Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of $500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or of how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N.Y. They're known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their word's as good as their bond.

Begin right. The first stage is to purify the system. You don't want to build on a wrong foundation, when you're building for health. And don't shock the stomach with harsh treatment. Use the milder means.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as regularly. If they do not, use *a key*.

The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.

A runaway horse and a mad dog have no conscience. Never dispute the right of way with either.

ACROSS THE DEEP, TO THE FAR WEST,

On steamboats, cars and stage coaches, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is carried as the most important item in the materia medica of the traveling public. It deprives vitiated, brackish water of its hurtful properties and execrable flavor, counteracts the pernicious effects upon the stomach of bad or indigestible food, readdies cramps, heartburn and wind upon the stomach. It is a fine defense against malarial disorders, nullifies the effects of excessive heat, cold and damp, relieves sick headache, and is an incomparable cure for costiveness and biliousness. The fatigue of travel often tells most disastrously upon invalids and convalescents, occasionally to such an extent as to jeopardize life. Persons in feeble health, apprehensive of bad effects from travel, will, if provided with the Bitters, be far less likely to have their fears realized.

There never was a man who failed in business who did not claim it was because he was too honest.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

When you feel a kind of goneness about the stomach it is a sign that your food does not sit well, and that you are about to have a fit of indigestion.

When you begin to feel nervous and are unable to sit still comfortably; when your clothes suddenly seem to lose their fit and become too tight in places the fit of indigestion is surely upon you.

When this fit of indigestion is repeated from day to day it finally resolves itself into dyspepsia.

Chronic dyspepsia will surely make the happiest life a hell upon earth.

Remember that three to ten of BRANDRETH'S PILLS will cure the worst case of indigestion or dyspepsia, or both, and that a regular course of them, say two every night for a week or ten days, will act as a preventive of either complaint.

Tommy—Pa, what is "fame?" Mr. Figg—Fame, my son, is something a man makes money out of after he is dead.

A sore throat, cough or cold, if suffered to progress, results in serious pulmonary affections, oftentimes incurable. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" reach directly the seat of the disease, and give instant relief.

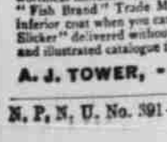
True merit never found a cloud big enough or dark enough to obscure it.

Is it *probable* that what a million women say after daily trial is a mistake? *They* say they *know* by test that Dobbins' Electric is *most economical*, purest and best. They have had 24 years to try it. *You* give *it one trial.*

Some of the new cannon which shoot twelve miles won't shoot anything else.

THAT'S IT.

St. Jacobs Oil The Great Remedy CURES RHEUMATISM.



18 Hill Street, San Francisco, Cal., April 23, 1890.
"Having been sorely afflicted with rheumatism, my mother and daughter with sore throat, we have, by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, been cured." LOUIS INHAUS.

—FOR— PAIN,

CURES NEURALGIA.

Ellenville, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1890.
"I suffered with neuralgia, bought a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil and soon recovered. I treated a sprained ankle with same results." THOS. M. VAN GORDER.

CURES SCIATICA.

Baltimore, Md., Dec. 19, 1889.
I suffered a long time with sciatic pains in the hips; found no relief till I tried St. Jacobs Oil, which completely cured me. CHAS. A. FULDA.

ALSO CURES
Promptly and Permanently
LUMBAGO, SPRAINS, BRUISES.

THE COWBOY KNOWS!

Trying to hold a drove of cattle together in a drenching rain means an amount of exposure which few can withstand without serious results. If sickness does not follow, it will be found that such hardship usually brings on rheumatism and similar complaints. At such times a "Fish Brand Slicker" is worth its weight in gold, and is invaluable to any one exposed to stormy weather. For all saddle uses, you want a Pommel Slicker, which keeps the entire saddle, pommel, and cantle dry, and completely envelopes the rider from head to foot. *It can't get wet, whatever the weather.* And, besides keeping him dry, it keeps him warm. Every range rider has one. Why shouldn't you? Beware of worthless imitations; every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

N. P. N. U. No. 391—S. F. N. U. No. 468

The Western Rustler.

In the Dakotan vocabulary there are two words, "rustler" and "boom," which occur with marked frequency in every conversation. The rustler is the direct product of blizzard. He moves with a quick, restless force. He does not rest for sleep or food. He knows no weariness of the flesh. He has no doubts or fears. He believes and he is an inspirer of faith. He will build a hotel of 300 rooms or a street motor railway on the blank prairie and wait for a town to grow up around it. The town always comes if he be a genuine rustler.

You can't tell him by his looks nor the cut of his clothes. His grammar is often addled and he makes a bib of his napkin at the table. But when he turns himself loose upon a project with money in it the project projects. It looms. It yawns. He keeps it ever in the way of your eyes and before you know it you begin to see rainbows around it.

He cares nothing for money after it is made. Ask and it is given you. Tell him a tale of woe and out comes his purse. He would molder in a week behind a desk or in a counting room. He is always on the lope. Today he is getting options on corner lots in Pierre. Tomorrow he is building mills at Yankton. Then he is off to St. Paul bulldozing "Jim" Hill for more railroads, or off to New York placing the stock of a new loan and trust company. He is interested in everything. He lets no enterprise escape him. They'll all pay, he says, or all "bust." There is no middle line out here.—Cor. New York Tribune.

Friendly Advice.

I came across a trio of reminiscent managers the other night just in time to hear the following, which the narrator, Ben Stern, of the Carleton company, says he has never seen in print:

"Andy McKaye was managing 'The Seven Ravens' when they got stranded in Chicago. He didn't lose his appetite over the event, however, and he sat in a restaurant eating one night when Wainratta, the rope walker, who was one of the company, came in in great distress and asked McKaye how on earth he was to get back to New York. It was the first time he was ever stuck in this way and he couldn't stay in Chicago and starve.

"'Well, there's nothing to keep you from going back to New York,' said McKaye; 'the company's broken up and the way is open.'

"'But, great heavens, I haven't a cent!'

"'Now, look here,' said McKaye; 'aren't you the greatest wire walker in America?'

"'Of course,' Wainratta said.

"'Well, there are wires all the way from here to New York. I'd advise you, by the way, to travel at night; the telegraph company charges only half rates then.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Red Cloud's Granddaughter Writes.

The following is a copy of a letter written by an Indian girl to a friend:

OGALALLA BOARDING SCHOOL,
PINE RIDGE AGENCY, D. T., June 4, 1889.

Miss Mabel No Flesh.

MY DEAR COUSIN: I am going to drop them few lines to let you know I am going to interlineation to you but I am not going to informant you many words, we all going to have vacation next three weeks I did not accept your acceptable letter long ago, but you must excuse me my cousin you must intellectually what I says I am in hurry to interlineation so I must interlineation in compassionate words so you must ask your teacher their will help them interrogation and dear cousin two girls interrupt me I interlineation this letter but their do that so this I made black all over that one, I instrumentality ask your instructor I am going to tell you who I stay with here in this boarding school Miss Julia Hemps Florence Hawk them 2 girls I stay with them in here next time if you send me one of your pictures I will send you one accurate ribbon or one of my pictures is not in compassionate to take their picture so if you accept my indigent letter I will accept your letter before the instrument make us have vacation Now this all I am going to work now bell rang so I must going to work I work in laundry this afternoon ask your abecedarian this one means teacher so you must let your teacher read this letter now I am your cousin that is me Miss Emily Red Cloud to her cousin Miss Mable No Flesh good by & by write soon I am astonished hurrah

The above letter was written by a granddaughter of the old chief Red Cloud.—Omaha Herald.

A Mountain Meadow.

Mount Rainier, which rises to a height of 14,444 feet from the shores of Puget sound, is the most beautiful of the mountains of the United States as it is the most difficult to ascend. A party of nine men, including Mr. John Muir, the well known student of the Cordilleran glaciers, gained the summit and were fortunate in obtaining a large number of photographs of the mountain and of various aspects of vegetation encountered during the journey. One of the party writes: "This particular meadow on which we encamped lies between glaciers of the Nisqually and Cowlitz rivers, on the south side of the mountain. It covers probably four square miles and ranges in altitude from 5,000 to 7,000 feet. The meadow on the east side of the mountain, between the Cowlitz and Natchess glaciers, is about the same size and differs but little in vegetation. The other meadows on the main mountain are much smaller and, with one exception, difficult of access. The meadows on the summits of the surrounding lower mountains are quite extensive, however. The timber on the meadows is confined mainly to the crests of the ridges running up the mountain."—Garden and Forest.

Carlyle as His Wife Sketched Him.

"A certain goosish man, my quondam lover;" "the same sentimental looking person with the open mouth, who used to go about catching flies in Edinburgh;" "he retired to his inn and vapored back in the course of an hour or so in all the pride of two waistcoats, one of figured velvet, the other of sky blue satin, gossamer silk stockings and Morocco leather slippers." * * * "He is something liker to St. Preux than George Craig is to Wolmar. He has his talents, his vast and cultivated mind, his vivid imagination, his independence and his high souled principles of honor. But then—ah, these buts!—St. Preux never kicked the fire irons nor made puddings in his tea cup. Want of elegance! Want of elegance, Rousseau says, is a defect which no woman can overlook."—Early Letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle—Ritchie.

Following His Instructions.

"What are you doing, Patrick?"

"Wakin' up your husband, ma'am."

"But why?"

"Because it's tin o'clock, ma'am, when I was to give him the dhrops to make him shlape."—The Epoch.

A Difference of Opinion.

Smith (exhibiting a painting, his own work)—I declare a connoisseur would swear it was a Titian.

Muttonhedde—H'm! may be; and if Titian saw it he would swear it was a Smith.—Exchange.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE FARMER.

The summer wind is sniffin' round the blooms' locus' trees,
And the clover in the pastur' is a big day for the bees,
And they been a-swingin' honey, aboveboard and on the sly
Till they stutter in their buzzin' and stagger as they fly

They's been a heap o' rain, but the sun's out today
And the clouds of the wet spell is all cleared away
And the woods is all the greener, and the grass is greener still;
It may rain again to-morry, but I don't think it will

Some say the crops is ruined, and the corn's drownded out,
And prophesy the wheat will be a failure without doubt;
But the kind Providence that has never failed us yet
Will be on hands onc't more at the 'leventh hour, I bet

Does the medder lark complain, as he swings high and dry
Through the waves of the wind and the blue of the sky?
Does the quail set up and whistle in a disappointed way
Er hang his head in silence and sorrow all the day?
Is the chipmick's health a failure? Does he walk, or does he run?
Don't the buzzards ooze around up there, just like they've allus done?
Is they anything the matter with the rooster's lungs or voice?
Ort a mortal be complainin', when dumb animals rejoice?

Then let us, one and all, be contented with our lot;
The June is here this morning and the sun is shining hot.
Oh, let us fill our hearts with the glory of the day
And banish ev'ry doubt and care and sorrow far away!
Whatever be our station, with Providence for guide,
Such fine circumstances ort to make us satisfied;
For the world is full of roses, and the roses full of dew,
And the dew is full of heavenly love that drips for me and you.

—James Whitcomb Riley

Didn't Have a Ticket.

A funny incident happened recently on the Providence division of the Old Colony railroad. A large, raw boned, good natured man entered the car as the train held up at the Roxbury station. The car was crowded, and people were standing. The new comer stopped suddenly beside a seat which was occupied by a young lady, who was buried in a novel, and beside her reposed a pet pug dog. The other passengers had stood from Boston to this point without protesting, but the latest arrival took in the situation at a glance, and said mildly:

"I would like to sit down, if you please."

The young woman looked up dreamily from the book, and replied, with dignity:

"The seat is engaged."

"By the dog?"

"Yes."

"Has the dog a ticket?"

No answer.

"Oh, I'm sorry he hasn't a ticket, because I'll have to bounce him off the train."

And without a moment's hesitation the dog was lifted by the nape of the neck to the window and dropped to the ground, and the vacant seat was taken by the stranger.

The young woman was paralyzed for a moment.

The train was only moving slowly as it left Roxbury, and the pug was not harmed, scampering off for dear life. His mistress, as soon as she grasped the situation, screamed to the approaching conductor to stop the engine so that she might recover her pet. The conductor was soon informed as to the cause of the sensation, and quietly told the young woman that she might get off at the next station if she wished to and hunt for the dog. She did so, to the delight of the crowded car.—Boston Cor. New York Tribune.

Good to Travel On.

There are three trades or avocations that afford those engaged in them opportunity to travel and see the world, and these, the printers, the coopers and the barbers. In either case a man, master thereof, can visit any portion of this country and always be certain of work. The typo can walk into any English printing office in the country, or the world, for that matter, and earn his supper. He can shift from Maine to California, from Manitoba to Florida and, wherever he goes, find work. He needs no letters of credit, none of recommendation, for he has the available knowledge. The same is true of the cooper. Where barrels are to be put together there he can find employment. And what with beer barrels, flour barrels, whisky barrels and sugar barrels there are always barrels to make. Likewise the barber. Let him walk into a shop in Portland, Ore., or Portland, Me.; into one at New Orleans or Duluth, it matters not, a good barber can as easily shave the attenuated cheek of the Yankee as the dark visage of the Creole, and need never want employment.

The clerk, the cashier, the salesman, the bookkeeper, the writer, all must have longer time to manifest their capabilities, must have a measure of acquaintance, must have that which we know as confidence, but these three, the printer, the barber and the cooper, need no character from their last employer.—Toledo Journal.

Choked a Bear to Death.

The champion bear story comes from Edgewood, N. Y. A man named Brown, living five miles from that place, discovered a bear feeding on some berries. Taking off his coat Brown stealthily crept within "throwing" distance, when he covered bruin's head with the garment. Before the bear could free himself from the covering Brown got close enough to get his fingers around its throat. He squeezed hard and the bear slowly succumbed to the squeezing pressure and fell dead.—Chicago Tribune.

Development of the Street Railway.

The first street railway was operated in 1832 from New York to Harlem. It did not appear in Boston until 1856. The first "horse car" line was opened on the Baltimore and Ohio line prior to the introduction of the steam engine, but was not designated as a street railway. From a comparatively recent beginning a vast enterprise has sprung up. Today there are 20,000 cars in use in the streets of cities in the United States, requiring the services of 180,000 horses.—Detroit Free Press.

A Heavy Rain.

Young Inhabitant—I never saw it rain harder than it did today.

Old Inhabitant—Today wasn't a circumstance to a rain we had once at Grass lake. I took my rowboat out to paint it, and had it layin' on the ground bottom up, dryin', when the storm commenced. Well, would you believe it, the rain came down so thick that that ole boat thought she was in the water and went floatin' off bottom up!—Good News.

What a Moslem Believes.

Every Moslem believes devoutly in a personal God, in an overruling Providence, in the mission and miracles of Christ, whom they designate as the Messiah, in the duty of prayer, and the immortality of the soul, in a future state of rewards and punishments, and in the inspiration of the Bible. An educated Moslem, if asked why he does not become a Christian, may not improbably reply that, according to his own interpretation of the New Testament, he is one already. Thus, in a letter recently received from one of my friends, he styles himself "a Moslem and a Christian at the same time."

Though a most pious and sincere Mohammedan, he claims to be one of those "who profess and call themselves Christians," for whom we pray every Sunday that they may be led into the way of truth. They hold that Islam was the latest revelation, perfecting the Christian revelation, just as Christianity supplemented the revelation given to the Jews. Mohammed may be considered as a reformer of Christianity; like Luther he denounced certain superstitions that had grown up.

The Koran says that God gave the Gospel to Jesus to proclaim, and that He put kindness and compassion into the hearts of those that followed Him; but "as for the monastic life, they invented it themselves." "In the time of Mohammed," says one of my friends, "Christianity had become corrupt, as many of your own writers admit, and it was these corruptions that it was Mohammed's mission to reform. We reject the corruptions of Christianity. But we claim to have a final revelation, predicted by your own prophets, just as the coming of the Messiah was foretold to the Jews, who nevertheless blindly rejected him as you reject Mohammed."—Leaves from an Egyptian Note Book.

The Feeling Was There.

In attendance at one of the Indianapolis ward schools is a little colored girl 9 years old. She is miserable, indeed, for at home she is ill treated and the shoes she wears, and often the clothes, are supplied by the teachers or some of her classmates. There is a tender poetic vein in her make up and it found vent in a composition. The teacher took a little pansy plant to school one day and told the pupils of the flower. Two days after she asked them to write a poem of it and gave them the privilege of having the pansy talk and tell the story, and this is what the little colored girl wrote, the word pansy in the copy being the only one dignified with a capital:

"I am only a Pansy. My home is in a little brown house. I sleep in my little brown house all winter, and I am now going to open my eyes and look about. 'Give me some rain, sky, I want to look out of my window and see what is going on,' I asked, so the sky gave me some water and I began to climb to the window, at last I got up there and open my eyes, oh what a wonderful world I seen when birds sang songs to me, and grasshoppers kissed me, and dance with me, and creakets smiled at me, and I had a pretty green dress, there was trees that grow over me and the wind faned me, the sun smiled at me, and little children smelled me one bright morning me and the grasshoppers had a party he wood play with me and a naughty boy pick me up and tore me up and I died and that was the last of Pansy."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Battlefield Trust.

We are in danger of something worse than the Libby prison speculation. It is now proposed by a speculative northerner to purchase all the battlefields of the late war, fence them in, turn them into parks, and show them to visitors at twenty-five cents a head.

It will strike those who are acquainted with the situation that the great American showman will have a big job on hand when he comes to the cluster or bouquet of battlefields around Atlanta. Our old red hills have good cause to be redder than any other hills that ever trembled through the thunder storm of war.

Nowhere on American soil can there be found a spot that was ever so pounded and mangled and harried and scorched as this same Gate City of ours. All over the world there are men now living whose proudest boast is to say that they went through our forty days' baptism of fire or were in one of the many battles fought under our city's walls.

We are not yet ready to sell our blood stained fields of glory to the glib strangers whose only interest in them is to coin money out of them. If we can do nothing better, let us level the grim fortresses and the frowning ramparts, and fill up the silent trenches once so full of heroic life. Let us cover these scars of war with the blooming industries of peace!—Atlanta Constitution.

A Model Dog Story.

A remarkable case of animal intelligence and fidelity has developed in this city. Every one knows the late D. Watson's little dog Zolla, that used to follow him everywhere and often ride beside him in his buggy seat. He would come every morning to his master's office, and if he did not find him there would run over to the livery stable to see if the doctor's buggy was gone, and if it was he would follow the track until he had found him. When his master was in the coffin little Rolla was held up so he could see his face, and showed signs of intense grief.

He was at the funeral at Woodbine cemetery and was the last one to linger at the new made grave. Since that time he has visited the grave night and morning and is seen sitting upon it keeping watch, as though he expected his kind friend and master. He often wandered alone on the streets at night, and a gentleman whose profile and beard somewhat resemble Dr. Watson's has told us that little Zolla has often walked in front of him and gazed into his face and even followed him home and sat for hours in front of his door waiting for him to come out that he might get one more look at this face so much like the one treasured in his memory.—Jefferson (Ga.) Herald.

A Scrantonian who has just returned from Lake Carey tells a good story at the expense of a Wilkesbarre young man. The Wilkesbarre chap took a lady out boat riding. When quite a distance from shore the boat was overturned. The man called loudly for help, and when it arrived and the lady had been lifted into another boat the Wilkesbarrean denied that it was the same lady that he had taken out with him. She lifted her hand to her head and was horrified to find that her wig had been washed away and that her gray hair was exposed.

THE "DRYING UP

A Single Tear Has More of Honest Fame Than Shedding Seas of Gore."

WHATCOM, Wash., March 10, 1891.
Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR DOCTOR: I have been and hope I will be the means of convincing many people of the superiority of your wonderful system, and through my influence they have been persuaded to come to you and make use of your medicines, the efficacy of which I have testified to in the past, and I think it would be well to publish my testimony again, for there are so many people coming here who are diseased, and your medicines are so much needed that I feel it my duty to do all I can in the way of advertising it.

If you remember my case, I was troubled for many years with neuralgia in its severest form, suffering untold agony. I tried doctors of every sort all to no purpose, until I commenced the use of your medicines, and after continuing them for a time was entirely cured.

I am so glad that the people here are awaking to the fact that this new science is the way to health, and that these old drugs which kill more than they cure will be put under the ground or buried in oblivion. Yours very truly,

MRS. MARY PARISH,
Formerly Mrs. Mary Hindman.

EAST SOUND, Wash., April 10, 1891.
Dr. Jordan—DEAR SIR: I have been taking your medicine two weeks last Saturday, and there is a grand improvement in me in every way. My stomach is so much better, and I have a better appetite than I have had before for three months. The la grippe cough is almost entirely gone; bowels much more regular than they were, and I am gaining strength faster every day than I thought it possible for me to. Respectfully, C. ARMSTRONG.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James.

Consultations and prescriptions absolutely *free*.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION.—The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

Never put yourself in the power of a man who will kick a dog for fun.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Lesey 838 Market street, San Francisco.

The poor want money and the rich want to spend it, and that's what gives us the world progress.

Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier is the best remedy for that dread disease, dyspepsia, for it regulates the lymphatic system and bad secretions.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—
40 Years the Standard.
Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.
No other baking powder does such work.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness, slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.

GREENBACK PLUG CUT

SMOKING TOBACCO
HAS JUMPED TO THE FRONT
THE BEST SMOKE
IN A NOVEL
AND CONVENIENT PACKAGE

BIG G Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mfd only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Trade Mark

Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women.
I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers.
A. J. STONER, M. D., Decatur, Ill.
Sold by Druggists.
PRICE $1.00.

$100 REWARD. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Wealth may be unequally divided, but every man gets his full share of trouble.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and $1 per box.
WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO.,
Proprietors, Cleveland, O.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust; no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

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

DON'T BE A WALL FLOWER. If you can't dance, we can help you along. Complete self-instruction. Send for circular. JENKINS MF'G & PUB'G CO., 804 Broadway, New York City.

WANTED TO BUY NOTES AND MORTGAGES secured on real estate. H. E. NORLE, 18 Concord building, Second and Stark, Portland.

LEARN TELEGRAPHY. YOU MUST HAVE some trade. We want young men for railroad offices. It's easily learned. Pays well. Success and advancement sure. Address J. C. SEYMOUR, 165½ Washington street, Portland, Or.

No Fire, No Boiler, No Danger, Always Ready

BUY THE
ReganVaporEngine
For Pumping Water or Wine, Spraying Fruit Trees, Sawing Wood, Running Lathes, Electric light Plants, etc.
REGAN ⊛ VAPOR ⊛ ENGINE ⊛ CO.,
221-223 First Street, San Francisco.

Fresno and Tulare Lands.

Homes on easy terms in the Level Orchard Land Colony. Two canals through the tract. Terms, 15 per cent. down, balance on five years time. Our lands are adapted to the Orange, Raisin and Deciduous Fruits. Apply to
D. T. CURTIS,
Reedley, Fresno County, Cal.

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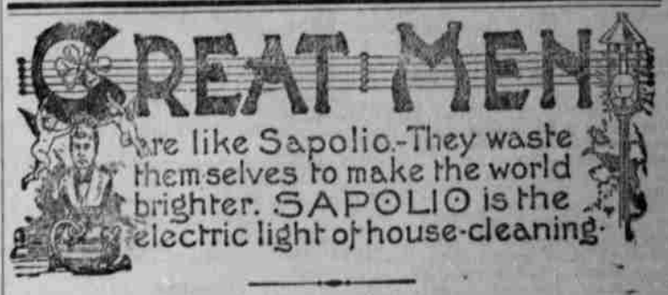

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