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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A SONG OF FATHERLAND.

I've wandered east, I've wandered west,
In gypsy wise a random roamer.
Of men and maids I've known the best,
Like the far traveled king in Homer.

But, oh, for the land that bore me!
Oh, for the stout old land
Of breezy Ben and winding glen
And roaring flood and sounding strand.

I've stood where stands in pillared pride
The shrine of Jove's spear shaking daughter,
And humbled Persia stained the tide
Of free Greek seas with heaps of slaughter.

I've stood upon the rocky crest
Where Jove's proud eagle spreads his pinion
Where looked the god far east, far west,
And all he saw was Rome's dominion.

I've seen the domes of Moscow far,
In green and golden glory gleaming,
And stood where sleeps the mighty czar,
By Neva's flood so grandly streaming.

I've stood on many a famous spot
Where blood of heroes flowed like rivers,
Where Deutschland rose at Gravelotte,
And dashed the strength of Gaul to shivers.

I've fed my eyes by land and sea,
With sights of grandeur streaming o'er me
But still my heart remains with thee,
Dear Scottish land, that stoutly bore me.

Oh, for the land that bore me!
Oh, for the stout old land,
With mighty Ben and winding glen,
Stout Scottish land, my own dear land!

—John Stuart Blackie.

A DUOLOGUE.

This is not a "problem story."

Neither does it discuss the advantages or disadvantages of having "new women" in our midst.

It is a true tale.

And it concerns a good man and a bad woman.

They would never have met if the London county council had come into existence a few years earlier than it did, because he saw her at the Empire. The exact date was Aug. 25, and it was a very hot night.

The curtain had fallen on the last scene of the ballet. The man rose from his seat and walked across the promenade toward the bar.

He passed several women, but he did not pass her. He had no intention of stopping, still less of speaking.

Yet, when he saw her, he stopped, and when she stopped he spoke.

I do not remember what he said.

They sat down together at a little table. A waiter brought them a cup of black coffee and a whisky and soda. He drank the coffee.

They talked, but again I cannot remember what they said.

A man on the stage sang a comic song. A woman on the promenade fainted and was carried away.

Then she said, "Well, are you coming?"

"No," he replied. "I don't know why I stopped or why I spoke to you. I am not 'one of the crowd' here. I am not a performer in the 'Comedy of Life.' I am only an onlooker."

She stared at him. "Then why"—

"I have told you I do not know. Perhaps I thought you looked out of place—here."

"I have been here every evening for 12 months. I ought not to look 'out of place.'"

"Why did you come?"

"Do you expect me to answer that question in this building, surrounded by these people?"

"I am sorry. Of course not. It would resemble a performance by 'The Independent Theater society,' I suppose?"

"I had better go, then, if you do not"—

"No; stay and talk. Are you happy?"

"Hardly."

"Are you miserable?"

"I am not sure."

"Did you ever love anything?"

"Yes."

"What?"

"Life—the trees and fields; the wild moorlands; the sea; the birds that sing in the hedgerows; the cattle in the fields; the horses and dogs at the farms. Yes, I loved life. I loved to feel the wind blowing in my face; I loved to smell the scent of the heather; I loved to hear the song of the mountain streams. Ha, ha! I'm almost poetic! I'm"—

"Go on."

"That is all. Did you ever love anything?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"No one—I mean only a dog."

"Oh!"

"But he is dead."

"Of course."

"Why 'of course?'"

"Because you loved him."

The man lit a cigarette. "Do you believe in heaven?"

"No; if I did, I should have been dead long ago. I am afraid to die because I don't know what comes after death. I so long for—for peace—for something else—something beautiful—something to love. Do not laugh."

"You are not a bad woman."

"Yes, I am."

"Then you ought not to have been one."

"True. That is the cruel part of it."

They watched the men and women promenading before them. Then the woman said, "It is a strange world."

The man did not answer. He was thinking. She continued: "You are a strange person. Where do you live? What do you do? How do you amuse yourself?"

"Oh, I live alone, quite alone, now my dog is dead. I watch people. I listen to what they say, and—I think."

"What do you think?"

"I think that when he—whoever 'he' is—created men and women he ought to have made them altogether gods or altogether animals. No one in the world is happy, because no one is ever certain whether he—or she—should live for the 'real' or for the 'ideal.' And therefore men decided to seek for both, to be sometimes good and sometimes bad, to play at being gods once a week and beasts twice a week—in fact, to live for the 'real' 6½ days out of the 7. And some of us, you know, cannot, as the saying goes, 'do things by halves.' We must be wholly one thing or the other. There is only the 'good' or 'bad.' There is no 'mediocre' for some of us. So we leave the choice to fate, and when fate has chosen for us the world rises and either crowns us with the laurel wreath or paints us with colors from the devil's palate. The world is so blind it cannot see that really we had no choice in the matter. I think sometimes fate makes a mistake. She grows weary sometimes and gives the 'good' where she ought to have given the 'bad.'"

"She made a mistake when she chose for me. Say she made a mistake—please."

"She made a mistake. I knew it the moment I saw your face. You were intended to show men the path to heaven."

"And I have only shown them the road to"—

"Hush. Come with me. Come home with me and rest. I live alone. I have never done any good in the world. I have never loved any one or helped any one. I am 'a good man.' It is not my fault. I was meant for 'a bad.' But as fate made a mistake you can trust me. I will try to help you. I will try to make life beautiful for you. I will take you where the sea murmurs among the rocks, where the wind blows the scent of heather across the great wild moors. Come with me"—

The woman rose and gazed at the man with large, dreamy eyes. "What do you mean?"

"I am going to make life beautiful and peaceful and pure—for you."

"Leave off dreaming," she whispered sharply. "Awake! Do you know where you are? Do you see the sort of people who surround us? This is no place for dreams! It is time to go—good night. See here—you have spoken strangely to me—you cannot understand what it means for a woman—like me—to hear a man—like you—speak as you have spoken. My God! Why didn't I meet you before?"

He laughed. "Because fate made a mistake."

"Listen! You are a good man. Perhaps you won't be one always—never mind the music—listen! When I'm dead, tell the world what you have told me. Yes, I know—it's nothing. That may be so, but tell them what happened tonight and what I said. You are a good man, and you will do some good in the world, because good men are rare. Do as I've said, and you'll help us women. Goodby. You don't know what you've done for me tonight, what I feel—goodby! When I'm dead—don't forget. Oh, I am a fool to'"—

The orchestra was playing "God Save the Queen," and the woman disappeared into the crowd. The man watched the electric lights go out. He lit a cigarette. Then some one told him it was time to leave the building. He ran out quickly into the street and searched for her, but she could not be found.

And all this happened some time ago, as I have said, and it is all quite true.

And the man has not forgotten his promise.—Pall Mall Budget.

Phosphorescent Light.

Some experiments have been made in France to determine the specific action of a considerable lowering of temperature upon the brilliancy of certain bodies which shine in the dark after having been exposed to sunlight. Tubes of glass filled with the powdered sulphides of calcium, barium, strontium, etc., all substances possessing the property of phosphorescence in a high degree, were exposed to the solar rays and afterward proved to be luminous in the dark, this being done in such a way as to fix upon the memory the mean value of the progressive diminution of the emitted light, and the time also was noted during which the light was strong, less strong and weak respectively. The tubes were next placed in bright sunlight for one minute and then suddenly introduced into a double walled glass cylinder, the interspace of which was filled with nitrous oxide at 140 degrees C. In about five or six minutes the temperature of the tubes was some 100 degrees. They were then withdrawn, and when observed in a perfectly dark chamber no luminosity whatever was perceptible. As the tubes recovered their normal temperature, however, the phosphorescence returned without the exciting agency of the sun's rays or of diffused light. These results were proved to be general for all phosphorescent substances employed. The experiments showed, too, that the production of the phosphorescent light requires a certain movement of the constituent molecules of bodies.

Loss of the Musical Faculty.

"Amusia," or loss of the musical faculty, has been reviewed by Professor Edgren of Stockholm. The disease proves to be strictly analogous to aphasia, the loss of speech, which may or may not accompany it. Two general forms are recognized—the sensory form, where tones cannot be appreciated by the ear or notes read by the eye, and the motor form, in which the patient cannot sing, play or write notes. Ballet places the expression of music between the emotional and the artificial or verbal language. Music is less complicated and earlier appreciated than speech. Many children sing before they speak, and Reyer has told of a child of 9 months who could repeat the notes exactly as played on the piano, while Dvorak, the musical composer, is said to have had a son who sang the "Fatinitza" march with his nurse at the age of 1 year.—London Public Opinion.

She Controls a Newspaper.

Under the able management of Mrs. Marie Louise Myrick the Americus Times-Recorder continues doing magnificent work. It is a fact not generally known to the public that last January Captain Myrick turned over to his wife the editorial management of The Times-Recorder, devoting his time to the business of the paper. Since that time she has managed the editorial department, superintended the local, and, in fact, had absolute editorial control. The Times-Recorder is unquestionably one of the brightest and best of Georgia's dailies and is always found on the side of the people.—Atlanta Constitution.

IMPERIAL MILLIONS

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

[Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.]

A tall man entered, removing his silk hat as he did so. He was a handsome man, and of striking appearance. His hair, of a light brown hue, inclining to reddish, was cut rather short, and stood upright over his head without any parting, in the French manner. His beard, also cropped short and pointed at the chin, was of the same hue; but his eyebrows and eyelashes, and his eyes themselves were somewhat darker, giving a peculiar character to his countenance, scarcely modified by the gold rimmed eyeglasses that sat astride his handsome nose. A black double breasted coat was buttoned round his figure, and his erect and slightly formal carriage bespoke military training. His clothes were perfectly cut, with just a suspicion of dandyism in the fashion of the collar and the design of the scarfpin. But dandyism in a foreigner is simply "foreign," and bears no stigma. It was evident at a glance that Baron Lucien de Lisle was a gentleman in the most exacting sense of the word.

"Good morning, sir," said Tom, glancing from the card in his hand to the visitor before him. "Have a chair. Can I do anything for you?"

"I desire it," returned the count. His voice was quiet and grave and marked by a Gallic accent, perceptible at first, but to which one soon became accustomed. He spoke English, as Tom soon noted, quite idiomatically, though with a more careful precision than a native would use. He sat down, put his hat and gold headed cane on the book shelf and began to take off his gloves, which were of the two button variety, and elaborately stitched on the backs.

"I am in New York to stay some time," he continued, "and I wish a house. The hotel, you comprehend, is excellent, but not—not—not"— He made a gesture with his right hand, on the finger of which was a large and beautiful ring.

"Not enough elbow room," Tom suggested. "No, I suppose not. But, by the way, I'm not a real estate agent, I'm a lawyer."

"I comprehend. But I am a stranger here; I find the customs unfamiliar. I thought, if I get some one to act for me, it is more expedient and quicker. I pay each month so much, all is done and I make no mistake. Am I clear?"

"I understand what you mean," said Tom, endeavoring to disguise his excitement by rubbing his chin and looking out of the window. "By George!" thought he to himself, "If this fellow's as rich as they say, I may make money out of him. Wonder how five thousand a year would strike him? Courage, my boy! Now or never! You would like me to take entire charge of your business affairs while you are here?" he continued aloud. "Well, I suppose some such arrangement could be made. But there'd be a great deal of work connected with it, and prices are high in New York, you know." He looked up at his visitor with a smile.

"I shall hope there will be no disagreement about that," said the count, with a slight inclination of the head. "I shall submit to your demands; but I had intended offering you ten thousand dollars"——

"Ten thousand a year!" exclaimed Tom, surprised into a jubilant tone. In a moment his warm Irish imagination had built a hundred castles in the air.

"Pardon me; I would not expect you to accept that," said the count, gravely. "I had hoped to induce you to give your time almost wholly to my affairs, and if ten thousand dollars a month, paid monthly in advance, will secure your services the arrangement will gratify me."

Tom turned his chair round so as to face his interlocutor squarely, and looked at him several moments in silence. "Do you seriously propose, Count de Lisle," he said at length, "to offer to pay me a salary at the rate of one hundred and twenty thousand dollars a year?"

The count inclined his head without speaking.

"Well," said Tom, "I'm afraid I shall have to decline it."

"I should be sorry for that. May I ask why?"

"I'll tell you just what's in my mind. Such a sum is unheard of. In my profession I've made it a rule never to do anything that would make me feel uncomfortable—ashamed to look myself in the face. You can get any legitimate business done for ten thousand a year; at any rate, I'd do anything that didn't hurt my conscience for that, or half of it. But ten thousand a month means that you are after something that is not legitimate, and I must tell you that you've come to the wrong place for it?"

The count listened to this speech very attentively and it evidently pleased him.

"I see I have not been misinformed about you," he said. "I am glad you have so frankly spoken. When you know me better you will withdraw your reflection on my motives. I intend no crime; nothing that your conscience or your wife would not approve. Mr. Bannick, I wish you to remain entirely independent. You will be at liberty to terminate our agreement without warning, at the moment when I suggest anything that you may disapprove. But you must meanwhile let me be judge of the value of your service. An honest man is not easy to find, even in New York; and he is therefore valuable. You will have the management of large interests and the offer I make you is not more than a fair commission."

"I can't believe it!" ejaculated Tom. "I mean—I beg your pardon—it seems as if there must be something behind. I may be a fool, no doubt—in fact, that's a matter of course. I always have been."

"Come, Mr. Bannick, let us not waste time," said the count, unbuttoning his coat and taking out his pocketbook. "This is the twenty-fifth day of October. By the twenty-fifth of November you will know me well enough to know whether you desire our relations to continue or not. Meanwhile I give you your salary for that first month. Next month, if you be not content, we part. Is that right?"

"I have been a poor man most of my life," said Tom, clearing his throat and looking steadfastly at the other. "It's no use blinding the fact that you are making me a wonderful proposition. It's not ordinary business, and I can't account for it. If I had saved your life and you wanted to reward me for it you couldn't do more. Such an amount of money isn't a salary; it's a fortune. I can't earn it; it would be a gift, not a payment. But if you are buying only my services, and not my soul, I'll accept it. I'll make my services as valuable as I can."

"If you have not saved my life, perhaps you may some time have done for some one a good act for which you were never recompensed," remarked the count gently. "And I perhaps take this means of discharging an obligation conferred upon me by some one whom I was unable to reward at the time. We must make use of each other in this way. If besides your services I gain your friendship I shall be still your debtor."

The somewhat formal manner of this speech did not detract from its evident sincerity. The count took ten one-thousand-dollar bank notes from his pocketbook and laid them on the desk, observing, "I cashed a check at the bank just now—if the notes will not inconvenience you. Some time today you can make a receipt, and also draw up a paper to give you my power of attorney, and, if you like, one embodying our agreement. And now," he added, as if to prevent Tom from giving expression to the feelings that were swelling in his heart, "let us return to what I was saying. I have seen a house that will suit me. I want you to secure it for me."

"Whereabouts is the house?" inquired Tom.

The count described its location.

"Why that's the Harry Trent house?" Tom exclaimed. "It's a good house—I don't suppose there's a better in town: but no one has ever lived in it. Do you know why?"

"Its situation pleased me, and it seemed to have—what you call elbow room."

"The owner, the man who built it, Harry Trent, was murdered there two or three years ago. It was a famous case. I was retained in it myself. It gave the house a bad name. Do you care for that sort of thing?"

"No," answered the count simply. "I think I have heard of that man," he added, after a pause. "Was he not a merchant of diamonds?"

"That was the man. Tall, fresh looking, with white hair. An agreeable fellow, I believe."

"Yes, I have met him. Was he not in Paris in eighteen hundred and sixty-nine? Yes, the emperor was said to do some business with him. And he was murdered, you say? And you were of the counsel?"

"I appeared for the prisoner."

"The man who murdered him, who was he?"

"Well, my conviction was then, and is now, that the prisoner was not the man who murdered him. Appearances were against him, but I believe he was innocent. His name was Keppel Darke, an artist."

"Did you prove it to the jury?"

"No," said Tom with a sigh; "they found him guilty in the second degree. He was sentenced to imprisonment for life. They might as well have hanged him."

"Why do you say that? If he is innocent, it is always still possible that it may be found so; and then, since he still lives, it can be made good to him."

"It will never be much good to him, poor boy! He was killed in a railway smash as they were taking him to Sing Sing. He's out of the question. But I'd like mighty well to get on the trail of the real murderer. That would be worth while still!"

"Have you suspicions on the real one?"

"I can't say I have. Nobody seems to have benefited by his death. His widow, to be sure, got his fortune; but she must have had the use of it while he was alive. My idea was that Trent had some intrigue or other that never was known about, and that that was the cause of his death. But there's no telling."

"Had he no relations—no friends—to whom a part of his fortune might have been left?"

"No blood relations, as far as is known: but—well, this was an odd feature of the case. There was an old lady and her daughter in whom he was interested, and I believe they were some sort of distant cousins of his. It was reported that he thought of marrying the girl; he was acting as her guardian, and allowed the two an income out of his own pocket. But when he died his will gave them nothing, not even a continuance of the allowance."

"And the will was not contested?"

"No. Miss Raven was sensitive under the circumstances and preferred not."

"But if he left a widow how was it that he expected to marry this young lady?"

"That was a little surprise. The marriage had been secret, and wasn't known till after his death; took place in France somewhere, I believe. Yes, there were several queer things about the case. I should have advised following it up. Still I think the murder was not connected with the other questionable features. It stood by itself."

"The widow is still living?"

"Oh, yes; and if I'm not mistaken she means to play a big part in society this winter. She has money enough, and a good position. I wish the Ravens, poor things, had had the half of her luck."

"Ah! and have they met with misfortunes, then?"

"Well, it's hard enough for a man to make his way, let alone a couple of women. The old lady could do nothing, except eat and wear clothes; but the young one had pluck, and she knew how to draw and how to play the piano. I advised her taking pupils, and she jumped at the idea. I got a few for her, and she succeeded so well with them that others came along. But pupils are not to be had in summer, and she would be fortunate to make eight hundred a year. Luckily, I had more room than I needed in my house, so there was no rent for them to pay, and they are company for my wife when I'm away."

"They are living with you, then?"

"At my invitation—yes. Miss Raven insists on paying board; but"—here Tom chuckled—"I use it to buy the pictures she puts on sale in the shops when no one else buys them. I've got quite a collection of 'em; but, bless her heart she doesn't know it!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The children of the blackest Africans are born whitish. In a month they become pale yellow; in a year, brown; at 4, dirty black, and at 6 or 7 glossy black. The change is in the mucous membrane below the cuticle.

A cannon ball fired from one of the great Krupp or Armstrong guns travels at the speed of 2,887 feet per second.

NERVOUSNESS.

THE CLASSES OF PEOPLE WHO SUFFER FROM IT.

Brain Workers, People Who Worry, and People Who Endure Long Continued Physical Strain.

From the Examiner, San Francisco, Cal.

It is generally agreed that a man's physical condition is dependent, to a great degree, upon the nature of his employment. Men whose occupations necessitate the constant use of the brain, without any opportunity for physical exercise, are generally nervous, while men employed at manual labor requiring no exercise of the brain function, are almost universally possessed of sound nervous systems, not easily disturbed by exciting events.

A striking illustration of this principle is found in the case of Professor George E. Coleman, who is a professional pianist, and who was, until within recent years, a druggist. Professor Coleman lives at 1330 Buchanan street, San Francisco. He is well known here as a pianist, having played at some of the most popular music halls in the city. Mr. Coleman is not a man of strong frame, and he has been an easy prey to the severe, nervous tension of his work at the piano. He has had to play continuously for several hours during every evening for five years, and his nervous system finally gave way under the strain. He was forced to retire from regular work at the piano, but that did not have the effect of improving his condition. Upon the contrary, he steadily grew worse. His nerves had been shattered, and in addition he discovered that one of his lungs had been affected by his having been exposed to counter draughts in poorly ventilated halls. His condition soon became such that he was confined to his home, and finally gave himself over to the care of a physician. Mr. Coleman's experience as a druggist had given him an acquaintance with diseases and their remedies, so he had a full knowledge of just what was necessary on his part to effect a cure.

"After several weeks' careful treatment by the physician," said Mr. Coleman, "I could notice no improvement in my condition. If anything, I think I was considerably worse. The action of my lungs had become so weak that I was afraid to walk any distance unassisted for fear of falling, through loss of respiration. My nervousness had advanced to an alarming stage. I was not able to contain myself for even a short time, but had always to be fumbling with something or moving nervously about the room. It was while I was in this condition that I noticed in a paper an article on Williams' Pink Pills. I determined to try them, even though they killed me. Well, they didn't kill me, but I'm not going to tell you that they cured me immediately, my case was much too serious for that. But I had not taken a full box before I felt a great relief. My respiration was more certain, I was gradually gaining control of my nerves and my condition was generally improved. I kept right on taking the pills and getting well. Now I had taken just three boxes of them when I considered myself a cured man. And I was right, for although I quit taking the pills, I did not relapse into my former condition, but grew stronger daily.

"It was truly a marvelous cure, and I will say that I think Williams' Pills possess remarkable curative properties, and I would recommend them to the use of the thousands of people of this city who are nervous wrecks, or who are suffering from diseases of the lungs"

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Latest Decorative Fad.

One of the things that the fashionable woman picks up abroad now to hang in her Murray hill drawing room is a set of priest's vestments. These are used for window and door draperies, one hanging as a lambrequin over a wide window, with perhaps the narrow casements in the same room conventionally decorated. These pieces of rich embroidery can be picked up in Spain, France and Italy at very low prices and are regarded by the discriminating collector as a unique and attractive ornament. In using them as lambrequins or doorway drapings breadths of soft silk of a contrasting or harmonizing hue are drawn through the openings made in the robes for head and arms, an arrangement which adds a pleasing grace to the rather stiff lines of the splendid pieces.

Miss Grace Harriman.

Miss Grace Harriman has issued in pamphlet form six lectures upon "Tomato and Fruit Growing For Women," which she gave at the forestry exhibition, Earl's court, in 1893. She is now both a practical fruitgrower and a county council lecturer at Sawley, near Derby, England, and her own experience justifies her desire to see many women following her example. She shows how a woman's small plot of ground can be worked to profit and gives valuable instructions on the details of horticulture. She thinks it is wise not to take more than half an acre in hand at first. Upon this a cottage, tomato house, poultry yard and fruit plantation may be planted.

A HEARTY WELCOME

To returning peace by day and tranquility at night is extended by the rheumatic patient who owes these blessings to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Don't delay the use of this fine anodyne for pain and purifier of the blood an instant beyond the point when the disease manifests itself. Kidney trouble, dyspepsia, liver complaint, la grippe and irregularity o the bowels are relieved and cured by the Bitters.

"So glad to hear of your engagement, old man; shake on it." "Can't, old fel; been given the shake already."

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

PRACTICAL LOGIC.

To reason from cause to effect is very good logic in its way, but to practice on physical conditions in seeking the cause first, is a very slow process indeed. All ailments seem to give an expression in pain, and especially in rheumatism where it takes hold deeply. This is an effect whatever the cause may be, and pain would become intolerable if one waited to find out the cause. Hence sufferers are bent on curing the pain promptly, and for this reason know, or soon find out that St. Jacobs Oil is surely the best remedy. People seldom have reason to hunt further, for once this ailment is cured by it, it stays cured, and thus puts an end to argument and pain at once.

Pat—Phwat does they use grapeshot for? Mike—Shure, it's to give the inemy appendicitis.

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.

WEST & TRUAX,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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

NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

Go East from Portland, Pendleton, Walla Walla via O. R. & N. to Spokane and Great Northern Railway to Montana, Dakotas, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Chicago, Omaha, St. Louis, East and South. Rock-ballast track; fine scenery; new equipment Great Northern Palace Sleepers and Diners; Family Tourist Cars; Buffet-Library Cars. Write C. C. Donovan, General Agent, Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No fits after the first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Erysipelas

Has been my affliction from childhood. It was caused by impure blood, and every spring I was sure to have a long spell, and my general health would give way. Doctors did me but little good, and I became despondent. Last spring erysipelas settled in my eyes and I became totally blind for several weeks. Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended, and after taking one bottle my sight gradually returned, my blood became purified and I was restored to good health. With Hood's Sarsaparilla one is well armed to meet any foe."—MISS LULU LEE, 144 Market Street, Memphis, Tenn.

Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Free from Animal Oils. GET THE GENUINE.
FOR SALE BY OREGON AND WASHINGTON MERCHANTS and Dealers generally.

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

SURE CURE FOR PILES
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KNOWLEDGE

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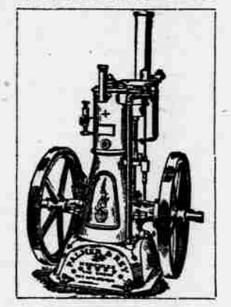

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