

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U.S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BABY DONKEYS.

A Pair of Popular Pets in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

The children have two new pets out at Golden Gate park. There are two brand new baby donkeys that are brought out for an hour or two daily to the playground, and when they are there nothing else in the park attracts any attention at all from the children.

The donkeys are not much bigger than San Joaquin valley jack rabbits, and each one wears a pair of ears many sizes too large for him. They are very soci-



able and enjoy being petted by the little folks, but the attention they have attracted has sort of spoiled them. When they get tired of being fondled, they are just as likely as not to kick the nearest child with the most malevolent intention in the world. The kick of one of the baby donkeys is a trifle more serious than a slap from a chicken might be, and nothing pleases the young donkey worshippers more than to provoke one of these manifestations of displeasure. Of course nobody thinks of harnessing or saddling the little donkeys yet. They could as well think of hitching a couple of lambs.

They have not been named yet, and they look so much alike that only their closest acquaintances among the children know them apart. They are given into Mr. Murphy's charge, Mr. Murphy being the superintendent of the children's playground, for a very short time every day except Sundays. The exception is made because the wise people to whom the future of the young donkeys has been entrusted do not think that they would be able to stand the excitement and petting they would get from a Sunday crowd of children. As it is, they are surrounded all the time that they are in the playground by children, and the funny woolly little beasts with the long ears and wrinkled noses are already threatened with dyspepsia from the inordinate quantity of peanuts, popcorn and candy that has been smuggled to them.

Up to date the donkeys, in addition to accepted edibles, have devoured several dozen pockets and quite a number of pinafores.

The little beasts get quite tired out with the excitement and the fondling, and then they are led away to a stable, followed by a wistful lot of children. The idea of bringing them to the play-



ground is to accustom them to children, so that when their time shall come to haul the little carts or be saddled up there will be no difficulty.—San Francisco Examiner.

Granny's Come to Our House.
Granny's come to our house!
An, lo, my lovely daisy!
All the children round the place
Is in a running race.
Fetch a cake for little Jack,
An' fetch a pie for little Nan,
An' fetch a pear for all the pack
At runs to kiss their granny.

Lucy Ellen's in her lap,
An' Wade an' Si as Walker
Both a-riding on her foot,
An' Polly on the rocker,
An' Martha's twins, from Aunt Marian's
An' little orphan Annie,
All a-riding on her knee,
An' a giggle at granny.

Tells us all the fairy tales
Ever thought or wondered—
An' a bundle of other stories—
But she knows a hundred!
Bob's the one for "Whittington,"
An' "Golden Locks" for Fanny—
Hear 'em laugh an' clap their hands,
Lieutenants at granny!

"Jack the Giant Killer" is good,
An' "Beast and the Boy" is another.
So's the one of "Cinderella!"
An' her old grandmother,
That's the best of all the rest—
Bestest one of any—
Where the mice scampers home
Like we run to granny.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

Improving the Flavor.
"I don't like this soup. It is not good." And a little boy laid down his spoon.

"Very well, then," said his mother, "you need not eat it."
That afternoon the little boy had to go with his father to weed the garden. It was very warm, and they worked until supper time. Then they went into the house, and the mother brought the boy a plate of soup.

"That's good soup, mother," he said, and he ate every bit.

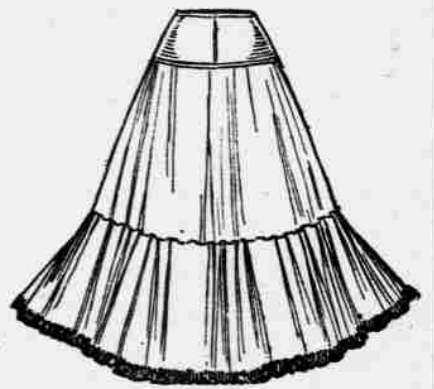
"It is the very same soup you left at dinner today. It tastes better now because you have earned your supper."

A dinner earned by honest labor
Will never want a pleasant flavor.
—Exchange.

THE BALLET SKIRT.

It is a Fussy Frilled Petticoat and May Be Adapted to Ordinary Wear.

The fussy frilled petticoat known as the ballet skirt is now worn by fashionable women under evening and dance gowns, but nearly reaching the ground. First, there is a close fitting yoke of muslin, which is cut in four parts and reaches well below the average corset and very much below the short corset worn for skirt dancing. On to this yoke is set in full gathers or flat plaits a full skirt of the muslin, edged with a frill of lace put on slightly full. This skirt reaches from the yoke to the full



depth required, and over it at the B line another skirt is simulated by a deep frill, also edged lace, and put on so that the bottom edge is half an inch above the edge of the under lace, thus giving an extra full and ample effect. When worn, so wide is this skirt that it gives the appearance of a multitude of lace petticoats, and the dancer usually catches the center with a safety pin or a few stitches about 10 or 12 inches below the yoke and practically converts it into a divided skirt. These ballet skirts are also made for ordinary wear in dark silk.

A Distinguished Woman Oculist.

Dr. Charlotte Ellaby, ophthalmic surgeon to the London New Hospital For Women, Euston road, has won no small personal distinction by her late achievement. At the request of H. H. the Jam Sahib of Jannagar, Dr. Ellaby went lately to India in order to operate upon the maharani for cataract. Both eyes were operated upon in turn, and both operations were completely successful. A correspondent in India says: "The maharani is naturally delighted at recovering her sight, and her joy is shared by all her household, as well as by the English women who have the pleasure of the acquaintance of one of the most charming of the Rajput ladies, beloved for her genial manners and esteemed for her unaffected and sincere piety." Dr. Ellaby's services were retained at the suggestion of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. McClelland, who, for long years resident in Jannagar (Mr. McClelland being state engineer there), are the tried and trusted friends to whom his highness the Jam Sahib turns when trouble invades his household. Dr. Charlotte Ellaby has returned to England.—London.

Make Over Their Dresses.

There are often good fashions growing out of national disasters. At the time of the French revolution the style of wearing the hair high on the head was begun and was designated as "a la guillotine." Apropos of this the fashion of the present has entirely done away with the idea that one must appear in a fresh toilet every time one goes to a function of any sort. Mrs. Cleveland and the ladies of the cabinet set the admirable example last winter of wearing the same gown as often as the humor dictated. At the White House receptions Mrs. Olney, Mrs. Carlisle and indeed all of the cabinet ladies have worn the same gown more than once and have even resuscitated the toilets of last year and subjected them to some cleansing up and alteration, which, though perhaps not apparent to the ordinary observer, has not escaped the eye of those who know the gowns and the women well. It is now quite allowable for a society writer to state that "Mrs. Blank-enlink wore her most becoming gown" and to describe the familiar toilet. And why not?—Washington Capital.

Julia Ward Howe.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has been writing poetry for nearly 60 years. Although this remarkable woman has passed her seventy-fifth year, she has the presence, the demeanor, the expression, the voice and the step of 50. She has a handsome face, with vigorous health, gives heed to the art of dress and is far more lively than most women at her time of life. She is the mother besides of Mrs. Richards, Mrs. Maud Howe Elliott and the late Mrs. Julia Anagnos, each of whom is well known in the world of letters. Mrs. Howe is also the sister of Marion Crawford's mother—quite a galaxy of talent to be related to by immediate time of blood, not to mention the late Sam Ward, epicure, and Beau Ward McAllister. It was of Mrs. Howe, by the way, that Oliver Wendell Holmes happily remarked on her seventieth birthday, "She is 70 years young."

The Scent Bottle Fad.

Mrs. Cleveland has given a new impetus to the scent bottle fever. She carries with her at all her receptions the silver and crystal scent bottle that was given her in Philadelphia when she went to christen the first warship. It is set with a beautiful diamond of the purest water and is a thing of beauty. Now it is quite the thing to carry one of the tiny bottles shoved up the palm of the glove.—Philadelphia Times.

A Woman Will Do It.

Probably the most conspicuous instance in this country where a woman has been selected as the sculptor of a figure of heroic size is that of the choosing of Mrs. Theodore Ruggles-Kitsen to make for the city of Providence a bronze statue 7 feet 6 inches high. The statue is to perpetuate the form and face of Esek Hopkins, the first admiral of the American navy and a native of Rhode Island.

IMPERIAL MILLIONS

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

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Evidently he had crawled from his bed and stolen on Keppel with the intention of stabbing him, but just before he could accomplish his purpose the specter by which he imagined himself haunted had intervened. The man was dead. The candle flickered and died out. Keppel made a spring for the other candle, but remembered that he had no matches. He could not stay with the body in the darkness, so he made his way to the open air. The morning sky was clear, the eastern horizon a pale yellow. He paced up and down before the house till the sun rose, his mind full of gloomy thoughts. Horror and misery pursue him everywhere. He had the revolver in his pocket; why not use it on himself and end all? He paused, debating the question, but finally shook his head. He had had so many escapes lately that he persuaded himself he might have been preserved for a purpose. The unclouded sun, rising over the blue verge of the distant ocean, was an omen of hope. He turned, and reluctantly re-entered the house.

The sunlight fell upon the corpse as it lay there. Keppel set resolutely to work. He straightened out the arms and legs and rolled up the body in a blanket from the bed. He tied it round with the rope of rope from the fishnet. It was now ready for burial. But how was he to dig a grave? He had no spade. Yet the body could not be left above the ground; it might breed a pestilence. This reflection led to another. If the man had died of yellow fever all his clothing must hold the contagion and should be burned. Keppel resolved to do this at once. The coat and trousers were lying on a stool at the head of the bed. He took them up, and some papers slipped from the pocket and fell on the floor. He examined them, at first indifferently, then with more interest. There was a passport with several visas upon it, showing a journey through Egypt, India, Australia and Panama. There were several letters, apparently from persons of high authority in Paris, recommending the bearer, Maurice Solange, to the good offices of foreign consuls. It appeared, moreover, that Maurice must have been a personage of some importance, or, at any rate, that he had been intrusted with an important mission. These letters of recommendation could have been delivered only by the French emperor's authority.

But the nature of the mission was not specified in the papers. It even seemed as if this non-specification had been carefully intended. There was a reason, then, for keeping the thing secret—a secret of state.

Was it likely, however, that the poor wretch, whose body lay yonder awaiting burial, would murder for the sake of a secret of state? Nothing was less likely. What good could the secret do the murderer? Was it a thing he could sell? Some secrets were salable, no doubt. But Maurice, an authorized agent on his way to America, must have been coming to impart the secret to the government before he would murder for the sake of a secret. Besides, the dead man had said something about a treasure—millions of money. That might have been the mere ravings of insanity; but possibly it was not. A murderer committed for millions of money was comprehensible, and this would account for the murderer's strange behavior. On the other hand, if those millions had been stolen, where were they? Were they about the premises?

Keppel Darke had never heretofore regarded money as a supreme object of ambition. But things were changed with him now. He was an outcast from society; mankind was hostile to him; in the unequal contest he was disposed to improve whatever advantages came in his way. If, then, millions of money were within his reach he was not in a mood to let them escape.

Here Keppel gave a short laugh. The millions probably had no existence whatever, except in the imagination of an insane man. He turned over the papers once more. Among them was one small document, folded square, that he did not remember noticing before. He was about to push it over, but an idle impulse caused him to change his mind and open it. The odd aspect of its contents attracted his attention.

It looked something like a long sun in algebra. There were columns and combinations of letters. There were also written words in the French language. For several minutes Keppel contemplated the paper without a suspicion of its significance. It was not a sun in algebra. There were no equations; no x or y, no powers or signs. It might be a memorandum in shorthand or cipher. Yes, it was probably a cipher memorandum. But it was not all in cipher. The words seemed to be a comment or explanation.

"It means me," said Keppel to himself, "that I've seen something like this somewhere." K. P. H. S. L. M. P. That looks familiar.

All at once he began to feel in his pockets with signs of excitement. Here it was—the newspaper cutting, containing the cipher letter found on the person of Harry Trent after his death. Keppel spread it out on his knee and compared it with the anomalous document. In a moment he uttered a cry of surprise—surprise that his wild anticipation had been fulfilled.

The cipher of the letter and the cipher of the document were identical. But the latter was the key to the former and the explanation of it, and by its aid Keppel could read the mysterious communication as easily as he could construe French.

CHAPTER VIII.

DISAPPEARANCE.

Cipher writing is so ancient an art that there is little or nothing to be said about it. Perhaps there are no new cipher types to be invented. The cipher is one that is easily written and read by those in the secret, and yet is practically undecipherable by outsiders. In such a cipher all the time and labor are expended upon determining its fundamental principles of construction. Once those are settled, the practical working of it is simple.

The cipher which Keppel was dealing with was of this species, and perhaps no more nearly perfect one was ever made. It was based upon the philosophic structure of language, and upon the mathematical principle that gives different values or meanings to a char-



He passed his hand over his forehead.

acter according to its place in a combination. This plan enables words to be written with much fewer letters than the periods and commas. One to represent the root of the word, one for the terminations, one for the part of speech, one for such common combinations as ion, ght, ment, ph, and so on. Thus, if in the cipher ikun meant writing, then ikun would mean writer, ikun written or wrote, and ikun to write. Further modifications were indicated by the capital letters, and others of a different kind by the periods and commas.

But it will not be necessary to carry these hints any further. Enough has been said to enable the reader, if he be so minded, to work out the problem. Keppel in the course of twenty minutes had read the cipher letter, which, translated from the French into English, ran as follows:

"Arrangements have been perfected. Name of messenger, Maurice Solange. Trust him. He leaves Paris February fifteen. Will take easterly route, and should arrive not later than June. He will telegraph from Panama. Send to meet him at New Orleans. Treasure packed in box, concealed, as already advised. Approximate value, twenty million pounds sterling. In case of robbery, death or accident inform us by cable. On receiving treasure store quietly (phno) in private vault. Rate of commission, one per cent. per annum. We intend to declare war in early summer, but circumstances may delay. Winter campaign not desired. If successful Solange will bring lack treasure. Keep him with you, and if he is defeated we shall leave at once for New York incognito (ngl F.). Empress and son to England. Keep us constantly informed of your movements. Estimate so far as possible whether American sympathies incline toward France or Germany. Would it be advisable to bring about collision between Germany and United States? Is it possible that arrangements can still be made about Mexico? If we miscarry with Germany something must be done to consolidate and stimulate imperial sentiment here. Our hand and seal."

The political immorality indicated by this document did not at the time particularly impress Keppel; his interest was monopolized by that part of the letter relating to the treasure. For some minutes his mind staggered in bewilderment at the suggestion presented to it. It seemed far more incredible now than before that a great fortune should actually be within his reach. He had dreamed a wild dream of hundreds of thousands of dollars, and it had almost seemed real to him, but now that he heard, as it were, the very jingle of a hundred millions he could not believe it. And yet the evidence that a fortune not less vast lay possibly within a few yards of where he was sitting was more than plausible. The more he examined it the more plausible it did appear.

He endeavored to review the situation step by step. He had found a man who was that person? The cipher letter had been found in the pocket of Harry Trent. There was therefore no escape from the conclusion that Harry Trent must have been the consignee of the treasure. Harry Trent, again, was a dealer in precious stones, and was known to be personally acquainted with the French emperor. The pieces of the puzzle fitted into one another like a mosaic. And by a strange fatality Keppel Darke, who had been wrongfully accused of murdering Trent, had, through that accusation, been brought in contact with a fortune not inferior to any in the world.

But where was the treasure? Was it in the neighborhood? Keppel looked about him. A garden two or three acres in extent, long since gone to seed, adjoined the house. Outside the garden was a waste of stunted woodland, extending to the swamp on one side and toward the ocean on the other. To the westward lay a sort of pasture, with a few straggling apple trees growing upon it. The place was a deserted farm, such as is often met with on Long Island, and may not have been inhabited for many years. The treasure was probably buried somewhere about the grounds—it might be far or near. Wherever it was, it was worth searching for, and Keppel resolved to examine every square foot of ground within a mile, if necessary, before giving it up. This might take time—weeks or even months. Meanwhile, he would have to live in the house, and the first thing to be done was to get the dead man and all his belongings out of it.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

About forty men are mining on the river bars between Astoria and the Grand Ronde, Wash.

VALLEY OF DEATH.

A PROMINENT RANCHMAN WHO HAD SUFFERED LONG.

He Says That His Doctor and Friends Had Given Him Up—His Miraculous Cure.

From the Colorado Farmer, Denver, Colo.

David S. Green, who is past middle life, a man of fine physique, strong, vigorous and buoyant went to Colorado in 1880 and now resides at 2127 Grant avenue Denver. He is well known in Colorado and Indian Territory as a cattle man and is also known in Colorado mining circles by "old-timers." He is a member of Trinity M. E. church of this city and well known in Methodist circles and a familiar figure on the streets of Denver. He is a gentleman of intelligence and culture, communicative and affable.

On the first day of February, 1893, Mr. Green received a serious injury to the spine occasioned by slipping while supporting a heavy weight. The injury was very painful and in a few days he was helpless. Through the long months of suffering that followed he was reduced in strength and flesh until his nervous system was well nigh exhausted; he was brought to the border land of paralysis. His entire right side was threatened with this malady. The spinal column and base of the brain were a battery of pain and torture, and naught was left him but to suffer and wait for the end.

While in this condition and utterly hopeless of help (as his physician and the best medical counsel proved powerless), his attention was providentially called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As a drowning man clutches at a straw so he caught at Pink Pills and immediately began to improve. He commenced their use about the middle of March last and today his pains are nearly gone, all the alarming symptoms of paralysis have disappeared and the original injury is rapidly improving. His general health and flesh are returning, his usual elasticity of spirit and vivacity are restored and an hour's conversation is sufficient to convince one that to Pink Pills is due a change almost miraculous.

In conversation with a representative of the Farmer, Mr. Green said: "I have not been out the street for seventeen months till two or three days ago, but I am so much better. It is a surprise to me and to my friends, yes, and to my doctor, too. The fact is, I have been at death's door. No one thought there was any help for me; even my doctor thought I never would be any better! But here I am walking about as you see, and to me it is wonderful and perhaps you will hardly believe me when I tell you what did it—it was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

It is due to suffering humanity that the story of Mr. Green be told. His kindness of heart and generous impulses would rejoice in spreading the fame of a remedy that has brought him from the valley of death to enjoy the pleasures of a loving home.

His physician is a gentleman well known in Denver, has lived here many years and built up a good practice. He is broad-minded and in good standing in the best medical circles in the city. Anyone wishing to do so, can readily satisfy himself as to the facts herein related.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are sold in boxes (never in loose form), by the dozen or hundred at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or directly by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

New Use For Love Letters.

An ingenious bride, so the story goes, has evolved a happy scheme for keeping her husband true to the protestations of his wooing. The engagement was a long one, the love letters exchanged, legion. With these letters she has papered her boudoir. No man could in the face of such evidence of eternal devotion object to the price of a new bonnet or besting in the purchase of pin money. How could he hold out the butcher's bill, or be sulky even if she did give his pet lounging coat to the old clothes man or put her rug to sleep in his Sunday hat or cry because he staid at the club and forgot to come in until midnight as in his bachelor days?—Philadelphia Call.

His Pardonable Mistake.

"It was a bad break the Rev. Dr. Fourtly made when he married that couple the other day."

"What was it?"

"He performed the ceremony all right, but he never had married anybody in bloomers before, and he's a little nervous, you know, and when he came to saluting the bride, according to his custom, he became a little flurried and kissed the young man."—Chicago

The Devil's House.

In Ladyard, a small town in Connecticut, is a house built prior to 1710 which bears the title of the "Devil's House."

A curse is supposed to rest upon it, and in proof it is pointed out that in the present century more than 100 deaths have occurred in it, most of which were violent or more than ordinarily pathetic. The curse is supposed to have been put upon the place by a girl named Green, who was ill treated there by a relative to secure her property.—Philadelphia Ledger.

TRI'S UNDERTAKEN FOR HEALTH'S SAKE

Will be rendered more beneficial, and the fatigues of travel counteracted, if the voyager will take along with him Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and use that protective and enabling tonic, before leaving home, and regularly during the journey. It is neutralized by it, and it is a matchless tranquilizer and regulator of the stomach, liver and bowels. It cures nervousness, rheumatism, and a tendency to kidney and bladder ailments.

There is a difference between a cold and the flu, but you will not realize it until you receive the doctor's bill.

NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla, O. R., N. Y. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakota, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South. Book accordingly. The scenery; new equipment; Great Northern Palace sleepers and Dining; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet Library Cars. Write C. O. Donovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. L. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

HERE BELOW.

"Man wants but little here below, and wants that little long," and just as long as he can get it. The words of the old hymn have a meaning, which, interpreted that as the absence of all pain is supreme happiness, it is very little to ask to be freed from it. A short cut to the attainment of this is to get St. Jacobs Oil. It is a little thing to get, but the amount of good it does in the cure of pains is something enormous.

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, Ohio.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. W. A. KIRK & CO., Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FARRER, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, 1894.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Mailed free. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GERBERA for breakfast.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels cures, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of Walter Baker & Co. (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocos and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an
Alcock's Porous Plaster
BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations as good as the genuine.

MALARIA! DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY.
Three doses only. Try it.

WEINHARD'S WELL-KNOWN BEER
(IN KEGS OR BOTTLES)
Second to none—no matter where from. TRY IT.
PORTLAND, OR.

FERTILIZER CATALOGUE Buell Lamberson
SEEDSMAN...
205 Third St., PORTLAND

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH
SAPOLIO

Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement. "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP!
Is the best soap in the world. Frank Siddalls says so, and we say so, too. Every body who has tried it thinks so. Have you tried it? Our price is 10 cents a cake. If you mention this paper we'll give you an extra cake for each dollar's worth, or sell 36 cakes for \$3.25. Try it! Smith's Co's Store, 414 416 418 Front St., S. F., Cal.

SURE CURE FOR PILES
Piles and Hemorrhoids cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No cure after the first day's use. Mailed free. Send to Dr. Kline, 233 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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

N. P. N. U. No. 622—S. F. N. U. No. 699

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

YOUR HAPPINESS

Depends upon a healthy body and a contented mind.

Your Health

Is seriously in danger unless your blood is rich, red and pure.

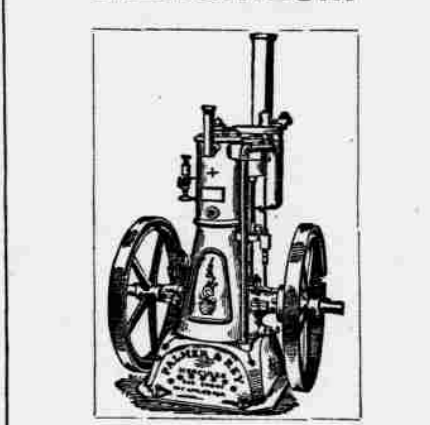
Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier Prominently in the Public Eye.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches, etc.

HERCULES GAS AND GASOLINE

...ENGINES...



NOTED FOR... SIMPLICITY STRENGTH ECONOMY

SUPERIOR WORKMANSHIP IN EVERY DETAIL

These engines are acknowledged by expert engineers to be worthy of highest commendation for simplicity, high grade material and superior workmanship. They develop the full actual horsepower, and run without an electric spark battery; the system of ignition is simple, inexpensive and reliable. For pumping outfits for irrigating purposes a no better engine can be found on the Pacific coast. For hauling outfits for mines they have met with highest approval. For intermittent power their economy is unquestioned.

STATIONARY AND MARINE ENGINES

—MANUFACTURED BY—
American Type Foundry's Co.

PORTLAND, OR.
Send for catalogue.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS
A Mild Pile. 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, clear the complexion and rid the system of all impurities. They neither gripe nor sicken. To convince you, we will mail sample free, or full box for 35c. Sold everywhere. DR. BOSANKO MED. CO., Philadelphia, Pa.