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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

FOR A GREAT PARADE

VETERANS OF THE NORTH AND SOUTH WILL UNITE.

Scheme Has Been Received With Great Favor In the South—What General Moorman Says of It—Twenty-five Thousand Confederates Expected to Be In Line.

The movement for a reunion and parade of the civil war veterans has now assumed the form that insures success. It will be seen in New York next year on the Fourth of July.

Often of late years the veterans of the Confederate service have been called in to the gatherings of Union veterans. Often, too, at the south, those who once wore the blue, accepting hearty invitations, have mingled with those that wore the gray and perhaps have marched with them. The encampment of the Grand Army, the celebrations of Decoration day and the dedication of battle parks, like those at Gettysburg and Chickamauga, or other ceremonies connected with the war have witnessed such reunions.

But now, for the first time, the Union and Confederate survivors of the war are to come together for the sole purpose of celebrating themselves their fraternal union and the return of brotherhood to every part of our land.

It is because this is the special purpose of the projected gathering in the one hundred and twentieth year of the independence of these states that it has a significance which will grow from the present time until the celebration is held and which will give it a national importance as one of the great events of 1896 and indeed of our day.

The idea of a united veterans' parade has been received with great favor throughout the south. For the purpose of finding out how it would be accepted among the ex-Confederates, Colonel Garnett wrote some time ago to General George Moorman, adjutant general and chief of staff of the United Confederate Veterans, of which organization General John B. Gordon is commander in chief. General Moorman's reply, dated Nov. 23, was in part as follows:

"At the outset I will say that nothing I can say now can be regarded as official, as I would not undertake to express an opinion on a matter so important until I conferred with General Gordon, the commanding general, and Lieutenant Generals Cabell and Lee and other leaders. My personal opinion is that, while the old veterans do not care to be paraded for show or to show themselves, if it is the sentiment of the country that good can be accomplished by joining in this parade, I am satisfied that they would be willing to do anything that would assist in a more perfect reconciliation or would assist in adding prosperity to any section of the country.

"As is well known, they are thoroughly and intensely patriotic, and I doubt if any citizens of the republic would rally more quickly and zealously to the defense of the national honor than those old southern soldiers.

"Some time since it was announced that the United Confederate veterans were to be invited to hold their next reunion in New York city. This, I believe, was well received by the veterans and press of the south. The parade is a new feature, and in order to give you a definite answer I will confer at once with the commanding general and other leaders and veterans and will also place the matter before the press of the south, so as to ascertain the trend of opinion on this subject."

Colonel Garnett has not heard again from General Moorman; but, as has been said, he has seen that nearly all of the southern papers are heartily in favor of the movement. The next Confederate reunion will take place in Richmond. It was at first suggested to have the reunion on May 24, 25 and 26, but the prevailing sentiment in the south is to have it a month later. General Moorman is of the opinion that the best dates for the reunion are June 30 and July 1 and 2. If this is done, the veterans can come to New York from Richmond, in which case the number of them that will come will be largely increased.

Colonel Garnett is most enthusiastic over the movement and said that he would not be at all surprised to see 25,000 Confederate veterans in the parade. —New York Sun.

Zella Has Written Her Book.

Information is received that Zella Nicolaus, whose suit against George J. Gould has brought her into notoriety, has blossomed forth as an authoress. She has nearly completed the manuscript of the work, which bears the lurid title, "A Glad and Sad Young Girl; or, The Child Adventuress." This purports to be a sketch of Zella's life. The young woman is expected to arrive at Wabash, Ind., in a few days, on a protracted visit to her father, Wesley Lytle, proprietor of a small grocery.—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

Dumas' Queer Will.

The will of the late Alexandre Dumas prohibits the publication or the performance of any posthumous works or plays which may be found in his manuscripts.

Fits Cured

From U.S. Journal of Medicine

Prof. W. H. Peeke, who makes a specialty of Epilepsy, has without doubt treated and cured more cases than any living Physician; his success is astonishing. We have heard of cases of 20 years' standing cured by him. He publishes a valuable work on this disease, which he sends with a large bottle of his absolute cure, free to any sufferers who may send their P. O. and Express address. We advise any one wishing a cure to address Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F. D., 4 Cedar St., New York

SURE CURE FOR PILES

Itching and Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles yield at once to DR. SO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY. Stops Itching, Absorbs tumors. A positive cure. Circulars sent free. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. DR. BOSANKO, Phila., Pa.

THRILLING SEA STORY.

Crew of an American Vessel Rescued as It Was Sinking.

The British steamer Rosemorran, Captain Norman, from Norfolk and Newport News for Leith, landed at Plymouth the other evening the captain of the American ship Belle O'Brien, from San Francisco, before reported foundered, together with his wife and 13 of the ship's crew. These were picked up from a small boat on Nov. 27 as they were abandoning the sinking wreck.

Captain Colley makes the following statement:

"Our voyage was a stormy one from the first, and the ship was soon driven from her course and began to leak. We were not anxious for our safety until we got within 75 miles of Queenstown, on Nov. 17, when the ship encountered a terrific gale, with tremendous seas, which swept her decks and stove and carried off her bulwarks and deckhouse. The ship was then leaking badly and taking water very fast.

"The crew manned the pumps constantly in the effort to save our lives. The water continued to gain, however, and on Nov. 19 the water in the hold was ten feet deep. In the meantime one man had fallen overboard and was drowned. On Nov. 19 we got out the longboat and towed her astern. Three seamen and the second officer were in the boat. The high seas caused the boat to plunge so violently that it became necessary to cut the painter to prevent her from swamping. The boat was without oars and was provided with neither food nor water. When the painter was cut, the boat drifted away into the darkness, and I immediately had another boat lowered, manned by the first and third officers and five men, provided with flashlights to search for her.

"The Belle O'Brien watched for hours for the return of the boats, but we saw neither of them again. Soon another gale sprang up, and the pumps became very difficult to work on account of the grain in the hold choking them. As the water gained, the grain continued to swell until it bulged the planks on the ship's sides and heaved her decks. We did not relax our desperate efforts to keep the ship afloat until we were sighted and picked up by the Rosemorran."

TOOK PART OF HIS SKULL.

Klumpeter Will Have a Piece of Silver In Its Place.

What promises to be a very successful trephining operation was performed on Policeman Peter Klumpeter of Brooklyn the other morning by Dr. Sappirl.

Klumpeter, who is the only Danish policeman in Brooklyn, has been suffering for the last eight months from an abscess, growing gradually into the form of a bunch of carbuncles back of his right ear. The surgeons discovered that the abscess was caused by a portion of the skull being diseased.

After he was placed under the influence of ether Dr. Sappirl cut through the abscess, and with a fine saw removed the diseased part of the skull, leaving a hole about the size of a silver quarter. The patient was watched carefully, and is doing so well that the surgeon feels confident that the operation will prove a success.

As soon as the blood that flows from the wound has been sufficiently staunched a silver plate will be placed over the opening in the skull. If all goes well, Policeman Klumpeter will be back at his post within two or three weeks.

STRANGE TELEPATHY.

Miss Morris' Awful Premonition of Her Mother's Death.

While a fair was being held in the basement of St. Mary's Church of the Immaculate Conception, Williamsburg, N. Y., the other night, Mrs. Sarah Jane Morris, a widow, was suddenly taken ill and died a few moments later.

Her daughter Maggie was to have sung at the fair that evening, and Mrs. Morris had gone there to hear her. At the moment when her mother was taken ill Miss Morris was practicing in the academy adjoining the church.

Without knowing of the illness, Miss Morris suddenly stopped singing, and when her teacher asked her what the cause was she began to cry and said she was all choked up. Presently a messenger arrived and told Miss Morris that her mother had been taken ill. While Miss Morris and the sister were hurrying to the church they met another messenger, who told Miss Morris that her mother was dead.

No Canals on Mars.

At the regular monthly meeting of the section of astronomy and physics of the New York Academy of Sciences, Professors Rees and Jacoby and Charles Post read papers attacking the alleged discoveries of lines and canals on the planet Mars. The attacks were principally directed against Percival Lowell of Boston, who while at Flagstaff, A. T., claimed to have seen the same lines and canals discovered on the planet by Signor Schiaparelli in Italy. After the reading there was a general discussion, and the conclusion arrived at was that these people were romancers and not astronomers. The academy therefore discarded the theory of canals and lines on the planet Mars until such time as they could be seen more plainly, or at least by a greater number of persons.

Schlatter and His Copper Rod.

Francis Schlatter, "the healer," arrived at Trinidad, Colo., the other day. The alleged miracle worker carries a copper rod of curious shape that he claims was presented to him by the Father. Schlatter says the rod possesses magical powers, and he guards it with great care.

Turn Him Out.

The founder of Christianity and the founder of Mohammedanism were both born in places that are now under the rule of the Turkish sultan, who, until a few years ago, ruled also over the birthplace of Moses, the founder of Judaism. —New York Sun.

BAREFOOT BABIES.

I know a spot, a sunny nook,
Where barefoot babies come to play,
Where nature's best unfolded book
Reveals its teachings all the day.

There where the tiger lily lifts
Its haughty face to greet the smile
Of sky blue heaven's snowy drifts
Come naught of worldly care nor guile.

There, close beside a rippling stream
The barefoot babies laugh and prance
And toss their yellow locks that gleam
Like tasseled corn in breeze's dance.

Dear barefoot babies, reap the sweet
Of youth and life and dance your best.
'Twill come dreamlike from years' retreat
In after time to lull you rest.
—H. S. Keller in Detroit Free Press.

IMPERIAL MILLIONS

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

[Copyright, 1891, by American Press Association.]

"Ah, yes; you think I cannot do it?" said he, scarce audibly.

"It is so much to ask—for the woman you have loved?"

He turned away and took a step as if to depart. "Go, then," she said with a sigh.

He turned to her again. "I am a fool and a villain," he said. "Where can I see you?"

"Come to me tonight," she replied; "we shall be alone."

That evening Garcia was expected at the Bannicks' house, but he did not come. His absence was scarcely noted. The lovers had enough to think of in each other. "He has been looking rather under the weather lately," remarked the count. "I suppose he is taking a rest."

They intended after the ceremony to take a trip to southern California, where the count thought of buying some land, and they would be back in New York in June, by which time the summer dwelling on Long Island would have been completed. Here their estate extended across the island, from the sound to the sea, a region twenty miles long by ten miles in width. The house was erected within a mile of the place where once stood the hut in which Keppel Darke had passed a memorable night. The hut had been removed, but the swamp still remained.

The wedding breakfast was to be given in the Fifth avenue house. Olympia was to proceed to the church from the Bannicks, and in their company, and would there be met by the bridegroom. Mrs. Raven decided not to be present at the wedding. She would bid her daughter farewell at the breakfast, and would take up her quarters at the Fifth avenue house during their absence. These details were all settled by the night of April 30, and at that time the lovers bade each other good night for the last time. Thereafter they would part no more. It was a happy good night; no shadow rested upon it. A life of sunshine lay before them.

Olympia slept soundly and was up betimes. She was in an exalted mood; her eyes deep with sweet reveries; she hummed songs to herself in a minor key; she hardly seemed conscious of her surroundings; her heart and mind were elsewhere. Mrs. Bannick helped her dress and put the finishing touches to her packing. They were to be at the church at eleven. Everything was ready by ten. There was nothing to do but wait. Olympia had been growing more and more abstracted. She looked pale, and her friend counseled her to lie down for half an hour. Olympia nodded assent, went into her room and closed the door. Mrs. Bannick, a careful housekeeper, went to the kitchen to give her orders for the day. At ten forty-five the carriage was announced. She tapped at Olympia's door, but there was no answer. She opened the door and looked in, saying, "It is time, my dear!" But no one answered. The room was empty, nor was Olympia anywhere in the house.

It took some time to establish this fact, but Mrs. Bannick was not easily frightened, and, though making every effort to find Olympia, did not permit herself to believe any harm. If she was not in the house she must have left it voluntarily—so much seemed certain. The apartment house in which their flat was contained a dozen other flats, at all of which inquiry was made, but the hall boy said that a lady had gone out half an hour before who resembled Miss Raven. She had not come down in the elevator, and he had not seen her face, but the description he gave of her dress made it practically certain that it was Olympia. He had not noticed what direction she took on leaving the house.

"Perhaps the girl has gone to the church on foot!" exclaimed Mrs. Bannick to her husband, who was looking more and more despairing. "She was so preoccupied all the morning she hardly knew where she was. She may have forgotten all about the carriage and gone on alone. It is only a few blocks off anyway. Depend upon it, Tom, that's it."

"It may be," said Tom. "You ought to know more about your own sex than I do. If they are capable of such things, all right. We will go and see, at all events. It is long after eleven, and if your explanation is the true one the girl must have been married by this time and gone to breakfast."

"Oh, pray heaven it is so!" exclaimed his wife fervently.

"I am afraid the devil has been taking a hand in this business," said Tom. "But come on. We shall know directly."

They were driven to the church, but had only crossed the threshold when they saw that Olympia was not there. The clergyman was there, and the bridegroom, and a thousand fashionable spectators; but the bride was—where?

Tom had to do the most unwelcome deed of his life. He went up the aisle, looked his friend in the face and told him that Olympia had vanished. The count had already had time to feel anxious. He met the news like a man, but his countenance seemed to grow old and haggard in a few moments.

"Where is Garcia?" demanded Tom.

"I haven't seen him this morning."

"I suspect him of having a hand in this. ——— him!" said Tom, swearing out loud in church between his set teeth.

"Let us get out of this and get to work," said the count. Tell the clergyman to notify the people. There is no time to lose."

He and Tom passed out of the door of the sacristy, while the clergyman, in sad, melodious accents, informed the people that owing to the sudden severe illness of the bride the wedding would be postponed.

CHAPTER XVII.

DRIVING A BARGAIN.

"I am heartily glad to see you, Count de Lisle!" she said.

Within an hour from the time when Olympia Raven and the Count de Lisle should have been made man and wife all the detective skill available in New York was engaged in searching for the bride. Not only that, but men were stationed at every possible point of exit from the city; telegrams were sent to every village, town and city within a thousand miles; every steamer, vessel and vehicle leaving or about to leave New York was searched. In the course of a day or two thousands of photographs of the missing girl were distributed in all directions over the country, and were posted up at every street corner, in every church, in every place of amusement in the city. Accompanying them was an offer of a reward that has probably never been paralleled in the history of the world: One million dollars cash for information that would lead to the recovery of Olympia Raven, or of her body if she were dead, and ten million dollars to any one who would bring her to her friends uninjured in health and limb. Meanwhile the papers devoted columns to the discussion of the matter; it was talked of in every household in the United States; long cablegrams on the subject were sent to Europe, and it is not too much to say that by the end of a week nearly every inhabitant of the civilized world had heard the name of Olympia Raven and knew something of her history.

It seemed impossible that all this should fail to bring some news of her; and quite as much if she were dead as if she were alive. How could a person—and a girl of striking beauty at that—vanish so utterly and suddenly that no one of the millions of her fellow creatures, their senses sharpened and their cupidity aroused by the promise of wealth to a fabulous amount, should be able to give a single scrap of information concerning her? Had no one seen her pass? Had no one received her where she was gone? If no longer in this life, did earth and water so effectually conceal her remains that no eye could be drawn to the spot? If she had been foully dealt with, was there no accomplice whose greed would tempt him to open his lips? Be that as it might, no syllable of news was received. If Olympia had gone out of existence like the flame of a candle, she could not have left less trace behind her. The whole world had been asked where she was, and, cudgel its brains as it would, it had been able to frame no reply.

Early in the proceedings Tom Bannick had followed up his notion as to Garcia, and his investigations had ended in discovering the man in Philadelphia. When found he was in a drunken stupor, and the proprietor of the hotel at which he was staying said that he had been there since the night of April 30—twelve hours before Olympia disappeared. On coming to his proper senses Garcia had little to say for himself. He intimated that drink had been his demon from the beginning, and that an occasional spree he must have. When questioned as to Olympia he merely shook his head and remarked that he was sorry for the count. "Tell him," he added, "that he will never see me again. I have lived a decent life longer than I ever did before, and I am tired of it. I shall relapse into the tramp I was when he found me. I followed him up to the altar; now I shall follow my own nose to the devil, and that will be my address!" Saying which this enigmatical personage turned over in his bed and went to sleep.

Meanwhile it had not escaped the count that if Sallie Matchin had wished to avenge herself upon him in the most effective manner conceivable, she could not have hit upon a method so effective as this. No doubt she would willingly have spirited Olympia away had she been able to do so, but it was impossible to imagine how she could find the means. Investigation showed that no person had been admitted to the house during the period between ten and eleven o'clock on the first of May. Olympia must therefore have gone forth of her own volition. Nor was it creditable that supposing her to have intended going to the church, she could have been waylaid upon the way thither? The distance was but a quarter of a mile, the sun was shining, the avenue was full of people. No, the idea was not to be entertained, and yet it was just as difficult to suppose that the girl had hidden herself away. Only downright insanity could account for her doing such a thing, and even assuming that she had done it, some one must be aware of the fact, and the reward that had been offered would long since have led to her bringing back.

He was obliged, consequently, to acquit Sallie of having had any hand in the disappearance, and where else to look he knew not. But on Saturday, the ninth day after the calamity, he received a letter from Sallie herself, which he read with a mixture of hope and fear that almost broke his heart.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

What with pipe clay for the white shoes, russet polish for the tans, black lacquer for the patent leathers, and plain "dressing" for the kids, it takes quite an array of small bottles to keep up the summer footgear.

Linen undergarments that are badly stained with perspiration should have such spots soaked and washed in tepid water, without soap or soda, before adding them to the regular washing.

Louisa R. Sprague of Easton, Me., has been appointed commissioner to solemnize marriages by Governor Cleaves.

The women of St. Paul have cleared the sum of $10,000 by editing entirely one issue of the St. Paul Dispatch.

SECRET OUT AT LAST.

GENERAL JOHN A. LOGAN WAS "TOM ANDERSON."

Known That He Wrote "Uncle Daniel's Story of Tom Anderson and Twenty Great Battles"—Secret Well Kept—Public Men Attacked In the Book.

John A. Logan's secret is out at last. The disclosures to be made in the following article will create surprise, if not a sensation. In 1886 a book appeared from the press entitled "Uncle Daniel's Story of Tom Anderson and Twenty Great Battles." It was published anonymously "by an officer of the Union army."

The little work attracted a good many. Prominent public men were covertly attacked in its pages, their names being paraphrased. Some of them, conspicuously Senator Voorhees of Indiana, published interviews in self defense. All efforts to identify the author proved fruitless. The secret is now out. John A. Logan was the author, and Tom Anderson was himself.

General Logan wrote the book in 1884 and the following year. He began it while he was on the Republican ticket with Blaine as a candidate for vice president. When he appeared at the capital of Illinois, December, 1884, to take personal charge of his campaign for re-election to the senate, he was engaged putting the finishing touches to his manuscript. After midnight, when his rooms at the Leland hotel were cleared of visitors, General Logan sat down at his desk and wrote upon this story of the war.

Finally he called in a number of friends whose advice as to the literary merits of his effort he craved. With characteristic bluntness General Logan asked them to tell him frankly whether or not he was making a fool of himself by writing such a story. He especially wanted to know if he was too severe in his criticisms upon public men. General Logan pledged these friends to secrecy. He afterward required the same pledge from his publishers, and the secret has been well guarded from that day to this.

General Logan told those who were honored with his confidence that all the incidents used in his book were actual occurrences. He regarded the story more as an autobiography than anything else. The framework of the story was imaginary, but its substance was drawn from General Logan's own experience and observations. The inscription on the fly leaf was as follows:

"Uncle Daniel" is presented to the public. A truthful picture, based upon the events of the late war.

This volume is dedicated to the Union soldiers and their children.

The author, New York, Jan. 1, 1886.

In order to conceal his identity and to avoid pointed references to prominent men in military and civil life General Logan changed geographical and proper names to suit his purpose, although nearly always leaving a clew to his meaning. The story is told by Uncle Daniel after the close of the war, and this Uncle Daniel in real life was Daniel McCook, father of the famous family of McCook boys, who entered the army from Ohio.—Boston Journal.

Wedded While Hypnotized.

If the story told by Mrs. George Paltridge of Ann Arbor is true, George is a bold, bad Svengali. Mrs. Paltridge was formerly Miss Mary Lurfield, a popular young lady of that city. She was engaged to marry a student named Weir in the law department. In the bill for divorce she claims that on Sept. 9, 1895, Paltridge took her to Ypsilanti, hypnotized her and compelled her to marry him under the name of Mary French. Then, she alleges, he took her to Kalamazoo and maltreated her. Ten days later she returned to her father's home in Ann Arbor, and now seeks a divorce.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WE ARE POISONED BY AIR AND WATER

When they contain the germs of malaria. To annihilate these and avoid or conquer chills and fever, bilious remittent or dumb ague, use persistently and regularly Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which also remedies dyspepsia, liver trouble, constipation, loss of strength, nervousness, rheumatism and kidney complaint. Appetite and sleep are improved by this thorough medicinal agent, and the infirmities of age mitigated by it. A wineglassfull three times a day.

In leap year every youth anew
And jovial ditty sings.
Perhaps he'll now get back a few
Of those engagement rings.

THE WORST OF IT.

If the best of life, as it is said to be, is but anticipation, the worst of it is surely worry and vexation. They are the plows and harrows that furrow the brow and cut deeply into the nerves. It is constant plowing of this kind that tears up the nerve tissues. The greater nerves, like the bigger roots, may resist for a time, but the ploughshare gets down to them. Worry brings all sorts of other ailments of a torn-up system and at last the sciatic nerve is reached, a disturbance to which in the form of sciatica is attended by excruciating pains. St. Jacobs Oil has cured the wort cases of men crippled by it. Use it and make sure of a prompt and permanent cure.

"Won't the young lady skite?" "Me! a-goin' to knock myself about like them blokes and spo'l my 'at? Not likely!"

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—MRS. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, 1894.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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, O.

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.
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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.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

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 A. B. C. Denniston, C. P. & T. A., Portland, Oregon, or F. I. Whitney, G. P. & T. A., St. Paul, Minn., for printed matter and information about rates, routes, etc.

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.

EVERY FAMILY SHOULD KNOW THAT

PERRY DAVIS' VEGETABLE PAIN KILLER

Is a very remarkable remedy, both for INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use, and wonderful in its quick action to relieve distress.

Pain-Killer is a sure cure for Sore Throat, Coughs, Chills, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cramps, Cholera, *and all Bowel Complaints.*

Pain-Killer IS THE BEST remedy known for Sea Sickness, Sick Headache, Pain in the Back or Side, Rheumatism and Neuralgia.

Pain-Killer is *unquestionably* the BEST LINIMENT MADE. It brings *speedy and permanent relief* in all cases of Bruises, Cuts, Sprains, Severe Burns, &c.

Pain-Killer is the well tried and trusted friend of the Mechanic, Farmer, Planter, Sailor, and in fact all classes wanting a medicine always at hand, and *safe to use* internally or externally with certainty of relief.

IS RECOMMENDED
By *Physicians, by Missionaries, by Ministers, by Mechanics, by Nurses in Hospitals.*
BY EVERYBODY.

Pain-Killer is a Medicine Chest in itself, and few vessels leave port without a supply of it.

No family can afford to be without this invaluable remedy in the house. Its price brings it within the reach of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctors' bills.

Beware of imitations. Take none but the genuine "PERRY DAVIS."

Scrofula

Manifests itself in many different ways, like goitre, swellings, running sores, boils, salt rheum and pimples and other eruptions. Scarcely a man is wholly free from it in some form. It clings tenaciously until the last vestige of scrofulous poison is eradicated from the blood by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Thousands of voluntary testimonials tell of suffering from scrofula, often inherited, positively, perfectly and permanently cured by

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists; $1. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25 cts.

PINEOLA COUGH BALSAM

is excellent for all throat inflammations and for asthma. Consumptives will invariably derive benefit from its use, as it quickly abates the cough, renders expectoration easy, assisting nature in restoring wasted tissues. There is a large percentage of those who suppose their cases to be consumption who are only suffering from a chronic cold or deep seated cough, often aggravated by catarrh. For catarrh use Ely's Cream Balm. Both remedies are pleasant to use. Cream Balm, 50c per bottle; Pineola Balsam, 25c at druggists. In quantities of $2.50 will deliver on receipt of amount.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

Do You Wear... **Pants?**

PANTS $3 TO ORDER

Tailor-made, finished and sewed with silk throughout, perfect fitting—by first-class white tailors—from your measure. On application will send samples of cloth and directions for self measurement. Black Cheviot suitings, $12. Uniforms and Bicycle Suits a specialty.

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

If you want a sure relief for pains in the back, side, chest, or limbs, use an

Allcock's Porous Plaster

BEAR IN MIND—Not one of the host of counterfeits and imitations is as good as the genuine.

A Perfect Food

That is what Baron von Liebig said of good chocolate. All of Walter Baker & Co.'s Cocoas and Chocolates are good,—the best, in fact.

Walter Baker & Co., Ltd., Dorchester, Mass.

FLOUR MILLS...SAW MILLS
MINING MACHINERY...
IRON WORK OF ALL KINDS

MARINE ENGINES AND BOILERS...

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WOMAN FOR YOU

The very remarkable and certain relief given woman by MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY has given uniformly success and weakness life. Thousands of it the name of Woman's Friend. It is ful in relieving the backaches, headaches which burden and shorten a woman's women testify for it. It will give health and strength and make life a pleasure. For sale by all druggists. BLUMAUER-FRANK DRUG CO., PORTLAND, Agents.

"IT IS IGNORANCE THAT WASTES EFFORT." TRAINED SERVANTS USE

SAPOLIO

1896 SEED... CATALOG

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