Housekeepers Should Remember.

The Government Chemists, after having analyzed all the principal brands in the market, in their reports placed the Royal Baking Powder at the head of the list for strength, purity and wholesomeness; and thousands of tests all over the country have further demonstrated the fact that its qualities are, in every respect, unrivaled.

Some of the best dinners in Washington last year were given by Representative Flower, of New York. He dined nearly every member of congress, and the result has been a great boom to his popularity.

Near Indianapolis, Ind., in Sugar Creek township, a panther has been committing serious depredations. At last reports he had been driven to the woods and was surrounded by "800" farmers.

How to Come to a Stop.

When we least expect them, accidents will befall us, a verification of the old adage that the unexpected always happens. The following recites how an active business man was suddenly brought down.

THE TRAIN STOPS.

CINCIN., O.—"Recently while in the act of alighting from my car, I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground, with a severely sprained ankle.

THE MANAGER STOPS.

Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into my car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail.

A POINT TO STOP AT.

Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, two bottles of it were bought, and the application of it resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had well nigh become unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days."

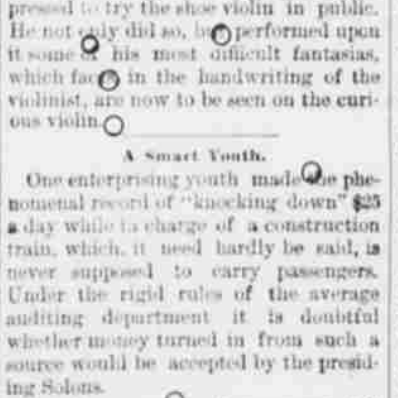
W. W. PEABODY,
Prest. & Gen'l Man. O. & M. R. R.

The Pain Stops.

"German Syrup"

I am a farmer at Edom, Texas. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Pains in Chest and Lungs and Spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many kinds of Cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. We are subject to so many sudden changes from cold to hot, damp weather here, but in families where German Syrup is used there is little trouble from colds. John F. Jones.

ELY'S CREAM BALM — CATARRH



When applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

Try the Cure. **HAY-FEVER**

A particle is applied in each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists' or by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street, New York.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER — The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

Tutt's Tiny Pills

stimulate the torpid liver, strengthen the digestive organs, regulate the bowels, and are unequaled as an anti-bilious medicine. Dose small. Price, 25c. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

Scrofula is, in the main, a disease of early life. Home knowledge is all astray about it. You cannot tell whether your child has it or not; your doctor will know.

We do not prescribe. We are chemists. We make the remedy, Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil. Your doctor must tell you when to use it.

A book on CAREFUL LIVING tells what scrofula is. Shall we send it? Free.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

N. P. N. U. No. 470—S. F. N. U. No. 547

MEMORY.

But through the trees you rode that day,
To keep the tryst that our hearts had made;
Or was it a chance that I went that way,
And met you there in the shade?

Along the lane with no let or stay,
Together we measured our horses' pace,
And the shadows came through the branches high
Over your downcast face.

Was it true what you told me then, sweetheart,
In the golden glow of the days that passed,
Was it false what you said when 'twas time to part
From a dream too sweet to last?

To-night you sit in the candle's glare
And greet the man that they say you'll wed;
Is there no thought of the summer there,
Or the old, old love long dead?

The violin's playing that old love tune
Makes me think of the past again,
The tender words in my fancy croon
And I see you now—as then.

When out through the trees you rode that day,
To keep the tryst that our hearts had made;
Or was it a chance that I went that way,
And met you there in the shade?

—Kate Masterson in Texas Siftings.

A Wonderful Shoe Shaped Violin.

The Paris Figaro announces the sale of one of the most curious violins known to the music fanciers of the world. It is now on exhibition in Paris, where the American tourist can take a peep at it for a few centimes. It formerly belonged to Paganini, the great violinist, and at first sight merely presents the appearance of a misshapen wooden shoe. Its history is curious. During the winter of 1838 Paganini was living in a maison de santé called Les Neothermes, 48 Rue de la Victoria. One day a large box was brought here by the Normandy diligence, on opening which he found inclosed two inner boxes, and, wrapped carefully in several folds of tissue paper, a wooden shoe and a letter stating that the writer, having heard much of the wonderful genius of the violinist, begged, as a proof of his devotion to music, that Paganini would play in public on the oddly constructed instrument inclosed.

At first Paganini felt this to be an impertinent satire, and mentioned the facts, with some show of temper, to his friend, the Chevalier de Baride. The latter took the shoe to a violinmaker, who converted it into a remarkably sweet toned instrument. Paganini was pressed to try the shoe violin in public. He not only did so, but performed upon it some of his most difficult fantasias, which fact, in the handwriting of the violinist, are now to be seen on the curious violin.

A Smart Youth.

One enterprising youth made the phenomenal record of "knocking down" $25 a day while in charge of a construction train, which, it need hardly be said, is never supposed to carry passengers. Under the rigid rules of the average auditing department it is doubtful whether money turned in from such a source would be accepted by the presiding Solons.

But the carrying of passengers fell under the eye of the construction department and a dismissal followed. Discharged for this violation of rules, our promising financier re-entered the service on another division of the road, where his industry and patience were rewarded in time with a passenger train. It would appear that he stood better in the confidence of his superiors than in that of his fellow conductors, the more cynical of whom expressed doubts about the company's ever getting the train back after he had left town with it.—Frank H. Spearman in Harper's Weekly.

A Storm Wave.

A great storm wave is peculiar to cyclones. At the center of the disturbance the mercury in a good barometer may be lower by three inches than that in a similar instrument on the verge of the cyclone. This is owing to the diminution of atmospheric pressure consequent on the rotation of the air wheel; and as nature abhors a vacuum, the sea in the vortex rises above its usual level until equilibrium is restored. This storm wave advances with the hurricane, and rolls in upon the low land like a solid wall. In the Backergunge cyclone of 1876 the storm wave covered the land at the eastern end of the Ganges delta at heights varying from ten to forty-five feet, as measured by marks on the trees. One hundred thousand lives were lost on this occasion.—Chambers' Journal.

Demands for Paratoloid.

One of the curiosities to arrive at the postoffice was a letter addressed to "Dr. Koch, Esq., New Haven, Conn." It was postmarked from a town in western New York. The postoffice officials were not long in reaching a logical deduction that it was intended for Dr. Foster, and it was so delivered. This reasoning proved correct, for it was written by some one desiring most earnestly the lymph treatment. Dr. Foster said that he was heartily glad the lymph reached New York and Washington, because it might have the effect of lessening the increasing stream of applicants and applications that have been pouring in on him.

This demand has grown daily since the second arrival of the lymph at an alarming rate. Letters come from all parts of the Union—California, Indiana, North Carolina, Vermont and even Colorado—written by those willing to do anything in the hope of obtaining even some slight relief from dreaded diseases. They have the hope that perhaps they individually will be chosen from the others. No matter what the distance is, they are willing to come on to make the experiment. Many have the idea that, like vaccination, one inoculation is sufficient, without realizing the long course of treatment which is necessary.

But one and all have to be refused, as further experiments at present are impossible. Dr. Foster is nearly worn out in the vain attempt to answer a part of his correspondence, which occupies nearly all his time.—New Haven Courier.

RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

Ah! if her Nadine could but be placed beyond the fear of poverty—beyond the hateful drudgery of teaching. If her daily bread might be earned for her, instead of the dear feet being pressed every day into the toilsome path of labor! Yes; certainly Paul was very open, very explanatory about his prospects; though, perhaps, after all, the explanations did not amount to much. He had an office—somewhere. An extraordinary press of business—sometimes! He was utterly destitute of relations—his father and mother having died when he was "quite a little fellow," and he was an only child. His sisters, his cousins and his aunts had no resting place upon the face of the earth—he was, as he would remark often in his deep pathetic tones, "alone in the world." He had friends, of course. Oh, yes! Every man had friends somewhere; but he found friendship a cold affair when all was told, and in fact he was a rather shy fellow about making acquaintances. He had never been so happy as since his fortunate meeting with Miss Roche, which had enabled him to gain an entree into a house where, etc., etc. Perhaps this was true. Of his love for Nadine, indeed, there could be no doubt at all. His eyes seemed never at rest except when following the girl's movements, and drinking in each expressive glance of the exquisite face. When away from her he would laugh aloud to himself at times at the vague, wild, but unconquerable longing, that never left him, to go to her, to see her, to touch her hand, to hear her voice again. His love was a passionate one—an idolatry! He recognized it as such, and, whilst marveling at this strange feeling that had taken such entire possession of him, gloried in it, and clung to it with all his might.

CHAPTER III.

"I am tired to-day," says Millicent, with a little, pretty, weary gesture, throwing her arms above her head and laughing softly. "And idle, too. I shan't do any German, so you may as well sit down and gossip with me, instead."

"But"— begins Nadine feebly. She is plainly delighted at the chance of scamping the German.

"I've told auntie I'm going to look at a book to-day, so you may rest yourself in that chair with a quiet soul. I wouldn't be as conscientious as you, Nadine, for a king's ransom. Not that that would be much nowadays, with all these Nihilistic doctrines gaining ground as they do. Are you comfortable in that overgrown chair? You look a trifle lost."

"I am quite happy," says Nadine, with a sigh of content.

She is feeling fagged and nervous, and is glad to rest in Millicent's pretty room with no chance of being allowed to move for an hour at least. "Lucky you!" says Miss Grey, dropping down upon the hearth rug and taking her knees into her embrace. It is only April yet, and very chilly. "I'm not. Oh, yes; I know! You needn't finish what is on the tip of your tongue. I have everything the heart of girl can desire—the best of aunts, plenty of money, a season before me (a first one, too), a lover, and pretty much my own way—and still I am not happy! I say, isn't it a shame keeping me at my lessons, when in another month I shall be eighteen, and presented, and all the rest of it?"

"Well, I certainly think they might as well have let you off the month."

"It's downright mean of auntie—and as a rule she isn't that, eh?"

"I think she is the kindest woman I ever met," says Nadine, with sudden fervor.

Her English is exceedingly pure, but there is just a suspicion of a foreign accent in her tone when she grows in any way excited.

"She is—there isn't a doubt of it," declares Miss Grey, who likes to hear her auntie praised. "But, like the rest of us, she has her little weaknesses. Well, never mind. I dare say there are more unpardonable things in the world than M. Liere and Professor Vredenburg. Nadine—say—that's a sweet little frock you have on. Where did you get it?"

"I made it. You really like it?" She stoops forward, and her lovely face grows pink with a pleased surprise. "I confess I thought it—well—not bad, myself—but to hear you praise it!"

"It is the nicest thing I have seen this many a day. I congratulate you on it. Next month, as I have told you, I shall be an emancipated being—free of even monsieur and the professor—with permission to order my own gowns; and then I shall buy myself the exact fac-simile of the one in which you are now looking so fetching. It will be a sort of satisfaction to you to see how exceedingly badly it will become me."

"Ah! probably I shan't see," says Nadine.

Quick tears rise in her eyes. It is not only that the loss of her engagement will be a serious lessening of the grist she brings to the mill, but she is fond of Millicent; and to lose her—the pretty, saucy, kindly friend—that seems very bitter.

"Won't you, though? What do you mean by that, pray?"

"Why, that I shall disappear with monsieur and the professor when you step upon the world's stage."

Miss Grey, bringing herself nimbly to her feet, drags Nadine from her chair, and compels her to stand in front of her.

"Now that I have brought matters to the correct point—now for the stage effect," she says airily. "You see, we are both very stagey in our sentiments to-day. Now, listen to my arrangement, and be warned in time that if you object to it murder will be done—here, in this very quiet room in Park lane. Auntie is of opinion that I am unfit to go about without a keeper, and you are to be appointed such. See? According to auntie, you are a very model of propriety, and I am exactly the reverse. You are to take me in hand, and make me altogether such a one as thyself."

"Oh, Millicent!—impossible! I could not do that."

"And why, then? What a tone! what a voice! Is it possible you are going to say 'No,' to my proposal? Have you forgotten that the consequences of such folly on your part will mean death? My dear Nadine, really, though, what is it that you object to?"

"I shouldn't do at all as your companion"—

"Why not, you ridiculous mouse? Well, there!—let us say no more about it just now. I never think myself, but I am always sure it is an excellent thing for other people to do when a little perplexed. However, before you begin to think, tell me one reason for refusing to be my guide and mentor."

A quick flash rising to Nadine's brow dyes her face crimson.

"You are going to be married!" says Millicent quickly, noting the signal of distress.

"It is true—yes."

"And you never told me!" There is a strong reproach in her tone. Then—seeing the pallor on the face before her (the strange, sorrowful whitening of the beautiful face), that has chased from it the unwilling roses of a moment since—and as she marks the mournful drooping of the lips, and the look of terrible depression, nay, fear, that betrays itself in the shrinking form—pity overcomes her sense of ill usage, and some sharp inner sense conveys to her the truth of it all. "You are afraid of something! You do not love him!" she cries impulsively, slipping down on the ground beside the lounge on which her friend has sunk as though unnerved and exhausted. "Come, you shall tell it all to me now. I am determined—late in the day as it is for your confidence. Is he old, ugly—a veritable ogre-beard, with coffers lined with gold; and are your people compelling you to marry him for the sake of his money?"

Her tone is half playful, half serious—wholly winning.

Nadine gives up to it.

"No. It is not that," she says. "My mother would be the last to urge me to such a marriage. And—and—he is not old, or ugly, or overburdened with wealth."

"Am I to think, then, that he is young, and handsome, and poor, and that you are still blind to his attractions?"

"That is it," returns Nadine faintly. "I—when he is with me, talking to me, looking so kindly at me (he is very kind) —I tell myself that I do love him! But when he is away from— Ah!" with a quick shudder. "I know then that my thought is vain."

"Romance is dead!" declares Miss Grey. "Handsome as an Apollo, and poor, and yet you cannot be touched with the eternal fire. Fie upon you, then, you degenerate girl! After all"—with a sudden change of tone from the melodramatic into the distinctly commonplace—"you are just like me. My young man (phrase borrowed from Mary Jane, you will perceive) is quite all you have described yours to be—barring the poverty—and yet I like him quite as little as you do yours."

"My dear Millicent! And I always understood that"——

"It was to be a true love match! A very ideal marriage! A veritable cooing affair! Disabuse your mind of that at once, my good girl. It is a match loved, indeed, by my aunt and my other aunt; but by nobody else, so far as I can see. He is to have me and auntie's money. I am to have him and his mammy's money. That's the arrangement. Fancy being flung upon a season with such a stone around one's neck, and expected to enjoy one's self!"

"It is your cousin?"

"Yes; Granit Boyle. You have never seen him; so I may as well say he is as good looking as any girl could desire, save me. I am bent on an ugly man, Nadine—be sure of that. Simply because he is handsome, I dislike him so much. And yet"—she breaks off, and a little angry laugh widens her lips—"when you said a moment since that so long as your lover was with you you liked him, but that when he was gone you felt the full weight of his disagreeability press upon you, you said exactly what I should have said, had I been the first to explain."

"That is strange—a coincidence. But —but why marry him, if you feel so to Mr. Boyle?"

"Captain, an' it please you, madame. He is one of her majesty's men. I am not so sure that I shall marry him. But I have been pressed into the matter because of auntie's desire to see me Mrs. Boyle (there is a remote title somewhere in the family, that she believes will some day descend upon me, and make me 'my lady'). So I am supposed to be willing to barter my present for the sake of my future. But I am not! So there!" She somewhat angrily rattles the poker against the bars of the grate as she speaks. Then she looks up sharply at her companion. "Why are you marrying Mr. ——? You did not mention his name, by the by."

"Paul Annerley."

"A masterful name—nearly as bad as Granit Boyle—that sounds like the resistless rock as the wave beats hopelessly against it." She pauses as though sunk in a light reverie. "I am not a hopeless wave, however," she continues presently, her pause being so slight as to be almost imperceptible. "A rock myself, rather. Yet I look so frail—so fragile!" She gets up and turns to a mirror, and pushing back the soft silky hair from her low brow examines her face critically. "Yes —a rock!" she says decisively. "So, if my dear cousin does not improve on acquaintance, I warn him I shall not be dragged to the altar to suit his whim. I'd cut off my hair first! It was by the hair the mediæval parent dragged his child, eh?" she asks, turning to Nadine with a sudden smile.

"I believe you like your cousin, under it all," says Nadine, laughing.

"Well, I do, and I don't, as I have already said. Just now, I don't. But there are few men in town so handsome. So much I know, though I have not as yet come out."

"Describe him to me."

"He is tall, dark, earnest in expression. That is disappointing, I know; the modern villain being always tall, fair, insouciant. But—variety is charming. My villain is as I have said."

"Paul is dark too," says Nadine, arching her brows.

"Ha! So! The plot thickens! Two villains in one drama is extravagant. I wish, however, Paul had been of the fair, die away order, if only to make a diversion. Nadine, tell me, why are you going to marry your unloved villain?"

"He isn't a villain," begins Nadine; but Millicent interrupts her.

"Oh, yes, he is!" she says. "You take my word for it. Well, go on."

"I am marrying him because—because I think I do like him, and that my absurd repulsion when absent from him is a mean feeling only to be conquered to disappear forever. And—and mamma will be happy if I marry him. She is so afraid that I may ever come to real want."

"He is rich, then? A man of property?"

"No. He has a clerkship somewhere in the city."

"Somewhere? Vague I call that! Well, my good child, I'd see about that clerkship. If I were you, before putting my foot in it."

"Well—as a matter of course," says Nadine. Then she breaks into a merry laugh. "Naturally I should see it before putting my foot in it. But you need not be uneasy about that. Mother has made all inquiries, and he has entirely satisfied her."

"After all, my warning was absurd. People nowadays don't go about masquerading," says Millicent. "Tell me more of him."

"There is so little to tell. His eyes are a very dark brown."

"So are Granit's. I hate very dark brown eyes."

"His mustache is brown too."

"So is Granit's. I like a mustache myself."

"And I like a man with no mustache," says Nadine softly.

"You don't say," cries her friend, with affected interest. "Tell me who he is."

Her shaft is a random one, not meant to strike home, yet Nadine shrinks from it as if hurt, and her cheeks grow deadly white. She clasps her hands together with a little convulsive motion upon her lap—clasps them so closely that her nails grow white.

Millicent, who though frivolous in a certain sense, is neither unobservant nor wanting in affection, marks these signs of emotion, but with a strange reticence, for her, refrains from taking any notice of them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Confederate Veterans' Association of Atlanta has resolved to buy a United States flag under which to march hereafter.

The State of Washington has 3 0 Indian voters, while Oregon has but 50.

The specific gravity of gold is 19.50—that is, it weighs nineteen and a half times as much as its own bulk of water. The ductility and malleability of this metal are equaled by no other. By ductility is meant the property of allowing itself to be drawn out into a wire, and by malleability its property of flattening without splitting under the hammer.

Observations seem to show that a decrease in the earth's latitude is in progress, implying an alteration in the direction of the earth's axis. The fluctuation is thought to be due to a minute oscillation caused by some changes in the internal state of the earth.

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY.

Allcock's Porous Plasters are the only reliable plasters ever produced. Fragrant, clean, inexpensive, and never failing, they fully meet all the requirements of a household remedy, and should always be kept on hand. For the relief and cure of weak back, weak muscles, lameness, stiff or enlarged joints, pains in the chest, small of the back and around the hips, strains, stitches, and all local pains, Allcock's Porous Plasters are unequaled.

Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for Allcock's, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Many a band of directors is made up of wooden men.

For throat troubles and coughs use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit.

"Paid office is a quick cash" is the latest version of a somewhat ancient remark.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Also all Private diseases. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

School Teacher—Why were the prisoners who were executed called "post-mortems?" Scholar—Because their status is always gone up.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

Dr. Parker's Sure Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. Try it. Price, 25 cents a bottle. For sale by all druggists. Pacific Coast Agent, Geo. Dahlbender & Co., Druggists, 214 Kearny street, San Francisco.

An Only Daughter Cured of Consumption.

When death was hourly expected from Consumption, all remedies having failed and Dr. H. James was experimenting, he accidentally made a preparation of Indian Hemp, which cured his only child, and now gives this recipe free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. Hemp also cures night sweats, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address Craddock & Co., 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa., naming this paper.

"My Treasures for Broken" [illegible]

A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.

Up the [illegible] years of people, both the country and the emigrant who have owed the term of the Unheralded popular tiny. The letter's the [illegible] The opening of the year 1893 will be signalized by the appearance of a fresh Almanac of the Hostetter, in which the uses, derivation and action of this world-famous medicine will be lucidly set forth. Everybody should read it. [illegible] and useful reading matter rich in [illegible]. The Hostetter Co., of Pittsburgh, Pa., publish it themselves [illegible] months in [illegible]. It can be obtained without cost of all druggists and country dealers, and is printed in English, German, French, Welsh, Norwegian, Swedish, Holland, Bohemian and Spanish.

"What did your pa say when he [illegible]?" [illegible]

CATARRH CAN'T BE CURED

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they can't reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75 cents.

Use Enamelline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

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.

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Feel just right—Liver, Stomach, and Bowels, by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They do it in just the right way, too—by using Nature's own methods. That's why they're better than the dreadful, old-fashioned pills, with their griping and violence.

But they're better in every way. In size, for instance, and dose. They're the smallest and the easiest to take; only one little Pellet is needed for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. They cleanse and regulate the system thoroughly—but it's done easily and naturally. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are prevented, relieved, and cured.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for value received.

Something else, that pays the dealer better, may be offered as "just as good." Perhaps it is, for *him*, but it can't be, for *you*.

SHILOH'S CURE. 25 DOSES 25c. THE GREAT COUGH CURE. 25c 50c & $1.00

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "*Shiloh's Vitalizer 'SAVED MY LIFE.' I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used.*" For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 75 cts.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? Try this Remedy. It will relieve and Cure you. Price 50 cts. This Injector for its successful treatment is furnished free. Shiloh's Remedies are sold by us on a guarantee to give satisfaction.

Mrs. Elizabeth Messer
Baltimore, Md.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonder of medicine. For years I had Neuralgia, Dyspepsia & Fainting spells. [illegible] I was not [illegible] But I began to get better on taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and am now perfectly cured. I eat well, sleep well and am in perfect health, instead of being a sad wreck. I am alive and weigh 142 lbs.!" Mrs. Elizabeth Messer, 19 East Barney street, Baltimore, Md.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable.

MANN'S BONE CUTTER

Will cut dry or Green Bones, Meat, Gristle and all. Green Cut BONES will double the number of eggs—will make them stronger—will carry the hens safely through the molting period and put them in condition to lay when eggs command the highest price and will develop your chicks faster than any other food.

Feed Green Bones and use Creosozone to kill the lice and you will make fifty per cent more profit. Send for Catalogue and prices.

PETALUMA INCUBATOR COMP'Y, PETALUMA, CAL.

CUT PRICES TO CLOSE BROKEN LOTS

Men's Kip Boots, No. 2	$1.25
Men's Low Rub. Boots, 12's	1.75
Boys' Hip Rubber Boots, 3's	1.75
Men's Hunting Rubber Boots, 7's, 8s	1.75

Order promptly. Send for Bargain Lists.

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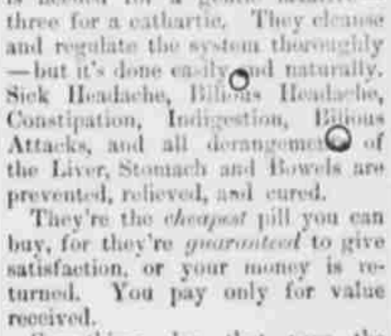

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