

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

## HE GOT A CLERKSHIP

THE SENATOR MADE A BLUNDER BY WHICH THE APPLICANT PROFITED.

When Senator Blank Wanted Anything From Secretary Chandler, He Wanted It Bad—How the Young Man Was Let Down Easy and Remained.

Back in the seventies, when Zach Chandler was at the head of the interior department, a young man from one of the western states came to Washington to try clerical life in one of the departments. He had been quite a ward politician in his western home and imagined both the senators from his state would be glad to do him a favor. He spent several days taking in the sights of the capital, then went up to the senate one afternoon and sent in his card to Senator Blank. The senator responded promptly, had the visitor shown into the marble room, and for some time they sat on a sofa together, talking of home news and the home crops. Then the young man broke the ice by informing the senator just what kind of a place he wanted—didn't care much what department it was in.

"Well, I don't know," said the senator. "Such places are not to be found every day, and there are hundreds here from about every state in the Union looking for almost anything in the shape of an appointment."

"Come up to my house about 8 o'clock to-night," said the senator, "and we'll talk the matter over."

Promptly at the appointed time he pulled the doorbell and was ushered into the library, where he found the senator puffing a cigar and looking over the Evening Star.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. ———! I was just thinking of you," said Senator Blank. "I have written a strong letter to Secretary Chandler, requesting him to give you a position in the interior department"—picking up an unsealed letter from his desk and handing it to the young office seeker—"and I would suggest that you call at his office and present it about 10 o'clock tomorrow morning. I have also mailed the secretary a little personal note, letting him know that when I want anything in his office I want it bad."

The young westerner was bowed out of the room with smiles and a hearty handshake. At his hotel he sat down to think over his good luck. Then he thought of the senator's letter, and pulled it out of his pocket and read:

DEAR CHANDLER—Some time tomorrow morning a young citizen of my great and glorious state will call on you with a strong recommendation from me for a clerkship. I have no earthly interest in him, so I turn him over to your tender mercy. Let him down easy, Zach.

The young man dropped the letter, and a big sigh struggled up from under his watch pocket. "Wonder what he said in the little note he mailed to the secretary?" thought the young candidate. Then he realized that the senator had given him the wrong letter, and he at once determined to call at the interior department the next morning and see what the next chapter would bring forth.

About 10 o'clock the next forenoon the colored messenger showed a young man into Secretary Chandler's office.

"Senator Blank told me last night he had written you and advised me to call on you this morning," said the young gentleman.

"Ah, yes," smiled the secretary good naturedly, picking up from his desk an open letter and glancing over it. "The senator speaks of you in the highest terms, and is very urgent in his request for your appointment. Wait a moment." And touching a bell he sent his messenger for the chief clerk. After a moment's conversation with the chief clerk the secretary said:

"You are fortunate. There is a \$1,200 clerkship made vacant by resignation this morning, and I have ordered your appointment to the place."

A month later Senator Blank was walking through the patent office, and in the corridor met the new clerk in his office coat. The senator was surprised and a trifle disconcerted, but he shook hands with his young friend and said he was glad to see him there.

"Well, I'm glad to be here," responded the clerk. "And, senator," putting his hand inside his vest and looking squarely in the other's eye, "right in my inside pocket I keep that little personal note you thought you mailed to Secretary Chandler, telling him when you wanted a thing you wanted it bad."

Explanations were unnecessary. The senator went out of public life and died long ago, but the clerk manages to squeeze along through the hard times on his \$1,800 a year.—Washington Star.

**The First Lesson of an Arab Boy.**

The very first lesson which an Arab baby learns when he begins to talk is to keep facts to himself. It does not sound very friendly put in that way, but it saves a deal of trouble. Foreigners do not understand Arabs. They ask them pointed questions and receive peculiar answers. They construe the answers to please themselves, and come away to tell the world that the Arabs are a nation of liars. They are not a nation of liars. Perhaps if they should tell the foreigners to mind their own affairs and let them and their alone the foreigners would understand them better.

"Yaimoud," by Henry Willard French, in St. Nicholas.

**Blenheim.**

Blenheim is one of the biggest and most beautiful places of the kind in England, and the expenses of keeping it up are enormous. The late Duke of Marlborough used to say that it cost \$800 a year in putty, and this may be true, since there is a great deal of glass about the place.—London Tit-Bits.

Neutrality is no favorite with Providence, for we are so formed that it is scarcely possible for us to stand neuter in our hearts, although we may deem it prudent to appear so in our actions.—Colton.

## DEADLY SHOTS FIRED BY THE SUN

In One Instance an Innocent Man Was Sentenced to Be Hanged.

In a recent paper appeared an account of a strange accident in which a man was killed by the discharge of a gun while lying asleep on a lounge in his room, the weapon being discharged by reflected rays of the sun falling upon the cartridge chamber of the firearm.

Since the publication of the story a correspondent from York, Pa., writes concerning the accident and refers to a similar case, in which, through the efforts of a clever Cincinnati lawyer named G. C. Wallis, the person accused of murder and sentenced to be hanged was set at liberty, the circumstantial evidence on which he was convicted being entirely exploded by a witnessed demonstration as to how the accident really occurred.

The York correspondent referred to volume 18 of The Criminal Law Magazine, page 607, on which a full account of the case appears. The case was that of the state of Tennessee against Avery, tried in Henry county, that state, and is one of the most remarkable in the history of criminal jurisprudence.

In June, 1887, Charles Ensley, the cousin of a man of the name of Avery, was killed in his room while lying on a lounge, about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The weapon which caused the death was a small rifle, sending a 32 caliber ball through Ensley's brain. No one was in the house at the time but Avery. An empty rifle was found lying on a rack on a wall of the room in which the killing occurred, and the bullet fitted the tube.

Avery was arrested for the crime, as he was the only living close relative to Ensley, and by his death profited to the amount of about \$100,000. Avery was tried, pleaded not guilty, but was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed to the supreme court and engaged Mr. Wallis to defend him. The supreme court remanded the case back to the circuit court on technical errors. Two mistrials were brought about, and then came the strangest part of the story. The brilliant Wallis struck the keynote to the mystery. In August, 1891, he had the rifle loaded and hung on the wall. A white sheet with the form of a man marked on it was placed in exactly the position occupied by Avery when lying asleep, and a heavy cut glass pitcher of water like the one found in the room was placed on the shelf above. The temperature was 90 degrees in the shade, one of the hottest days of the year.

The pitcher acted as a sun-glass, and the hot rays of the sun shining through the water were refracted directly on the cartridge chamber of the rifle.

Eight witnesses were in the room, and a few minutes after 3 o'clock a puff and a report occurred, and the ball struck the outlined form back of the ear in the exact location where Avery was shot, and the theory of circumstantial evidence went to pieces. The incident, being witnessed and sworn to, readily explained itself to the jury.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

## HORACE AND HIS GARDEN.

The Poet Loved the Country, Yet Moped When He Was There.

All his life Horace had wished for a piece of land which contained a garden, a stream and a copse, and in the Sabine valley he found all three. To take a nap after his brief meal on the grass by the stream was to him that exquisite combination of mental and physical ease which man is foolish to despise because it is an enjoyment within the reach of every other animal as well as of himself. Horace clearly considered both his Sabine farm and his villa at Tibur habitable than the capital, especially in the autumn, "when all fathers and mothers turn pale with fear for their children." It may be doubted if Rome was so exempt from malarial fever at that time as it is generally thought to have been. Once, when he had promised Maecenas to be away only five days, he remained at Tibur through all the month of August, and he begs his "dear friend," if he would have him keep well, to let him stay yet longer, and even pass the winter out of Rome by the seaside (he was probably thinking of Tarentum).

Yet was not there a spice of truth in the taunt which his servant Davus addressed to the poet, that when he had been too long in the country he moped to death? We are almost invited to suspect that there was; and the town, after all, the life of his life. One may be sure, by the by, that the worthy Davus himself hated seclusion as much as any Italian savant does today. Tibur he could have endured; there he could gossip with the servants of other villas, but at the Sabine farm with whom could he have due chit-chat except with the steward—the amusing critic of Davus, Horace shows that he was the first to observe that "no man was a hero to his valet."—Contemporary Review.

## The Successful Man.

"The successful man," said Mr. Gratebar, "is by no means helpful to himself alone. He helps a great lot of other people as well. There isn't a healthy, vigorous, energetic, self-reliant, successful man whose example does not breed the same qualities in others, and personal contact with such a man is an active stimulant and direct aid to success. He awakens in us new strength and arouses ambition. He winds us up and sets us going. See to it, my friend, that you don't run down."—New York Sun.

## Rather Vindictive.

Old Boy—How's this? I hear that you have consented to the marriage of your daughter with young Seekom.

Friend (sullenly)—Yes, I had to. But never mind; just wait. I'll get even with him.

"Eh? Will you disinheri her?"

"Worse. I'll give her a concert grand piano for a wedding present."—New York Weekly.

## IT WAS LITTLE CROW

THE BAD INDIAN KILLED BY YOUNG CHAUNCEY LAMPSON.

A Leader of the Sioux Whose Misdeeds Began With an Act of Base Ingratitude. The Government's Struggles With the Hostiles During the War.

The Sioux or Dakota tribe of Indians has been for a considerable time the most powerful confederation of aborigines on the American continent. They could place today several thousand warriors in the field, and they have given our government much trouble during the past generation. It was the Sioux who were the most actively engaged in war with us, after the discovery of gold in California in 1849 caused such a stream of emigration across the continent; they were to the leaders in the destruction of Custer and his command; it was they who perpetrated the terrible massacres of 1862 in Minnesota and who came so near bringing on a general war in 1890-1.

Among the famous leaders of the Sioux was Little Crow, who at the beginning of the outbreak of 1862 was living in a comfortable brick house near one of the agencies, which had been erected by our government as an inducement for him to help in the civilization of his turbulent people. He was contented upon as one of the staunchest friends of the whites and indeed had lost caste with many of his own people because of his support of their measures.

Yet on the fatal day in August when the fierce bucks ran to his house and awoke him from sleep to ask his advice as to what should be done, Little Crow, instead of counseling peace, told them that, inasmuch as trouble must inevitably occur between the whites and his people, it might as well begin then as at any time. He proposed that they should go to the agency and kill the traders and volunteers to act as their leader. Having thus identified himself with the hostiles, he became one of the most bitter and unrelenting of them all. He possessed considerable ability, and he threw himself heart and soul into the fight. He was the leader in several of the most decisive defeats received by detachments of troops; he was in command in the attacks on New Ulm, Fort Ridgely and the agencies, struck many hard blows, and though he personally did not wish to torture prisoners was too weak to prevent his men from doing so.

It always takes a civilized government a considerable while to shake itself into shape when such a crisis comes. The civil war being then under way, quite a number of armed men were in Minnesota because of the call of President Lincoln for volunteers. By and by Colonel Sibley was able to reach the Indians, with the consequence that they were badly beaten. Not only did the majority surrender, but the leaders in the atrocious butcheries were caught and tried and 28 were hanged at Mankato in February, 1863.

Little Crow, however, fled northward with a large body of warriors and took refuge in the neighborhood of Devil's lake, where, the following year, he renewed his crimes and outrages. He was so defiant that he notified Colonel Sibley where he was, adding that soon he intended to arrive with his men at the Yellow Medicine agency.

The authorities became so incensed against the Sioux because of their atrocities that they organized squadrons to hunt them down and offered a reward for every one that was killed. Soon Friday was the state of affairs when, on Friday afternoon, July 3, 1863, Chauncey Lampson, a boy, and his father, were walking along the road several miles north of Hutchinson, one of the towns that had suffered severely from the massacre. Each had a gun over his shoulder, and they were walking side by side, talking in low tones, when the son suddenly touched the arm of his father and pointed to a little clearing, opening into the woods ahead. The two halted at sight of a couple of Indians picking berries. Their backs were toward the whites, who softly stepped behind the trees and held a whispered consultation as to what was best to do.

There was no doubt that the Indians were hostile, and had they seen the other first would have shot them. Mr. Lampson and his boy decided to anticipate them. Taking advantage of the shelter afforded by a poplar surrounded with undergrowth, the father crept near enough to secure a good aim, when he fired at one of the Indians. The savage threw up his arms with a yell and fell to the ground, badly wounded. Not knowing how many Indians might be near, Mr. Lampson began a cautious retreat, but was obliged to expose himself in doing so. The wounded Indian had partly risen and aimed at him. At the same instant Chauncey, the son, drew a bead on the wounded savage, while the unwounded one leveled his gun at the boy. Rather singularly, all three fired at the same moment.

Mr. Lampson received a flesh wound in the shoulder, the ball of the unarmored warrior grazed the boy's cheek, while the missile of the youth instantly killed the wounded Indian. Then, fearing a charge from a war party, Chauncey dashed off for help. As it grew dark the father started for home by a circuitous route and safely reached there after midnight. The body of the slain Indian was carried to Hutchinson, where, to the astonishment and relief of all, it was identified as that of the famous chief Little Crow.—Detroit Free Press.

## She Got an Answer.

The son of an English earl, staying in Vienna, was one evening at a dinner to which also had been invited some of the most distinguished ladies and gentlemen of that city. One of the ladies, noted even among her intimate friends for saying shrewd but ungracious things, considered the Englishman worthy of her somewhat embarrassing observations and smilingly asked him how it was that the English people generally spoke French so indifferently.

"Why, my lord," she added, encouraged by the smiles of some of the others, "we Austrians use that tongue with the same freedom as we do our native language."

"Madame," was the biting rejoinder she had little anticipated, "I can only account for it by the fact that you have twice entertained the French army in your capital, and we have never permitted them to enter ours!"

Salt is like good humor—almost everything is better for a pinch of it.

## SLEEP, BABY, SLEEP.

Over the sea a lady came,  
Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep,  
Night was the beautiful lady's name,  
Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep,  
Her eyes like dew drops soft and bright,  
Her voice like the breeze's murmur light,  
Kind and gentle and lovely night;  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

How tender her love for each little one,  
Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep,  
She softly called when the day was done,  
"Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
"Dear little children," I heard her say,  
"You must be tired now. Stop your play  
And come with me to dreamland away."  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

"Shut your eyes if you want to go  
Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep,  
Safe in my arms I'll carry you so,  
Sleep, sleep, sleep,  
Over the ocean flying fast,  
Earth with its cloud and storm is past,  
Here is the beautiful land at last;  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

"Such a wonderful happy land,  
Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep,  
Children laughing on every hand,  
Sleep, sleep, sweetly sleep,  
Flowers more gay than our beauties of spring,  
Music more full than our birds can sing,  
Sunshine and fairies and—every bright thing,  
Sleep, baby, sleep."  
—Josephine Parkman in Youth's Companion.

## A NOVEL INDUSTRY.

How One Man Makes a Living by Buying Canadian Money.

All through that part of the country (northern Ohio) is a discount of 20 cents on every Canadian dollar. Of course Canadian money is not as much in circulation as is the legal tender of the United States, but there was enough for his purpose. A man advertised in all surrounding country towns that he would redeem Canadian money for 90 cents on the dollar. It was some time before he had any results from this advertising. It was like the man who stood on London bridge at midnight and offered to give away sovereigns. People laughed at him. The farmers were shy. They thought it was a swindling game of some kind and left him severely alone. One day a man came in with \$10 Canadian money. It was of all shapes and sizes from the dime to a dollar bill drawn on the Bank of Montreal. If he had spent it, he could have secured \$9 worth of goods for it. My man gave him nine big silver dollars in United States money for it. Before the week was out he had exchanged United States dollars for \$250 worth of Canadian money. This would give him a profit of \$25 wherever Canada money is as good as our own.

From that time on the business gradually increased, until today he averages about \$150 a week. Instead of having the farmers come to him he goes to them and buys their accumulated savings and Canadian money. They are all his customers and know him well in the five years they have done business together. "Are you not afraid of competition in your business in case it becomes generally known?" I asked. "No," said he, "you see, it requires a comparatively large amount of money as a starting capital. Then I have to have men in the frontier cities who will give me United States money for my Canada currency. I generally take a trip twice a year to Detroit, Cleveland, Chicago and Buffalo, where I make these exchanges. All this requires years of preparation, and no outsider could step in and make exchanges with my patrons, as they have all the money they can handle now, even at a 2 per cent commission on the dollar."—Buffalo Express.

## General Miles.

A member of various social organizations, General Miles yet takes much more pleasure in home than in club life. He has the happy art of making strong and loyal friends. He has always enjoyed outdoor sports and athletic exercises and did not miss, you may be sure, being at the American cup races in September. He is fond of horseback riding and appears to great advantage mounted, but has come to prefer the bicycle, and in his daily spins on the wheel his daughter or his son, a lad about to enter his teens, is often his companion. He likes to have pet animals about him, especially good dogs, "and his pets," as a friend once said, "are the pets of the whole family."

In manner the general is quiet and self-controlled, but none the less affable and courteous, and it has been remarked that he never refuses to see anybody who calls upon him. Perhaps it is a systematic method in routine work, with a habit of beginning as soon as possible whatever has to be done, that gives him this abundant leisure for visitors. The members of his family have access to his library in his working hours and never seem to disturb him. He is free from afflictions and presents no eccentricities or angularities with which to point a "character sketch."—George E. Pond in McClure's Magazine.

## Know How It Would Be.

The simplicity of children is sometimes hard to fathom. In the following case, for instance, reported by an exchange, was the boy's innocence real or affected?

He had brought home his monthly school report, which made a poor showing.

"This is very unsatisfactory," said his father as he looked it over. "I am not at all pleased with it."

"I knew you wouldn't be," answered the little boy. "I told the teacher so, but she said she couldn't change it."—Youth's Companion.

## It All Depends.

"So you and Miss Brown have been married," said the St. Paul man pleasantly.

"We have," replied the Minneapolis man, with just a shade of suspicion in his tone.

"Made one, as it were."

"What?" The Minneapolis man was more suspicious than ever.

"I say you have been legally made one."

"Not for the purposes of census enumerators, sir," returned the Minneapolis man quickly. "I looked that up myself before I proposed. We count as two in the census, and don't you forget it."—Chicago Post.

## Taking No Risks.

"I am not going to take my meals at the Hash restaurant any longer."

"Why not?"

"I heard the proprietor tell a delinquent customer to 'prop up!'"—Detroit Free Press.

Knave originally signified only a boy; then, as most waiters and pages were boys, it was applied to male servants, and as not a few of these were of roughish habits, it finally came to mean a rascal.

## Squaring the Circle.

One of the problems that are as old as the science of mathematics is that of "squaring the circle." By squaring the circle is meant the problem of finding the side of a square exactly equal in area to a circle of given diameter. To do this, either by elementary geometry or by expressing it arithmetically in commensurable numbers, has been found to be an impossibility. In other words, the ratio between the diameter and the circumference of a circle cannot be exactly found, even though in the division the decimal be carried out to 10,000 figures. The above being the exact facts in the case, we will say that the problem of "squaring the circle" is one that has long been given up by the mathematicians as insoluble.—St. Louis Republic.

## Women as Magnets.

"You don't believe those stories about women being human magnets, do you?" Dora asked.

"Some of them are mighty attractive," David said, looking at her keenly.

Dora blushed.

"I don't mean that," she said. "I mean their doing such great things—lifting half a dozen men and all those tricks. Do you believe it?"

"Well, I don't know," David reflectively answered. "I saw a woman today—she wasn't more than 5 feet high and 20 cents at that—I saw her just lift a finger—it was right in the street, crowds of people around her—she raised her finger and—"

"Well, for pity sakes what?" exclaimed Dora impatiently. "Don't be so long about it."

"I don't go so far as to say she had electrical powers," David pursued calmly. "I won't undertake to explain what it was, but I saw it with my own eyes—the moment she raised that little finger—it had a dainty pink nail on it—a heavily loaded steel car that was passing came to an instant stop."

But Dora, with heightened color, declared that if ever another woman lived who was married to so mean a man, all she had to do to say was that she pitied her.—New York Recorder.

## A New Test.

A cycling philosopher remarks as follows: "You can tell the nationality of a bicycle rider by the direction of his eyes. An Englishman looks at his feet. A German looks at the sky. A Spaniard looks straight ahead. A Frenchman always looks behind him. This last rule is without exception."—Gaulois.

The attachments of mere wrath are but the shadows of that true friendship of which the sincere affections of the heart are the substance.—Bartoo.

## Consentaneous.

Landlord Hooks—Can you refer me to a work where I can learn how the ancients constructed those catapults that would throw stones half a mile?

Friend—Don't believe I can. Why do you want such information?

Hooks—Well, you see, I've advertised that this house is within a stone's throw of the railway station, and now I have to go to rig up some plan for throwing that stone.—London Tit-Bits.

## NO NOT ONE.

There is not a human being physically perfect. Much of this imperfection comes from heritage, much more from accident, neglect or ignorance. All of this mass of mortal suffering is manifest in aches and pains of more or less intensity, or in some kind of unnatural distress. Hence all strive for relief. The simplest and surest is of course the best, and true economy demands that we make it always at hand. When we know that an ordinary sprain may make a cripple for life, we should secure the best remedy at once, and at once we know that it is found in a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. Those who in any way doubt this can experiment, and be sure of cure. Thousands have done so.

"That truly says: 'Keep off the grass.' From the side of man, I will shortly pass, soon shall we see, as oft before, its ride successor."—Shut the door!"

## 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 inflamed 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, 76c.

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DR. J. C. WELLS' VEGETABLE PAIN-KILLER

Is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

Pain-Killer Throat, Coughs, Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stomach, Cholera, and all other Complaints.

Pain-Killer in the Best Remedy known for Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, and Neuritis.

Pain-Killer in the Best Remedy known for Backache, Stomach, Cholera, and all other Complaints.

Pain-Killer in the Best Remedy known for Stomach, Cholera, and all other Complaints.

## RECOMMENDED

By Physicians, by Ministers, by Mechanics, by Nurses in Hospitals.

BY EVERYBODY.

Pain-Killer in the Best Remedy known for Stomach, Cholera, and all other Complaints.

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PSO-CURE FOR CHOLERA, DYSENTERY, AND ALL THE BLOOD POISONS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by Druggists.

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

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By careful investments by mail through a responsible firm of large experience and great success. Will send you particulars free, showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investment in grain. Highest Bank references. Opportunity excellent. Patterson & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Room F., Omaha Building, Chicago.

FREE—All this stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fee after the first day's use. Mailed free to Dr. Kline, 231 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice. Dr. J. W. Patterson, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

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We can mention no failure more disastrous than that of physical energy. It involves the partial suspension of the digestive and assimilative processes, and entails the retirement from business of the liver and kidney. Only through the good offices of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters can the restoration of its former vigorous status be hoped for. When this aid has been secured, a resumption of activity in the stomach, liver and bowels may be relied upon. The Bitters conquers malaria and kidney troubles.

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And pains of rheumatism can be cured by removing the cause, lactic acid in the blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures rheumatism by neutralizing this acid. Thousands of people tell of perfect cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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A Mild Purgative. One Pill for a Dozen. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headaches, Indigestion, Bile, and clear the complexion better than cosmetics. They neither give nor sicken. To obtain a bottle will mail three cents to Dr. J. C. Wells, Philadelphia, Pa.

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It makes the nerves strong, and brings back the feelings of youth to the prematurely old man. It restores lost vigor. You may gain ten pounds in ten days.

## GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE.

Go buy and try a box to-day. It costs only \$1. Your own druggist will guarantee a cure or money refunded. Booklet, written guarantee of cure and sample free. Address nearest office.

CHICAGO. THE STERLING REMEDY CO., MONTREAL, CAN. NEW YORK.

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Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

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