



THE LION SLAYER

He is a young doctor and a surgeon on board one of the small gunboats placed on a great African lake. Fresh-colored still, though slightly tanned by exposure to the lake winds, with merry, Irish eyes of blue gray, a square-cut jaw and obstinate chin, a long upper lip, a little whisker at the temples and short wavy black-brown hair. Like many men of his class, he is a potential Darwin, and, having no means to travel and study natural history, has entered the navy as a surgeon. He has landed on the shores of the lake for a day's shooting, hoping to get an elephant at least, but meantime content to study sunbirds. Let us in imagination enter his mind, see through his eyes what he saw and lay bare his thoughts.

Grass! A forest of grass, with stout, knotted stems six or eight feet high, and abundant leaves starting from every joint. Each stem ends in a drooping plume of ripened seed. As the doctor forces his way through the tangled herbage and cane-like stalks the seeds shower down upon him, each one attested in its descent by its long feathery stipule. The seeds are sharp-pointed and barbed at the ends, so they pierce their way through his clothing easily and scratch the perspiring flesh beneath. This raises to exasperation the discomfort already felt to be well-nigh unbearable, for the doctor's face is now the color of raw beef from the stifling heat and the frightful exertion of forcing his way through such a thicket of grass and his hands are scratched and cut by contact with the razor-edged leaves. His Terai hat is constantly being dragged off his head and it is all he can do to carry his gun and elbow his way through the obstructing herbage, protecting his face as well as possible with the left hand. So he is in an ill temper and cannot stop to notice the weaver birds of flame color and black, the extraordinary stick insects (exactly resembling stalks of grass) and the green, leaf-like insects which creep through the dense brake on either side. He is after bigger game. The most experienced of his boys pioneers him through the stifling grass jungle, another boy with a second rifle follows behind. The idea is "elephants," elephants having been reported hereabout the previous day, when suddenly they have reached a space where the grass is a little drier, a little less dense; the pioneer "boy" comes doubling back on his master with every gesture expressive of "Hush!" The doctor stops, mops his boiling face (thankful for the mo-



"SOME GREAT YELLOW OBJECT IN THE AIR ABOVE HIM."

mentary halt) and asks inquiringly: "Elephants?" "No," says the negro in a panting whisper, "Lion! There, there, no, not there. You see that ant hill? Well, climb on to its side and you will see the lion lying in clear space just beyond. A male lion, truly; its body is nearly white and its mane is black."

With Express rifle at full cock, the doctor advances gingerly through the interlaced grass, bent nearly double, keeping the lion lying in the directed straight before him and the fields his sensitive trigger from the intrusive grass stems. The ant hill is reached; he clambers to its sloping side. "Good God, the boy's right. What a beauty! And asleep, too!" But something in the doctor's coming has aroused the lion, ten yards away; aroused him partially, for there is a sudden movement. He raised the great head set in a collar of yellow, brown, black mane; slowly the lion's magnificent mane passes over the yellow eyes, but as they are focusing to meet his own gaze the doctor fires, fires precipitately (his position on the sloping ant hill is insecure), wounds the lion somewhere, somehow, but does not kill him. The beast gives a sharp explosive roar, seems to jump into the air with all four feet and then in three bounds has crashed off into the grass jungle. Silence. "Well, I'm a muf!" thinks the doctor. "He wasn't ten yards away and I didn't kill him dead! I don't know quite where I hit him; in the chest, I think. But he can't be far away and I must finish him off." He descends from the ant hill into the clear trampled space where the lion had been lying. At the spot where the lion had made its first bound into the dense grass hedge, there is a great squirt of blood over the tangled greenery—the dark crimson liquid still drips from leaf blade to leaf blade. "Ah! thought so; he must be pretty badly hit!"

Two black faces, with starting eyes and anxious grins, now cautiously peer around the ant hill. The doctor, raising his head, recognizes his boys and beckons them down. The three converse in whispers. The situation is explained—how the lion was wounded, the direction in which he bounded away. The boys urge caution. "Lion plenty fierce. Mkgano mkal nditu. Master must take care; better climb tree and look all around—no go into grass." But he has no time to spare. A boy bolsters himself to the slender summit of the ant hill and reports that he sees the grass moving in the direction whither the lion had withdrawn—moving as though a stationary animal were shaking it with convulsive throes (all of which is explained more by gestures than by words). The doctor, clambering up beside the boy, thinks he can descend as the grass stems bow and droop before some writhing object; the lion's waving tail and a yellow-gray hunched He

OSTRICH FARMS.

After Twelve Years of Costly Experiments Their New Pay Dividends.

It is estimated that seven ostrich farms in Southern California have sold over \$100,000 worth of feathers during the last year, and that now, after more than twelve years of costly and discouraging experiments, a majority of the ostrich farms in this region pay dividends. Several of the enterprises are pronounced successes, and have paid good interest on the capital in them for several years. The greater part of the money invested in the production of ostrich feathers has come from England and New York. The industry is a popular one for young Englishmen fresh from college or the academies and possessed of ample means and a spirit for novelty of business pursuits.

There are now fifty bright young men from England now engaged in managing ostrich farms in this part of California, and there are others recently from London who are in search of suitable localities among the valleys and foothills in this region for new ostrich farms. It takes a capital of \$15,000 to establish any sort of an ostrich farm, and \$25,000 to \$30,000 is required for a first-class, well-stocked and scientifically arranged farm.

The men who have been in the ostrich plume industry in Southern California since 1884 say that they have never been such a demand for ostrich plumes as this season. Dame Fashion has made their business suddenly become most profitable, and every man engaged in ostrich farming is hoping to present fashion for wearing ostrich plumes in profusion will continue for several years. Last month the heaviest consignment of ostrich plumes ever made from Southern California went to Paris from Los Angeles.

Ostrich farming was first made an experiment in Los Angeles and Fallbrook in 1883 by a company of Frenchmen. The profits from the several ostrich farms in this section have grown each year, as the habits of the birds have been learned and the ostriches have become acclimated. There are now successful ostrich farms at South Pasadena, Anaheim, Fallbrook, Santa Monica, Coronado, and Pomona.

There are about 400 ostriches in Southern California, and they have become so common that none but the tourists who come to spend the winter seasons here take any curious interest in the birds. The ostrich is now being raised in this region is roughly estimated at \$200,000, and there will probably be \$500,000 to \$700,000 more invested in the industry before the year is over.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Detection by Finger Prints.

By a combination of the Bertillon method of measurement with the finger print system any prisoner can be identified with almost absolute certainty and in a very short space of time. It has been calculated that the chance of two finger prints being identical is less than one in sixty-four billion, and when we consider the relatively small numbers of the criminal population, and that other persons are not so easily available in any doubtful case, mistaken identity ought now to be a thing of the past. The method of obtaining the prints is to press the thumb or finger upon a plate of copper which has previously been coated with a very thin film of ink. The ink is then rubbed off and the prints are then pressed upon a card of paper. The prints are then compared with the prints of the prisoner, which is kept as a record. Although finger prints have been used as a sign manual from the earliest times, yet it is only recently that they have been studied from a scientific point of view, and the evidence accumulated is as yet insufficient to enable us to realize their value to the anthropologist. Now that a good system of classification has been worked out, it is to be hoped that observers will multiply rapidly, and that the bulk of the material at our disposal will soon be considerable.

In Silver Paper.

I wonder if the men who pop the momentary question on to receive a negative, feel particularly awkward when they meet the woman who declined the honor. The proper observation, I understand, for the lady to make after the painful and delicate duty has been performed is, "But I trust we shall remain friends." The man may shake his head and mutter, "Friends, he hanged!" but there is no help for it. As they move in the same set they cannot avoid meeting each other, and of course in a friendly way. It is only in a very much less kind society that the rejected one swears that no other man shall have his beloved object, and buys a second-hand revolver to prevent it. Just at first it must be very embarrassing, and there is probably always a certain queer feeling between the two. The man who has been with the well-informed everywhere, Syrup of Figs stands highest and is most largely used and gives most general satisfaction.

A New Flying Machine.

A new flying machine, similar in principle to that of Lilienthal, has been devised by Herr Arthur Stenzel of Altona, Germany, says the Popular Science Monthly. It has parabolic wings in imitation of bird's wings, is driven by the power of compressed carbonic acid, and has been made to "go" when attached for safety to a guiding cable. With a force of one horse-power it has advanced three meters at each beating of the wings, of which there are one and three-quarters per second. With a horse-power and a half the machine may be made to fly free from the cable. The wings are remarkably elastic, and the inventor thinks that this is one of the factors of his success. They are made of unadorned steel tubes and bamboo, and are covered with a specially prepared india-rubber cloth. The apparatus is directed by a rudder which is not unlike a bird's tail. As yet no passengers have been carried on the machine.

Profit in Drunks.

French army pensioners living in the Hotel des Invalides, who have all received medals for bravery on the field, occasionally drink more than is good for them. To prevent such veterans making exhibitions of themselves in public a reward of 15 cents is paid to any one who returns an inebriated man to the barracks. Recently intoxication among the pensioners having increased greatly, it was discovered that a trade in rescuing had arisen, a knockout drink costing five cents and warranted to act at once having been devised, which left a clean profit of 10 cents per drink.

A Wrong Supposition.

"The people moved out of that house this morning and that is the landlord just going in."

"He appears to have a great many prospective tenants."

"Prospective tenants, indeed! There are only neighbors going to see in what condition the people left the house."—London Fun.

to be divided among the-----?-----of the missing word.

FINDERS is the answer.

Schilling's Best tea is not only pure but it is-----?-----because it is fresh-roasted.

What is the missing word?

Get Schilling's Best tea at your grocer's; take out the Yellow Ticket (there is one in every package); send it with your guess to address below before August 31st.

One word allowed for every yellow ticket. If your ticket (or tickets) reaches us before July 1st, you are entitled to two words for each ticket.

If only one person finds the word, he gets one thousand dollars. If several find it, the money will be divided equally among them.

Every one sending a yellow ticket will get a set of cardboard creeping babies at the end of the contest. Those sending three or more in one envelope will receive a charming 1898 calendar, no advertisement on it.

Besides this thousand dollars, we will pay \$150 each to the two persons who send in the largest number of yellow tickets in one envelope between June 15 and the end of the contest—August 31st.

Cut this out. You won't see it again for two weeks.

Address: SCHILLING'S BEST TEA SAN FRANCISCO.

A New Projectile.

Colonel William N. Bell's new projectile performs what its inventor claims, namely that it can be discharged from a smooth-bore gun with as great a velocity as any projectile now discharged from rifled cannon, it will revolutionize gunnery. Colonel Bell not only claims this for it, but claims also that it is neither wobble nor tumble in the course of its flight. This projectile, says the New York Herald, seems to be the cheapest, surest and most accurate by far of all yet invented, and is fired more easily and more accurately and with far greater economy of power and cost than the old-fashioned rifled projectile. The new projectile is \$3,000 smoother-bore of the six-inch diameter, the magnificently expensive rifled wonder of today. What this will mean in case the government tests soon to be undertaken prove the accuracy of the original tests may be gathered from the fact that \$3,000,000 worth of the old smoothbore of Rebellion time is being loose around the United States—so much old iron and nothing more. It will be a wonderful saving if these can yet be utilized.

About 3,000 species of insects, on an average, have been discovered during each year of the present century.

Effect of the Ray on Air.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Lord Kelvin read a communication on "The Electrification of Air by Roentgen Rays," the outcome of his experiments on the subject which had occupied his attention for some months. The primary object of these investigations, of theoretical value only, was to ascertain the action of Roentgen rays upon electrified air; that is, to see whether the rays had any electrifying effect on the air. In every case the experiments showed that air which had not been previously electrified was negatively electrified, and air that was positively electrified having been submitted to the action of X-rays was found to be either electrified at all or slightly.

The number of unmarried women in England and Wales exceeds the number of unmarried men by nearly 200,000.

According to the deductions of a well-known astronomer, we receive as much light from the sun as could be emitted by 680,000 full moons.

The expense of the Vatican at Rome would be covered if every Catholic in the world contributed three-quarters of a cent a year.

Vaccination has just been introduced into Afghanistan by the advice of Miss Hamilton, an English physician, who is in attendance upon the ameer.

In the tropical forests so large a proportion of the plants are of the sensitive variety that sometimes the path of the traveler may be traced by the wilted foliage.

Only One!

Not more than five men or women in a thousand are free from some form of Kidney, Liver or Bladder trouble, which is certain to run into serious disease unless checked.

Stop and Think!

that there is but one known remedy for these troubles! Ask any druggist, physician or friend what it is, and he will tell you.

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Make money by successful speculation in wheat. We buy and sell wheat there on margin. Fortunes have been made on a small beginning by trading in futures. Write for full particulars. Best of reference given. Several years' experience on the Chicago Board of Trade, and a thorough knowledge of the business. Dealers in Wheat, Corn, Soybeans, and other grain. Offices in Portland, Oregon, Spokane and Seattle, Wash.

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NOT WHAT SHE SEEMED.

A Stranger's Experience with a "Mountain" Girl in North Carolina.

One afternoon last September I was riding a steep mountain road in Western North Carolina, says a civil engineer. It was the most beautiful season of the year. The foliage of the trees had taken on its gayest autumnal tints, and over valley and gorge was cast the beautiful melancholy haze that summer draws upon her in those regions when nearing her end. The road was narrow and rocky and was bordered on one side by an almost primeval forest, on the other by precipitous cliffs.

As I rounded a jutting mass of rocks and trees, which forced a sudden bend in the road, I saw a long brown barrel of a gun pointing at me from the bushes, and heard the sharp click of the trigger.

I halted in alarm and dodged down upon my horse.

"Stop, stranger!" said a woman's voice, in a drawing, sing-song tone.

In another moment the woman crawled over a log and came into the road.

She was slender and young and wore a loose calico dress. She was barefooted and chewed continually a long, sweetgum toothbrush. The gun she carried was the longest rifle I ever saw.

"You 'uns ain't seen Bill Davis, I reckon?" she asked, looking at me suspiciously.

"I have seen no one since I have been on the mountain," I said.

"I come mighty near shootin' ye for Bill Davis. I guess Bill must have took the Bear Creek road. Bill was to my house last night and says, 'sezee; 'Polly' (that's me), 'could you love a man what's got 300 acres of land, the seven finest coon dogs on the mountain, and 40 acres of the best cawn in the United States a-growin'?"

"See I, I guess so, 'Bill,' and was kinder fixin' to lay my head on the bosom of Bill's black 'ry shirt, when Bill he says, sezee:

"All right, Polly; if I meets up with any such man I'll let ye know; and then he takes a chaw of tobacco quick and lights off for tall timber. Bill has got to explain them words of his to me. Stranger, mount ye to be a preacher?"

"I am not."

"I kinder hoped ye wuz. If Bill explained to me the man he wuz referin' to before I had time to shoot, ye mount come in handy fur to tie us up, an', if he wuz a little slow, an' my gun went off fust, ye see, Bill might need ye hisself."

"How far is it to the next town?"

"Eight mile. Ye can't get there to night. Ye'll have to come down to dad's house and take potluck. I ain't a goin' to wait no longer fer Bill. There's dad's."

She waved her hand toward a roof that showed among the trees lower down on the mountain and set off at a free, swinging gait, with the walking powers of my horse to keep up with.

I found the young woman's family to be surprisingly above the average ignorant mountaineers of the country. Her parents seemed very hospitable and intelligent, and her younger brother and sister were refined and of agreeable appearance.

After I had been presented to them by the young woman as a "strange young feller" she had "found follerin' his nose up the mountain," she turned to me and said:

"Stranger, what about your business be?"

I told her I was a civil engineer, engaged upon a new railroad that was to cross the mountain.

"Ye ain't writin' fer no paper?"

"No."

"Ye ain't no drummer?"

"No."

"Nor no revenue?"

"Nothing of the kind."

The young woman hung her rifle on some hooks in the wall and left the room.

Half an hour later I was ushered in to supper.

The room was tastefully furnished. The supper was simple but elegant, and served in the finest china upon the whitest of cloths. Presently the young woman came in and she gave me a covered yet from the surprise I received. She was a divine pastoral poem, in white muslin, with fresh-cut roses in her hair, and would have graced the dinner table of a metropolitan function.

She took her seat behind a massive silver tea urn, looked at me, smiled and said:

"Will you 'uns have long or short sweetenin' in yer tea, stranger?"

Seeing I was unable to speak a word, she laughed at my pert of silvery, rippling laughter.

Her father undertook to explain.

"My daughter," he said, "is a graduate of Peace Institute, at Raleigh. She has a talent for acting, and the big summer hotel on the mountain pays her \$100 a month to do the 'original native act' when tourists come up the road. It advertises the hotel, especially when Northern chaps write up accounts of meeting her for the papers. She is writing a book herself about the queer talk and ways of the different visitors we have during the summer."

Decline of the Folding Bed.

The folding bed, once an immensely popular institution, is losing its grip. Not one is called for now where two or three years ago a dozen were ordered. Two big factories we know of which a very few years ago had difficulty in keeping up with orders for folding beds even by working night and day are now making other lines of furniture, and the folding bed production in all factories is steadily declining.

The accidents which frequently occurred with the folding bed doubtless had some bad influence on its popularity, but this was not the only disadvantage the multum in parvo furniture had to contend against. The beds were heavy, clumsy affairs, even under the most favorable conditions. Many are hard to handle without a derrier or a yoke of oxen, and they are also hard to keep clean. There also there is an increased call for beds of brass and iron. Such beds are practically the only kind sold in England, and they have steadily increased in popularity in this country during the last five years.

An Audience of One.

First thespian—At our last stand the theater took fire in the middle of the third act.

Second thespian—Was there a panic in the audience?

First thespian—Oh, no. The usher woke him up and told him it was time to go home.—Yale Record.

There is so much said about the dawning of love that people never learn saving through experience that it has a dark and troubled twilight.

We would rather be a fat man than a fat woman.

Paper Made from Grass.

Among the materials which have been substituted for rags in the making of paper is *esparto grass*, which was formerly obtained for this purpose from Spain, but is now largely imported by English manufacturers from the north of Africa. It is a very hardy plant, flourishing in deserts where other vegetable life is unable to exist; and the suggestion has recently been made that, by cultivating *esparto grass* in the Sahara, that great region of deserts might be partially reclaimed and turned into a source of profit for mankind.

Power for Electric Cars.

The directors of the Hanover (Germany) tramway system have published an important report, in which they narrate their experience with accumulators as the source of the power for their cars. In Hanover both overhead wires and accumulators have been used for a considerable time, so that the managers are in a position to institute a reliable comparison. Taking everything into account, they pronounce in favor of the storage cell. The cost of maintenance they say has been determined with the utmost exactitude possible for the year 1896, and the managers reach the conclusion that the additional cost of accumulators does not exceed one groschen, or 2 of a cent per mile. Consequently, it has been decided that the entire system shall, as soon as the requisite arrangements can be made, be driven by secondary batteries.

A STOUT BACKBONE.

As essential to physical health as to political success, for weakness of the spine, then, means and disorders of the kidneys, the tonic and dietetic action of *esparto grass* is the one thing needful. The stomach is the mainstay of every other organ, and by infusing the digestion of *esparto grass* into the spinal column, and all its dependencies, the dry and bilious will find it a pure vegetable stimulant and tonic.

Scientists say that the atmosphere surrounding the globe is gradually diminishing, and that in the course of a few thousand, or perhaps a few hundred years of thousands of years, the supply will be exhausted.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.

We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, am the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the facsimile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," which has been used by the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is the kind you have always bought, and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on it. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M.D.

The most valuable fur is that of the sea otter. One thousand dollars has been paid for a single skin of this animal not more than two yards long by three-quarters of a yard wide.

DRUNKARDS CAN BE SAVED.

The craving for drink is a disease, a marvelous cure for which has been discovered called "Anti-Jag," which makes the inebriate lose all taste for wine, beer, and other alcoholic drinks. "Anti-Jag" is not a drug, but a vegetable preparation made from the leaves of the *Eschscholzia* plant, which grows in the fields. It is sold in New York and all other cities. It is a dollar a bottle. It is a vegetable preparation, with full directions how to give it. Infamously cheap at 75c per bottle.

The railway metals between London and Edinburgh, a distance of 400 miles, are 210 yards longer in summer than they are in winter, owing to the expansion caused by the extra heat.

HOIT'S SCHOOL.

At Burlingame continues to maintain its high rank as one of the best schools for boys in California.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Representative Sayers, of Texas, wants the government to offer a prize of \$50,000 for an engineering scheme capable of controlling the Mississippi.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surface. Such a cure is not only useless, but it does damage to the system. It is a good idea to get a reliable remedy from a reliable source. The good you can possibly derive from them, Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the original, and be sure the name is on the wrapper, with full directions how to give it. Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The Canadian government has arranged a system of cold storage on railways, at ports and on steamers, for the preservation of perishable goods.

I know that my life was saved by Piller's Cure for Consumption.—John A. Miller, Au Sable, Michigan, April 21, 1895.

Mr. Gladstone is the freshest, liveliest, most thoroughly up-to-date "back number" existing in the world today.

STRONG, YET WEAK.

It seems almost out of place to say that a man is strong and yet that he is weak. It is a simple test of nerve. But it's very often true. Look at the great, big, husky fellow; he could knock down an ox with his fist. But his big heart is soft, and he lacks "grit." His sympathies are as strong as his fist, and he is a good fellow. But he is ashamed of himself. He does not understand it. He does not seem strange. Dr. Sanden explains the reason in his book, "Three Classes of Men."

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT.

This famous Belt corrects the trouble. It is worn during sleep mostly, and as nerve force or vital power is nothing but electricity, it gives the back the grip. It works all together on the nerves and vital parts of the body, and saturates the system with electricity. It squeezes the forces of vitality and makes every part of the body strong. Now, drugs take no hold on the system, and the body is strong. It furnishes its own power, while drugs simply drain the power that is in the body.

Call and see Dr. Sanden today.

Consultation and Test of the Famous Belt Free.

The book is also free. By mail, it is sent, closely sealed, free.

SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT CO., 253 West Washington St., Portland, Or.

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Gas, Gasoline and Oil Engines, 1 to 200 H.P.

A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

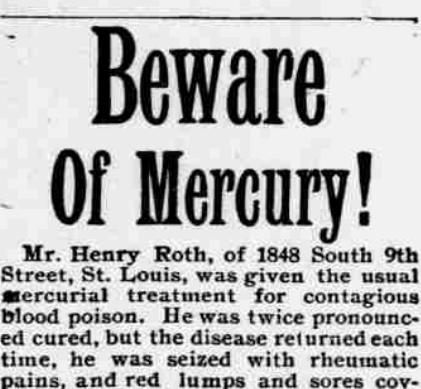
"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly. For nine years I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. My physician had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt that I was in a coffin. I was comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back.

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying \$100 per day for doctor's visits and 150 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman! I feel that I am a new creature. I am 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa."



Beware of Mercury!

Mr. Henry Roth, of 1848 South 9th Street, St. Louis, was given the usual mercurial treatment for contagious blood poison. He was twice pronounced cured, but the disease returned each time, he was seized with rheumatic pains, and red lumps and sores covered his body. "I was a big, strong, healthy fellow," he says, "and the more I received, the worse I seemed to get. I was a specialist said he could cure me, but his treatment did me no good. I was stiff and full of pains, my left arm was useless so that I was unable to do anything. The lightest work. This was my condition when I began to take S. S. S., and a few bottles convinced me that I was being benefited. I continued to take the medicine, and one dozen bottles cured me sound and well. My system was under the effects of mercury, and I was a wreck but for S. S. S. S. S. S., (guaranteed purely vegetable) is the only cure for real blood diseases. The mercurial treatment of the doctors all does harm than good. Beware of mercury! Books on the disease and its treatment mailed free to any address by Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga."



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ERIE MEDICAL CO.,
89 Niagara St.,
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We carry the most complete line of Gymnasium and Athletic Goods on the Coast. SUITS AND UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER. Send for Our Athletic Catalogue.

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818-820 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

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1-2 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-3 H. P. Regan, Gas or Gasoline.
1-4 H. P. Oriental, Gas or Gasoline.
1-5 H. P. Otto, Gas or Gasoline.
1-6 H. P. Pacific, Gas or Gasoline.
1-7 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.
1-10 H. P. Hercules, Gas or Gasoline.

Hercules Gas Engine Works

Gas, Gasoline and Oil Engines, 1 to 200 H.P.