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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

WHAT BECOMES OF OLD WHEELS?

Once True and Stanch Friends Now Gone to Pieces.

Have you ever wondered what has become of the thousands of old solid tire wheels that were in such universal use before pneumatics revolutionized things? A reporter put the question to a dealer the other day.

"A few were converted into pneumatics and cushions and are still on the streets," he said, "and some were taken by the dealers as part payment on new machines, and are still stowed away in their shops, there being no sale for solid tires. The secondhand dealers and repairers bought a great many of them up, dissected them, so to speak, and are now utilizing the parts in repair work. The balls, hubs, spokes, axles, bolts and nuts are all useful, and at the last the old frames and rims can be broken up and sold as scrap iron.

"Some have gone to the country, and Josh Hayseed may be seen complacently pedaling down to the mill for a bag of corn. Machinists use them for making models, occasionally a pushcart will be seen mounted on two rusty old wheels, and even the boys on the street take the small wheels for the making of express wagons. And the balance, I suppose, you'll find stowed away in the cellars and wood sheds of their possessors. Once true and stanch friends, they are now of no use in the world. Abandoned to cobwebs and ashes, with no company but rats and mice, they dream away their few remaining days. Once again they stand in full suit of glittering nickel, admired, caressed and praised by all beholders. Again they are on the road, bearing their masters in safety down long rough hills and through sand and mud. Once again they see the smooth, hard track respond to the efforts of the riders as they throw every ounce of effort into the last sprint, and hear the shouts of the excited crowds as they whiz across the tape. Abandoned and alone, eating out their hearts with rust, they gradually drop to pieces, too proud of their vanished prestige to give one thought of envy to the modern pneumatic."—Washington Star.

AN ANGEL IN DISGUISE.

A Burglar Conferred a Favor by Opening a Safe.

The proprietor of a large store on High street went to his place of business at an unusually early hour the other morning. In fact, the sun had not yet risen when he turned the key in the door. On entering he was surprised to find a man trying to open the door of his safe.

He stood and watched him for some time, apparently deeply interested in the proceedings, when finally the burglar swung open the door of the safe with a delighted chuckle, but happening to turn he saw that he was discovered and became very much alarmed. He jumped up and was about to make his escape through a back window when the merchant called to him:

"Don't be in a hurry, my friend. Come back and sit down awhile and smoke a cigar while I straighten things up a bit, and then come home to breakfast with me. You have done me a great favor."

"Why, how's that?" asked the burglar in great surprise.

"Well, you see, I had the combination of the safe on a bit of paper, and last night I accidentally locked it in the safe and forgot how to work it. I spent most of the night trying to get the thing open and came in early this morning to have another try at it."—West Medford (Mass.) Windmill.

For Wheelmen.

A certain lawyer's face was a puzzle the other day as he pored over a pamphlet. Finally he broke out with:

"What the deuce they call this The Law Bulletin for I can't see."

His companion shouted with laughter.

"It's The L. A. W. Bulletin, you jay!" he cried, and then he chortled in his glee.—Worcester Gazette.

The [illegible].

Judge—But what is your opinion as to the animus of the prisoner?

Witness—The what, your honor?

Judge—Animus—a Latin word signifying mind—that is to say, what was his intention or temper or spirit?

Witness—Animus and mind, then, are the same thing? I don't think he ever had any, your honor.—Boston Transcript.

ONE THING IS CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT

Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures
Diarrhœa, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Sore Throat, Sudden Colds, Coughs, &c., &c.

Used Externally, It Cures
Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained to such unbounded popularity.—*Salem Observer.*

An article of great merit and virtue.—*Oneida Nonpareil.*

We can bear testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the severest pain, and know it to be a good article.—*Cincinnati Dispatch.*

A speedy cure for pain—no family should be without it.—*Montreal Transcript.*

Nothing has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—*Texas Organ.*

It has real merit; as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—*Newport (Ky.) Daily News.*

It is really a valuable medicine—it is used by many Physicians.—*Boston Traveller.*

Beware of imitations, buy only the genuine made by "PERRY DAVIS." Sold everywhere, large bottles, 25 and 50c.

THE FEDERAL CONSTITUTION.

General Harrison Explains How It Was Made by the People.

Ex-President Harrison's paper in The Ladies' Home Journal of "This Country of Ours" series treats comprehensively of the constitution and its application and operation, defining the instrument, its scope and limitations clearly. "The word 'constitution,'" he writes, "as used among us implies a written instrument, but in England it is used to describe a governmental system or organization made up of charters—as the Magna Charta—the general acts of parliament and a body of long established legal usages or customs. These are not compiled in any single instrument as with us, but are to be sought in many places.

"The common American usage in making a state constitution is to elect by a popular vote delegates to a convention, whose duty it is to prepare a plan of government. When the delegates have agreed and have properly certified the instrument, it is submitted to a direct vote of the people, and each voter casts a ballot 'For the constitution' or 'Against the constitution.' If a majority vote for the constitution, it then becomes the paramount law of the state. The legislature does not make the constitution; the constitution makes the legislature. The American idea is that constitutions proceed from the people in the exercise of their natural right of self government and can only be amended or superseded by the people. Whatever one legislature or congress enacts the next one may repeal, but neither can repeal or infringe a constitutional provision.

"The delegates to the convention that framed the constitution of the United States were not, however, chosen by a popular vote in the states, but by the legislatures. Nor was the question of the adoption of the constitution submitted in the states to a direct popular vote. * * * There have been 15 amendments to the constitution adopted. Ten of these were proposed to the legislatures of the states by the First congress and ratified. The other five amendments have in like manner been submitted by congress to the state legislatures for ratification, conventions in the states not having been used in any case. It will be noticed also that the vote upon the adoption of the constitution and upon amendments thereto is by states, each state, without regard to its population, having one vote. But while these provisions make the popular control less direct than is usual in the states and necessarily recognize the states in the process of making and amending the constitution, the idea that constitutions proceed from the people is not lost."

A MESSAGE FROM THE GALE.

Listening on the Ice Floe to the Roar of the Coming Storm.

When the swell is heavy in the ice pack, it is often very difficult to ascertain from which direction it comes, and just as difficult as it is, just so important may it be that it should be found out rightly, as the safety of the ship might wholly depend upon correct judgment as to this. When the huge ice masses begin to move and screw and press on the sides of the vessel, rising and falling in a heavy swell, then there is only one escape—namely, to work the vessel into the fields away from the side from which the gale blows. A mistake as to the direction of the running swell has often proved fatal, and the mistake is easily made.

An old arctic sealer told me how in hours of dread in the arctic icepack he had laid his ear down to the ice floe and listened to the roar of the coming swell—that terrible message from the furious gale—and how he thus had discovered whence the gale was pressing and had been able to save the ship from destruction. I tried his method and found that it worked admirably. What is well worth noticing is that open water nearly always is to be found in the ice pack on one side of icebergs. The icebergs that we met were generally in motion, carried onward by the ruling current. Often they ran forward in the icefields at a speed of several knots, piling up the huge floes before their cold, glittering bows, but behind them they left an open sheet of water large enough for any ship.

Now, there would of course be many dangers for a vessel tugged along in the ice pack by such a floating monster, but I believe nevertheless that this method might be instrumental in saving a vessel from being crushed when the icefield is moving heavily.—C. E. Borchgrevink in Century.

Resources of Journalism.

"I've got to have something to fill out this column with," said the foreman of the Spiketown Blizzard, poking his head into the editorial sanctum. "That's all there is about it. I've run in all the dead ads and all the catch lines and slugged everything out till there isn't even a piece of wood reglet left in the office, and I'm short yet half a dozen lines or more."

Whereupon Editor Clugston sat down and wrote as follows: "Owing to the crowded state of our columns this week we are compelled to omit several interesting communications now standing in type. Friends will please bear with us. Advertisers must be accommodated. Until the pressure on our columns has eased up correspondents will please write briefly and confine themselves to simple statements of fact."—Chicago Tribune.

He Noticed That.

Husband—Really, I didn't notice the dresses. Mrs. Brown, though, wore her gown en train.

Wife—It's a wonder you noticed that much!

Husband—Couldn't help it—I stepped on it.—Chicago Record.

Ready to Dicker.

Grinnen—What are you going to take for that frightful cold you've got?

Barrett—I'll take anything you'll offer. Do you want it?—Chicago Tribune.

AN IMPECUNIOUS ONE.

THE BOLD GAME OF BLUFF HE PLAYED ON THE CONDUCTOR.

He Was Not a Gambler or a Drummer, but a Bank Clerk—According to the Man Who Tells the Story, He Ought to Be an Actor—Oh, It Was Wicked!

He sat in a hotel smoking room. The air was blue, but men were happy—happy and reminiscent. He stretched out his legs, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and between the puffs spun this yarn:

"For dead cold, icy nerve I had always thought we traveling men took the cake. But the prettiest game of bluff I ever saw was put up by a man who was neither a drummer nor a reporter, but merely an overworked bank clerk who had applied for a leave of absence and gone south to recuperate. He had drawn a certain sum for the trip and resolved not to exceed it. Foolishly he had neglected to buy an excursion ticket, arguing that he might want to return by a different route. And then, as a matter of course, he found that he had spent his money not wisely but too well, so that he was hundreds of miles from home, ticketless and friendless and well nigh penniless. His checkbook was useless, for no one knew him and he must be identified.

"All this I learned later on. My acquaintance with him began on the train of one of the southern roads, when he asked me to stake him enough to see him home. I had already been 'touched' several times that trip, so, expressing every confidence in his probity, I declined the honor he would do me. He tried several other passengers with a like result. Then he gave it up, but made us all promise not to interfere with any game he tried to play.

"Presently the conductor came along. The impecunious one, his hat cocked over one eye, was peacefully sleeping in one corner of his seat, leaning toward an open window. The conductor shook him, gently at first, so that he stirred, and his hat dropped farther over his eye, but he did not wake. Then more roughly, saying, 'Come, sir, your ticket, please.'

"At that the impecunious one awoke with a big start. His hat flew out of the window, and he flew into a great rage. He swore at the conductor and abused him up and down, him and his forefathers unto the third and fourth generation. What did he mean by waking him in that way? Didn't he know that rest was invaluable to an invalid? That such a sudden, rude awakening might be fatal to a weak heart? Were his nerves of no account? And now he had lost his hat and would catch cold. It was outrageous.

"The conductor bowed before the storm, and when it had somewhat abated offered to replace the hat at the first stopping place. 'And now, sir, let me see your ticket, please.'

"The impecunious one felt in all his pockets, went through them all again with a bewildered air. Finally he broke out: 'Why, you idiot, you, all my tickets, not only on this road, but straight through to Chicago, were in the lining of my hat, and you knocked it out of the window. I'm in a pretty pickle now. I haven't enough with me to buy a fresh set. This piece of idiocy will cost you your job. I'll report you to the company and teach you to be more careful how you startle a nervous man.'

"The conductor tried to soothe him, offered to take him through to the end of the division. But the impecunious one would not be appeased. Much good it would do him to be landed in some little nearby, one horse southern town hundreds of miles from nowhere. He wanted to get through to Chicago. He must get through. He had an appointment there that was worth thousands of dollars. Finally the conductor, by this time badly frightened, promised to get him tickets or passes all the way through, and the impecunious one subsided. And to the end of that road the conductor, having replaced the dear departed hat, maintained an humbly apologetic tone that would have wrung tears of blood from a stone.

"And it was only a bluff all so well carried out that the conductor was completely taken in, and the rest of us rubbed our eyes and wondered whether the impecunious one's attempt to touch us was not, after all, a dream.

"Later on, traveling over that same road, I told the conductor how he had been worked. And he said he knew it, for shortly after that trip he had received a letter and a check, the former confessing the fraud, the latter paying him the full price of the passage. And he added: 'That fellow was a genius. If he had made a fuss at first about his tickets, I'd have been on to him in a minute, but his tickets were forgotten. It was his nerves, his health, his heart, his hat that were of importance. And to think that he had no nerves, or health, or hat—or heart. Oh, it was wicked! But that man has missed his vocation. He ought to be on the stage.'"—Chicago Tribune.

A Little Bit Hasty.

"Doctor," said a distressed wife to the family physician, as he was coming down stairs from his patient's room, "can you give me no hope of my husband? Can nothing be done?"

"Madam," said the delighted doctor, rubbing his hands, "allow me to congratulate you. Our patient has taken a turn for the better, and now we may hope to have him about again in a few weeks."

"Oh, doctor!" exclaimed the horrified lady, throwing up her hands. "You told me he could not possibly get better, and I have sold all his clothes!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Out of the Mouths of Babes.

Little Effie went to synagogue, and when the rabbi called next day, wishing to be sociable, she said to him, "I heard you speak your piece yesterday."

"Did you, my child?" he said, half surprised, half amused. "How did you like it?"

"Oh," answered the honest child, "it made me awfully sleepy."—American Hebrew.

Cape Horn is one mass of black rock without vegetation or birds. The sea always runs off it with tremendous force, and rounding the cape is considered by sailors one of the roughest of passages.

Of the West Point graduates who served in the Federal army during the civil war one-fifth were killed in action, one-half were wounded.

PARDONED HIS ASSAILANT.

Remarkable Treatment of a Convict by Governor Bob Stewart.

Governor Bob Stewart, who was the chief executive of Missouri once and afterward United States senator from that state, had a strange career.

During his gubernatorial incumbency he was one day looking through the penitentiary at Jefferson City when he saw among the convicts an aged man whom he recognized. On the following day he sent to the warden of the prison orders to have that man brought to the executive mansion.

When the man appeared, the governor, calling him by name, asked him if he hadn't once been the mate of a Missouri river steamboat. The convict admitted that he had been, and then the following conversation ensued, the governor beginning:

"Do you remember at one time of having taken blankets away from a boy who was a stowaway on the boat and kicking him ashore?"

"The circumstance doesn't recur to me now, but doubtless I did it. A steamboat mate in those days had to be considerable of a brute."

"Yes, sir, and you filled the bill admirably. I was the boy you robbed and kicked ashore very near to this capital city, and thus I became enabled to give you your pardon. Here, sir, take it. Now, right about. March out of that door and off these premises, and never let me see your brutal old face again."

The old convict walked away quite briskly for one of his age.

A little while ago a senator told me that one day about the close of the war, or perhaps a little later, he was walking down Pennsylvania avenue in Washington with another senator when his companion abruptly called his attention to a rather distinguished looking man in a gang of laborers who were cleaning the streets, and I think he said under police surveillance.

"Do you know who that man is?" the second senator asked.

"No."

"Well, that is ex-Governor and ex-Senator Bob Stewart of Missouri. He was of a convivial nature, and the convivalities of Washington proved too much for him."—Chicago Times-Herald.

European Capitals.

The French statistician, M. Bertillon, has compiled some interesting facts regarding the population of Paris and other great capitals. Only 36 per cent of its present population was born in Paris, and this percentage has remained practically the same for the last 30 years. The native population in St. Petersburg is 32 per cent; 41 in Berlin, 45 in Vienna and, contrary to the general opinion, 65 in London—the highest of all large cities. Of all European capitals Paris has the greatest number of foreigners, more than 181,000, exclusive of 47,000 naturalized foreigners. Among these are 26,863 Germans, while in Berlin there are only 397 French. London has only 95,000 foreigners; St. Petersburg, 23,000; Vienna, 35,000, and Berlin, 18,000. In Paris the number of foreigners increased between 1833 and 1891 from 47,000 to 181,000. In point of numbers there are more Belgians (45,000) in Paris than people of any other foreign nationality; then come the Germans, 26,863; Swiss, 26,000; Italians, 21,000; English, 13,000; Luxembourgians, 13,000, and Russians, 9,000.

Gray's "Elegy" or "Stone River."

During Rosecrans' campaign in Tennessee the question arose as to whether he would rather be a poet or a victor. Mr. J. R. Gilmore relates the incident in the Louisville Courier-Journal:

On the following day I rode out with Rosecrans, General Garfield, then his chief of staff, several others officers and a squad of about 100 men to Grantlands, the birthplace and home of Miss Murfree, the well known author, but then occupied by General Sheridan as his headquarters.

As we entered the forest inclosing the town Garfield broke out with Lowell's poem, "I do believe in freedom's cause," his words being echoed back from the great spreading trees and set to the music of 100 horses' heels. He had scarcely ended when General Rosecrans told how

Zekle crep' up, quite unbeknown,
And peeked in thru the winder,
While there sot Huldy all alone
'Ith no one nigh to hinder.

"What would you give to have written that?" he asked as he finished the recitation.

"All the castles I ever built in the clouds," I replied.

"So would I," said Rosecrans. "You know what Wolfe said before his great victory?"

"That he would rather have written Gray's 'Elegy' than take Quebec. Would you have said that before Stone River?"

He hesitated a moment, then answered, "No, for we need victories more than poems."

Peasants' Superstitions.

Now and then, not often, ghostly appearances or sounds are explained to the peasant's satisfaction. Thus in the county of Durham "Gabriel's hounds" were for long, long years believed to shriek and howl through the air on dark nights and to forebode death to him who heard and saw them. But prosaic modern research has proved them to be nothing but flocks of wild geese migrating southward on the approach of winter and choosing dark nights for their journeys. Similarly the ghost of Irbydale, in the Lincolnshire wolds, a goblin who terrified travelers at night with its heart-rending cries, and who was said to be a witch who had been worried to death by dogs in a long past age, has been shown to be nothing but an owl. On the other hand, no true Cornishman will ever be induced to relinquish the belief that the spirit of King Arthur still haunts the ruins of Tintagel in the shape of a white chough, and assuredly the many English families who possess a white bird of omen, such as that which Mr. John Oxenham saw in "Westward, Ho!" cling firmly to the tradition if not to the belief in it.

And so, ghosts or no ghosts, the position is just the same at the end of the nineteenth century as at the end of the eighteenth—all argument is against them, and if all belief is not for them a very great deal more is than people like to acknowledge.—Chambers' Journal.

New York, the greatest of our commercial cities and the leading seaport, is also the greatest manufacturing state.

GUNMAKER OF ILION

JEFFERSON M. CLOUGH REFUSES A TEMPTING OFFER.

His Health Was Too Poor to Permit Attention to Business—A Great Sufferer for Many Years, But He Has Now Recovered.

From the Springfield, Mass., Union.

There isn't a gun manufacturer in the United States who does not know Jefferson M. Clough, and why? Because he has been intimately associated all his life with the development of the two best American rifles, the Remington and Winchester. For years he was superintendent of the E. Remington & Sons' great factory at Ilion, N. Y. After leaving there he refused a tempting offer of the Chinese government to go to China to superintend their government factories—and accepted instead the superintendency of the Winchester-Arms Co., at New Haven, at a salary of $7,500 a year.

It was after this long term of active labor as a business man that he found himself incapacitated for further service by the embargo which rheumatism had laid upon him and resigned his position more than two years ago, and returned to Belchertown, Mass., where he now lives and owns the Phelphs farm, a retired spot where he has five hundred acres of land.

Being a man of means he did not spare the cost and was treated by leading physicians and by baths at celebrated springs without receiving any benefit worth notice. During the summer of 1893 and the winter of 1894 Mr. Clough was confined to his house in Belchertown, being unable to rise from his bed without assistance, and suffering continually with acute pains and with no taste or desire for food, nor was he able to obtain sufficient sleep.

Early in the year 1894 Mr. Clough heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He began taking these pills about the first of March, 1894, and continued to do so until the first part of September following. The first effect noticed was a better appetite and he began to note more ability to help himself off the bed and to be better generally. Last August (1894) he was able to go alone to his summer residence and farm of 163 acres on Grenadier island, among the Thousand islands, in the river St. Lawrence, where from the highest land of his farm he commands a view for thirteen miles down the river, and sixty of the Thousand islands can be seen.

Instead of being confined to his bed Mr. Clough is now and has been for some time, able to be about the farm to direct the men employed there, and he is thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for him.

These pills are manufatured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Some of our clever lawyers are not clever at all when they are called upon to give evidence. They can hack and tear testimony to pieces, but when it devolves upon themselves to make statements from the witness stand they are not "in it." Proof of the truth of this assertion came out at a trial a day or two ago. One of our celebrated lawyers was called upon to testify. Instead of giving direct answers to his interrogator—as he himself would insist on having a witness do—his replies, or, rather, statements, were entirely foreign to the line of his examination. He was repeatedly cautioned against this style of giving testimony, but the warnings might have been leveled at the statue in the courtroom for all the results that accrued.—Boston Traveller.

THE GIFT OF A GOOD STOMACH

Is one of the most beneficient donations vouchsafed to us by nature. How often it is grossly abused! Whether the stomach is naturally weak, or has been rendered so by imprudence in eating or drinking, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best agent for its restoration to vigor and activity. Both digestion and appetite are renewed by this fine tonic, which also overcomes constipation, biliousness, malarial, kidney and rheumatic ailments and nervousness.

Teacher—Suppose you were a king, Tommy, what would you do? Tommy—I'd never have to wash my face any more.

IN SNOWBOUND STATES.

In states and territories where snow and ice last all the long winters through, where men are much exposed and suffer much from cold, it is a wonder they do not provide better against some of the consequences. In some lumber camps, choppers stand all day in knee-deep snow with half frozen feet. Their feet are much more tender than the hands from being covered up all the time. Men are often lame all summer from the frost bites of the previous winter. Why it is so, is simply because they do not know that St. Jacobs Oil will cure frost bite in a night.

His sermon's almost endless,
And thus his people sit
And find it very hard to make
Head or tail of it.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

HOW'S THIS?

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

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

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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 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.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—MRS. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

Fits Cured

From U.S. Journal of Medicine

Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

I suffered terribly from roaring in my head during an attack of catarrh, and because very deaf, used Ely's Cream Balm and in three weeks could hear as well as ever.—A. E. Newman, Grating, Mich.

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

REAL ESTATE MORTGAGES BOUGHT
H. E. NOBLE
212 Commercial Bl'k, PORTLAND, OR

SURE CURE FOR PILES
Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops Itching, Absorbs Tumors. A positive cure. Circulars mail free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

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Of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach and digestive organs, increase your appetite, enrich your blood, drive out all impurities and prevent sickness by taking

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The One True Blood Purifier. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25 cts.

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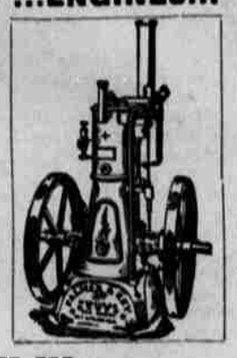

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These engines are acknowledged by expert engineers to be worthy of highest commendation for simplicity, high grade material and superior workmanship. They develop the full actual horsepower, and run without an electric spark battery; the system of ignition is simple, inexpensive and reliable. For pumping outfits for irrigating purposes no better engine can be found on the Pacific coast. For hoisting outfits for mines they have met with highest approval. For intermittent power their economy is unquestioned.

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LOOK AT THE BOX

This is Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoa box—be sure that you don't get an imitation of it.

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If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

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BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

WEINHARD'S WELL-KNOWN BEER

—(IN KEGS OR BOTTLES)—
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