

# Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength  
— Latest U. S. Government Food Report. —  
Absolutely Pure

**The Telephone in War.**  
An interesting experiment of installing a telephone by trotting cavalry was recently successfully undertaken by some Prussian units between Berlin and Potsdam. Two sets of one officer and two noncommissioned officers proceeded in the early morning from Berlin to Potsdam. Each set was equipped with a complete telephone apparatus, which one of the men carried in a leather case on his chest, besides the requisite quantity of this wire. The end of the wire was connected with the respective towns' telephone station, and the wire was, by means of a fork fixed at the end of the lance, thrown over the tops of the trees along the road. As each kilometer of wire was thus suspended a halt was made and it was ascertained whether there was connection with the station. A new kilometer of wire was then connected with the former, and on west the men. The two sets met at Teltow. The wires, having been respectively tested with their respective stations, were connected, and telephonic connection between Berlin and Potsdam was established. The distance is about 30 miles, and the whole thing was done in about four hours.—London Exchange.

**A Prince's Gift.**  
The imperial princess gave an English governess, whom they look up to with reverence, for a gift of a watch, which she is greatly attached to. A short while ago this lady's birthday was the occasion of sundry presentations from her little pupils and their august parents. Among the valuable tokens of liberality the governess noticed an insignificant looking cardboard box.  
"Whatever is this?" she said as she took it up in her hand.  
Here Prince Oscar drew himself up to his full height and replied, "That is from me."  
"But it is empty," remarked the astonished recipient.  
And the little prince replied: "Yes, it is empty now, but tomorrow papa is going to pull my first tooth, and the box is to put it in. Then I'll give it to you."  
Next day, sure enough, the little man, his face beaming with delight, presented the tooth to his teacher, who now wears it as a trinket on her bangle.—Berliner Tageblatt.

**Death of the Crowing Hen.**  
At a very recent date, in many parts of our country, it was a sign of bad luck for a hen to crow. Just why, is difficult to trace. Perhaps because it was considered the assumption by a female of masculine prerogatives. Whenever a hen dared attempt it, she was run down by the united efforts of all the children on the premises, and her head paid the forfeit.  
A recent traveler in Kentucky writes that while visiting at the country home of a friend a hen was heard to crow. Instantly the c. was raised: "Catch her! Kill her!" He interposed in the hen's behalf by reminding his hosts that this was an "age of rights," and she was therefore not guilty of any wrongdoing. They scoffed at his heterodoxy, and the clamor that followed prepared him for the return of the pursuers bearing the head of the foolish fowl.—Lippincott's Magazine.

**Lord Rosse and His Work.**  
In his earlier years Lord Rosse used to be a diligent observer with the great telescope which was completed in the year 1845. But I think those who knew Lord Rosse well will agree that it was more the mechanical processes incidental to the making of the telescope which engaged his interest than the actual observations with the telescope when it was completed. Indeed one who knew him well said he believed Lord Rosse's special interest in the great telescope ceased when the last nail had been driven into it. But the telescope was never allowed to lie idle, for Lord Rosse always had about him some enthusiastic young man whose delight it was to employ to the uttermost the advantages of his position in exploring the wonders of the sky.—Good Words.

**Chrysolores.**  
Chrysolores, a native of Constantinople, who has been styled the restorer of Greek in Italy, carried Greek lore and taught his native tongue to the magnates and youth of the principal Italian cities from 1400 to 1415, and his Greek grammar was the standard for many years. Greek at that time was little known in western and northern Europe, not a single book in that idiom being found in the library of the king of France as late as 1425, but it became a favorite study in Italy, where many Greek scholars found refuge after the final overthrow of the eastern empire in 1453.

**BEFORE** I could get relief from a most horrible blood disease I had spent hundreds of dollars trying various remedies and physicians, none of which did me any good. My finger nails came off and my hair came out, leaving me perfectly bald. I then went to **HOT SPRINGS** Hoping to be cured by this celebrated treatment, but very soon became disgusted and decided to try S.S.S. The effect was wonderful. I commenced to recover at once, and after I had taken twelve bottles I was entirely cured—cured by S.S.S. when the world-renowned Hot Springs had failed. **W. B. LOOMIS, Shreveport, La.**

**S.S.S.**  
Solely Prepared by W. B. Loomis, Shreveport, La.

## THE ROMANCE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

**Some of the Odd Difficulties of Operating a Line Through Queer Countries.**  
A good deal of romance hovers around the means by which the world's news is gathered. The speed and accuracy with which telegraph messages are transmitted between the uttermost parts of the earth is marvelous when the conditions under which they are sometimes transmitted are considered.  
The Indo-European telegraph line offers a good illustration. It runs from London to Lowestoft on the east coast of England. It then dips under the sea to Emden, on the German coast, whence it passes through Germany to the Russian frontier. From this point the wire passes by way of Warsaw, Rovno, Odessa, the Caucasus, and Tiflis to Persia, and by Teheran to Baku, the capital of the shah's queer domain. There it joins the Indian government line, which runs from the Persian capital to Bushire on the Persian gulf. Thence the wires run through Baluchistan, and complete the route by connecting at Karachi, in northern India. The operation of this immense stretch of line, passing through countries of such varying climates and general characteristics, is obviously one of much difficulty. On the snow swept steppes of Russia the wires are sometimes snapped like thread by the rapid flight of flocks of wild geese. The poles are cut down and made into firewood by the nomad tribes of the Caucasian districts, and the cunning keepers of Georgia seek to boom their post horse trade by deliberately creating faults in the wires. In certain parts of the mountainous regions of Asia the maintenance of the solitary line involves no little personal risk and hardship to the staff hands. Communication is often cut off by avalanches in the mountain districts, and the work of repairing after a snowfall of five or six feet is no light matter.  
These mountain stations are provisioned with several months' supplies before the winter sets in, as the staff will be in touch with the rest of the world by the wire only until the spring weather opens out the passes. These supplies are always included a liberal allowance of books and games whereby to relieve the monotony of the tedious winter exile.—New York Sun.

## THE SOUTHERN SUMMER.

**It Is Claimed That While Long It Is Not Oppressive.**  
Wrong impressions are hard to eradicate from the human mind. In the north and west it is a popular delusion that southern summers are extremely hot and oppressive, and that life here during the summer months is almost unbearable. This impression is formed upon no knowledge of the matter, but simply upon the assumption that, as we are nearer the equator, it must necessarily be much warmer than in more northern latitudes. An investigation of the records of the government weather bureau will show that there is no ground for such an assumption.  
Our summers are long, but they are not unpleasant. The heat in the north and west is much more oppressive during June, July and August than in the south. Deaths from sunstroke are much more numerous there, and the heat is decidedly more sultry. Our long evenings are delightful, and a sultry night is seldom experienced. Our laborers work in the fields all day long, and suffer less from the warmth than those of the north.  
In a nutshell, our summers compare favorably with those of any section of the country, and our long, pleasant, warm season is a decided advantage. Our farmers can commence to work the land long before their northern and western brothers think of beginning, and can continue to utilize it months after they have stopped. In the towns and cities the residents are exempted from heavy expenditures for warm winter clothing, and for the larger portion of the year the only fuel burned is for cooking purposes.  
In comparison with the north and west, it is doubtful if our long, pleasant summer is not as far superior to their short, blistering one as our short, mild winters are to their long, frigid ones.—Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser.

**Lawyers Who Make Their Own Will.**  
Many celebrated men have neglected to settle their affairs. Ben Jonson, Dryden and Sir Isaac Newton all died intestate, Bacon insolvent, and the epigram on Butler's monument in the abbey sufficiently explains why he and many others like him never made a will.  
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown: He asks for bread and he receives a stone.  
"Wills," said Lord Coke, "and the construction of them do more perplex a man than any other, and to make a certain construction of them exceedeth jurisprudentium artem." An old proverb says that every man is either a fool or a physician at 40. Sir H. Hallford happening one day to quote the saying to a circle of friends, Ganning humorously inquired, "Sir Henry, mayn't he be both?" At any rate experience teaches that lawyers who draw their own wills sometimes make great mistakes. Sir Samuel Romilly's will was improperly worded, Chief Baron Thompson's will became the subject of chancery proceedings, while the will of Bradley, the eminent conveyancer, was actually set aside by Lord Thurlow.—Temple Bar.

**His Great Anxiety.**  
Athlete—Did I break it, doctor?  
Doctor—I will be plain, sir. The arm is broken, the collar bone crushed, the skull is fractured.  
Athlete—No, no, no! The did I break it—  
"What, my son?"  
"Record!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

There are 17 different branches of Methodism in this country, each having a distinctive name, its own church property, its own organization, its own places of worship and its own body of membership.

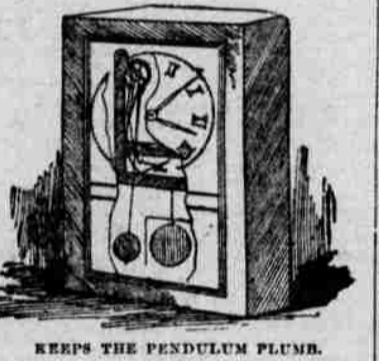
## HENRI BRISSON.



**Re-elected President of the French Chamber of Deputies.**  
By no means the least notable figure in French politics is Henri Brisson, who has been re-elected president of the chamber of deputies. In manner, in attire, and in mode of living he is like one of the revolutionists who despised the trumpery and the trappings of

**BEAT OF THE PENDULUM.**  
A Device for Keeping It Plumb and True at All Times.  
The illustration represents a leveling device adopted for attachment to a clock mechanism to control the pendulum and verge, whereby they will be kept plumb, irrespective of the frame carrying the clock mechanism proper. The clock mechanism may be of any desired construction, and the verge wheel shaft is journaled in the frame at the back and in a bracket projected at the front, each bearing being formed with a boss having an integral stud, and on the studs being pivoted the upper members of a U-shaped frame from which depends a weight.  
The front member of the U-shaped frame is at all times in front of the verge rod, while the rear member is

straight. On the inner face of the front member is pivoted a block in which is journaled one end of the verge spindle, its opposite end being held in the usual spring. The verge is thus carried by the weighted swinging frame, and the pendulum rod at its upper end, after passing through the verge, is secured in the usual manner to a post, which is also secured to the back of the forward member of the weighted frame, and where by both the pendulum and the verge are kept perfectly plumb. The device is very simple and inexpensive.



**Leapers of the Sea.**  
Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpon or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver, which constitutes the famous game fish of Florida. The leaps of this beautiful creature are often astonishing. Several years ago a steamer was rushing down the St. Johns river. The captain was sitting on the fore deck, leaning against the pilothouse, when suddenly there rose in the air a beautiful shining fish four feet in length. It came on like an arrow and landed in the lap of the captain as neatly as though it had been placed there.  
In Pacific waters the tuna, an ally of the horse mackerel, is noted for its leaps. Sometimes a school sweeps up the coast and the powerful fish, often weighing 800 pounds, are seen in the air and come down, keeping the water for acres in a foam, and if not the greatest jumpers they are certainly the most graceful of the leapers of the sea.—Philadelphia Times.

**He Found His Fort.**  
A young man from a rural village who was somewhat of a secespague around his native hearth recently came to the city and got a job as a street car conductor. After he had been at work a few weeks he went home to spend a day. He told all kinds of stories of his sterling worth in the city. Here's one that tickled his father:  
"The other day I was coming down Main street with a car jammed with people. When I got near the center of the business section, a well dressed man stepped out to get off the car. As he did so he said I hollered the names of the streets the plainest of any conductor he ever rode with. He invited me to come up and see him at his place of business. I went there the next day, and he gave me a box of 10 cent cigars."  
"I knew that boy would make his mark if he once got into the city," exclaimed the old man.—Buffalo Courier.

## FATALITY OF A NAME

**A STRANGE INCIDENT WHICH SUGGESTS MENTAL TELEPATHY.**  
It is Vouched For by a Member of Chicago's Health Department—A "Pipe Story" Which Has Broken Down the Rules and Made Its Way Into Print.  
Writers of fiction have no monopoly of the strange or supernatural. There are things taking place every day in Chicago which are as devoid of rational explanation as the mysterious coinings of the novelist's brain. Newspaper men hear of them, but in the rush for editors and newspaper readers, the "pipe stories" as queer and unexplainable happenings are called in journalistic circles, are at a discount. Were it not for this the following incident, which can be verified by the word of several reputable men, would long ago have received the space and attention it merits instead of being consigned to the wastebasket as the "pipe dream" of an opium devotee:  
One cold wintry night not so long ago Dr. L. T. Potter, now connected with the Chicago health department, and a number of his companions were sitting in the office of the Oakland hotel, at Drexel and Oakwood boulevards, when a stranger of different manner entered. His clothes and jewelry marked him a person of means, but he seemed downhearted and worried, and when he asked permission of the clerk to sit in the office awhile, Dr. Potter and his companions at once sized him up as a man who had been out on a spree, was without ready cash to pay for a bed, and took this means of getting refuge from the winter's blasts. The stranger, who was young and intelligent, grew uncomfortable under the ill disguised scrutiny of the crowd and finally said: "Gentlemen, I would like to explain my presence here and why I sit up in the office in preference to taking a bed. In the first place, let me assure you it is not a matter of money," drawing out a goodly sized roll of bills. "For some years my father, who is a resident of New York, has had trouble with his family and has been a wanderer. He was at one time worth considerable money, but this has been lost, and a number of letters which I have lately received from him show me he is despondent. This afternoon I got a letter from him, dated in Detroit, saying he would arrive in Chicago tonight, take a room at this hotel and end his life by turning on the gas. He added that in the event of the gas failing he had a pistol with him, with which he would send a bullet through his brain. Father had no idea I would get this letter today, as I have been out of town, and it was only an unexpected case of sickness in my family which brought me back. I am sitting up here to intercept him when he comes in and prevent the suicide which he contemplates. Fortunately I have means enough for both and can relieve his anxiety in this respect."

Dr. Potter and his friends were at once interested. They congratulated the stranger on his good luck in having received his father's letter in time and tendered their services in any way in which they might be desired. Two or three times an effort was made to find out the man's name, but he parried the questions on the ground that, as his father's plans would be frustrated, he did not care to have his identity disclosed. "You may, however, call me Melchior, as it is awkward to address a man without a name, and Melchior is as good as anything, barring the right one." The evening sped along, and about midnight the stranger, being assured no more trains would arrive before morning, took his departure, saying he thought his father must have been detained or perhaps have happily changed his mind.  
The occurrence was so much out of the ordinary that Dr. Potter and his friends sat up for an hour or more talking it over. At 1 o'clock they went to bed, and a few minutes later the night clerk retired, leaving an assistant who had not heard the story in charge of the office. About 1.30 in came an old gentleman with a traveling bag in hand, who registered as "George C. Melchior," and was assigned to a room. In the morning the chambermaid reported a strong smell of gas on that floor. The door of the newcomer's room was broken in, and he was found dead, with a pistol in his right hand and a bullet wound in his head. He had turned on the gas and then shot himself. By this time everybody in the house had heard the story and of the young man's visit the night before, and all were positive that the old gentleman who had killed himself was his father. The afternoon papers had a report of the suicide and before night the young man was back at the house asking to see the body.  
"I don't understand how father could have registered as 'Melchior,' for it is not his name, and I only used it last night to conceal our own," the stranger said. "It must have been a case of mental telepathy."  
On reaching the room where the body lay a much more peculiar episode occurred. The moment the young man saw the face of the corpse he said: "That's not father. I never saw this man before. He is not known to me."  
Nor was he. A search of the dead man's effects brought out papers proving his identity as George C. Melchior and giving reasons for suicide somewhat similar to those advanced by the young stranger when he was telling his story the night before. Within a week Dr. Potter heard from the young man, who said his father was alive and well, having recovered from his despondency and abandoned his intention of taking his life, but the mystery of how a man giving the same name should appear at the hotel selected by the stranger's father, on the same night, and commit suicide in the same manner outlined by him has never been explained.—Chicago Tribune.

So far as known no writer on evolution has taken account of the steady and remarkable growth of halibut. There was about that of a small pea. From this it has increased through various stages to the size of a marble, a hickory nut and a hen's egg until now we hear of halibuts "larger than baseballs," and it is not even stated how much larger. Can it be that this continuous growth is an effort on the part of nature to respond to the increasing demand for new sensations, or what is it and where will it end?—Minneapolis Journal.

## GOT A BABY BOY NOW

**HAPPINESS IN A SOUTHERN MAN'S HOME.**  
Head the Red Flag of Danger at the Railroad Crossing—A Warning to America's Men.  
"For twenty-six years I have used tobacco in great quantities, and of late years took to cigarette smoking. I realize it now as I compare my feelings and my condition with that of a year ago when I was a tobacco saturated cigarette fiend. Many a time I did try to quit smoking myself into eternity, but I could not put through a day without suffering extreme nervous torture, which would increase hour by hour till finally, to save myself as it seemed from almost dying to pieces, I had to light the little white pipe-stick and swallow the smoke."  
"One day I read in my paper 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away,' just what I was doing; it came to me like the warning of the man who waves the red flag of danger at the railroad crossing, and I said to No-To-Bac was an absolutely gas and relief from tobacco slavery."  
"I did not believe it, but like a drowning man grasping at a straw, I commenced taking No-To-Bac."  
The effects were magical; it destroyed the nerve craving and desire for cigarettes. Two boxes, would you believe it! made me well and strong.  
"I have gained mentally, physically in vigor and manhood, the brain free from the nicotine and a breath no longer fouled with tobacco smoke. I am so happy to-day to write No-To-Bac did it all a year ago, so the cure is time-tested and tried, not only in my own case, but several of my friends who have also been cured."  
"I've a baby boy now."  
"My wife and I feel that all this happiness started from the time when I first used No-To-Bac, and in evidence of our appreciation, and in order that the memory of the happiness may be perpetuated in a living form, we want to name our baby boy after the man who wrote the life 'Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.'"  
"No-To-Bac is popular here, and all our friends sell it. Hardly a day passes but somebody asks me about No-To-Bac, so I don't want you to hesitate to use these lines in any way that you think will make known to suffering humanity the happiness that there is in No-To-Bac for the many men with nicotine-brained and weakened resolutions, if they only will make up their minds to save the waste of vital power—to say nothing of the money now going up into smoke and out in tobacco spit."  
After the ball is over.  
When her fellow his stuff had all blown.  
"Come on, my dear, and doctor's pills,  
Enough for a year or two."

**MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.**  
Perhaps, but rheumatism need not add to the calamities to which we are more or less subject, when there is such an efficient means of relieving the suffering, as is Melchior's Stomach Bitters. When the liver, bowels or stomach are out of order, or the kidneys or nerves troubled, Melchior's is also an efficient remedy. It prevents and remedies all malarial disorders.  
A witty young girl of Cologne,  
When her fellow his stuff had all blown,  
And out him quite dead,  
With a heart of lime carbonate stone.

**CONSUMPTION CURED**  
AN ABSOLUTE REMEDY FOR ALL PULMONARY COMPLAINTS.  
T. A. Slocum Offers to Send Two Bottles Free of His Remedy to Cure Consumption and All Lung Troubles—An Ellixir of Life.  
Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more joy in its wake than the offer of T. A. Slocum, M. C., of 183 Pearl Street, New York. Perfectly confident that he has an absolute remedy for the cure of consumption and all pulmonary complaints, he offers through this paper to send two bottles free to any reader who is suffering from lung trouble or consumption, also loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting. He invites those desiring to obtain this remedy to send their express and postoffice address, and to receive in return the two bottles free, which will arrest the approach of death. Already this remedy, by its timely use, has permanently cured thousands of cases which were given up, and death was looked upon as an early visitor.  
Knowing his remedy as he does, and being so positive of its beneficial results, Dr. Slocum considers it his religious duty, a duty which he owes to humanity, to donate his infallible remedy where it will assuage the enemy in its citadel, and, by its inherent potency, stay the current of dissolution, bringing joy to homes over which the shadow of the grave has been gradually growing more strongly defined, causing fond hearts to grieve. The cheapness of the remedy—offered nearly—spare from its inherent strength, is enough to commend it, and more so is the perfect confidence of the great chemist making the offer, who holds his life in those already becoming emaciated, and says: "Be cured."  
The invitation is certainly worthy of the consideration of the afflicted, who, for years, have been taking nauseous nostrums without effect; who have ostracized themselves from home and friends to live in more salubrious climates where the atmosphere is more congenial to weakened lungs and who have fought against death with all the weapons and strength in their hands. There will be no mistake in sending for these two bottles, as the mistake will be in passing the invitation by.

**WE'LL GIVE YOU**  
If you send us { 60 Coupons, or 2 Coupons and 60 cents.  
OR,  
WE'LL SEND A 3-BLADE PENKNIFE  
For { 50 Coupons, or 2 Coupons and 60 cents.  
You will find one coupon inside each 2 ounce bag, and two coupons inside each 4 ounce bag of  
**BLACKWELL'S GENUINE DURHAM TOBACCO.**  
SEND COUPONS WITH NAME AND ADDRESS TO  
Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., Durham, N. C.  
Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read the coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.  
2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

**A RAZOR**  
If you send us { 60 Coupons, or 2 Coupons and 60 cents.  
OR,  
WE'LL SEND A 3-BLADE PENKNIFE  
For { 50 Coupons, or 2 Coupons and 60 cents.  
You will find one coupon inside each 2 ounce bag, and two coupons inside each 4 ounce bag of  
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Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., Durham, N. C.  
Buy a bag of this Celebrated Smoking Tobacco, and read the coupon, which gives a list of other premiums and how to get them.  
2 CENT STAMPS ACCEPTED.

**Threadbare Genius Was Rewarded.**  
A moldy looking wayfarer knooled at the back door of a humble dwelling in the suburbs the other morning and inquired of the woman who answered the knock:  
"Do you want your piano tuned to-day, ma'am?"  
"Land sakes!" she replied. "We haven't any piano."  
"Perhaps the froscing in your parlor needs touching up a little," he suggested.  
"There ain't any froscing in the parlor."  
A look of deep melancholy settled on the face of the tourist.  
"I am very sorry," he said. "By doing this kind of work for our best people I make my living. I was hoping I might be able by the exercise of one of my callings in your tasty cottage to earn my breakfast."  
"Lord love you, come right in!" cordially exclaimed the woman, opening the door wide. "You're a greasy fraud, and I know it, but you've got talent, and I admire talent wherever I meet it. How'll you have your eggs—hard or soft boiled?"—Chicago Tribune.

**WHAT'S A BUMP?**  
In our peculiar vernacular, we say a bump on a log and a bump on a human being. What one might call a bump on another one would call a thump. Thus we have a bump from a thump and a thump may cause a bump, and a bump may cause a thump, or perhaps a thump may cause both. Well, what's the difference, so long as we suffer from either a bump or thump, we want to get rid of it. That's true, and the surest, quickest way to cure a bump is at once to use St. Jacobs Oil. Then the question will be not what it is, but what it was, as it will promptly disappear.  
Strawber—Why do you think you will have any trouble keeping the secret secret? Sincerely—I had to tell the girl, didn't I?  
**\$100 REWARD \$100.**  
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials.  
Address: **DR. J. C. HENRY & CO., Toledo, O.**  
Sold by Druggists, 75c.  
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

**OPIMUM**  
Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured.  
DR. J. A. PHIBBS, Lebanon, Ohio.

**PENNYROYL \* PILLS**  
THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE. The only Safe, Rapid, and reliable Pill for sale. London, and Druggists in Chicago's English Bazaar, Read in Head and Good medicine. Beware of cheap imitations. Take the name. Pills are sold by all druggists. All druggists, or send to 10,000 Testimonials. Name Pennyroyl. Sold by all Local Druggists. CHEMISTERS CHEMICAL CO., 2601 Madison Ave., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**WOMAN FOR YOU**  
It is the name of Woman's Friend. It is relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given uniformly successful relief to thousands of women who are weak and whose lives are shortened by their ailments. It will give health and strength to all who use it. It will give relief to all who are afflicted with BILIAUR-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, OREGON.

**SAPOLIO**  
Buell Lamberson  
205 - 3rd ST. PORTLAND.  
ILLUSTRATED CATALOG FREE.

**Scrofula**  
Infects the blood of humanity. It appears in varied forms, but is forced to yield to Hood's Sarsaparilla, which purifies and vitalizes the blood and cures all such diseases. Read this: "In September, 1894, I made a mistake and injured my ankle. Very soon afterwards, it swelled and became very sore. I was unable to walk. I had to be carried to bed. I was very weak and nervous. I had lost my appetite and was unable to sleep. I had been told that Hood's Sarsaparilla was good for such cases. I bought a bottle and took it. In a few days I began to feel better. In a week I was able to walk. In a month I was completely cured. I have never had any more trouble of the kind. I am now as well as ever. I have gained weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. H. BLAKE, So. Berwick, Me.  
This and other similar cures prove that

**A Sore**  
two inches across formed and in walking to favor it I sprained my ankle. The sore became worse; I could not put my boot on and I thought I should have to give up at every step. I could not get any relief and had to stop work. I read of a cure of a similar case by Hood's Sarsaparilla and concluded to try it. Before I had taken all of two bottles the sore had healed and the swelling had gone down. My

**Foot**  
is now well and I have been greatly benefited otherwise. I have increased in weight and am in better health. I cannot say enough in praise of Hood's Sarsaparilla." Mrs. H. BLAKE, So. Berwick, Me.  
This and other similar cures prove that

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists; H. P. J. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
Hood's Pills—the best family cathartic and liver stimulant. 25c

**you do the mending**  
Not the Merchant.  
He wants to make as much as he can by selling you inferior linings which his claims are "just as good" as S. H. & M. But do the mending. Insist on having **S-H-&M** Blue Velvet Skirt Binding and you save the mending.  
If your dealer will not supply you we will.  
Send for samples, showing labels and materials, to the S. H. & M. Co., P. O. Box 499, New York City.

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It is the name of Woman's Friend. It is relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given uniformly successful relief to thousands of women who are weak and whose lives are shortened by their ailments. It will give health and strength to all who use it. It will give relief to all who are afflicted with BILIAUR-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, OREGON.

**SAW FLOUR MINING MARINE WARE-HOUSE**  
MACHINERY AT FIRST COST...  
BY CORRESPONDING WITH  
**THE WILLAMETTE IRON WORKS**  
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