

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

IN PRAISE OF DUSK.

For some they love the morning hours,
The yellow mellow dawn,
But give me the twilight when
The cricket voices come.

When bright against the hedgerows burn
The earliest flowers,
For then I meet my sweetheart with
The dusk light in her eyes.

Behind the western hill the sun
Is far upon its way,
Though twilight lining seems to be
An afterthought of day.

And when we part at dark I know,
Unworthily though I be,
That in her eyes sweet twilight lies
An afterthought of me.

THE STROKE OF RUIN

Boyle Harding leaned back in an easy chair on the iron railed gallery which overhung the sidewalk and smoked slowly with half closed eyes. He was waiting and expecting the arrival of his young friend, Francois Rapin, who had lately interested him to a singular degree.

Even at the moment, up the uncarpeted stairway, came the active creole's feet, two steps at a time, along with a lively tune sung almost breathlessly through a curving black mustache.

"Well, and what is it?" demanded the New Yorker. "What have you found out?"

"Maybe she went to the French opera. Go with me. I have a box. Come."

"But haven't you yet seen her?"

"Seen her. How should I know? M. Harding forgets the conditions." He laughed in his atrociously frivolous French way.

"I beg pardon, said Harding quickly. 'I had indeed forgotten that I did not know her name, her place of residence, nor even the color of her eyes. Yes, I will go with you to the opera. Everybody goes, eh?'

He had come some a fortnight past with letters of introduction to the social people, but he was not seeking society. A quiet sojourn in New Orleans with his eyes and ears open suited him better.

What was perhaps just the thing he would have most desired came to him unexpectedly one day. He suddenly met a beautiful young woman face to face at the door of Garcia's old book store.

Harding was electrified and impulsively lifted his hat. She passed him with a half smile, leaving a breath of violets and the rustle of a gown quietly elegant in the air around about.

A lover is a great fool, but he is the only man who knows what song it was that the stars sang, and to him you must go if you would learn the secret of heavenly happiness and the value of dreams as motives for the imagination.

A lover's soul will trouble its stature by feeding one moment on a smile.

In fact, Boyle Harding had felt this sudden growth within. It had quickened, broadened and sweetened his spiritual vision, while affording a fine and richly mysterious increment to his enjoyment of his new surroundings.

This was midway in the fifties, when New Orleans had reached the splendid zenith of her wealth, and when the peculiar color of her social life was most dazzling and romantic.

As they went along Rapin was prattling on the subject of fencing, always a great vogue with the jeunesse doree of New Orleans.

"But you must be interested in sword play—in fencing. It is the noblest of all exercises for gentlemen, and your physique is precisely made up for it. You must be a master, or you could be."

"I have had good masters," Harding replied, in an evasive tone, "but I am losing interest in it."

"Your masters were in New York?"

"No," Rapin. I had M. Duval for three years."

"Ah, what fortune! He, and he only, teaches the 'stroke of ruin,' the pass which pierces across from shoulder to shoulder, disabling the victim for life, yet never killing him!"

"And you learned his stroke! Oh, but I am overjoyed, and you will teach me to do it. Ah, monsieur, I shall be your lifelong debtor. I have dreamed of that incomparable thrust, I have made two journeys to Paris to learn it; but, you must know, M. Duval is an ancient enemy of my father's. I could not go to him."

A great curve of splendor, a flash of faces, throats, bosoms, jewels, laces, eyes, fane—a bewildering horizon of corsets, collars, necklaces, bracelets, rings; a foam of airy gowns sinking and swelling gently, like surf frothing against a beach of fairyland. Harding gazed in half blinded stupidity, so he felt, and could see no details, could make out no individual face distinctly.

"We will begin the lessons tomorrow," murmured Rapin. "I shall be an apt scholar, monsieur."

"Yes," said Harding absently. He was gazing along the great sweep of beauty and light.

bringing with him, or at least Harding fancied it, a breath of that exquisite toilet perfume which had been haunting Harding's memory for days and nights together.

"Who is she—the young lady in the box where you've been?"

The abrupt inquiry and a certain timbre of Harding's voice betrayed his emotion to the quick creole.

"Oh, she—that is, Mlle. Marie de Montmartin. Lovely, isn't she? You might marry me, M. Harding. She is my betrothed."

"Ah"—Harding hesitated and a palish change passed over his face. Then he coolly added: "I do envy you. Yes, she is the most beautiful girl that I have ever seen. She is the one I met in the old book store. You are quick to find."

The next day Rapin came to Harding's room for his initial lesson, but the young man begged a postponement. He was not feeling in good form, he said, and was averse to exercise.

And now Harding's powerful letters of introduction came into play. The only son of General Stanope Harding had the key to open even the exclusive gate of the mansion wherein the ancient family traditions of old Montmartin were kept in an atmosphere of their own.

We must acquit him. He did not deliberately seek to gain her affections. Indeed there was no need to seek. She claimed him at sight, and the way was love's sweetest path. Rapin was forgotten.

So, in due course of time, the engagement was announced and the wedding day approached.

Harding had a desire to go again to the old book store of Garcia, on Royal street, and have his first meeting with Marie over once more in his imagination.

At Garcia's door Harding came abruptly face to face with Francois Rapin, whom he had not seen since the announcement of the coming nuptials.

Harding stopped short in his tracks and would have probably put forth his hand in a friendly offer of salutation, but just then his hat was lightly tapped from his head by Rapin, who immediately picked it up and handed it to him, saying:

"M. Harding will not remember his promise to teach me the mysterious stroke of M. Duval."

At first Harding's heat of temper was great, but reflection led him to consult his friends, who ridiculed the thought of a duel. His northern friends were unanimously opposed to the duel, but now he must be frank and lay the matter before his fiancée's family.

"You must fight him, sir," said Montmartin.

"Of course there is but one way open to a gentleman," sighed Marie, "you must challenge him."

They met at sunrise under the "oaks" which clinked their rapiers for honor's sake and Marie's.

That was but about 40 years ago, and yet what a distance! What a far spin the world has made down the "groove of change" since then!

Yesterday a white haired man whose shoulders drooped strangely and whose two arms dangled half paralyzed beside him walked down Royal street.

"That is Francois Rapin," said a creole to some friends. "He got that wound in the celebrated duel with Harding."

"E-o-e-s," drawled another of the group, with a queer little shrug, "y-e-o-s, M. Harding taught him the 'stroke of ruin,' ha, ha, ha! It is true, is it not?"

Boyle Harding and his wife live in Nice, where, in most comfortable circumstances and well loaded with fame, Harding writes his novels and plays with his grandchildren. His wife is said to be still beautiful and very domestic.

—Mauria Thompson in Vanity.

Seeds of the Mushroom.
The spores (seeds), composed of a two coated cell, are borne on the gills or tubes and the cap. One plant often produces 10,000,000 spores. To see these tiny spores you must cut the top of a toast and lay it right side up on a sheet of black paper. After a few hours remove it carefully, and an exact representation of its shape will remain on the paper, formed by the thousands of spores which have fallen out. If the spores fall on favorable soil, they germinate and send out great numbers of tiny threads. These, becoming intertwined and woven together, cover the ground like the finest web, and this is known as the mycelium, or "spawn."

The threads absorb nourishment and carry it to the quickened spore.—Margaret W. Leighton in St. Nicholas.

Polish Versus Moss.
The speakers were two brawny Scots who evidently had not met for a long while. Sandy asked Tom about business, but the reply was either evasive or unsatisfactory for the rough, uncouth Sandy, perhaps suspicious that his friend had fallen into his old tricks, suddenly broke forth loudly and vehemently.

"Hoch, mon," he said, "but ye'll hae ta settle doon, mon Tom. Ye ken a roilin stane gosses nae moss."

"What's wantin moss, ye auld foggie," was the quick retort. "An here's wan thing a roilin stane gosses that ye'll ne'er git, an that's polish, ye puir gow!"

—Boston Budget.

IMPERIAL MILLIONS

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE

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They mounted to the second floor accordingly, she still leaning on his arm. He left her on the threshold of the room, and the door closed behind her as she entered. There was a fire going in the fireplace, and in the chandelier a score of flames burned steadily.

The room was like the chamber of a fairy princess. Every appliance that could render a woman's existence luxurious and exquisite was there; every sense was flattered, every soft impulse stimulated.

She moved about resting her eyes on one delight after another. The bed, the toilet table, the washstand, the low chairs and divans, the soft rugs under foot, the walls hung with lovely tapestry, the numberless minor beauties of decorations of taste and temperament knew how to appreciate—all seemed designed for her. Was it so, indeed?

She seated herself at length and fell into a long reverie. Opposite to where she sat was a tall and wide mirror, in which she saw herself reflected at full length. It was set in the wall, the heavy bevel of the glass and its frame of ebony with ivory filigree pattern inlaid showed that it was a rare antique—such a mirror as the magicians of old time were fabled to employ in necromantic mysteries. One might expect to behold in it secret scenes from the future or the past—reflections from a heart that kept its own counsel.

A dreamy mood came over the woman. Her mind wandered vaguely from one region of thought to another. She sat with eyes half closed, and her hand was still. Glimpses of her earliest life passed before her, and then pictures nearer to the present and not so fair. She strove to banish them, and fix her mind on the anticipation that had lately suggested itself to her. To be the mistress of this house—the wife of this man—the dispenser of his fortune! But by a perverse infelicity her memory reverted to the talk in the reception room. She saw the court room, the judge and jury, herself in the witness box, and then in the prisoner's dock the pallid countenance, framed in black hair, of the youth who was on trial for his life. He was condemned; he was dead; his look seemed to reproach her for his death.

Either her eyes were dim or the room had grown strangely dusky. What light there was appeared to concentrate on the mirror. In its depths a figure darkly appeared, growing more distinct as she gazed upon it. What was it? Not her own reflection. She had not moved from her position. No. This figure stood erect; it was clothed in black garments; it advanced from a shadowy background. It was the figure of a man, surely she had seen it before! Her nerves thrilled cold and her joints stiffened as she looked. Was her visitor assuming concrete form before her eyes? The face was still obscure, but in that slowly increasing and lifting light it dawned into appalling visibility. And now it was revealed! It was he—it was Keppel Darke! A black veil seemed to swathe the lower part of his countenance; his features were contorted in a ghastly stare, directed upon her. He raised his hands and appeared to struggle with the semblance of a rope about his neck. Then he pointed to the floor at her feet, and with a sudden flash of conviction she knew that this room, so cunningly disguised, was the room in which Harry Trent had fallen, stabbed to the heart! With a shriek she sprang to her feet and staggered forward.

CHAPTER XIII.
AN ENTERTAINMENT.

She staggered, turned partly round and would have fallen.

Count de Lisle knocked at the door. For a minute or two there was no answer. He knocked again, and when there was no answer he opened the door.

"Are you ill?" he asked, and when there was no answer he entered the room.

"The door was opened slowly. The beautiful Lisle stood there pale, with startled eyes. She stared at him as if she hardly realized his presence, but after a moment she put out her hand and clutched him by the sleeve. She drew him into the room.

"Why did you put me here?" she said, in a husky voice. "What was it?"

"Are you ill?" he asked, and when there was no answer he entered the room.

"That mirror!" she continued. "I saw a thought—oh, what was it? A tremor passed through her and her teeth chattered."

"The mirror?" he repeated, looking perplexed.

She turned as if with an effort and gave a glance toward it. The room was full of light. The fire burned cheerfully. The antique mirror reflected the two figures standing together in the doorway. After a pause she gave a faint laugh and put her hand to her head. "I was asleep, I suppose; it must have been a dream—a nightmare. Dead men are dead!" and she laughed again.

"You are not well," he said. "You had better lie down on the bed for an hour or two and rest. I will see that you are not disturbed. I will receive the guests myself."

"Rest in that room!" she exclaimed. She gave him a very searching glance. "You were speaking about ghosts a while ago," she observed. "Any one would think you had a presentiment."

"Ah, well! You'll think I'm out of my head. Come, I am ready. Don't be afraid, dear count. I shall be equal to the emergency."

In fact she recovered her self-possession very rapidly, and was even more alert than usual. The incident of the mirror had aroused every latent quality, good or evil, in her nature. And her mind, which was strongly materialistic and logical in its bias, applied itself with a sort of angry heat to the consideration of the mystery. She did not believe in ghosts, and she had not been asleep. Yet she had seen in the mirror the reflection of Keppel Darke, the actual figure of Keppel Darke. As she had sprung toward it it had vanished, and she had found herself gazing at her own frightened eyes in the mirror. What was it? She had heard of hallucinations, visions, cerebral impressions—there were names enough; but the more she thought of this experience of hers the more convinced she was that it was real. She had seen a real substantial figure, and its face was that of Keppel Darke. But how was that possible? Was not Keppel Darke's dead body found in the railroad wreck, handcuffed to the dead body of the police officer? No matter; this was either Keppel Darke or it was some one who exactly resembled him. Whichever it was, the bearing of his appearance to her would be substantially the same. It could have been no accident; there was a plan and a purpose behind. Some power hostile to her was at work. Was the count aware of it? How could he but be aware of it? She was his enemy. He was her enemy! And he had invited her to the house, and had placed her in that room, with the premeditated design of—Well, of what? Of giving her a scare? No, not that. Of giving her warning of battle—throwing down the gauntlet? Hardly that, either.

"It is no use my trying to fathom his motives yet," said Lisle to herself. "I must wait and watch. Perhaps he means only to try an experiment on me; he has some problem to solve, and would test it by my behavior. But what concern has he with Keppel Darke? What is the object of Keppel Darke himself—if what I saw was really he? Count de Lisle would be a powerful friend—and a terrible enemy! There is almost nothing that a man of his advanced mind could not accomplish. Yes, and cannot I, too, accomplish something? Have not women no more beautiful or clever than I worked miracles before now? And after all, I have nothing to fear. Keppel Darke may come back from the grave if he will, but Harry Trent will not. And even if he did—"

"So glad to see you, Miss Fitz-Murray!" "Your wife, Miss Fitz-Murray?" "Your wife, Miss Fitz-Murray?" "Your wife, Miss Fitz-Murray?"

"For, all the while that Lisle was debating a matter of vital interest to herself, she had been standing near the entrance to the drawing room, with Count de Lisle, who had been seen by her exchanging amenities with one group or individual after another of arriving guests. Everybody knows how readily this duality of nature develops itself when any powerful impression is working on the mind. The soul so seldom has any part in the farrago of conventional and automatic things that we daily say and do, that when by chance it is aroused it can attend to its affairs without being in the least disturbed by the din of external things. Lisle, accordingly, smiled and chatted fully as well as usual, while her real thoughts were ranging to and fro through the past, and questioning the future in a manner that those who saw her standing there in the soft light, glowing and sparkling, would have been astonished to even suspect.

Civilization seldom can show a fairer scene than lay before Lisle's eyes that evening. The guests seemed to have done their best to render themselves harmonious with their environment. The beautiful girls were never so beautiful before; the women with taste in dress were never so tastefully dressed as on that night; the women with jewels never before so shone and glittered. As for the men, they could not array themselves in silks and satins, as they might have done a hundred years earlier, but they made up for their plain black and white by wit and good humor. Everybody was feeling interested. There had from the first been curiosity to see how the count would manage his entertainment, and this curiosity had now taken on a deeper and livelier tone. The company felt that it was going to pass an evening that it would remember, and that whatever expectations might be aroused, the count was quite able to surpass them without much exerting himself. Everything went forward smoothly and without hitch, and the count was the most unconcerned and care free person in the house. He never gave an order, or seemed to have a thought save of pleasure at the pleasure of his guests. His bearing was pronounced perfect by the best critics present—and some formidable ones were there—and in addition he appeared far more genial and conversable than heretofore. Evidently he was one of those characters that develop upon acquaintance.

The ladies soon fell in love with him; his house was so nice; he was so nice, and so inconceivably rich. The men all liked him none the less. It is not difficult to like a man who entertains you so charmingly and courteously, and who, as far as society is concerned, is simply an inexhaustible mine of entertainment.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Sensitive Persons show so strange a sensitiveness to the question of age that their friends may well avoid the entire subject. When Mrs. S. C. Hall was at least 70 years old, she met at a reception a young clergyman who was apparently delighted to see her.

"Mrs. Hall," said he, "I remember reading your books when I was a child, and I was especially charmed by the Irish stories."

"Then, sir," flashed Mrs. Hall, "if you read my books when you were a child, you ought to know better than to say so."

The mother of Julia Kavanagh was a woman of great intellectual power and unusual force of character, but even when she was 80 years old she was ashamed of her age.

One day she went with her French maid to the cemetery at Nice to visit the tomb she had erected to her daughter. The two were standing before the stone when the maid innocently read the inscription. Julia Kavanagh had then been dead seven years, and her age, 54, was of course recorded.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES A STORY.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y. V. I., Finally Found What He Had Sought Since the War Closed.

From the Ashabula, Ohio, Beacon.]

Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y. V. I., with which he went through the war, and saw much hard service. Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr. Taylor contracted chronic diarrhoea from which he has suffered now over thirty years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been, his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, O., but the change in health came not. Finally on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffman, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box.

"As a drugging man grasps a straw so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pill I commenced to feel better and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man."

That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a Beacon reporter, Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helper, said these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is today," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot give words to express the gratitude they feel or recommend to highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case they will cheerfully answer as they are anxious that the whole world should know what Pink Pills have done for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

First oyster (heebly)—Help! Help! I'm in the soup. Second oyster—I feel for you, brother, but I can't find you.

"THE MELANCHOLY DAYS HAVE COME

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NEW WAY EAST—NO DUST.

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

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh. Evidently it is one of those inflamed conditions of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

TRY GEMMA for breakfast.

ONE THING CERTAIN PAIN-KILLER KILLS PAIN

PAIN-KILLER

THE GREAT Family Medicine of the Age.

Taken Internally, It Cures Diarrhoea, Cramp, and Pain in the Stomach, Stomach, Stomach, Stomach, Coughs, &c., &c.

Used Externally, It Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Toothache, Pain in the Face, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Frosted Feet.

No article ever attained so much unbounded popularity.—Salem Observer.

An old best testimony to the efficacy of the Pain-Killer. We have seen its magic effects in soothing the most excruciating pains of every kind.—Cincinnati Dispatch.

Speedy cure for pain—no family should be without it.—Western Transcript.

Nothing has yet surpassed the Pain-Killer, which is the most valuable family medicine now in use.—Free Press.

It has real merit, as a means of removing pain, no medicine has acquired a reputation equal to Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.—Newport (Ky.) Daily Press.

It is really a valuable medicine—it is used by many Physicians.—Boston Herald.

Beware of imitations, buy only the genuine made by "Perry Davis." Sold everywhere, large bottles, 50 and 100.

TIME AND TIDE.

"Time and tide wait for no man," saith the adage—but there are many other things of the non-waiting kind which will not put off till tomorrow what they can do today.

And the misery of the world is caused by delay, and Rheumatism is one of those insidious ailments which demands prompt attention, especially in mid-winter, when the cold accentuates its action and intensifies its pain.

If allowed to have its way, it will wait for no man in its rapid development of the chronic stage. When this is reached, then come troubles, not only in his misery but in many ways where a helpless condition throws the sufferer out of work and money. But whether in its acute, chronic or inflammatory stage, don't wait. The tide of pain will go on and so will loss of time. At the same time we all know that St. Jacobs Oil is made and sold for the express purpose of curing the worst cases in their worst form at any stage. It has cured and will cure in nine cases out of ten.

"Don't Mr. Spooner says he always feels like a fish out of water when he is with me. Come—then you've hooked him, have you?"

WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED, DORCHESTER, Mass., the well known manufacturers of Bakers' Cocoa and other Cocoa and Chocolate preparations, have an extraordinary collection of medals and diplomas awarded by the great international and other exhibitions in Europe and America. The house has had an uninterrupted property for nearly a century and a quarter, and is now not only the oldest but the largest establishment in the world in this continent. The high degree of perfection which the company has attained in its chocolate products is the result of long experience combined with an intelligent use of the new forces of science, and the result is a chocolate of great strength and improved quality of production and cheapness of cost to the consumer.

The full strength and the exquisite natural flavor of the raw material are preserved unimpaired in all of Walter Baker & Company's preparations; so that their products may only be said to form the standard for purity and excellence.

In view of the many imitations of the name, label and wrappers on their goods consumers should be sure to note that the name of the genuine article made at Dorchester, Mass.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME

By careful investments by mail through a responsible firm of large experience and great success. Will send you particulars free, showing how a small amount of money can be easily multiplied by successful investment in grain.

Highest Bank references. Opportunities excellent. Pattison & Co., Bankers and Brokers, Room F, Omaha Building, Chicago.

FITZ—All fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Kidney and Bladder Remedy. The first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2.00 bottle of Kline's Fit Cure sent to Dr. Kline, 261 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Fisco's Cure.—RALPH EARLE, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

From U.S. Journal of Medicine Prof. W. H. Peck, who makes a specialty of Syphilis, writes: "I have known many cases of Syphilis cured by Fisco's Cure. We have heard of cures of 30 years' standing."

He publishes a valuable work on "The Syphilis Cure," which he sends with a large bottle of Fisco's Cure, free to any sufferer who may send their P. O. and express address. Write to Fisco's Cure, P. O. Box 100, New York City.

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