A

FROM actual analysis made by me, I pronounce the Royal Baking Powder to be the Strongest and Purest Baking Powder before the public.

W. T. Wenzell

Prof. Chemistry, College of Pharmacy Dep't, University of California.

Gilded Gold.

"It takes Chicago to reach the limit of refined elegance. I mean elegance as Chicago knows it. Here's an illustration of it on my watch chain, and I value it as much as a wild westernism as I do for its personal associations." The speaker held up a gold coin about the size of a $5 goldpiece, fastened to his watch chain by a small eye. It bore the stamp of the South African republic and was glaringly bright. "A friend of mine, who has traveled much in Africa, brought home a dozen of these to give to his friends as souvenirs," he continued. "The coins were of a rather deep red hue originally, and just as pure gold as is practicable for continual use. My friend had occasion to go to Chicago on his return from Africa and found himself compelled to pass a fortnight there before coming back to civilization. He took the coins to a prominent Chicago jeweler with orders to affix on each an eye. 'All right, sir,' said the jeweler. 'We'll fix 'em up in good style.' A few days later my friend stopped in for the coins. They were returned to him, fixed as he had ordered them, and a little more. 'I thought they looked a bit dull and wouldn't be the worse for brightening up a bit,' explained the jeweler. 'You'll find they look more natty now.' And they did, for he had gilded every one."—Boston Gazette.

Polk, Dallas and Texas.

Dr. A. W. Carnes delivered the address of welcome at a reunion of pioneers in Hutchins, Dallas county, recently. Among other things he said: "In 1844 the battlecry of the admirers and followers of one of Tennessee's most honored sons—yes, of one of the nation's most honored sons—was, 'Polk, Dallas and Texas!' That cry was the cry of the victors of that day, but little did those who gave voice to that sentiment realize the magnitude of its import. Little did they think that that vast expanse of untilled prairies that had just wrested itself by the mighty arm of a Houston, of a Travis, of a Lamar, of a Rusk and of a Crockett from the grasp of the Aztecs would, in the time of their compatriots even, blossom as the rose and become the home of the arts and the sciences. Its history reads like the wonderful tales of the 'Arabian Nights.' Under the magic touch of those pioneers cities and industries sprang into existence like the mythical castles of an 'Aladdin.'"—Dallas (Tex.) News.

Paris Women Protest.

The managers of the Theatre Francais have become frightened at the dimensions of the fashionable hat and have posted a notice to the effect that no bonnets of any description, large or small, will be allowed in the stalls, either at matinee or evening performances. This has raised a storm of almost tearful protest from Paris women. They are willing to leave the picture hat at home, but they beg for the privilege of wearing the tiny bonnet. Every woman knows how demoralizing it is to the coiffure to have to take off hat and veil, and when this must be accomplished in a dressing room crowded with women hurrying to join impatient escorts it may be assumed that heads with chevelures decidedly mussy must be the result. One woman seeks refuge in print, objecting in strong language at leaving her beloved bonnet, an objet d'art as she calls it, to the tender mercies of a theater dressing room caretaker. Altogether it is a pretty muddle, and one from which the managers of the Francais must suffer if they persevere in their stern dictum.

THE SECRET OF GOOD CROPS.

The modern farmer is not content to use the antiquated tools and methods of his fathers. In this age of keen competition, the farmer who wishes to prosper, needs and gets the most improved farming implements; and by reading the best agricultural literature, he keeps in touch with the spirit of progress that pervades our farming communities. He is particular also, in regard to the kind of seed he plants and the manner of planting it. The seeds must be of highest fertility and grown from the highest cultivated and most profitable varieties of stock. The great seed firm of D. M. Ferry & Co., Detroit, Mich., fully appreciate this fact, as is attested by their progressive business methods and the quality of the seed which they supply farmers and gardeners through the dealers all over the country. The reliability and fertility of their seeds are proverbial and the largest seed business in the world has been created by their sale. In evidence of this firm's knowledge of the wants and requirements of planters, large and small, is "Ferry's Seed Annual" for 1896. This book is of the greatest value to farmers and gardeners—a veritable encyclopedia of planting and farming knowledge. It contains more useful and practical information than many text books that are sold for a dollar or more, yet it will be mailed free to any one sending his name and address on a postal card to the firm.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' 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 is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, and all Bowel Complaints.

Pain-Killer IS THE BEST remedy known for Sea Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

Pain-Killer is unquestionably the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings speedy and permanent relief in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, &c.

Pain-Killer is the well tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and safe to use internally or externally with certainty of relief.

IS RECOMMENDED

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

BY EVERYBODY.

Pain-Killer is a Medicine Chest in itself, and few vessels leave port without a supply of it.

No family can afford to be without this invaluable remedy in the house. Its price brings it within the reach of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctors' bills.

Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY DAVIS."

THE COLISEUM.

Rome's Vast Ellipse and the Many Changing Moods It Has Seen.

It seems strange that not until the middle of last century did it occur to any of the successors of Peter to rescue from the desecration of indifference a spot saturated, one may say without hyperbole, with the blood of the martyrs. Everybody knows that earthquake, fire and inundation competed with each other for its destruction. Guiscard's troopers stalled themselves there, and the Frangipani transformed it into a fortress. When less turbulent times supervened, it became by tacit consent the common quarry of the more powerful Roman houses. When for a time friendly enough with each other, they held tilt and tourney within it, and then mystery plays restored for a time its theatrical character. Sixtus V had a scheme for turning it into a woolen manufactory, and another prince of peace thought it would serve capitally as a powder magazine. Meanwhile it remained a convenient market place for the sale of vegetables. But in 1750 an earnest Ligurian monk, Leonardo da Porto Maurizio, came to Rome, craved audience of Benedict XIV, and obtaining papal sanction for the new form of devotion known as the Via Crucis, induced the sovereign pontiff to consecrate the Coliseum to celebrate mass there and to erect a large wooden cross in the very center of the pagan arena.

Ever since the stations of the cross, commemorating the journey to Calvary, have encircled the vast ellipse, and the newcomers whose rising voices disturbed my reverie are wandering hither behind a tall, barefooted, bareheaded Franciscan friar, to make the dolorous pilgrimage. All the fine ladies of Rome are there, and, heedless of delicate flounce and furbelow, they kneel on the unswept ground at every halt made by the rosary girdled monk and bow their heads in audible lamentation. Then, when the long, sad service is completed, he rebukes them for their transgressions and invites them to a holier life. That much I can make out from where I sit, in sympathetic contemplation of the scene, though no small part of his exhortation reaches me, but in fitful vowel sounds, musical, but somewhat vague in meaning. Before they have come to a close a blare of trumpets tells me that a body of French zouaves is coming along the Via San Gregorio, between the Palatine and Cœlian hills, on their way back to barracks from the exercising ground that lies beyond the tomb of Caius Cestus and Shelley's burial place.

> The insolence of alien drum,
> Vexing the bright blue air,
> To smite a people's anguish dumb
> Or speed a rash despair,
> That once had wrung
> That prophet tongue
> To challenge force and cheer the slave,
> Rolls unrebuked around his grave.

—Fortnightly Review.

NEW YORK CANDY PEDDLERS.

Clustered In Dingy East Side Rooms, They Sleep on the Floor.

Very nearly all the dark skinned men who sell that brilliantly colored candy from push carts are members of a regular clan and for the most part Greeks. When the day has ended and their work is done, they gather together in a dozen or more dens in Roosevelt and Cherry streets just at the foot of the famous Cherry hill, there to eat, rest and before sleeping to load up their carts for the morrow, that they may get an early start.

One of these rendezvous presents a unique appearance late at night. It is generally a store on the ground floor, that the push carts may be trundled out easily when heavily loaded. From the sidewalk the "store" does not show a single ray of light. It looks forbidding and deserted. But its door opens readily. The entire front of the long apartment is filled up with carts laden with the sweets and displaying signs. Only a narrow passageway is left to get to the back of the room.

Here, around a smudgy table, five or six chattering Greeks are playing cards and quarreling over the game. On the boards is spread a quantity of candy, newly made and cooling, for it is in a room back of this that the stuff is prepared. The candy maker not only makes a profit selling to the peddlers, but he gets still more of their money, lodging them on the same floor as their push carts. Sometimes when a peddler is "broke" the maker of sweets sends him out with a load of candy to sell on shares, but as a general thing he gets cash for his product before the carts go out.

Beds are, for the most part, unknown luxuries. Only the most prosperous peddlers seem to be able to afford them. Generally the floor is marked out with chalk lines, divided into narrow squares, and there on the hard boards, without disrobing or changing an article of their clothing, the candy peddlers sleep.—New York Herald.

Maternal Pride.

"Just think of it," she said proudly, as the voice of her son rose above all the others in the college yell.

"Just think of what?" asked her husband.

"Hiram and all those other boys conversing in Greek just as natural and easy as if it was their natural tongue."—Washington Star.

Possession.

It so falls out that what we have we prize not to the worth while we enjoy it; but, being lacked and lost, why, then, we rack the value. Then we find the virtue that possession would not show us while it was ours.—Shakespeare.

If we must accept fate, we are not less compelled to assert liberty, the significance of the individual, the grandeur of duty, the power of character.—Emerson.

If we would have anything of benefit, we must earn it, and earning it become shrewd, inventive, ingenious, active, enterprising.—H. W. Beecher.

MRS. MONROE'S DOCTRINE.

She Made a New Rule for Women of the Executive Mansion.

About the time that James Monroe as President of the United States proclaimed the great doctrine which bears his name in international affairs his wife, Eliza Kortright Monroe, took a stand in social affairs which has stood the test of time quite as well as that

MRS. JAMES MONROE.

of her great husband. She absolutely refused to return any social calls. Great was the row it stirred up and the charges of affecting royal manners and customs and of being rude and all the rest rained about Mrs. Monroe's head.

But it was of no avail. She stuck it out and each "first lady of the land" has followed her example since. So great, however, was the disturbance over Mrs. Monroe's refusal to return calls that John Quincy Adams considered it necessary to draw up and formally promulgate a formula of etiquette which has since regulated the life of the Executive Mansion.

After the revolution James Monroe, then only 23 years old, went to New York as a delegate in Congress from Virginia. He was a handsome young fellow with political and military success upon him in a marked degree and a distinguished ancestry. There he met the beautiful daughter of Lawrence Kortright, who was an important figure in the social life of New York of that day, and, falling in love, they were married.

The Workingman's Day.

Sunday is the workingman's day—a day for well-earned rest at home. At the recent English Church Congress the Sunday question was discussed, and the strongest advocate of its religious observance was a workingman. Says the New York Churchman:

With remarkable effect, he challenged those speakers who had advocated a modified observance of the Sunday to produce the workingman who would defend the modern inroads upon the keeping of the Sunday as a day of rest.

It is worthy of notice that as a rule the son of toil is in favor of the American Sunday. Even when he is not a church-goer, the steady and sober workingman finds his chief recreation in the peaceful pleasures of the home.

He does not seek the riotous beergarden, he does not frequent the Sunday concert hall, nor does he care to break in upon his Sunday rest by the noise and turmoil of a railway ride. A careful investigation of the manner in which the workingman prefers to spend his Sunday will prove that such is the case.

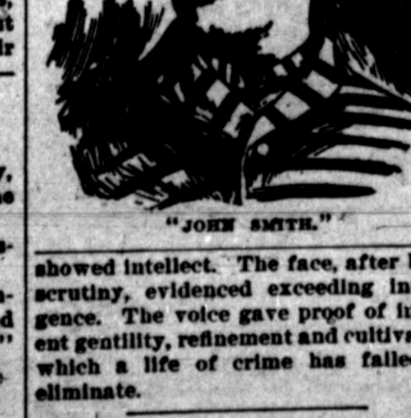
A REMARKABLE MEMORY.

"John Smith" Is a Living Criminal Directory at Sing Sing.

"I never forget a face or a name; I do not think there is a man in the United States who knows by sight as many criminals and officers of the law as myself." The man who made this sweeping statement conceals his identity as much as he can under the name of John Smith. To the officials of Sing Sing prison, N. Y., he is best known as "the walking encyclopedia;" or the man who never forgets. He is the criminal directory of the century.

Smith is a trusty at Sing Sing, and his latest term of imprisonment dates from 1891. His duties primarily are those of the record clerk, which office he fills, but a fair knowledge of medicine has made him de facto an assistant prison physician. Every prisoner who enters Sing Sing is examined by him. To every one who leaves he says good by. "A most remarkable man," said Warden Sage, in speaking of him, "I never saw his equal."

When in response to Warden Sage's summons a short, rather stoutly built man entered his office, there was apparently nothing about the newcomer that would attract particular attention until a good look at his face was obtained. From a countenance gray with prison pallor keen eyes looked out through spectacles. The broad, high forehead



"JOHN SMITH."

showed intellect. The face, after brief scrutiny, evidenced exceeding intelligence. The voice gave proof of inherent gentility, refinement and cultivation which a life of crime has failed to eliminate.

The same object seen from three different points of view—the past, the present and the future—often exhibits three different faces to us, like those signboards over shop doors which represent the face of a lion as we approach, of a man when we are in front and of an ass when we have passed.—Longfellow.

Much attention is being paid at present to the long neglected letter "u" of our alphabet. Teachers in vocal culture give their pupils the sentence, "Did you get your Century I sent you?" to enunciate with an entire elimination of "j" and "oh" sounds.

PAID HIM TO FORGET

IT WAS LUCKY THE PROPRIETOR TOOK HIM FOR A REPORTER.

A Quiet Little Game In New York Where They Played "Senator"—The Man Who Played For the House Gave $25 For the Privilege of Drawing to Ace and King.

One of the tightest squeezes that I ever got out of, said the inveterate poker player, was in New York during the rise of the great moral wave that was being felt in every gambling house in the city.

I was almost a total stranger in the city, but the second night after my arrival I let the clerk of the hotel know that I wanted to find some place where there was a little game, not too steep, in progress, and after sizing me up for a time he whispered a number in my ear.

After sundry rappings and waitings I passed through a series of halls and rooms and was shown into a large gambling parlor that was apparently doing a good business in spite of the reformers.

I seated myself at a table where they were playing "senator." The game is nothing more nor less than poker with the exception that it is all jackpots, and a man can open the pot on any kind of a hand he wishes instead of having to see before him the traditional "jacks or better." This scheme makes the game a much livelier one and more attractive to men who are good at bluffing.

There were six of us playing. The cards were dealt by a man employed by the house, who dealt to every man in turn. Any player had the privilege of dealing for himself if he wished, and this permission was supposed to allay all doubt as to the disinterestedness of the dealer.

The game was comparatively new to me, and as it is a confusing one to a man who has been accustomed to sizing up the man who opened the pot as surely having some sort of a hand I lost steadily.

From several things I gathered that the man at my right was "playing for the house"—that is, he was supplied with chips free and paid to the proprietor a certain per cent of his winnings. As the game is one of bluffing and a man free from care and betting other people's money can bluff better than a man who sees his little pile steadily diminishing, the man who played for the house very generally won.

When I came into the room I had with me $500, money that I had collected for my employer, for I was out on a collecting tour. In one brief hour I was down to $100, and then came my first good hand.

I had three big aces pat, and I opened the pot for a good sum. The most of the players at the table who had noticed my timid style of play at once dropped at my exhibition of strength, and I began to kick myself for giving my hand away so. The only man that staid was the one who I believed was playing for the house.

He drew three cards, and I drew one and bet $25. The other man looked at my pile of chips and said, "How much have you on the table?"

I answered, "Fifty dollars."

"Well, I will raise you that $50," said he, with a laugh.

Of course I called, and he laid down a straight, ace high, with the remark that it was a pretty lucky draw to an ace and king that he had held up. I remarked that it was a wonderfully lucky draw and asked how often he paid $25 for a chance to draw to an ace and king.

Every one could see I was suspicious of cheating when I rose from the table and remarked that I had had enough. It was enough, for I didn't have another cent with me and little at the hotel.

I loitered about the different games for awhile, for it is a great source of interest to a heavy loser to see other men win and notice how easy they take it.

While standing near the outer door I took out my notebook to see what chance I had of collecting enough to cover my loss until I had time to make it good. I had hardly made a couple of figures when I saw the man who had won the last pot from me get up from the table in a hasty manner and address another man, who was presiding at the wheel.

This man was the proprietor, and he at once came over to me and in a confidential tone inquired if I was a reporter. I saw my notebook had given him the impression and answered in an assured sort of way, "Yes."

"Well," said he, "how much is it going to take to make you forget this?"

I didn't realize exactly what he meant, but answered that it had taken $500 to make me remember it. He rushed me into the hall, handed me $1,000 and said, "Well, forget it now."

I was saved and have never been a reporter since.—Boston Globe.

Prompted.

"Matilda," fervently exclaimed the lovelorn youth, "I can no longer endure this suspense and uncertainty. I must know my fate this night. For months I have carried your image in my heart. You have been the—the"—

"The lodestar of your existence, and the Ultima Thule of all your hopes, Mr. Clugston," suggested Matilda, observing that the young man hesitated.

"Why, how did you know what I was going to say?" he demanded, in astonishment.

"I got it from Lulu Bilderback and Mary Jane Wheelhouse," replied Matilda. "It's the same thing you said to them. I can repeat the whole speech, Mr. Clugston."—Pick Me Up.

Emperors and empresses, kings and queens, write to each other as brothers and sisters. Reigning grand dukes also enjoy this privilege when addressing kings, but sovereigns not possessing royal honors are designated as cousins.

Wilsey Waller—Say, Ragsey, dere's a guy out west curin' people of tings by just layin' his hands on 'em. Ragsey Tatters—Wonder if dat's the same bloke what told me last summer if he ever laid his hands on me he'd cure me of dat tired feelin'?—Truth.

"Why did they let that man go who stole the bicycle?" "They had to; they couldn't get a jury to try him—every man in the county rides a wheel."—Chicago Record.

Bobby—Popper, what do they have to have a man to pray for Congress for? Mr. Ferry—They don't. He takes a look at Congress and then prays for the country.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Decline of the Folding Bed.

The folding bed, once an immensely popular institution, is losing its grip. Not one is called for now where two or three years ago a dozen were ordered. Two big factories we know of, which a very few years ago had difficulty in keeping up with orders for folding beds even by working night and day, are now making other lines of furniture, and the folding bed production in all factories is steadily declining. The accidents which frequently occurred with the folding bed doubtless had some bad influence on its popularity, but this was not the only disadvantage the multum in parve furniture had to contend against. The beds were heavy, clumsy affairs, even under the most favorable conditions. Many are hard to handle without a derrick or a yoke of oxen, and they are also hard to keep clean. Then also there is an increased call for beds of brass and iron. Such beds are practically the only kind sold in England, and they have steadily increased in popularity in this country during the last five years.—Upholsterer.

In Evening Dress.

For those who don evening dress only infrequently much danger lurks, as all know, in the removal of high necked underwear and the sudden exposure of unaccustomed neck and shoulders to winter temperature. In such an event a wise course to pursue is to begin the day before the festal occasion to bathe the chest, neck and shoulders profusely with alcohol and to continue this treatment throughout the following day. There is no better preventive of colds, and alcohol does not, as is the case with so many such helps, leave an unpleasant odor behind. For the last 12 hours before putting on the evening clothes it is well to wear about the house a lighter weight bodice or thinner flannels to accustom oneself by degrees to the coming change.

He Will Not Drown Himself

From the Troy, N. Y., Times.

R. W. Edwards, of Lansinburgh, was prostrated by sunstroke during the war and it has entailed on him peculiar and serious consequences. At present wrting Mr. E. is a prominent officer of Post Loyn, G. A. R., Cohoes and a past aid de camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief of Albany Co. In the interview with a reporter, he said:

"I was wounded and sent to the hospital at Winchester. They sent me together with others to Washington—a ride of about 100 miles. Having no room in the box cars we were placed face up on the bottom of flat cars. The sun beat down upon our unprotected heads. When I reached Washington I was insensible and was unconscious for ten days while in the hospital. An abscess gathered in my ear and broke; it has been gathering and breaking ever since. The result of this 100 mile ride and sunstroke, was heart disease, nervous prostration, insomnia and rheumatism; a completely shattered system which gave me no rest night or day. As a last resort I took some Pink Pills and they helped me to a wonderful degree. My rheumatism is gone, my heart falure, dyspepsia, and constipation are about gone and the abscess in my ear has stopped discharging and my head feels as clear as a bell when before it felt as though it would burst and my once shattered nervous system is now nearly sound. Look at those fingers," Mr. Edwards said, "do they look as if there was any rheumatism there?" He moved his fingers rapidly and freely and strode about the room like a young boy. "A year ago these fingers were gnarled at the joints and so stiff that I could not hold a pen. My knees would swell up and I could not straighten my leg out. My joints would squeak when I moved them. That is the living truth.

"When I came to think that I was going to be crippled with rheumatism, together with the rest of my ailments, I tell you life seemed not worth living. I suffered from despondency. I cannot begin to tell you," said Mr. Edwards, as he drew a long breath, "what my feeling is at present. I think if you lifted ten years right off my life and left me prime and vigorous at 47 I could feel no better. I was an old man and could only drag myself painfully about the house. Now I can walk off without any trouble. That in itself," continued Mr. Edwards, "would be sufficient to give me cause for rejoicing, but when you come to consider that I am no longer what you might call nervous and that my heart is apparently nearly healthy and that I can sleep nights you may realize why I may appear to speak in extravagant praise of Pink Pills. These pills quiet my nerves, take that awful pressure from my head and at the same time enrich my blood. There seemed to be no circulation in my lower limbs a year ago, my legs being cold and clammy at times. Now the circulation there is as full and as brisk as at any other part of my body. I used to be so light-headed and dizzy from my nervous disorder that I frequently fell while crossing the floor of my house. Spring is coming and I never felt better in my life, and I am looking forward to a busy season of work."

STOP, THIEF!

Stop a small malady, which is stealing your strength, before it outruns your power to arrest it, and recover what it took from you. The safest and promptest recuperator of waning vitality, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which renews vigor, flesh and nerve quietude because it restores activity to those functions whose interruption interferes with general health. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, malarial, rheumatic and kidney complaints and biliousness.

"Johnny," screamed his mother, "why are yo sitting on your brother's chest? You'll kill him." "I know it," retorted the urchin. "But if I let him up he'll go swimmin' and be drowned."

WHY NOT.

It is said that if we take care of little things, the big things will take care of themselves. But why can't we be always prepared for many of our little troubles. What's the use of suffering days and weeks, when in ten minutes we can get rid of the pain. A sudden attack of backache, toothache, or neuralgic headache, finds the most of us without anything at hand, while St. Jacobs Oil would cure and put an end to the trouble promptly.

Shy.—
And then the good ship faltered, hardly
Daring there to hug the shore.
The coast was bold. Were it retreating,
Possibly she'd hug it more.

$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,

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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.

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.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

Spring Medicine

"Your blood in Spring is almost certain to be full of impurities—the accumulation of the winter months. Bad ventilation of sleeping rooms, impure air in dwellings, factories and shops, overeating, heavy, improper foods, failure of the kidneys and liver properly to do extra work thus thrust upon them, are the prime causes of this condition. It is of the utmost importance that you

Purify Your Blood

Now, as when warmer weather comes and the tonic effect of cold bracing air is gone, your weak, thin, impure blood will not furnish necessary strength. That tired feeling, loss of appetite, will open the way for serious disease, ruined health, or breaking out of humors and impurities. To make pure, rich, red blood Hood's Sarsaparilla stands unequalled. Thousands testify to its merits. Millions take it as their Spring Medicine. Get Hood's, because

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla

MUTUAL ADMIRATION

"I'll bet you a 'Y' that lady is riding one of those beautiful 'Rambler' Bicycles; because she rides so easy and looks so graceful."

"And I'll bet you an 'X' that she bought it of Fred T. Merrill Bicycle Co., 127 Sixth Street. They know how to take care of their riders—how to make riders sit graceful: besides, they always handle the best cycles."

Moral—Ride a "RAMBLER" with G. & J. Clincher tires, and you will be "well mounted" and will not walk home, with a flat cement tire.

FERRY'S SEEDS

Perfect seeds grow paying crops. Perfect seeds are not grown by chance. Nothing is ever left to chance in growing Ferry's Seeds. Dealers sell them everywhere. Write for

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL

for 1896. Brimful of valuable information about best and newest seeds. Free by mail.

D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Premium No. 1 Chocolate

Made by Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass., has been celebrated for more than a century as a nutritious, delicious, and flesh-forming beverage. Sold by grocers everywhere.

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

Allcock's Porous Plaster

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

WOMAN FOR YOU

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given it the name of Woman's Friend. It is uniformly successful in relieving the backaches, headaches and weakness which burden and shorten a woman's life. Thousands of women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

SAW FLOUR MINING MARINE WARE-HOUSE

MACHINERY AT FIRST COST...

BY CORRESPONDING WITH

THE WILLAMETTE IRON WORKS

PORTLAND, OREGON

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

SAPOLIO

PIPE SENT FREE

A WARRANTED French Briar Pipe, Hard Rubber Stem, equal to those usually retailed at 50 cents, will be sent free

FOR 24 COUPONS

OR,

FOR 2 COUPONS AND 24 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.

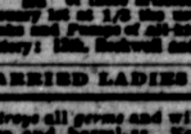
Do You Wear... Pants?

PANTS $3 TO ORDER

Tailor-made, finished and sewed with silk throughout, perfect fitting—by first-class white tailors—from your measure. On application will send samples of cloth and directions for self measurement. Black Cheviot suitings, $12. Uniforms and Bicycle Suits a specialty.

BLAIN & BLACK CLOTHING COMPANY, PORTLAND, OREGON

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.



MARRIED LADIES RENALDO is a *health douche.* It *destroys* all *germs* and will *preserve* your health. Sure and harmless. No medicine internally. Particulars on writing us. Sufficient for 3 months' use $5. Address Reno Chemical Co., box 1030, San Jose, Cal.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

N. P. N. U. No. 640.—S. F. N. U. No. 717