined for a row, the largest of the boats, which had been specially decorated for the occasion. The man he itated and stammered.

"No words!" imperiously commanded Mrs. Kemble, in Lady Macbeth's tone. "Bring the boat!"

After several vain efforts at remonstrance, he said deprecatingly, "I thought maybe as one of your gents was in the boat naked and drunk, you would rather not have it brought just yet."

Those who have heard Mrs. Kemble read Falstaff and Pistol can imagine the mixture of amusement and disgust on her face at this rejoiner. I have called this anecdote characteristic, but I need not say it is characteristic of one little side only of her noble being. The impetuous generosity, the glowing sensibility, the unfreigned religiousness of this child of nature, of whom heredity and enviroment made an actress, can be told only in the story of her life.—Century for August.

Frederick L. Ostermayer, who died recently in Boston, at the age of 81 years, had long been in demand as an officiating officer at the final rites over the remains of German Odd Fellows. He is said to have presided in this manner at more than 1,000 funerals.

Ismail Psaha, the late khedive of Egypt, left three widows, one a Georgian princess, and the other two Circassians, who live together in the palace of Resina, on the bay of Naples. They now drive about Naples without their veils, and are very fond of shopping and of the theater.

A BUILDER TALKS.

A GREAT SUFFERER FOR YEARS, CURED IN TWO WEEKS.

A. N. Tompkins, a Resident of Oregon City, Relates a Most Wonderful Story.

From the Enterprise, Oregon City, Or.]

A representative of the Oregon City Enterprise visited Mr. A. N. Tompkins, the well-known carpenter and builder, of Oregon City, and finding him hard at work, asked if he was the man who had been ill of rheumatism. Receiving an affirmative answer, the reporter asked if he would have any objections to making a statement of his case, how he was cured, etc., for the benefit of the public.

"No objections at all," said Mr. Tompkins. "I have suffered with lumbago for years, having bad spells off and on. Sometimes it would lay me up entirely. Whenever I did any heavy lifting, or got wet or caught cold, I would have a bad spell. Sometimes I would be so bad that I could not straighten up. I was always looking for something on which I could count for certain relief, if not absolute cure. I tried many physicians. One nearly succeeded in making a morphine fiend of me by injecting morphine into my body to relieve the pain he could not cure and was not honest enough to admit. All these medicines and doctors did me no good, some even as in this case, doing me harm.

"While working on the Barclay building some months ago I had an attack. I immediately went to Charman & Co.'s drug store and told Mr. Charman to give me a box of Pink Pills. Having bought them, I commenced taking them at once, and after the first day I experienced relief, and in two weeks I was entirely well. I had in that time used part of the second box. Being at the home of my daughter-in-law, Mrs. Lena Tompkins, and hearing her complain of rheumatism, I gave her the balance.

"Now, I have worked right along, and in spite of the wet weather and the fact that I have a heavy cold just now, I have no indication of the presence of my old disease, and any one of the three things (heavy work, wet weather and a cold) which I now have combined, would have given me a bad spell heretofore. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a great remedy, and I believe they have absolutely cured me. At least, if they have not, it is only a question of continuing the remedy long enough, and if I ever have a return of the pain I shall fly to Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

He—Arctic explorers are the safest men in the world to trust yourself to. Sh. Why so? He—They are always cool in the time of greatest danger.

SMALL BEGINNINGS

Make great endings sometimes. Ailments that we are apt to consider trivial often grow, through neglect, into atrocious maladies, dangerous in themselves and productive of others. It is the disregard of the earlier indications of ill health which leads to the establishment of all sorts of maladies on a chronic basis. Moreover, there are certain disorders incident to the season, such as malaria and rheumatism, against which it is always desirable to fortify the system after exposure to the conditions which produce them. Cold, damp and miasma are surely counteracted by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. After you have incurred risk from these influences, a wineglassful or two of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters directly afterward should be swallowed. For malaria, dyspepsia, liver complaint, kidney and bladder trouble, nervousness and debility it is the most deservedly popular of remedies and preventives. A wineglassful before meals promotes appetite.

Country Vicar—Well, John, what do you think of London? Yokel—Lor' bless yer, sir, it'll be a fine place when it's finished.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million *free*. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, *absolutely free*, 500,000 copies of this complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing *only*, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send NOW before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

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DIRECTIONS for using CREAM BALM.—Apply a particle of the Balm well up into the nostrils. After a moment draw strong breath through the nose. Use three times a day, after meals preferred, and before retiring.

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.

A SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching Piles known by moisture like perspiration, causes intense itching when warm. This form and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price $1.00. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philada., Pa.

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

HOITT'S SCHOOL.

Nowhere are boys better cared for and more thoroughly taught than at Hoitt's School, Burlingame, San Mateo county, Cal. This school is in charge of Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., and will reopen August 6th.—S. F. Chronicle.

Mistress—Why are you going to leave? Cook—Well, yer daughter has so many dudes a-callin' on 'er O'im a-feared people will t'ink some av thim is a-calling on me.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflammed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Edith—So you prefer a long engagement! Well, I wouldn't. Blanche—If you liked theaters as well as I do you would.

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. Donovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

ARE YOU SICK?

Send for circulars of Radam's Microbe Killer, 360 Morrison St., Portland, Or.

I am entirely cured of Hemorrhage of lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany, Mo., Jan. 8, '94.

TRY GRENRA for breakfast.

Summer Weakness

Is caused by thin, weak, impure blood. To have pure blood which will properly sustain your health and give nerve strength, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

SCROFULA

Miss Delia Stevens, of Boston, Mass., writes: I have always suffered from hereditary Scrofula, for which I tried various remedies, and many reliable physicians, but none relieved me. After taking 6 bottles of S.S.S. I am now well. I am very grateful to you, as I feel that it saved me from a life of untold agony, and shall take pleasure in speaking only words of praise for the wonderful medicine, and in recommending it to all.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to any address.

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DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS A MILD PHYSIC.

ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes, and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or a full box for 25c. Sold everywhere. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

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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.

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