No Baking Powder

World's Columbian Fair Tested So High

At the U. S. Gov't Examination

For Strength, Purity and Uniformity

As the Royal.

The official report shows ROYAL BAKING POWDER chemically pure and yielding 160 cubic inches of leavening gas per ounce of powder, which was greatly in excess of all others and more than 40 per cent. above the average.

Royal is the favorite in every kitchen and has a larger sale than all others combined.

106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK. <u>````</u>

NEW TO POLITICS.

guished Himself as a Geologist.

rere somewhat astonished a short time age

of Civil Service Commissioner George

of the Blue Grass State for 10 or 12 years,

可為

now affected by it.

an office in which he succeeded Pro-

fessor Shaler of Harvard univer-

sity, and is widely

known as an au

He was in the Con-federate service during the war, and afterward

studied at the Polytechnic school

at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Kentucky

he was an applicant.

some profitable royalties. Mr. Proctor is 48 years old and was born in Kentucky.

Mrs. M. French-Sheldon was a guest

at the last social meeting of the Twelftl

Night club, and so captivated the young

women of that organization that excla

mations of "Isn't she sweet?" "Perfect

ly charming!" and "Just dearf" floated

out from the corners even after she was

gone. Being urged to speak she told in

graceful, unassuming manner some

very interesting anecdotes of her Afri

can experience. She thinks these so

called savages are a gentle, kindly dis-

posed people and simple minded as chil-

dren. They are very fond of brass or naments, with which they load them-

selves down sometimes even to the ex-

One of the native women, seeing that the white stranger's hands were un-

adorned, said pityingly, "Poor lady!

and immediately stripped her own fin

gers of their many brass rings and be-stowed them on her. "The sentiment

was so sweet and sisterly," said Mrs.

French-Sheldon, "that I put them on. But I disliked to do it, for they were very

Where Working Girls Meet.

The New Orleans women have a Busi-

iess Woman's exchange. The idea be-

growing plants and newspapers in the

way women most like. Attached to this is a kitchen where soup, tea, coffee

and chocolate are to be served at low

prices. For the privileges of the ex-

change women pay from six dollars to

twelve dollars a year, and it is open to

all women for a fee of twenty-five cents

a month, or two cents a single visit. It

has a daily attendance of from fifty to

The Trath About Trains

Scavenger's skirts is the latest title of

honor to be applied to those disgusting.

uncleanly abominations that the autocrat

Now, what woman who is decent, not nice, mind you, or particularly refined,

but just plain decent, can enjoy trailing

her gown through the various unmen-tionable kinds of filth that coat trains,

horse cars and station platforms? Mind.

I don't say streets, because nearly every-

body picks up her gown in the streets. It is a caddish thing anyway, because everybody who knows anything at all

Fashion tries to make us say we like.

tent of sixty pounds weight.

dirty."-New York Letter.

In an English court a man was on trial who could speak nothing but Irish, and an interpreter was called and duly sworn. The prisoner at once asked him some question, and he replied. The judge interposed

preter.
"How dare you say that when we all heard him? What was it?"
"My lord," said the interpreter, beginning to tremble, "it had nothing to do with

"If you don't answer, I'll commit you.
What did he say?"
"Well, my lord, you'll excuse me, but he said, 'Who's that ould woman with the red bed curtain round her sitting up there?"

"And what did you say?" asked the judge. looking a little uncomfortable. "I said: 'Whist, ye spaineen! That's the cold boy that's going to hang yez."-



Now look at that letter," said young

you think to find that in your letterbox when you came into the club?" and noticing the delicate handwriting, "I should think that some fair young woman was going to invite me to drink tea with

"Do you know, that's just what I thought when I saw it, and that's why I am disgustd. The other night at the horse show I was introduced to an awfully pretty girl who lives up the avenue. The next night I met her again at the Van Hartman's, and

"Oh, but she may send it yet. I wouldn't lespair so soon."
"It isn't that. It's the idea of getting such a letter as that instead of the one I ex-pected. Don't you see what it is?"

"Do you want me to read it?" "Do you want me to read it?"
"You may if you care for such things.
There is nothing private about things that
gain your confidence under false pretenses
of perfumed and scaled envelopes and feminine hands. It's getting outrageous that
one should at every turn bave his heart set
beating with visions of pretty notes, only to
find printed slips telling you of the virtues
of the latest clother cleaning establishment. taurant on the corner. That note inform me that I can have my trousers presse regularly once a week for 25 cents, and the ragon will call to get them. Isn't that a antic message to crave respectful atten ite and insinuating guise?"-

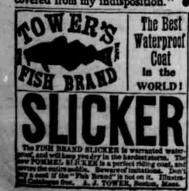
prominent Englishman, Lord D., a proverbial hater of America and Americans, was dining lately in Paris with the cans, was uning lately in Paris with the British minister, and next to him at the ta-ble was a noted Newport belle, Miss X. The conversation had drifted to a discus-sion of things American. It is needless to say that Lord D. made some pretty disa-greeable remarks about some Americans greeable remarks about some Yankee customs he

"Why, d'ye know," he continued, with an almost unpurdonable want of tact,
"that at some of the places I dined in
America I saw people cat with their knives
and spill their soup on the tablecloth."
Miss X. was thoroughly provoked by this
time, but she replied with an apparent un-

"What poor letters of introduction you must have had, my lord!" There was no more unpleasant talk abou America that evening. - Harper's Bazar.

"August Flower"

teacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from home teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly d with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am de-lighted to say that August Flower iped me so that I have quite re-wered from my indisposition."



"I'm sure I feel greatly flattered by her interest in me," I said. "Yes, it is real nice," Muselle agreed. "The ole man, her fazair," he went on. after a moment's pause, "he is a fonny ole feller. 'E die of cawnsomption, you

> "So you told me the other day. Do they think it's funny?" "Ah, that is not w'at I have meant. I ean he is fonny in uzzair ways."

"Aha! For example?" "Well, for example. Well, 'e is a well, 'e is w'at you call in Eenglis lib-

By HENRY HARLAND.

"Oh, no; you do not understand. I mean in the politic. 'E is liberal, radi-cal, communist. In Rossia 'e 'ave been in prison five, six-I do' know 'ow many years—for a revolutionist."
"Really! A live Nihilist! But—but

I thought you said he was Hungarian." "The name Eczardy is 'Ungarian; yes, you right. Bot the ole feller, 'e is Rossian. His family 'ave reside in Rossia since two hawndred year. Jus' like mebbe you know Eenglis man named Beauchamp, or uzzair French name, yet gentleman wiz 'Ungarian name, that's e is Eenglis all the same. 'E is Rossian Well, as I tell you, 'e is a revolutionist; and he get found hout in a plot; and they arrest him and lock him op for five or six years in solitar' confinement. all alone, waiting till they try him, and Gen. Ogaref, who decide he is guilty and condemn him to Siberia for life. Bot ne escape from Siberia and come to this Politicians and civil service reformers

al of Civil Service Commissioner George
D. Johnston, who had refused to resign his
position when requested to do so, though
offered in exchange an appointment in the
consular service. Mr. Johnston was the
Democratic member of the commission,
but was appointed by President Harrison "If you 'ave come two, t'ree weeks before, yes, you can meet him. Bot since two, t'ree weeks 'e is moch worse than he 'ave been formerly, and 'e see no one excep' the doctor." After a little pause he added blithely, "He never be better under the requirements of the law. He was unable to agree with his colleagues, "It's rather sad for his daughter," I

Messra. Roosevelt and Lyman, on several matters and was particularly opposed to the further extension of the civil service law to include some minor positions not suggested. 'Yes, you right; hit is. She 'ave to work to gain their life, and at the same time she must be his norse. Yes, it is hard for her, no mistek. She get tired John R. Proctor of Kentucky, who was appointed to the vacancy caused by Mr. Johnston's removal, was official geologist

painting? "Yes, that's aw. She mek beeg crayon

He unbuttoned his coat and extracted morocco. Opening it he submitted for course, "Eh, w'at you think of that?" he re-

peated. I was surprised to find that it was an exceedingly clever piece of painting. Instead of the conventional product of the miniature maker that I had expected I stead of the conventional product of the miniature maker that I had expected I miniature maker that I had expected I miniature maker that I had expected I beheld the handiwork of an able and painstalking artist. Well drawn, well modeled, well handled in respect of information. He was legislated out of of the legislature to passive the life. His wig, his powder, his rouge, fice by the failure of the legislature to pass an appropriation to sustain the work of the his jewelry, his foppish costume, and be-

report on "The Coals of the World," which has not yet been published. He has large interests in mineral lands in Kentucky and elsewhere and has done a great deal to in good.
"Why, this is capital!" I exclaimed. "She has real talent. What a shame terest foreign capitalists in that sort of in-vestments, making many trips abroad for tures and working for photographers!" that she should waste herself on minia-

that purpose. He has an extensive per-sonal acquaintance among foreign scien-tists, as well as with those of the United States. His name was favorably mentioned in connection with the position of United States geologist, for which it was thought say in France, il faut vivre, one must live. What would you 'ave? She mek The first geological work done by Mr. Proctor which attracted attention was the no money if she don't."

"Yes, yes, I understand. But the woxploration of the coal and iron fields of man who painted that has it in her to onson and Grayson counties soon after his return to Kentucky from school. About the same time he secured a patent on the process of photographing by magnesium lights, the result of some experiments in the Mammoth cave, from which he derived some profitable results. We have a some profitable results of the manufacture of the manufactur

returned the exterminator, "I show you a beeg picture wich she pent, and wich vibrate to the measure of a dance; the Whereupon one of I tek one time in place of the rent money they howed me. It is magnificent; it is

supairb. You come, yes?" "Why, yes; by all means," said L. And thinking in my soul that a landlord who would take paintings in lieu of rent money was a most convenient sort of landlord for painters to put up with, I followed him down stairs. He is I me to the back room on the second story, which was furnished as a bedroom, and there, having closed the door and thrown open the blinds, "This is my 'ome," he announced; "and here is the picture." He had described it as a big picture;

and big it scarcely was. But in point of artistic merit it far surpassed what I had come prepared for, even though the specimen of her work which he had shown me above stairs had been so good. Its dimensions were perhaps two feet by eighteen inches, and it represented the interior of a dungeon or prison cell. An oblong window, too high up to be reached without a ladder, too narrow to permit the passage through it of a human body, and further protected by stout iron bars, admitted daylight and framed in a patch of slaty wintry sky. For the rest there were bare stone walls, a stone ceiling and a stone floor; while a broad song and dance." stone slab, so constructed that it formed a part of the solid masonry of the for him, and that show he feel better. wall from which it projected, was the Wenever'e feel pretty good halways'e only piece of furniture in evidence, and | mek her to sing and dance. Helike it." noticed the assembling of a group of girls at luncheon time in the rear of a little store, and concluded that a place manifestly answered at once for bed, stool and table. So much for the acces-

vacantly, painfully straight before him. | wors five dollars. Well, goo'-by, There was something so irresistibly

were looking upon a veritable human and I am sure I should have surpasse emaciated; the cheekbones and the permitted to witness it. bridge of his nose seemed to be almost starting through the skin. His hair and beard were long and white and uncombed and untrimmed. His skin had that clayey, ghastly pallor which results worn and they hung baggily about his

Sophia Paulovna Eczardy. and modeling had not been very goo no such final emotional effect could hav

been obtained. "Well," demanded the exterminator, who stood at my elbow, "'ow you like

it, eh? "Oh," I said, "it is very strong. Very owerful and imaginative and moving. ut how did she come to choose such a painful subject? And who was her Where did she ever find such an awfully broken down old man?" "Eh, for the sobjec' she pent w'at in-terest her, I suppose. The model, 'e was the ole man himself."

"What old man? Where did she find him? It's a wonderful face-like the wreck of a face that had once been strong, intellectual, almost beautiful." 'W'y, don't I tell you it was her ole nan, her fazair; Dr. Eczardy, who leeve opstairs."

'What!" I gasped. "Her father? Her "Yes. It represent him in the prison in Rossia, w'ere they keep him five, six years waiting to be tried, and w'ere 'e catch the cawnsumption. You see it was pretty hard staying all alone there,

in solitar' confinement, one, two, t'ree, four, five, six years. 'E pretty near go "Hard! I should think it was. And you-I don't see how you can sleep with that picture in the room.'

"Oh, you get use' to it," he explained, "But she! However she could bring herself to paint it I can't understand Her own father! The subject is harrible one's own father! To work over such a thing day after day, week after week! I don't see how she could do it. Sheerable grit.

cawntry, w'ere 'e die. You see, he catch the cawnsomption w'ile he is lock op in prison five, six years. Two years already 'e has leeve here in my 'ouse, dying aw the time."

"He must be a remarkable man. Is he meetable? I should like to know him."

erable grit."

"Yes, you right; she his," said Muselle, 'she tole me about that picture, 'Mr. Muselle,' she tole me, 'I want to pent a picture w'ich mek people see 'ow in Rossia they treat a gentleman who is arrested only as suspect, and before 'e is tried to find if 'e is guilty or hinnocent. E is only suspect, waiting to be tried; yet for five years they keep him all alone there, in solitar confinement like that till his 'ealth is destroyed, his career in the world ruined, his heart broken, his mind almost gone crazy and his family not knowing if 'e is dead or alive, or in Rossia or in Siberia, or w'at, or w'ere, or anysing about him.' She tole me that, to explain w'y she pent him that way."

LISTENING. while I was at work washing my brushes in my studio somebody began to sing in the room above. The voice was feminine, a deep and sweet contralto, and I drawings for photographers, and she took for granted that the singer must be pent miniatures and hoil paintings. I Miss Eczardy. I listened with a good get her to pent a miniature of myself on deal of interest, as well as a good hivory. She pent beautiful, no use talk-ing. W'at you think of this?"

deal of linerest, as well as a good deal of pleasure, for beside that the voice was in itself agreeable the song she sang seemed to me to be very curious as well from its inner pocket an oval case in red | as very pretty. Though the words, of were quite indistinguishable I my inspection the miniature in question. | guessed that it was a Russian song, perhaps a folk song. It had much of that savage impetuosity of rhythm and that almost barbaric brilliancy of color which we feel in some of the compositions of Rubinstein. It was swift, merry, jubilant even, in its movement; yet a pro-

painstaking artist. Well drawn, well through it, giving a secondary effect of sorrow. Here and there would occur a repetend, consisting of a succession of an appropriation to sustain the work of the survey.

In swag, as powder, as rooted and the sentence executed. Thurwald had now survey.

Mr. Proctor was a judge in the department of mines and mining of the World's fair in Chicago and also a member of the board of appeals. He is the author of the poor of the world of appeals. He is the author of the poor of the world of appeals. He is the author of the poor of the world in the mall, like a skull behind a mask, his genuine old age, were reflected as truthfully and as pitilessly as in a looking glass. It was justice untermined the registature to pass and the mine work of the tune always finished by bringing up at this same repetend; the influence of it upon the hearer was very strange. It sounded like hilarious laughter than the covered and the variation of the tune always finished by bringing up at this same repetend; the influence of it upon the hearer was very strange. It sounded like hilarious laughter the work of the tune always finished by bringing up at this same repetend; the influence of it upon the hearer was very strange. It sounded like hilarious laughter than the work of the work o wild, passionate sobbing, and it moved the hearer at once to pain and to pleas-

ure in a way that was very strange. appeared to become more regular, the eccentricity of the melody to moderate a little. "It begins," I thought, "to resemble something that I have heard before. What? Ah, I remember; it is a

effective use of the chromatic scale. She does it beautifully. I should immensely like to see her. I can fancy the way her left it. eye flashes, the way her cheek flushes. She must be pretty. No woman could of the sailors, "you Frenchmen will sing with so much fire and spirit unless she were pretty— Hello! what is this?" vibrate to the measure of a dance; the singer had begun to dance in time to her music. It struck me all at once that this was a little singular. Could Mise Eczardy not only sing but dance with her father ill unto death in the next-or, for all I knew, in the same-room? was pondering this enigma in my mind when somebody rapped upon my door.

"Come in," I called. The exterminator entered. He entered on tiptoe, as if fearful of making the least noise, and with his finger raised, his lips pursed and his brows kmitted, as if to enjoin silence upon me as well. I looked up, puzzled, and waited for him to vouchsafe an explanation. He advanced very close to me, when, bending forward, and protecting his mouth with the open palm of his hand, he demanded in a whisper: "Eh, you hear that?"

"Yes, I hear it," I confessed. "Well, the ole feller-you know, the "Yes.

Well? What about him?" "Well, he feel better. Ca va mieux. You onderstand?

"Ah, that's it, is it?" I exclaimed "Dr. Eczardy feelsbetter, and hindaughter celebrates his improvement with s

"Well he may. She has a sweet voice and she sings with spirit."

where women might rest, lunch and refresh themselves would be welcomed by all women who are employed. Two large rooms were secured, were lighted and furnished with lounges, easy chairs. composition centered in the figure of an cause 'e feel better, you caderstand. old man, sented upon the broad stone Then mebbe they hask me to walk inbench, with his clooks resting on his knees, his fingers buried in his long, white heard and his eves fixed intently, her. It is as good as a theatre. It is bench, with his elbows resting on his side and melt a visit. Then mebbe she

And waving his bediamonded old claw pathetic in that old man's face and figure at me he accomplished his exit. I felt that I, who had come to criticise, felt as though I should not at all object to myself instantly penetrated by an emo- following him. I was beginning to be tion of distress and sympathy as if I mightily interested in Miss Eczardy; being and not upon a mere effigy in the exterminator himself in appreciapaint and canvas. His face was terribly tion of her dancing if I, too, had been

One of the novel business trades of from long seclusion from fresh air and sunshine. His clothes were old and plate glass. Nearly all of this glass is bought by the dealer from insurance limbs as if he had shrunk up within companies. The large plates of this kind them. His attitude, limp and bent over of glass are insured when put in a winand huddled together, breathed a broken dow, and when any of them is broken spirit in every line; and his eyes in their the owner of the injured glass usually fixed, purposeless stare expressed the de- prefers that the insurance company ows that the train dress is designed spair and the hopelessness and the deep should replace the broken piece rather for carriage wear and is especially in-tended to swing forward about the feet dull pain that consumed his heart far than that he should be paid its price more movingly than words ever could The dealer in the secondhand glass conand gracefully obviate the necessity of have done. In examining this picture trives to utilize what remains of the unPULLED OUT HAIR BY HAIR

& Remarkable Story of Indian Cruelty S perinduced by Jealousy.

Living near this town is a woman whose prefectly bald head tells acurious story of jealousy and Indian cruelty. In 1859 Oswald Thurwald, a Swedish farmer, had a home in the territory close to Texas border, and his family consisted of his wife, two daughters and a son. The Indians seemed friendly, passing over the Thurwalds even when slaying the other settlers about and freenting their place to sell their wares and to purchase such goods as Thur-wald brought out from the states for parter. He was rapidly growing rich and had made his preparations to move to Dallas, where he intended to extend his business, when the tragedy occurred

that destroyed his home and scattered It seems that the chief of the Tonkawa Indians, who visited that part of the country from the south on raiding ex-peditions, had seen Elsa, the elder ughter, and fancying her offered to buy her of her father. But Thurwald, though fond of money, refused, which gave great offense to the chief. Returning home, he incited his people against the Thurwalds, and the following spring they made an attack on him. He and his son succeeded in escaping, but the wife and younger daughter, though they eluded capture the first few days, were overtaken finally. Mrs. Thurwald sank under the fatigue of her flight through a rugged country, and when the Indians came up with them it was to find the ough in itself. But when it comes to girl holding her mother in her arms, the

poor woman having just expired. The next day the girl herself, lagging on the march from an arrow wound in her ankle, was shot in the presence of her sister, who had been seized and held from the moment of the attack till now. She was taken to a village and given into the charge of the squaws until the men should have returned from the war

In the meantime the Kickapoos de clared war on the Tonkawas and raided the village, when Elsa Thurwald was carried off with such of the Indian women as were spared as slaves. The Tonkawas, on returning, found the smoking remains of the house and started after the despoilers, overtaking them close to the Colorado, where an obstinate battle ensued, but both sides then consented to a truce. The chief of Kickapoos, however, stipulated that the white woman should be given him. This was opposed by the Tonka-wa chieftain, who claimed her by right of priority. This brought on a quarrel, which was terminated by a hand to hand fight between the rivals, resulting in the chief of the Tonkawas being

killed and the bone of contention falling to the victor. He carried her home and confided her to the care of his squaw with the injunction that if she were injured in any way the life of the woman would pay for it. But, fired by jealousy for her successor, the woman took advantage of her lord's absence to wreak her vengeance on the detested object. Binding her to a tree, she deliberately pulled out the unfor-tunate beauty's hair thread by thread. This torture lasted several hours, until the white woman's head was covered with blood and she shricking with agony.

When the chief returned and learned what had occurred, he ordered the witch burned at the stake. She escaped into the bush, but was recovered and the it is thought her mind was affected by her savage treatment, though in 1875 she Gradually as I listened the rhythm married a farmer in this vicinity. Her hair has never grown again.—Oklahoma Letter in Philadelphia Times.

Naval Etiquette.

An English admiral who was once vis good deal like that song of Carmen's iting a French flagship laid down his whereby poor Don Jose is made to lose quid on a convenient bulkhead before his heart to her. There is the same entering the officers' quarters. When he came out again, he was astonished to find the quid in the place where he had

"Poo!" said he, in the hearing of some never be true sea dogs. No English bluejacket, now, would ever have left an ad

Whereupon one of the French sailors stepped up, touched his cap and said: "Beg pardon, admiral. I was chew ing your quid while you was in there but I put it back, you know, when I heard you coming out."—Chicago Post.

Fontenelle's Presence of Mind. The distinguished French author, Fontenelle, was fond of asparagus cooked in butter. Cardinal Dubois was equally in love with the vegetable served with white

Being once invited to dine together at the house of a friend the effort was made to gratify the palates of both by preparing half the asparagus with butter and half with white sauce, While the preparations were in prog-

ress the news was brought in that the cordinal was dead. Fontenelle did not wait a moment. Rushing to the door of the kitchen, he cried to the chef: "Jean! Jean! You may cook all the asparagus in butter."-New York Recorder.

Aware of It.



Lena-So everybody tells me.-Brooklyn

Cobble-My chimney fell this morning at 6 o'clock Stone-You don't tell me! Did it d much damage!

Cobble-Oh, I suppose it will cost me hundred, but I don't mind that. Stone—Don't mind it! Why not! Subble (joyfully) — Why, old fellow, i woke up our servant girl!—Truth.

"Doan put yer min too much on outward decorations," said Uncle Eben. "Hit am bettah ter hab er cabbage undah yoh wais" coat dan er chrysanthemum in yer button hole."-Washington Star. They Asked Not to Stay. Pania-Plain as I am, whenever I enter a street car at least half a dozen men rise

Maud-Yes, and get right off!-Truth. How Amazons Fight. The Amazons are taught to disregard obstacles, dangers, wounds and death itself; hence they often display a ferocious cour-age which carries all before it. Their chief

aim in battle is to carry off a large number of priseners, human heads and jaw bones. a lap robe when on park parade.— you quite forgot to think of the artist's broken part of the glass.—New York wounded prisoners.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

Many muscular men auccumb to fatigues borne with ease by persons far their inferiors in physical strength. Muscle does not imply vigor. In iact, it is not difficult of proof that athetes do not live as iong nor enjoy as good health as the average individual who is vigorous—that is to say, whose digestion and sleep are unimpaired, whose nerves are tranquil, and who has no organic tendener to disease. These requisites of vigor are conferred upon those inherently weak, no less than upon those debilitated through wasting disease, by a thorough, persistent course of Hostetter's stomach Bitters, the leading national tonic, indorsed and recommended by physicians of eminence. It will not endow you with the muscle of a Corbett, but it will infuse energy into your system and renew the active and healthful performance of its functions. It nverts and cures malaria', theumatic and kidney complaints, and overcomes dyspepsia, constipation, liver trouble and nervounces.

lischarge freely, causing

er to months the sores

eran to heal, my health,

mir ved, an appetite

sik on a good color.

CURE

THAT

shall always have a good word for flood rasperil'a." Mns. Arvin Barron, Wal cole, Mns. N. D. B. sire to get Hospi

Hood's Pals are the best after-dinn r pell

The officers of the army are hereafter to have whistles in their aword hilts. They will then be better able to return blow for blow.

SIGO REWARD-SIGO The reader 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 that science has been able to cure in all it stages, and that it entarth. Hall's Catarrh Cur is the only positive cure known to the medica fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional reatment. Hall'Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and m-acous surfaces of the system thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting mature in doins its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Boliars for any case that it falls to cure Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

She (doubtfully)—I believe you want to marry ne for my money. He (confidently)—Try me

PROOF OF MERIT.

The proof of the merits of a plaster is the cures it effects, and the voluntary testimonials of those who have used Allcock's POROUS PLASTER during the past thirty

years are unimpeachable evidence of its superiority, and should convince the most skeptical. Self-praise is no recommenda-tion, but certificates from those who have used them are.

Beware of imitations and do not be de-

BRANDRETH'S PILLS never go astray. Wife -What kind of cards do you think make the best calling cards? Husband (absent-mine-dly)-Aces.

Sudden changes of the weather ofter cause pulmonary, bronchial and asthmatic troubles. "Brown's Broachial Troches" will allay the irritation which induces cough-ing, giving immediate relief.

Not a Specialist.—"Was it a specialist you went to to have your lungs tested?" "I don't think so. He couldn't find anything wrong with them."

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Size, 33x48 inside bearers; table distribu tion; bed springs; will print nine-column folio or six-column quarto; a splendid ali-round press for country office; for sale cheap; guaranteed in order. Address Palmer & Rey, Portland, Or.

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One Tuerk Water Motor, new, that will develop from 10 to 15-horse power; can be had at a sacrifice by addressing PALMER & REY, Portland, Or.

The tax of 2 cents a pack on playing cards Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no

Tay GRAMEA for breakfast.

Holes

Consumption Germs. The eased spots are wiped out

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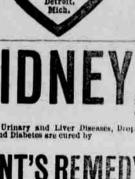
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