# At Chicago Royal Leads All.

As the result of my tests, I find the **ROYAL BAKING POWDER** superior to all the others in every respect. It is entirely free from all adulteration and unwholesome impurity, and in baking it gives off a greater volume of leavening gas than any other powder. *It is therefore not only the purest, but also the strongest powder with which I am acquainted.*

WALTER S. HAINES, M. D.,
*Prof. of Chemistry, Rush Medical College,*
**Consulting Chemist, Chicago Board of Health.**

**All other baking powders are shown by analysis to contain alum, lime or ammonia.**

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.


## THOSE MEN.

**Two Chipper Women Agree That They Are Hard to Please.**

"Men are awfully hard to please," sighed the woman with the pansies in her bonnet as she seated herself at the restaurant table.

"Indeed they are," responded the woman with the blue serge gown. "I met Clara awhile ago, and she says her husband says the meanest things about her new fall sleeves. He threatened to get a divorce just because she wore a dress without any at a ball last winter. Why, I call that illogical."

"So do I. Now, Frank is always saying I am so extravagant, so I just determined to prove to him that I am not. Well, yesterday I saw some gloves advertised at 75 cents a pair, so I decided to get some. I didn't exactly need them, you know, but it was a good chance to show my husband that I was willing to save money. I came down town on purpose to get them, and—would you believe it?—I forgot all about them. You see, I had been looking in vain for a black lace cape like Emily's, and that day I just chanced on one."

"How awfully fortunate."

"Yes, wasn't it? Well, when I was almost home I suddenly remembered the gloves. The truth was that I had paid more than I ought for the cape, so I wanted the cheap gloves to put my husband in a good humor before I showed it to him. Well, I was actually too tired to walk another step, so after lunch I got a cab and went back after the gloves. And, don't you think, after all my trouble Frank was disagreeable enough to say that it would have been cheaper to buy the more expensive ones at first. Oh, I tell you men are awfully hard to please!"

"Indeed they are," sighed the woman with the blue serge gown. "Now, I lost my pocketbook a week or so ago. It was an awfully pretty one, though, to be sure, I had had it a good while, and it was a little worn at the edges. I knew Horace would always fling my losing it in my face until my dying day, so before I went home I advertised it in two papers."

"And did you find it?"

"Oh, yes; I got it back after I had paid a reward of $5. Then I told Horace all about it, and what do you think was the first question he asked?"

"I don't know, but I'm sure it was something horrid."

"He asked, 'How much money was in it?'"

"Before he even praised you for being so businesslike—what a shame! But how much was in it?"

"Only 20 cents, but the principle was the same."

"Of course it was. Now, there was Alice. She lost her umbrella the other day and would not buy another—just to punish herself, she said. And, don't you think, the very first time she wore her $25 bonnet it rained, and as she had no umbrella it was ruined. Her husband was too mean for anything about it—said it would have been more economical to buy a cheaper bonnet and an umbrella too."

"The idea! And there is Nora. You know how economical Nora is."

"Indeed I do. Why, she made herself ill by walking all over town shopping one hot day last summer without any lunch. You see she wanted to save the money to buy a silver stickpin. Her husband would have given her the money, but she wanted to surprise him by her economy."

"Well?"

"Oh, it made her violently ill, and she was in bed two weeks, with the doctor coming every day and sending in an awful bill. As for her husband, he didn't appreciate her self denial at all."

"Of course not. Well, she had an awful experience the other day. She sold some of her husband's old clothes to a peddler and bought some lovely flowers with the money."

"Well, I'm sure"—

"But, you see, she forgot to look in the pockets, and in one of them there happened to be the receipt for a big bill. The bill was sent in the next day, and as the receipt was missing her husband had to pay it over. But it wasn't her fault if the shopkeeper was dishonest."

"Of course not. Well, I must go home now. My housekeeping book is not made up for the week and"—

"Why, how do you manage to keep one? I tried, but mine would never balance properly."

"Mine didn't use to, but I have become quite a business woman now. Why, you see, I have my weekly allowance, and if I forget what I've spent the money for I just put down 'sundries,' because, you know, I must have got something with it. If I haven't enough money, I just tell my husband that it must have gone for fruit—you know he is perfectly devoted to fruit."

"I see. Well, I wish I had your head for business. I think my husband would be less disagreeable if I had."—Chicago Tribune.

**Too Much.**

"I should like to meet your friend yonder whom you have introduced to many people this evening."

"Sh-h! You don't know what you ask. I have made him acquainted with a lot of fellows whom I don't like in order that he may have some one to borrow money of besides myself."—Tit-Bits.

**Doing His Best.**

Bridget—An phwy do yez be lavin th' cover off th' brine barrel?

Patrick—Hist, darlint. Th' dochtur do be sayin you nade salt sir.—New York Weekly.


TOWER'S FISH BRAND
TRADE MARK
This Trade Mark is on the best
WATERPROOF COAT
in the World!
Illustrated Catalogue Free.
A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.


## THE PASSING OF SUMMER.

Across the vision of the clerk the giddy seaside flits
As in his alpaca coat the livelong day he sits,
And on the dust worn drummer's face the shadows swiftly play
As in the crowded train he speeds upon his heated way.
The order book is damp with warmth, the wheels of trade move slow,
And over all the sweltering mass the summer breezes blow.

In airy costume, light and free, the summer girl is seen,
Her flowing tresses mingling with the play of nature's green;
She promenades the hotel porch, and on the sand she lies
And advertises silken hose to all admiring eyes.
With reckless Cupid at her back she skirts the moutain top,
And by the latest rings she wears betrays the men who pop.

Upon the ocean's azure breast the yachts have spread their sails,
And by the brook the fisherman his scanty luck bewails.
The tennis court is gay with life, the croquet mallet's heard,
And with immense ambition the mosquito now is stirred.
The early morning fly is here, the iceman with his smile,
And while he tolls the plumber at the seaside spends his pile.

The dust is flying overhead, the sun is beating down
Upon the field and meadow and the ever busy town.
The countless throngs are moving, with their faces toward the west,
To where the wondrous World's fair is prepared to meet the test.
The summer's here! When, later on, our steps are homeward bent,
Why, then 'twill be quite time enough to think of all we've spent.

—Cloak Review.

**THE MOST FERTILE SOIL IN AMERICA.**

What is there in this Alberta, through which the Canadian Pacific Railway runs, that it should draw trainloads of settlers and settlers' effects from Idaho, Washington and Oregon? The most fertile soil in America, wood, water, coal and climate; that is what they say. This Valley of the Saskatchewan seems to have been rediscovered of late by some Washington and Idaho men, who kept things dark until they and their friends had secured locations immediately around the few depots already erected when the line was opened. Then they sent word of what they had found, and their friends are going in by the score. The country, they say, is large and good throughout, and new stations are promised as settlement requires them. Then Maine, Michigan and Vermont caught on, and sent up delegates to spy out the land and report. They gave a practical answer. They wrote, saying they had examined the country, had selected locations and were coming home to sell the old place and go where it was worth while farming. The grain and vegetables they saw cannot be excelled in North America, and can be equaled in very few parts. The cattle, horses and sheep were rolling fat and standing up to their knees in rich native grasses. Why was this not all known before? Because for generations only the Hudson Bay Company knew it, and they wanted no settlers in their fur country; and when they lost hold of it there was no way of getting to it. Now two branches of the Canadian Pacific Railway run through the richest parts of it.

**A Novel Idea.**

Some member of the Berean Mission Sunday school on Manhattan avenue has hit upon a novel idea in the way of a general birthday reminder. It has been a pleasant habit in the Berean Sunday school to endeavor to recognize in some graceful way the birthday of every officer and teacher of the school, but this endeavor was often frustrated by the natural modesty of some of the intended recipients and the equally natural forgetfulness of the other members where so many dates had to be kept in mind.

In order to remedy this and to make it certain that no one can by any possibility be forgotten, a reminder has just been printed on cards and distributed.

These cards contain the names and ages of every officer and teacher, together with the day of the month on which they were born.—Brooklyn Letter.

**A Princess' Palm.**

The Princess Mary of Teck, like most young women of high and of low degree, has been to the fortune teller. She believes in palmistry, and more than three years ago had her hands examined, not by a professional, but by a woman well known in society and famous for her powers as a chiromancist. Among other things which the latter predicted was that the princess' engagement would greatly depend on the manner in which she acquitted herself during the few years following (which have now passed), and that her marriage would raise her to a high rank, in which the greatest tact, care and policy would be required. The princess believes in palmistry now more than ever, and thinks of studying it for herself.—London Star.

**A Group of Noted Women.**

The Princess of Wales has thirteen wigs.

Miss Ethel Mackenzie, daughter of the great throat doctor, is the London correspondent of a Chicago daily.

Kate Field treasures among her curios a lock of Browning's hair.

Princess Beatrice is writing a book on lace, to be illustrated by herself.

Queen Victoria firmly believes that objects made by blind persons bring luck.

The title, "Her Royal Highness," means something in the case of the Crown Princess of Denmark. She is 6 feet 3 inches tall.—American Lady.

## FAIR YOUNG PIONEERS THESE.

**New York Normal College Turns Out Its First Girl Bachelors of Arts.**

The big hall of the normal college of the city of New York at Sixty-eighth street and Park avenue was filled with an audience of 2,000 people Thursday morning who had come to see the 273 graduates of this year's class in the closing exercises of the school. These 273 are now fully qualified, as their diplomas attest, to teach in New York's public schools. Noticeable among the graduates was a group of fifty who wore colors of orange and white fastened with pins bearing the motto, "Tentanda via est," concerning which one of the wearers confidently informed a friend that it meant "get out of our way."

This group was composed of the academic part of the class, "A. C. 5th," in school parlance, and they are the first girls who have ever received the degree of bachelor of arts from any publicly supported institution in this country. This caused no marked difference in their appearance, however, from that of their less fortunate sisters, except in the colors and pins they wore. There was discernible in their countenances, however, a subdued consciousness of their importance in being the first class ever graduated from the institution to attain the lofty general scholarship indicated by a class average of over 90 per cent.

Around the bachelor band were seated the normal graduates, 223 strong, wearing lavender and white colors and pins ornamented with their class motto. In the seats back of the white mass of graduates and in the overhanging galleries the audience was closely packed, while in the front was the platform where sat the dignitaries of the day.

A large number of policemen were scattered about the hall, as if fears were entertained that the bachelors, in celebration of their newly acquired masculinity, might institute a college rush or do something equally subversive of normal school decorum. The exercises passed off without any such disturbance, however, from the salutatory of Harriet M. Raschen to the valedictory delivered by Lina Hall. The programme was agreeably diversified by some very good singing by the normal college glee club, who reflected great credit on their training, both in the selection and rendition of their songs.

After the essays and distribution of the regular prizes, School Commissioner Clara M. Williams, who is herself a graduate of the normal school, awarded four prizes, one to the girl of each class having the highest standing, and then announced that two prizes, one of twenty dollars, the other of ten dollars, were to be awarded for the best essays on General Grant, the Grant monument committee having offered the prizes. One of these was offered to the College of the City of New York, but the students of that enterprising institution complained that it was too near examination time to work on essays, so the prize intended for them was added to the one offered to their more industrious sisters. The prizes were won by Ethel Stebbins and Estelle Forschheimer.

When the exercises were over the fifty bachelors led the way out, carrying their diplomas bearing the new college seal of Minerva sitting in a circle of ivy, the college plant, clasped to their manly bosoms.—New York Sun.

**Pointers for Women Voters.**

I have a small opinion of a woman who only controls one ballot, unless, indeed, her acquaintance is limited to one man, then of course she has done her best. And I must confess the woman voter does not evoke my admiration as does the woman who is not visible at the polls, but who, as the darkies say, "lays low and chews poke root" and pulls wires. The small hand that controls the keys of a typewriter or of a piano or even the heart of a man is a stronger power in politics than twenty voters.

We reek in politics nowadays, and if there was only some soap made guaranteed to wash them so that like the sinners they might be whiter than snow, there would be a great demand for it. However, we are having torchlight processions, and each one of us feels that great glow of enthusiasm that is only evoked by a transparency lighted by two tallow dips and a band playing the "Star Spangled Banner." To the real patriot it doesn't make much difference in whose interest this procession goes—she, the female patriot, feels that it is for some good cause, and she stands on the street risking pneumonia and having the sort of time that she expects to get in heaven —Mrs. Mallon's Letter.

**No Chance For Him.**

He—I came very near proposing to you the other night.

She—I'm glad you didn't. I'd miss your visits ever so much!—Brooklyn Life.

**A Pretty Solution.**

Mr. Archly—Here is a problem! What shall I do about your bills? You extravagant wives are sponges.

Mrs. Archly—Did you say sponges, my dear?

Mr. Archly—Yes, sponges. Don't you absorb all we have?

Mrs. Archly—You might get it back, you know.

Mr. Archly—Get it back! How?

Mrs. Archly—Well, since we are sponges, John, you might—don't you see? You might—squeeze us, John.—Truth.

**Too Tempting.**

"I think, Willie," said his father, who had been looking through the new house, "I shall give you one of the rooms at the other end of the building."

"What's the matter with this one?" inquired Willie anxiously.

"The matter, my son," rejoined the experienced parent, his left eyelid coming slowly down over the eye, "is that the window opens out on the kitchen roof, the coal shed is close to the kitchen, and this is the circus season."—Chicago Tribune.

**Wholesale.**

Prodley—I hear that you have been getting married.

Tooker—Yes.

Prodley—Whom did you marry?

Tooker—Milly Mildmay, her mother, her stepfather and two maiden aunts.—Tit-Bits.

**Meteorological Item.**

Puffanblow—Confound that thermometer!

Gus de Smith—Don't swear at the thermometer. It feels the heat as much as you do.—Texas Siftings.

**A Hero.**

"Where are you running to so fast, Cholly?"

"Miss Giggler has fallen into the wivah, and I'm wunning for help."—New York Press.

## A STRANGE STORY.

QUESTIONS WHICH HAUNT AN ENGLISH ARMY OFFICER.

**He Witnessed a Deathbed Marriage, and the Sequel, He Believes, Has Troubled Him for Years—Was the Girl Buried Alive?—If So, How Did She Recover.**

An English officer tells the following strange and most uncanny story, which ought to be given as far as possible in his own words: "A great friend of mine, a fellow named D——, one of 'Ours,' was engaged to the daughter of an old clergyman in Leicestershire. They were awfully in love with each other, and were to be married in ten days; he had asked me to be his best man, and all the arrangements were completed for the wedding when he received a telegraphic message from the father of his bride, to say that she had been taken suddenly ill and to come at once if he would see her alive.

"Of course he started for their place immediately, and was so completely cut up about it that I went with him feeling that he ought not to be alone in such a condition of mind. We found the sad news only too true; the poor girl was dying, and as they both greatly desired that he might have the right to be with her until the end, the old rector performed the ceremony, and they were made man and wife. It was the most affecting thing I ever saw. Her mother drew off her own wedding ring, which the poor fellow placed on the finger of his broken lily of a bride, who lay there so white and wan, the only calm member of the agitated group.

"Three days afterward all was over. Unable to bear his old life, D—— sent in his papers and left the service. For several years I completely lost trace of him; and then, from an English surgeon who had proffered his services to the German authorities during the Franco-Prussian war, I heard a tale so weird that it might well seem impossible. Finding the monotony of his life unendurable, D——, it seems, entered the French army, and without much difficulty, through his previous connections, obtained a commission in one of the regiments which had been ordered to the front.

"After the battle of Sedan, among the many who had been carried to the hospital mortally wounded was D——. 'Was it a vision?' he thought, that, as he lay dying, he saw bending over him his old love, his dead wife, in the garb of a sister of the Red Cross. He saw the startled white face and the deep blue eyes that he knew so well all filled with an awakening wonder. There was a sharp cry, and the sister swooned away.

DEATH THIS TIME, ANYWAY.

"The surgeon in attendance hurried up and giving her in charge of some of the other nurses, returned to the excited man, who insisted that he had seen the face of his dead wife. The shock was too much for his enfeebled condition, his wound broke out a freshand in a few hours he was dead.

"On leaving his patient, who no longer required his services, the doctor found the Red Cross nurse delirious with brain fever. Over and over again she lived what seemed to be the last weeks of a previous existence. She was a happy, promised bride—she was girlishly excited over her trosseau and pretty presents—she talked proudly of her handsome and devoted lover—and finally of a solemn deathbed wedding. That was all—over and over she seemed to live again a former period of her life—but of the time since the doctor had known her there came never a word.

"A year or two before he had been connected with one of the London hospitals, and had been interested in this woman, who had been brought there and placed in the ward for the insane. The only point upon which her mind seemed affected was that she had no recollection of the past, and seemed entirely oblivious of her own identity. Her name had been given as Mrs. Clark, and the people who left her had never appeared again.

"But she died without recovering consciousness, and the mystery was unsolved. Among D——'s effects, however, the doctor found a letter directing that his few papers, etc., should be sent to me in case of his death; and a photograph in a frame which was so marvelously like the dead woman that he at once wrote and gave me all the particulars, not only of D——'s death, but of 'Mrs. Clark's' life while under his observation.

THE GRAVE.

"He forwarded at the same time a plain gold ring, which was on her finger when she came to the hospital, and which had simply a date of thirty years back engraved inside the rim. Feeling that the strange coincidence—for it could be nothing more—was hardly enough to warrant me in disturbing the family by awakening painful memories, I concluded at first to say nothing about it; but the affair troubled me, and at length I grew fairly haunted with the idea that there was more in it all than I liked to think possible. I finally found myself en route for the Leicestershire village without any clear idea of what I really intended to do. There I found changes; the old rector and his wife had both died; their only remaining child, a son, had gone over to Canada, where his wife's people lived. I knew no one, all the faces were strange to me. I felt that eerie sense of living in the past, of having nothing to do with the present, that comes over one sometimes.

"While waiting for the afternoon train which was to take me back, I wandered into the churchyard and sought out the graves of the old couple and of my friend's bride. 'Mary' was written on the head stone, 'beloved wife and daughter—died May 15, 18—' But did she die then or long after? That is what haunts me to this day."

"Do you mean that she was buried in a trance?" said the listener. "That is what I believe," he answered. "I think that her rescuers were afraid of the law, and finding signs of life, hurried her to a hospital where her entire lapse of memory tempted them to keep the matter forever a secret.' New York Tribune.

**An Uncanny Monster.**

The people residing along Palmetto creek, South Carolina, as well as those for miles back in the "slashes," are highly excited over the appearance of a strange and uncouth creature in that vicinity. The beast is described as being a creature that far outdoes the nightmare ideas of the mythologists. It is equally at home in the water, on the land or among the tall trees of the neighborhood, where it has been most frequently seen. The general contour of the head reminds one of some gigantic serpent with this exception: The "snout" terminates in a bulbus, monkey faced knot, which much resembles the physiognomy of some gigantic ape. From the neck down, with the exception of some fin shaped flippers, which extend from the arms to the waist, the creature resembles a man, only that the toes and fingers are armed with claws from two to six inches long.

Tracks made by the beast in the soft mud around Hennis lake have been taken to Donner's Grove, where they are kept on exhibition in a druggist's showcase. Those who have seen the horrid thing face to face say that it is a full nine feet in height, which could hardly be believed only for the fact that the tracks mentioned above are within a small fraction of fifteen inches in length. Fishermen who surprised the monster sitting silently on a mass of driftwood declared that its back looked like an alligator's, and that it had a caudal termination a yard long, which forked like the tail of a fish.—St. Louis Republic.

**Avoiding Wrinkles.**

Many wrinkles may be avoided by the woman who will take some pains with her expression when she is by herself. She who bends over her book, her desk or her sewing with knitted brow and compressed or working lips need not be surprised if her face refuses to smooth itself when she turns to other employments. It would cost her very little trouble to avoid such tricks of feature.

**The Game of Living Whist.**

Since the living chess game played in various pastoral festivities some years ago, and the representation of the same game in one of the comic operas, there has been nothing more charming than the game of "living whist," which has been one of the features of the Masonic bazaar, held in the grounds of the Royal Dublin society, at Ball's Bridge, near Dublin, for the purpose of procuring funds for the Masonic orphanage. Lord Plunket, archbishop of Dublin, inaugurated the bazaar. The most attractive feature of the entertainment was a game of "living whist," in which the cards were represented by the Masonic orphans, who had been previously drilled to absolute perfection. Here is a description of the game:

To represent the card table a large cloth is stretched on the floor, at the sides of which the four players only take their seats. To the sounding of a bugle call the living cards enter in procession, the kings and queens all attended by their knaves and aces, and guarded by the smaller cards. After the four suits have taken up position the court cards begin a stately dance, in which the smaller cards join. Then the music changes, becoming more lively. It grows quicker and quicker by degrees, until the whole pack gets apparently into disorder—to represent "a shuffle." The trumpet sounds again and the cards open out, disclosing in the center a little blindfold page, who "cuts" the pack with his wand.

Then the "deal" commences. The page leads the trump card to its place, and the other cards move around to quick music, arranging themselves in four lines, one on each side of the table. Another bugle call and the cards step around, face the players, step off the table and sort themselves into suits. Each player in turn now calls out his card, which turns about and moves into the middle of the table to a dance measure, and so to the end of the trick. The winning player now calls the winning card, who, accompanied by the partner's card, takes captive the other two, walking them off to the corner of the table where the tricks are placed. After all the tricks have been played and score called, at a bugle call the winning tricks form four and march round the table in column, the beaten tricks, with downcast heads, following. Then the corner electric "candles" go out, and all is over.—New York Recorder.

**A Seaside Holiday.**

The picture herewith given represents a scene which is very common on the seashore at this season. There are many nice places along the Atlantic coast where the boys and girls go with their guardians, sometimes to stay weeks and sometimes only for a day. The children's greatest delight is to bathe in the surf, and when they can find a large flat rock, where the water is not too deep at low tide, they have great fun diving and jumping off into the water.

The man in the boat is a guard whose duty it is to be ever on the watch to go to the assistance of any one who becomes exhausted or is otherwise placed in danger. The guards save many lives.

**Fifteen Today.**

For the last time, dear dolly, I dress you,
And carefully put you away;
You can't tell how much I shall miss you,
But then I am fifteen today.

And you, not so very much younger—
Have you nothing at parting to say?
Are you sorry our fun is all over,
And that I am fifteen today?

What walks we have had through the clover:
What rides on the top of the hay;
What feasting in grandmother's garret!
And now I must put you away.

Cousin Ethel just buried her dolly,
With its eyes open wide, and as blue
As yours, my sweet dolly, this minute:
I couldn't do that, dear, to you.

Oh, stop, dolly! what am I thinking?
Why cannot I give you away?
There's a poor little girl I love dearly,
And she's only ten years today.

How happy your bright face would make her!
She never had playthings like you,
With all your fine dresses and trinkets.
Yes, dolly, that's just what I'll do.

I do believe, dolly, I'm crying.
"What nonsense, child!" grandma would say
Goodby; one last kiss; I'm half sorry
That I am fifteen, dear, today.

—Mary A. Denison in Harper's Young People.

**An Interesting Trick.**

Here is an interesting experiment for the young folks: If two threads are fixed to the edges of cardboard disks they can be rapidly rotated, so that the two sides are alternately seen in rapid succession. If a broad black band is drawn on one side and a similar one is drawn at right angles to it on the opposite side, on rotating the disk the appearance of a cross is seen. If on one side a bird and on the other a cage is drawn, when the disk is rapidly rotated the bird appears in the cage, etc.—New York Mail and Express.

**"At Par."**

—Life.

**Educational Item.**

Proud Father—Welcome back to the old farm, my boy! So you got through college all right?

Farmer's Son—Yes, father.

Proud Father—Ye know I told ye to study up on chemistry and things so you'd know best what to do with different kind of lands. What do you think of that flat medder there, for instance?

Father's Son (joyfully)—Cracky, what a place for a ball game!—Texas Siftings.

**Deep.**

As Briggs came puffing and blowing from the crowd through which he had pressed his way Diggs exclaimed, "What's the matter, Briggs; you look deeply touched?"

"Deeply touched! Heavens on earth, man, I should say I was. Some fellow in that gang touched me for $50 and my diamond pin."—Detroit Free Press.

**Again the Willipus-Wallapus!**

A couple of darkies raised considerable excitement Saturday night by declaring that they had seen the gyascutus, willipus-wallapus, or whatever it is that has been prowling around here for two or three weeks past. A big crowd turned out armed with guns, sticks, axes, etc., but after a thorough search failed to locate the varmint.—Turin Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

A wire netting fence 500 miles long is one of the late Australian wonders. The fence separates the colonies of New South Wales and Queensland, and its object is to keep the rabbits out of the latter country.


**THE FOUNTAIN HEAD OF STRENGTH**

When we recollect that the stomach is the grand laboratory in which food is transformed into the secretions which furnish vigor to the system after entering and enriching the blood; that it is in short the fountain head of strength, it is essential to keep this important supplying machine in order and to restore it to activity when it becomes inactive. This Hostetter's Stomach Bitters does most effectually, seasonably, regulating and reinforcing digestion, promoting due action of the liver and bowels. Strength and quietude of the nerves depend in great measure upon thorough digestion. There is no nervine tonic more highly esteemed by the medical fraternity than the Bitters. Physicians also strongly commend it for chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble, sick headache and want of appetite and sleep. Take a wineglassful three times a day.


"Isn't there something the matter with the feet in this poem?" said the editor. "Sir," replied the haughty man who stood by his desk, "I'm a poet, not a chiropodist."


**KIDNEY TROUBLE.**

Some most excruciating pain comes from derangement of the kidneys. This is the testimony of Senator Henry C. Nelson of New York as to the value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in such cases:

"On the 27th of February, 1883, I was taken with a violent pain in the region of the kidneys. I suffered such agony that I could hardly stand up. As soon as possible I applied two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, one over each kidney, and lay down. In an hour, to my surprise and delight, the pain had vanished and I was well. I wore the plasters for a day or two as a precaution, and then removed them. I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family for the last ten years, and have always found them the quickest and best remedy for colds, strains and rheumatic affections. From my experience I believe they are the best plasters in the world."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS tone up the system.

The young man who works in a furniture manufactory is constantly "turning over a new leaf."

**DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED**

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

# 21 Years of Pain

I suffered with eczema or salt rheum, in such terrible agony at times that I could not walk about the house. I had so many failures with medicines that when a friend urged me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, I hesitated, but finally took it. The hoped for benefit was noticeable at the outset, and I have taken twelve bottles. I am completely well and feel like a new woman. I can't thank or praise Hood's Sarsaparilla enough for what it has done for me. MRS. JOSEPHINE BOYCE, 18 Davison Street, Peekskill, N. Y. Be sure to get Hood's because

**Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures**

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

# Golden West Baking Powder

When in Portland be sure to take in the greatest novelty at the Exposition. We shall bake biscuits and cake every afternoon and evening on our pretty Jewel Gas Stove. Everybody cordially invited to have a biscuit with us and see the wonderful merits of Golden West Baking Powder proved by actual work.

CLOSSET & DEVERS,
PORTLAND, OR.

# S.S.S.

PURELY a vegetable compound, made entirely of roots and herbs gathered from the forests of Georgia, and has been used by millions of people with the best results. It

**CURES**

All manner of Blood diseases, from the pestiferous little boil on your nose to the worst cases of inherited blood taint, such as Scrofula, Rheumatism, Catarrh and

**SKIN & CANCER**

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

# "German Syrup"

William McKeekan, Druggist at Bloomingdale, Mich. "I have had the Asthma badly ever since I came out of the army and though I have been in the drug business for fifteen years, and have tried nearly everything on the market, nothing has given me the slightest relief until a few months ago, when I used Boschee's German Syrup. I am now glad to acknowledge the great good it has done me. I am greatly relieved during the day and at night go to sleep without the least trouble."

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

**CATARRH**

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

*ON THE OUTSIDE*—that is the best place to keep the huge, old-fashioned pill. Just as soon as you get it *inside*, it begins to trouble you. What's the use of suffering with it, when you can get *more* help from Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets?

These tiny, sugar-coated granules do you *permanent* good. They act mildly and naturally, and there's no reaction afterward. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and permanently cured.

They're the smallest, the easiest to take, and the *cheapest*—for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction or your money is returned.

You pay only for the *good* you get.

Nothing else urged by the dealer, though they may be better for him to sell, can be "just as good" for you to buy.

**CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE**

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

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER 25c.

**SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.**

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50 cts. Injector free.

# Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil presents a perfect food—palatable, easy of assimilation, and an appetizer; these are everything to those who are losing flesh and strength. The combination of pure cod-liver oil, the greatest of all fat producing foods, with Hypophosphites, provides a remarkable agent for *Quick Flesh Building* in all ailments that are associated with loss of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New York. Sold by all druggists.

# RUSHING

—INTO THE GREAT—

# SASKATCHEWAN

VALLEY.

The wise men of Washington, Idaho, Oregon and the West are

**Securing Free Land in Alberta,**

The best farming land in America. See what American farmers say of it: copy of their testimony, with map, SENT FREE. Address L. A. HAMILTON, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg; D. McNICOLL, G. P. A., Montreal, or any agent of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

**FREE** —THE— **Buyers' Guide**

**JONES' CASH STORE.**

THE BUYERS' GUIDE is published the first of each month. It is issued in the interest of all consumers. It gives the lowest cash quotations on everything in the grocery line. It will save you money to consult it. Mailed free to any address on application. Don't be without it. It costs you nothing to get it. It quotes wholesale prices direct to the consumer. Mention this paper. Address

JONES' CASH STORE,
130 Front Street, - Portland, Or.

**DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS**

A MILD PHYSIC

**ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.**

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They act mildly, neither gripe nor sicken as other pills do. To convince you of their merits we will mail samples free, or a full box for 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Boericke Med. Co., Philadelphia.

**SOCIETY BADGES.** A. FELDENHEIMER, Leading Jeweler of the Pacific Northwest, keeps a large stock of all SECRET SOCIETY BADGES on hand. Best goods at lowest figures. Badges made to order.

**EOCENE.**

Is a Special brand of Burning Oil, which we manufacture expressly for FAMILY USE.

IT IS A PERFECT ILLUMINATOR.
IT IS HIGH FIRE TEST.
IT IS OF UNIFORM QUALITY.

We guarantee it to be the HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRADE OF ILLUMINATING OIL. Ask for it.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY.

**MASQUERADES, PARADES,** A AMATEUR THEATRICALS. Everything in the above line. Costumes, Wigs, Beards, Properties, Opera and Play Books, etc., furnished at greatly reduced rates and in superior quality by the oldest, largest, best renowned and therefore *only reliable Theatrical Supply House on the Pacific Coast.* Correspondence solicited. GOLDSTEIN & Co., 26, 28 and 30 O'Farrell street, also 822 Market street, San Francisco. We supply *all Theaters on the Coast*, to whom we respectfully refer.

**INCUBATORS** on INSTALLMENTS. Best makes. Lowest prices. Send for catalogue. W. C. BEACH, Hipon, Cal.

**MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP** FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

# Brooklyn Hotel

208-212 Bush St., San Francisco.

This favorite hotel is under the management of CHARLES MONTGOMERY, and is as good if not the best Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco.

**Home Comforts! Cuisine Unexcelled!**

First-class service and the highest standard of respectability guaranteed. *Our rooms cannot be surpassed for neatness and comfort.* Board and room per day, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00; board and room per week, $7 to $12; single rooms, 50c to $1. Free coach to and from hotel.

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.

The effect is immediate and lasting. Two or three doses of DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY taken daily keeps the blood cool, the liver and kidneys active, and will entirely eradicate from the system all traces of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or any other form of blood disease.

No medicine ever introduced in this country has met with such ready sale, nor given such universal satisfaction whenever used as that of DR. PARDEE'S REMEDY.

This remedy has been used in the hospitals throughout the old world for the past twenty-five years as a specific for the above diseases, and it has and will cure when all other so-called remedies fail.

Send for pamphlet of testimonials from those who have been cured by its use. Druggists sell it at $1.00 per bottle. Try it and be convinced. For sale by

MACK & CO.,
9 and 11 Front St., San Francisco.

# KIDNEY,

Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases Dropsy Gravel and Diabetes are cured by

**HUNT'S REMEDY**

THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

**HUNT'S REMEDY**

Cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins or Side.

**HUNT'S REMEDY**

Cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, Genera Debility, Female Weakness and Excesses.

**HUNT'S REMEDY**

Cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles.

**HUNT'S REMEDY**

ACTS AT ONCE on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

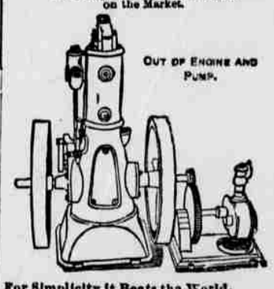
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

# Hercules Gas Engine

(GAS OR GASOLINE)

Made for Power or Pumping Purposes.

The Cheapest Reliable Gas Engine on the Market.



OUT OF ENGINE AND PUMP.

For Simplicity it Beats the World.
It oils itself from a Reservoir,
No Carburetor to get out of order.
No Batteries or Electric Spark.

It runs with a Cheaper Grade of Gasoline than any other Engine.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE TO

PALMER & REY, MANUFACTURERS.
405 Sansome Street, San Francisco, Cal.
—AND—
PORTLAND, OREGON.

# FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

BANK WOOLSEY, Agent, Portland, Or.

**HAVE YOU GOT PILES** ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price $1. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.


N. P. N. U. No. 516—S. F. N. U. No. 593