Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

Rameau and the Dog.

Many eccentricities are pardoned in musical geniuses, especially by those who do not suffer from them. Unfortunately the object of a musician's wrath is quite apt to be unable to appreciate why he has offended.

One can fancy the possessor of the untrained voice who figures in the following story thinking hard things of the celebrated composer Rameau.

One day Rameau while calling on a lady fixed a stern glance on a little dog who sat in her lap and was barking good naturedly. Suddenly Rameau seized the poor little fellow and threw him out of the window.

"What is the matter?" asked his hostess, much alarmed.

"He barked false!" said Rameau indignantly.—Youth's Companion.

Lung Troubles

show a tendency toward Consumption. A Cough is often the beginning. *Don't wait* until your condition is more serious. Take

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, *at once*. It overcomes all the conditions that invite the Consumption Germs. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES **CATARRH** PRICE 50 CENTS, ALL DRUGGISTS

GOLDEN WEST Has no superior. IT'S A BAKING POWDER.

- How is - Your Blood? -

I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was cured sound and well with two and a half bottles of S.S.S. Other blood medicines had failed to do me any good. WILL C. BEATY, Yorkville, S. C.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

I was troubled from childhood with an aggravated case of Tetter, and three bottles of S.S.S. cured me permanently. WALLACE MANN, Magnolia, I. T.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TAKE IT W. PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. CURES KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES DYSPEPSIA, PIMPLES BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES HEADACHES CONSTIPATION

Rambler

BICYCLES.

Swift, Light, Strong, Reliable and Beautiful.

A live agent wanted in every city and town in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Send for catalogue and terms.

FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO.,

327 Washington St., Portland, Or.

Burst!!

That frequently occurs with poor Belting and Hose, but NOT with MONARCH or REDDITIP Belting, or Maltese Cross, Ridgewood or Wallabout Steam and Water Hose. Every length guaranteed. Ask your dealer for these superior brands.

Gutta Percha and Rubber Mfg. Co.,

Established 1855. Portland, Or.

N. P. N. U. No. 540—S. F. N. U. No. 623

The Power of Gold.

He loved her.
She loved him.
They loved each other.

But her father objected because the young man was almost a total stranger.

The time had come when the youth must ask the father for his daughter, and he feared to go to him.

He held a long conference with his beloved.

He told her he did not want to ask her father.

"George, dear," she asked in a tremulous whisper, "how much are you worth?"

"A million dollars, darling," he responded proudly.

Her face shone in the twilight.

"Then you don't have to ask him," she said, with simple trust. "Let him know that, and he will ask you."

And George gave the old man a tip.—Detroit Free Press.

Playing to Light Houses.

—Truth.

A Real Nice Fellow.

Strawber—Do you suppose Clara Penrose cares anything for me?

Singerly—Well, she said some pretty nice things about you last night when I was there.

Strawber—Did she? What were they?

Singerly (seriously)—For one thing, she said you were a fine dancer. It was such a comfort, she said, to find a man who really danced well.

Strawber—I'm sure I'm glad she likes my dancing. I've spent enough time at it.

Singerly—Then she said your manners were perfect. It was a pleasure to go anywhere with you, she said, because she felt so perfectly secure with you and sure of you.

Strawber (delighted)—Gracious! I had no idea she thought so much of me as that. Did she say anything else?

Singerly—Oh, yes. She spoke about your conversation. In the light society talk of the day she thinks you have no equal, and then you are so full of tact, and your clothes were always so stylish, so neat, without being too extreme. Oh, she gave you a great sendoff, old man.

Strawber (beside himself)—I should say she did. I must cultivate that girl. Beautiful, rich, accomplished. What more could a man want in a wife? I have always (complacently) fancied her, but now I think the feeling is even deeper than that.

Singerly (warningly)—Don't let it get too deep, old man. I didn't tell you all.

Strawber—Didn't you? What more was there?

Singerly—She wound up by saying that, in fact, you were just the sort of a fellow that no girl would ever think of marrying.—Exchange.

Greatly Surprised.

Lieutenant Blank of the army is 6 feet 4 inches tall and tips the scale at 250 pounds. He was stationed for many years in Washington, attached to a scientific bureau of the government, his writings being well known to the scientific world.

Much of his writing was done evenings at home, and he would sometimes carry home necessary reference books and return them to his office at will. One morning he gathered together several, none of them very small, and putting them under his arm started for his office.

In the course of his walk he was brought face to face with a very black little negro, who, with arms akimbo, chin dropped and his shining black eyes filled with wonder, had planted himself directly in front of Lieutenant Blank.

Before the gentleman had time to do more than take in this apparition of darkness the little "pickaninny" had thrown back his head, so as to be able to gaze up into the lieutenant's face, and in a tone of comical amazement exclaimed:

"Gude gracious, mister, is you gwine to school?"—Youth's Companion.

Hubby Foots the Bills.

The man who is hanging to a strap in a cable car often hears conversations which are worth repeating.

"Don't you hate to have to ask your husband for money to buy your dresses and hats with?" said a matron in dark green to one in seal brown.

"I never do," was the reply.

"Don't you? Does he give it to you without asking?"

The matron in seal shook her head.

"Have you a regular allowance, or does he pay you a weekly salary, as some women maintain is the correct thing?"

"Neither."

"Then you must have private means of your own to draw on, but every woman is not so well situated as that."

"Wrong again. I have no fortune of my own, and my husband pays for everything I use."

"Then how do you manage it if you never ask him for money and he never gives you any without asking?"

"Oh, I simply order what I want and have the things charged."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By ARDENNES JONES-FOSTER.

"Bless you, no; not blood relatives. Ivan is my uncle by marriage, and only great-great uncle at that, his wife having been great aunt to my mother."

One night and once again, as we walked beneath the heavy screen of the park trees, a shadow fell in front of us—the figure of a woman, it appeared to me—and as quickly did it flit away again. I remember having twice remarked it to Ivan. On the second occasion the shadow came just as we were replighting our troth and naming the day. I started, considerably frightened. Ivan calmed me.

"It was nothing," he remarked; "only a branch of that tall tree swinging across our path."

"But if it had been—if it could have understood—if it could have spoken—that shadow would have heard our pledges!"

"And you are ashamed of them, my darling?"

"No! oh, no, Ivan. Only I am a creature of such silly suspicions. My nation—my dear Swedish people—are somehow imbued more or less with a belief in 'eerie things,' as the Scots say. It may be a fault, but it was born in me. Even when I was a child my old nurse used to tell me tales of strange gnomes and hobgoblins, saying that they swarmed about us, and the lesson seems to have followed me. So do not chide me!"

His answer was that which he always gave when I pleaded for grace.

He kissed me.

The shadowy figure had faded into space.

As it was his custom to confide all of his little adventures to me, he found it quite in his turn of fancies one evening to relate a little incident that had that morning leaped into his life. It happened fully a fortnight after my receipt of Olef's letter. Ivan had returned home long after his usual hour.

"What kept you so long, Ivan?" I asked as he came down to dinner.

"A most peculiar circumstance, my darling Cesca," he answered. "I was passing along Broadway, near Canal street, to my office when a young man met me. He carried a traveler's bag in his hand and had evidently just arrived from a journey. As our eyes clashed he stopped suddenly, shocked, it seemed, by a momentary pang in his head—vertigo it looked like to me—threw up his hand, quickly passed his fingers over his brow, clutched at his throat as if he would tear open his collar to relieve a strangling sensation, and losing consciousness he reeled and fell. As he came to the ground I supported him, and with the aid of a passerby we carried him to a little shop in Canal street. But as he did not survive I had him conveyed to the hospital."

"But that did not keep you all day. Come, Ivan, confess now."

"Ah," he answered, "it took up three or four hours of my time, and as my office duties require a measured amount of attention each day I was obliged to stop there until I got through with my correspondence."

I accepted his explanation.

"But the man's name?" I added. "You did learn that?"

"How could I? He had not come to his senses when I left him."

"But he must have carried papers?"

"If he did they were locked in his bag."

"How old was he?"

"Perhaps five-and-twenty."

"American?"

"A foreigner, I fancy."

"A foreigner!" I cried. My head reeled. "What if it had been—but such nonsense! It could not have been Olef! You know Olef, of course! You were born next door to him, or he to you rather."

"What put that thought into your little head?" he laughed. "Besides, this will dispel your presentment," and he handed me a letter addressed to him, received that morning, postmarked Stockholm. I read it.

Ivan Trolsky

Sir—As I have failed to get an answer to my letter to Miss Cesca Melin, I have my fears that she might not have received it. I believe that she and remains in America. If you should see her kindly say that I made no effort to arrange her business affairs, and that her securities still remain with her solicitors. My bride and I start for a tour of Norway to-morrow. Please give my best wishes to Miss Melin, for whom I hope the richest of life's blessings. Most sincerely,

OLEF MELIN.

And so I dried my eyes and set another seal of hate upon my heart, to lock out forever the image of him who in my girl days I had learned to love!

CHAPTER V.

"Olef!"

The sun upon the third Sunday in June had gold tinged nature's sweetest garb. I have never witnessed a more perfect dawn. And it was the beauty of that morning that caused Ivan to invite Irene and me to take a run over the Palisades. Ivan had been making a day of it every Sabbath for a month past, and his descriptions of the scenes had so awakened us to the anticipation of a jolly outing that Irene and I gladly consented to go.

Ten o'clock found us high upon the cliffs overlooking the grand old Hudson.

It must have been an hour past midday when a cloud, a mere dot, appeared like a freckle upon the face of the sun. A nervous breeze sprang up, more active than the calm, fanning wind of the morning. The cloud cast a shadow upon the treetop, and for a moment its limbs formed the outlines of a double cross upon the white cloth beneath our little banquet. I started as one out of a dream and looked at Ivan. My face must have been as colorless as the spread, for he asked if I were ill.

"Look!" I exclaimed. "That double cross!"

He seemed not to understand.

"It is only a shadow," he said.

"But once before I saw it. Don't you remember—upon the back of my letter?"

He laughed outright, called me a foolish woman and told me that I must not cling to superstitions.

"A strange trait, that, with the Swedish people," he added. "They swear by signs. Why, upon my word, Cesca, if you go on like this you will be telling us that you see some of those funny little gnomes popping out of the rocks yonder, akin to those that your Swedish peasants declare dwell in the forest. And while I think about it, Rip Van Winkle's little gnomes did use to play at tenpins not far up the river—over in Sleepy Hollow, you know," he jested.

He had no sooner spoken than a huge, thick cloud flung its black mantel over the face of the sun. The wind arose, higher, madder, faster. The waters of the Hudson rose and pranced and stood upright. A great, roaring noise of threat and chaos filled the air, deafening in its force. The waters below dashed and foamed. Small sails were picked up, tossed and hurled shoreward.

The outing parties made for the shelter of cafes and the village near by. Confusion reigned. The sky grew dark black. The imps of evil seemed to rise out of the very earth beneath our feet. Agents of fury and warning dangled from the sky. A brilliant flash of lightning crossed the scene, quickly followed by a crash of thunder. I clung to Irene, who was quaking with fright. The flash had told me that Ivan was deathly pale.

"Too late to move now!" was all that he could say.

"But it is hardly upon us. We might reach the nearest cafe. Besides, this tree is a dangerous conductor," I protested.

"The whole scene is shrouded," he whispered. "We are as safe here as anywhere!"

Another flash came! In the direction of the bushes to the west I noticed a figure stealing toward us—a woman.

"Look! She has lost her way. Come nearer to me—closer, Ivan, closer! I fear! I tremble!" I cried, as he clasped me in his arms. But the woman only quickened her pace, which we discovered by the frequent flashes of light. Faster and faster she ran toward us. Irene, becoming inconsolable, rushed off to the nearest cafe.

The woman was now upon us! For an instant a bright flash illuminated the spot. I looked; I saw a face.

Great God! Vera!

"Ivan!" I cried. "Do you see! A spirit! Her spectre! Vera's ghost!"

The man strove to speak. His tongue was lashed to the roof of his mouth. He moved—confronted her, the phantom like figure, as a daredevil might face a harbinger of death!

"At last!" the woman cried.

"Vera!" screamed Ivan, and fell upon his knees before her.

"It is here that I find you!" she continued. "I have tracked you many times, thinking that you were but building our plans as we agreed."

"As who agreed?" Ivan cried.

"You, Ivan Trolsky, my husband, and I, Vera, your wife!" she answered, as her hot temper fired her. "Yes, as we agreed! I have crossed your path a score of times. Under the park tree I heard you plight your troth. In the lover's seat I have heard your passionate words of love. I have watched and waited patiently, believing that you but schemed as we had promised. But now you have gone too far. Your words are no longer empty sounds. You love that girl! Ah, deny it not! Trust to a woman's eyes to read the perfidy in a man's heart!"

"Vera!" he protested, as I crept further into the shade to miss the flash of her temper.

"Out upon it!" she exclaimed. "The farce has gone far enough! You would have made it tragedy! Oh, I know! The girl's failing health but a few weeks back, her discovery of her weakness, your attempts to poison her! It is too true! And where is the stranger you found fainting in the street? Olef—where is he?"

"God! Olef!" I screamed, as the frightful truth all darted to my brain. "The stranger, the accident, the hospital!" I beat my tortured heart to listen.

"Where is he?" she repeated. "You have told me in your letters—the forcible detention of Olef at your friend's house—now confess it! And the securities that you stole from his bag and sent to me! Ah! you would—would have killed the girl for her fortune, as we agreed! But your heart even blacker than mine, turned false to your wife! You ruined the plot by your perfidy! Jealousy drives me to confess it! You loved her! I am here to avenge the wrong! You would have wrought a tragedy—till your mind turned topsy-turvy, and then you would have wed the girl, deceiving her into the belief that I was dead! But now it is my turn! We will end it here! Aye, and with a tragedy indeed! Now pay for your sins!" And with the stout arms of a maniac Vera bound him in his tracks, then with giant force she pushed him to the cliff. My heart stood still! The ground whirled!

At last Ivan found his speech.

"Woman! what would you do?" and he struggled with her as one of his feet slipped over the rock. He was falling!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Harem In Modern Turkey.

"Harem," in the modern acceptation of the word, merely means the private apartments, and these would be called by the same name even in a bachelor's establishment inhabited solely by men, but generally it is applied to every place intended for women. The end of the Turkish railway carriage, curtained off from the rest, is a harem. So is the ladies' cabin on board ship and the latticed gallery in a mosque.

In the dwelling house it is all that quarter inhabited by the wife and children and other ladies of the family, and here, I may say, in passing, that very few Turks nowadays have more than one wife. The traditional Turk with his innumerable women no longer exists, except as a very rare exception, but the Mussulman has not sacrificed the advantages of the privacy granted him by the Mohammedan law and custom.—Scribner's Magazine.

Dr. Fuller's Memory.

Among those who have performed great feats of memory may be mentioned Dr. Fuller, author of the "Worthies of England." He could repeat another man's sermon after hearing it once and could repeat 500 words in an unknown language after hearing them twice.

He one day attempted to walk from Temple Bar to the farthest end of Cheapside and to repeat on his return every sign on either side of the way in the order of their occurrence, and he did it easily.—Interior.

Sympathy.

Rupert—I think I'll pour some cologne in this medicine bottle.

Mamma—Why?

Rupert—Why, to take the taste out of its mouth.—Harper's Young People.

A GENUINE ROMANCE.

This Is How It Happens In Real Life—A Story of a Young Man and a Girl.

This is a story of a young man and a girl.

The girl was pretty. The young man thought she was the most beautiful being he had ever seen.

He met her in the house of a friend in the village in which she lived. He was dazed. He followed her around the entire evening. He tried to make an impression, and when he came away he thought he had impressed her, and he was in the seventh heaven of delight.

He came back to Buffalo. He talked of the girl by day and dreamed of her by night. Business kept him from going again to the village which held the radiant being within its corporate limits. He did not know her well enough to write to her. He moped. His eyes grew dim. He was as sorely stricken with love as a man could be and maintain anything like his mental poise.

Last week one day he heard that she was in this city visiting friends. He was wild with delight. A day later a friend of the friends with whom the divinity was staying came to him and said that he thought he could fix things so the stricken young man could take the southern tier girl to the theater. The young man implored him to do so, and he did.

In the days between the theater going and the first arrangements the young man lived in a dream. He invited a married friend and his wife to go along and act as chaperons. They said they would. He looked his dress clothes over carefully, had them cleaned and pressed, bought a new pair of gloves and fixed himself up regardless of cost.

The night came. The young man went after the girl with a carriage. It was the best one he could hire. He had the four best seats in the theater. They saw the play, and he took them to the swellest cafe in town and had luncheon. He ordered champagne like a California millionaire.

Then they drove home. The girl talked of inconsequential matters. She had liked the play. She told the young man that she would be in the city a month longer. They reached the home of her friends. He helped her out of the carriage, and she tripped up the steps, said "Good night" sweetly and vanished behind the heavy doors.

The young man got in the carriage and drove back to the city. He was so full of the image of the girl that he was down town before he had time to think of anything else. Then one extraneous thought did come to him. He set up straight in the carriage and swore a big, triangular oath.

She had not asked him to call!

He got out of the carriage and went into a hotel. He sought the reading room and seized a sheet of paper. Then he put down these figures in a row:

Carriage	$3 00
Tickets	4 00
Luncheon	10 00
Gloves	2 00
Incidentals	5 00
Total	$24 00

He held that slip of paper in his hand for a long time and gazed at it earnestly, not to say sadly. Finally he rose, and as he did he said hoarsely, "Well, I got the glories back anyhow."—Buffalo Express.

How Coral Grows.

Corals increase by eggs, spontaneous division and germination. The rate of growth has not been fully determined. Professor Agassiz indicates the growth of reefs at Key West at the rate of six inches in 100 years and adds that if we doubled that amount it would require 7,000 years to form the reefs in that place and hundreds of thousands of years for the growth of Florida.—Fire and Water.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIMSELF.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agonize his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicements only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficent action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is painless, but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the stomach share in the benefaction imparted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throughout the system. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints succumb to it.

Parker—I have received very gratifying news of my son who recently went to college. Barker—You? What news? Parker—He's alive.

CURES OTHERS

To purify, enrich and vitalize the blood, and thereby invigorate the liver and digestive organs, brace up the nerves, and put the system in order generally, "Golden Medical Discovery" has no equal.

DYSPEPSIA IN ITS WORST FORM.

ERVIN DIETERLY, ESQ.

ERVIN DIETERLY, Esq., of Gettysburgh, Pa., writes: "Only those who have had dyspepsia in its worst forms know what it really can be. What such a case needs I have found in your kindly encouragement, and your 'Golden Medical Discovery.'

Although I can now claim, if any one can, that I have a cast iron stomach, I always keep your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and the 'Pellets' on hand when setting down from an active summer's vacation, to quiet student life.

I heartily recommend these medicines to every one whose suffering is of the nature that mine was." Sold everywhere.

WHY NOT YOU? TAKE THE BEST

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER

Has retained her vigor of mind as well as strength of body in her old age. She writes:

"40 ORANGE ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y., February 11, 1890.

"I have used ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for some years for myself and family, and, as far as able, for the many sufferers who come to me for assistance, and have found them a genuine relief for most of the aches and pains to which flesh is heir. I have used ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS for all kinds of lameness and acute pain, and by frequent experiments find that they can control many cases not noticed in your circulars.

"The above is the only testimonial I have ever given in favor of any plaster, and if my name has been used to recommend any other, it is without my authority or sanction. MRS. HENRY WARD BEECHER."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are the best medicine known.

"Look at old Mr. Jones over there soliloquizing." "What! Talking to himself? I guess not. He is so deaf he can't hear himself talk."

As a cure for sore throat and coughs "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have been thoroughly tested, and maintain a good reputation.

"I have never had the courage to get married." "Haven't, eh? What's your business?" "Oh, I'm only a lion tamer."

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 fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

Guard yourself for summer malaria, tired feeling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.

Use Rameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

FRUIT PRESERVED! LABOR SAVED!

Antifermentine

PRESERVES FRUIT WITHOUT HEAT.

ANTIFERMENTINE preserves CIDER, MILK, BUTTER, CATSUP, PICKLES, etc., and does it SUCCESSFULLY by preventing fermentation. The use of this wonderful preservative assures success in canning and preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. NO MOULD on top of fruit. Saves time and labor, and is in every way a decided success.

Antifermentine

is sold by all druggists and grocers, and is GUARANTEED to do what we say it will.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, Portland, Or.

DRESSMAKING AND CUTTING

Standard system of the world. Highest awards at World's Fair, Chicago, for perfect-fitting garments. Learn to cut and make your own garments At Home. You can Make and Save Money. We teach Cutting, Finishing and Dressmaking complete. A CHILD CAN LEARN

Jackson's New French System

—AND—

Jackson's Franco-Prussian Tailor System

AT HOME BY MAIL. Our school is open day and evening. Every lady should know it. Dressmakers are imperfect without our system. No fitting, no alterations, no trying on. Perfect-Fitting Patterns cut to measure 50c. Send 2c stamp and we will send How to Take Measurements, etc. If you want perfect-fitting garments, send to us for Patterns and learn our system. Agent's rates for block patterns by the dozen to Dressmakers. We are general Western agents. Local agents wanted.

JACKSON'S TAILORING INSTITUTE, 607 Sutter St., - San Francisco, Cal.

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES MAGICALLY SPRAINS.

Chronic Cases of Many Years Cured Easily.

DROP IT

IF YOUR BUSINESS DOES NOT PAY Chickens are easily and successfully raised by using the Petaluma Incubators and Brooders. Our illustrated catalogue tells all about it. Don't buy any but the Petaluma if you want strong, vigorous chicks. We are Pacific Coast Headquarters for Home and Clover Cutters, Markers, Books, Capponing Tools, Fountains, Flood's Roup Cure, Morris Poultry Cure, Creosotone the great chicken-lice killer and every other article required by poultry raisers. See the machines in operation at our exhibit with the Norwalk Ostrich Farm, Midwinter Fair, hatching ostriches and all kinds of eggs. Catalogue free if you want it, write to us. PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., 150-152-154-156 Main street, Petaluma, Cal.

"WHERE DIRT GATHERS, WASTE RULES."

GREAT SAVING RESULTS FROM THE USE OF

SAPOLIO

Mr. C. E. Bohall, West Union, Minn.

Blood Poisoned

Hood's Sarsaparilla Purified and Cured.

"I was poisoned by ivy and live oak, causing inflammation, eruptions, and blood boiling and burning on my legs. I had to stop work, and **Decided to Try Hood's Sarsaparilla** and Hood's Pills. My bowels had been irregular for five or six years. I have taken seven bottles of Sarsaparilla and the whole box of pills and this bottle of Sarsaparilla and do not have any poison symptoms. My bowels now move regularly every day. I weighed 150 before taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, now I weigh 162 pounds. I have been able to do my work ever since I was cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla." C. E. BOHALL, West Union, Minn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

HOOD'S PILLS cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, 25c.

DOCTOR

Pardee's Remedy,

THE GREAT CURE —FOR— INDIGESTION —AND— CONSTIPATION.

—A— Regulator of the Liver and Kidneys

—A SPECIFIC FOR—

Scrofula, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia

And All Other Blood and Skin Diseases.

It is a positive cure for all those painful, delicate complaints and complicated troubles and weaknesses common among our wives, mothers and daughters.

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