-ROYAL-
BAKING POWDER

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

All other baking powders leave traces of alkali or acid in the food. Royal is indispensable where finest, most wholesome food is required.

The Doctor's Sharp Practice.

Dr. Parsons got back home Monday from that great duck hunt at Corpus Christi, but didn't bring us the duck as he promised. All the doctor killed was a goose, a hawk and an owl. The good doctor ate the goose and gave us our choice of the hawk and the owl, but he could not tempt us from our straight diet of bacon and hoecake with that kind of "game."—Kerrville (Tex.) Paper.

The accumulations of the Dead Letter office are a constant proof of the lamentable ignorance that prevails relative to the postal laws. The packages of unmailable matter, documents with short postage, the misdirected letters, the attempts to smuggle goods in the mails, all show how much time, trouble and expense is lost to those who fail to obtain information which can easily be procured.

A SOVEREIGN REMEDY.

Dr. Parker's Sure Cough Cure. One dose will stop a cough. It never fails. 25 cts. Price, 25 cents a bottle. For sale by all druggists. Pacific Coast Agt., G. H. Mumm Ader & Co., Druggists, 214 Kearny street, San Francisco.

The proper thing for a jury is to be firm, but not fixed.

Vaseline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

STANLEY LIKE IT.

Yours my best effort.

N. ALBANY ST., ITHACA, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1881.

For over 20 years I have been a victim of rheumatism. I was persuaded to try St. Jacobs Oil. I have used two bottles, and a man more free from rheumatism never walked our streets. My limbs that were once stiff and lame are now as light and limber as in my youth.

JOS. EDSELL.

ITHACA, N. Y., July 5, 1887.

Suffered many years—injury to hip resulting in rheumatism, muscular weakness and contracted cords. Two bottles of St. Jacobs Oil relieved me so that I now walk about and attend to daily duties at 62. I heartily endorse it.

JOS. EDSELL.

"German Syrup"

My acquaintance with Boschee's German Syrup was made about fourteen years ago. I contracted a cold which resulted in Pneumonia and Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a physician, without obtaining relief I saw the advertisement of the remedy and obtained a bottle. I received quick and permanent help. I never hesitate to tell my experience. Rev. W. H. Sparrow, Bettinsville, N. J.

Health has its weight. We cannot go far above or below our healthy weight without disturbing health. We cannot keep health and lose our weight.

It is fat that comes and goes. Too much is burdensome; too little is dangerous.

Health requires enough fat for daily use and a little more for reserve and comfort. That keeps us plump. The result is beauty—the beauty of health.

A little book on CORPULENCY AND HOW TO REDUCE IT sent free.

Scott & Bowne, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, 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., and Caledonia, Ont.

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.

The Great Chain at West Point.

One of the most notable events connected with the manufacture of iron was the making of the great iron chain which in 1778 was stretched across the Hudson river at West Point to prevent the passage of British vessels. Lossing, in his "Field Book of the Revolution," gives a very interesting account of this work, of which we can quote only the leading facts:

"The iron of which this chain was constructed was wrought from ore of equal parts from the Sterling and Long mines in Orange county. The chain was manufactured by Peter Townsend, of Chester, at the Sterling Iron works, in the same county, which were situated about twenty-five miles back of West Point. The chain was completed about the middle of April, 1778, and on the 1st of May it was stretched across the river and secured. It was fixed to huge blocks on each shore, and under cover of batteries on both sides of the river."

"It is buoyed up," says Dr. Thacher, writing in 1780, "by very large logs of about sixteen feet long, pointed at the ends, to lessen their opposition to the force of the current at flood and ebb tide. The logs are placed at short distances from each other, the chain carried over them and made fast to each by staples. There are also a number of anchors dropped at proper distances, with cables made fast to the chain to give it greater stability." The total weight of this chain was 180 tons.

Mr. Lossing visited West Point in 1848 and saw a portion of this famous chain, and he tells us that "there are twelve links, two clevises, and a portion of a link remaining. The links are made of iron bars, two and a half inches square, and average in length a little over two feet and weigh about 100 pounds each."—W. F. Durfee in Popular Science.

American Wealth.

Not greater than the wealth of America was the fabled wealth of the Indies. There are a thousand Americans worth $1,000,000 or more. There are at least 100 Americans richer than Crœsus of song and story. The wealth of the Duke of Westminster, whose fortune is the greatest in Europe, is at a careful estimate £10,000,000 or $50,000,000, and it is the accumulation of a long ancestry. Most of the American fortunes are the accumulation of a single generation.

The aggregate wealth of the Rothschilds reaches nearly $1,000,000,000, but it is distributed among so many that no individual Rothschild is worth over $40,000,000. The Vanderbilt family wealth foots up nearly $250,000,000 and is held in comparatively few hands. There are scores of Americans who are richer than any ruling monarch of the eastern hemisphere. The incomes of many monarchs are large, but they are derived from the civil lists of the countries over which they hold sway, and do not represent the accretions of their own fortunes.

As a people the Americans are the richest in the world. Money is more easily acquired here than anywhere else, and it is likewise more liberally spent. What are considered moderate fortunes here are in other lands regarded as stupendous aggregations of wealth. There are no such opportunities of making money in other countries as in this, and therefore it may be expected that the number of American millionaires will be multiplied and the fortunes of the present millionaires doubled, tripled and quadrupled within the next two decades.—New York World.

The Best and Truest Americans.

It is evident that the makers of America belong to the middle ranks of society, and that here is the center of our hopes in regard to the nation. The rich families cannot be large in number with us, nor can they maintain in successive generations their hereditary prestige. The war broke up the old order of things at the south, and the fact that at the north there is no room for any man who is simply a gentleman of leisure has prevented the people who represent social distinction from taking an active part in the legislative life of the country. The old families have less influence today than they ever had, and the leaders in legislation, in the professions, in making and guiding public opinion, and in contributing to the prosperity of the country are, for the most part, men who have come from the energetic middle class families everywhere.

These are the men who have derived most benefit from our institutions and best understand how they are to be still further developed. We do not care how rich a man is, nor who his grandfather was, but we ask what is his capacity may be and what his virtues are, and we give him our confidence chiefly on the basis of what he is and what he can do. This current opinion as to what constitutes family excellence has a wonderful effect in the shaping of American families. If the making of money is the ambition of most Americans, there is a secondary ambition that concentrates itself in the integrity and purity and strength of the homes of honest and industrious and intelligent people.—Boston Herald.

Chewing Gum.

The chewing gum business began on a small scale some thirty years ago. It was then manufactured and used principally in New England. This article was made from the gum of the spruce tree. Another kind of gum was and is made from paraffine. There was a prejudice at first against manufactured chewing gum, and years ago children were told that the stuff was made of "niggers' heels."

The raw material of chewing gum made today comes from the Mexican chicle sapote tree. That is the stuff "tutti frutti" is made of. The story runs that a Yankee by the name of Adams imported the Mexican gum to have it take the place of gutta-percha or soft rubber, but the experiment failed. Accidentally he broke off a bit of the stuff and chewed it. That gave to him the notion of manufacturing the substance into chewing gum. The business is now carried on in a six story building and gives employment to over 250 people.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

What It Was.

"You are limping so," she said, glancing downward at his new and narrow "patent leathers" with pitying eyes, "I'm afraid there is something in your shoes."

"So there is," returned he, in agonized tones. "It's feet."—Kate Field's Washington.

H. P. N. U. No. 472—S. F. N. U. No. 749

RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

"As you will, my pretty cousin." There is a touch of vindictiveness in the smile he bends upon her. "Perhaps, even, you would prefer to neither dance nor go into the gardens with me, but spend the half hour—another half hour—here with Mr. Massareene?"

If for a moment he had supposed he could confuse or disconcert her, he finds out his mistake at once.

"Yes, I should prefer that," she says.

Massareene at this makes a step toward her, but Granit Boyle waves him back with a curious laugh.

"No, no, my friend," he says genially. "You can not have it all your own way. I would not give up this dance with my—cousin." He pauses, and then laughs aloud. "Do you know, Milly, I was very near saying, 'with my wife;' but that would have been unlucky, eh? Counting before the happy time, eh? But ready, you know"—turning again to Massareene—"I would not miss this dance with Miss Grey for a great deal."

"It is astonishing how much you can say in a little time," says his fiancée with an ill-disguised sneer rising with deliberate waste of hate from her low seat. "Well, if this thing has got to be danced let us go and do it." She lays her hand upon her cousin's arm, and moves away a step or two with him. Then she glances back over her shoulder at Massareene, who is looking a little white, and comes to a standstill. "The next is ours," she says in a very sweet voice; "come for me as soon as you can. I shall be glad to see you again." This is as much as to say she will be overjoyed when her dance with the man who is her affianced husband has drawn to a close. Granit Boyle, with a smothered imprecation, moves on again, and she perforce accompanies him—but not to the ball room.

"I'm not going to dance this, nor am I going into the gardens," she says, with decision. "I am going to sit in the smaller hall, and criticise the people while they come and go. That will help to pass away the time."

"Until you can with politeness get rid of me."

"Don't be rude, my dear Granit. To put an unpleasant truth in glaring color is always a mistake."

"I will be mistaken twice, then, for your benefit, and to prove myself by no means a fool in your eyes. You will sit here and criticise your neighbors, and it is time for you to return once more to my arms—I beg pardon—the society of Gerald Massareene."

"You have an excellent wit," says she, with an untroubled smile.

"You cannot, however, deny the truth that lies in it?"

"Why should I? You are such an extremely clever young man that one must believe you can see through the proverbial stone wall."

Mr. Boyle bestows a glance that is not altogether one of affection upon his future wife.

"Then you don't deny it?" he says.

"Certainly not. I should welcome the advent of any one who would relieve me—I mean you—of the burden of your—that is my—presence."

She laughs as she gives voice to this little impertinence—made all the more pointed by the affectation of modesty that runs through it. Granit frowns openly. If the day should ever come in which he might claim this willful lady as his own—if—(it seems very impossible—at this moment specially so) he will certainly teach her such a lesson in propriety as she will not be likely to forget for the remainder of her days.

"Don't trouble yourself to try to be polite, even in ridicule," he says, in a voice that suggests a good deal of hidden wrath beneath the forced calmness of his demeanor. "But even you and Mr. Massareene cannot dance together all night without laying yourselves open to unkindly comment. An effete civilization has so ordained it, that the world has grown to look on such vulgar exhibitions of affection as indecent."

Miss Grey lets her fan drop to her side, and brings her hands together with sudden sharp movement.

"How dare you!" she says, in a low tone.

"Hah! At last I have touched you, my pretty cousin!" cries he, gayly. "A little of the revenge, so wisely called sweet has fallen to my portion to-night. Why, you look positively pale! Come, pull yourself together, and upon that indominitable spirit in which you pride yourself, and give me back my blow! What—still no words! no seething sarcasm, no pointed barb environed! Pshaw! I gave you credit for more go than you possess."

His manner is maddening. Miss Grey, rising slowly to her feet, with parted lips, through which the panting breath comes hurriedly, surveys him with a glance that would have subdued most men. But not Granit Boyle.

He rises, too, and picking up her fan with a nonchalant grace, hands it to her with a slight bow full of mockery.

"You look charming so," he says, "with that haughty expression on your handsome lips. Flattery is not only vulgar, I know, but the coldest of mistakes nowadays; but you will forgive me for it, when you see how feeling has carried me away. I am a devoted admirer of artistic effects. This, of yours, is perfect. I have always considered you pretty, my cousin, but never really realized the fact that you could be beautiful until now."

"You run it very fine," says Miss Grey, in a voice so subdued to be almost a whisper. "You are daring. It would hardly suit you, perhaps, to be thrown over by the heiress of the season."

"The heiress of the season would not so serve a devoted lover," replies he, still with that light mocking laughter on his sneering lips. "If she did—why—she might cease to be the heiress of the season."

He had dealt his first blow in a soft undertone, but it tells. It is all so true! Her uncle, Timothy Boyle, her aunt, Mrs. Brand, the two whose wills make her an heiress, could as easily unmake her, were she to act contrary to their wishes. And they have decreed that she is to marry Granit Boyle, the son of their dearly loved dead brother, the first husband of Lady Valworth. A whim on their parts. A serious matter with the girl now standing pale with passionate anger—with head down bent and a heart that madly fights with all reason for a victory. To give up this man and a future that will land her on the world's stage as one of the richest commoners in England—to resign this man and cleave to another, who can give her only a very modest income and a heart all gold. "To be, or not to be!" This struggle is sharp, bitter, but short lived. She has been too well trained to willingly barter all for love. Cold reason wins the day, and the heart, sobbing, rebellious, fades into the background.

"As to the devoted lover part," she says, at last, with a smile as careless as his own, "I will let you off all that sort of thing. We shall fulfill our destiny, you and I—we shall marry, and by such means gain money, and we shall die in all probability in the odor of sanctity—but of love, I thank you, we will say nothing."

"An excellent arrangement. They say those who love deepest say least about it. Shall we pose, then, as friends?"

"The least of all," returns she, with an angry flash from her large eyes.

"What! neither friend nor lover?"

"I have said so."

"Nor friend, nor lover, but only husband!" laughs he. "A very unique little affair altogether."

"Miss Grey, at last I may return to you," says a low voice at her elbow.

With a convulsive start she turns, and, as if involuntarily, holds out her hand to Massareene. There is something in the fond, kind, ugly face that now at this instant—when her soul is filled with horror of him whom she has promised to marry—appeals to her strongly.

"Yes, yes—at last!" she murmurs, brokenly, and moves away with him without so much as a parting glance at Granit Boyle.

CHAPTER VII.

It is midnight. Twelve hours have been chimed by some great clock a mile away, the strokes falling solemnly on the still air of the summer night. Traffic has ceased, and only the sound of an occasional carriage may be heard, the red lights from its lamps flaming upward and sometimes casting a lurid shadow upon the bed where Millicent lies sleeping.

The girl had appeared a little tired, a little ennuyee for the last day or two, and Mrs. Brand had decided upon her refusing any invitation for this one night at least. She should go to bed early, so would Mrs. Brand—the whole household, indeed, should retire at an abnormally early hour, and Granit, who was acquainted with all these circumstances and arrangements, was forbidden to call after six o'clock.

Boom—boom—boom—goes the big clock somewhere. Millicent, as though disturbed by it, turns uneasily in her bed, as growing consciousness dawns upon her, sighs deeply. Alas! there are many reasons why she, the petted debutante of the year, should sigh profoundly. Her body, indeed, is well (this seems rather a grievance to her otherwise), but her heart is sick and sore within her. Oh! the horror of having to marry Granit while her affection is all concentrated on another! And yet, to lose her inheritance! To a girl trained as she has been—as hundreds of others are trained—such a consideration is paramount. To be cast from her throne, to be discarded by the world, to sink from a commanding supremacy to a sure mediocrity!—is that lies the sting.

If only the matter could be altered, and arranged for her on her own lines according to her own liking! She had thought of appealing to her aunt—had even hinted to her that Boyle was not altogether so dear to her as he should be. But Mrs. Brand had pooh-poohed all such hints as being mere girlish folly, and had told her that in time she would find her cousin was far above the average of the young men she met, and that they had good reason to believe a defunct title that had once belonged to a branch of their family, would be revived in his favor.

How quiet the night has grown! Even in the heart of this surging London, it seems as though a time of rest can reign; the stir, the roll of the cold carriage or two only enhances the extreme deadness of the calm. Millicent turns wearily upon her pillow, and tries with the persistency anxiety to forget her woes in sleep. In vain she courts the wished for slumber; in vain she seeks to kill her cruel thoughts. Still they remain with her, growing ever more persistent in their fearfulness grip upon her. Impatient, and angry with herself and finding the night insufferably warm, she half pushes the bedclothes from her, with the intention of rising and hinging wide her window, when a slight noise in the adjoining room arrests her attention.

Is it a footstep, or one of those sounds that belong to the stillness of the night?—ghostly sounds that one acknowledges, coming from nowhere apparently, yet loud enough to make the pulses beat and suggest a covering of the head with the friendly bedclothes.

Millicent, white and motionless, listens intently. She has instinctively drawn back her foot into the shelter of the bed, but otherwise has shown no fear. Is it a step? It has stopped now. After all, it might have been a mouse coming for the cologne under the door, or one of the mice that scamper over the mantelpiece in her boudoir. In spite of these consolatory reflections, however, she cannot conceal from herself that she is growing frightened, and is regretting with ever increasing keenness the fact that she is sleeping alone, in a corridor cut off from the rest of the house.

Pshaw! after all it is nothing—only a scare. Silence once more reigns supreme. Not even the indoor domestic mouse is to be heard. No scratchings, no sneaks anywhere. Not even—

Good heavens! what was that? A horrible stealing sound in the room beyond. It is coming nearer and nearer!

Of that one horrible inner sense that assures her, though now she can hear nothing. Oh, how the minutes drag! The knowledge that even if she screamed until life left her she could not be heard by any one member of the household adds ten thousand terrors to her already miserable situation.

Ah, there! There it is again—the stealthy footstep; more distinct now—more real. All in one moment every maddening recollection of people murdered, every ghastly detail that she has ever read or heard, recurs to her, and makes the blood freeze within her veins. Soon, perhaps, the blood will be frozen eternally.

And now a maddening regret occurs to her. The bell! why had she not thought of that sooner? She can cross the room, to pull violently at it—even if her cry failed to bring one of the servants, most likely they, as all the servants sleep at the very top of the house)—at least she might have alarmed this midnight assassin, and sent him flying from the scene of his unlawful labors. But now! Is it too late yet?

Almost paralyzed by fear as she is, she rises cautiously upon her elbow, as if just about to make a rush for the bell, when—

CHAPTER VIII.

The door beyond opens slowly, and a figure that looms large and tall in the light of the dim lamp it carries appears upon the threshold.

Millicent, benumbed, fascinated, staring with wide eyes, sees a man dressed in the common coarse Austrian suit of an artisan. The face is hidden; over it a mask of black satin is drawn carefully. This gives a last touch of terror to a presence already big with fearful mystery in the eyes of the poor girl gazing at it, in a spellbound anguish, from over the frilled and dainty linen sheeting.

It is an impossible thing, in spite of all wise writers to the contrary, to account for human feeling or arrange for any it may cause the owner of it to do or say on certain occasions and under certain circumstances.

Millicent a moment ago more dead than alive when her fear was hidden from her, now that it appears before her in flesh and blood and an abominably bad suit of clothes, feels her soul rise within her, her courage grow space, and lifting her eyes—though still in a very agony of doubt and horror—she stares at the intruder with some small semblance of defiance.

The intruder, however, being no doubt a man of base mind, to whose lofty sentiments are unknown, returns her would-be haughty glance through his mask with an air calm as a summer eve.

"Get up!" he says—neither more nor less, but just this concisely.

It is a demand that Miss Grey in her newborn fit of courage sees fit to scorn.

"I shall not," she says from her stronghold behind the bedclothes.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The American Olive.

The growth of the olive is to be, it seems to me, one of the leading and most permanent industries of southern California. It will give us, what it is nearly impossible to buy now, pure olive oil, in place of the cottonseed and lard mixture in general use. It is a most wholesome and palatable article of food. Those whose chief experience of the olive is the large, coarse and not agreeable Spanish variety, used only as an appetizer, know little of the value of the best varieties as food, nutritious as meat, and always delicious. Good bread and a dish of pickled olives make an excellent meal. The sort known as the Mission olive, planted by the Franciscans a century ago, is generally grown now, and the best fruit is from the older trees.

The most successful attempts in cultivating the olive and putting it on the market have been made by Mr. F. A. Kimball and Mr. Ellwood Cooper. The experiments have gone far enough to show that the industry is very remunerative. The best olive oil I have ever tasted anywhere is that produced from the Cooper and Kimball orchards; but not enough is produced to supply the local demand. Mr. Cooper has written a careful treatise on olive culture, which will be of great service to all growers. The art of pickling is not yet mastered, and perhaps some other variety will be preferred to the Old Mission for the table.

A mature olive grove in good bearing is a fortune. I feel sure that within twenty-five years this will be one of the most profitable industries in California, and that the demand for pure oil and edible fruit in the United States will drive out the adulterated and inferior present commercial products. But California can easily ruin its reputation by adopting the European systems of adulteration.—Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

Cattle in America.

The first cattle that were brought into the American colonies were landed at the Jamestown plantation, in Virginia, in the year 1607. They came from the West Indies, and were descendants of cattle taken to the islands by Columbus on his second voyage, in 1493. In 1610 several cows were landed, and in 1611 about 100 head more were brought to the plantation. This was the origin of the cattle business in America. In order to encourage the cattle industry to the fullest possible extent an order was passed forbidding the slaughter of any animal of the kind under penalty of death. Under this restriction the number of cattle increased to 30,000 in Virginia alone by the end of the year 1639.

The first cattle brought to New England arrived at Plymouth in 1624. They were imported from England by Governor [illegible]. Three heifers and a bull made up the party. Of color, the old record says, they were black, black and white and brindle. In 1627 twelve cows were sent to Cape Ann; in 1629, thirty more. In 1630 about 100 were imported for the colony of Massachusetts Bay. During the years not above mentioned, 103 cattle had been sent from Texel, Holland, into New York, and in the year 1640 there were a good many head of horned cattle in the colony.

From 1633 to 1653 a number of cattle for the time were brought into the colonies from Denmark. They were all yellow in color. Mixing all of the cattle together they form the foundation from which the common native cattle of our country have descended.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Tea of Tibet.

[illegible] is no limit to the number of [illegible] which can be consumed by a [illegible] man. I [illegible] one who [illegible] comfortable living by auction [illegible] of furniture. He [illegible] in collision with the auctioneer; in fact he [illegible] peremptory, where every article is [illegible] for the highest bid; no matter [illegible] may be, no friend [illegible] the rules of human nature [illegible] folly of the feminine variety. [illegible] commend the goods, and are really [illegible] of securing certain articles, but [illegible] from the publicity of trying to outbid [illegible] could not afford.

They prefer to give [illegible] or three dollars [illegible] price paid by the successful [illegible] The man secured all [illegible] of the [illegible] secured, and then [illegible] of the [illegible] advance upon its outlay [illegible] one or other of the disappointed bidders [illegible] not unusual for him to clear from ten [illegible] twenty dollars. There is no [illegible] even if he cannot find a buyer, left on the [illegible] money he can [illegible] them to [illegible] room.—Tea Trade.

[illegible] of the density of the [illegible] emanates from [illegible] have been found to give a better clue [illegible] movements and origin of cyclones [illegible] period of a century.

John [illegible], of [illegible] famous Hollywood cemetery at Richmond. In the same inclosure are the graves of James Monroe and John Tyler, and of C. P. Hill and Pritchard, two of Confederate leaders.

A HERALD OF THE INFANT YEAR.

Clip the last thirty years or more from the century, and the section will represent the term of the unbounded popularity of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. The opening of the year 1893 will be signalized by the appearance of a fresh Almanac of its kind, in which the uses, application and action of this world-famous medicine will be lucidly set forth. Ever loyal should read it. The calendar and astronomical calculations to be found in this brochure are always astonishingly accurate, and the statistics, illustrations, humorous and other reading matter rich in interest and full of profit. The Hostetter Company of Pittsburg, Pa., publish it themselves. They employ more than sixty hands in the mechanical work, and more than eleven months in the year are required in its preparation. 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.

A Labor of Love.—The Vicar—And were you at the ball last night, Mrs. Ham bonham? Mrs. B.—Oh, yes; I was chaperoning eight young ladies there.

A VALUABLE REMEDY.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS purify the blood, stimulate the liver, strengthen the kidneys, regulate the bowels. They were introduced in the United States in 1835. Since that time over sixty millions of boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS have been used.

This, together with thousands of convincing testimonials from all parts of the world, is positive evidence of their value. BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

A Texas boy described his father as "one who don't fight over religion."

For coughs, sore throat, asthma, catarrh and other diseases of the bronchial tubes no more useful article can be found than "Sweet's Bronchial Troches."

A Germantown man advertises for "a sharp boy to cut wood."

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Any Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Posey, 826 Market st., San Francisco.

No mean man has a right to wish he had never been born. Let other people do that for him.

SHILOH'S CURE. Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Incipient Consumption and Spitting of Blood. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. Shiloh's Vitalizer is the best Blood Purifier and Strength Restorer. Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure "SAVED MY LIFE." For Dyspepsia, Liver or Kidney trouble it excels. Price 10 cts., 50 cts. and $1.00.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites. A great invigorator. Prevents Consumption, Scrofula, Anæmia, Wasting Diseases, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, Chronic Sore Throat, and all forms of Wasting Diseases. Palatable as cream. Physicians everywhere endorse it. Druggists everywhere sell it. 50c. and $1.00.

Tutt's Hair Dye. Produces Whiskers on a smooth face, or a Moustache. Restores Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Acts instantaneously and perfectly. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

CATARRH. Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It Cleanses the Head, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell and Protects the Membrane from Additional Colds. Apply into the Nostrils. It is Quickly Absorbed. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

THE COST IS THE SAME.

Costs more than an ordinary cluster wood picket affair that obstructs the view and will not last a short time. The "Hartman" Fence is artistic in design, protects the grounds and will last for years and is practically everlasting. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE AND TESTIMONIALS MAILED FREE. [A]ways mention this paper in writing.

Hartman Mfg. Co., Beaver Falls, Pa. T. D. Goare, Gen. Agt. for Pacific Coast, San Francisco, Cal.

David Clarkson, Gr., Portland, Or.

Holly, Boston, Mass., Spokane Falls, Wash.

Simonds Crescent Ground Cross Cut Saws. And All Kinds of MILL SAWS. Also Saw Repairing. SIMONDS SAWCO., 75 Front Street, Portland, Or.

Comes Every Week—Finely Illustrated—Only $1.75 a Year.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

The increased circulation of 550,000 copies weekly enables THE COMPANION to provide more lavishly than ever for 1893.

Leading Features for 1893.

Eleven Serial Stories. Over 700 Large Pages. Nearly 1,000 Illustrations. The Best Short Stories. $6,500 Prize Stories. 100 Stories of Adventure. Monthly Double Numbers. Charming Children's Page.

Free to Jan., '93

New Subscribers who will cut out and send us this slip with name, address and $1.75 we will send The Companion Free to Jan. 1, '93, and for a full year from that date, including the Double Holiday Numbers of Christmas and New Year.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston, Mass.

The Youth's Companion New Building.

Three acres of floors used entirely by The Companion.

Souvenir of the New Building in colors, 32 pages, sent on receipt of six cents, or FREE to any one requesting it who sends a subscription.

Mr. Herman Hicks

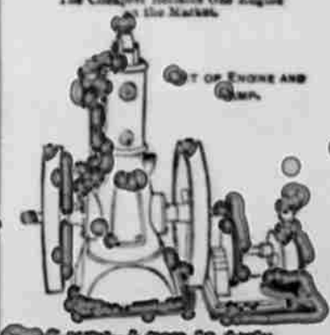
"There was an ass ren't of CATARRH, I entirely lost my hearing and w[illegible]

Deaf for More Than a Year.

To my surprise and great joy when I had taken three bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla I found my hearing was returning. I kept on until I had taken three bottles and I can hear perfectly well. Such a result is remarkable case." HERMAN HICKS, 30 Carter street, Rochester, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are purely vegetable.

Hercules Gas Engine (GAS OR GASOLINE) Simplest Power or Pumping Purposes. The Cheapest Reliable Gas Engine in the Market.



SEND FOR CATALOGUE

—AND—

PORTABLE SAWING MACHINES

MARVEL SHEEP SHEARS. Will cut Dry Grass, Weeds, Bones, Meat, Grain, Wire or anything Cut EASILY. Will double the capacity of any shearer—will carry 12 pounds less weight—will not put the sheep to as much pain as other shears. Papers free. Address MARVEL MFG. CO., For Sale by Dealers. Chicago, Ill.

PERSONAL MORE PERSONS

Now is a splendid time to apply. Big profits. Profitable service, pleasant employment. If you can do anything else write to

D. P. BOX 370. Washington, D. C.

CANCER

XMAS GOODS

Write for our SPECIAL XMAS CIRCULAR of Remarkable Offerings. We can save you money. Goods better than elsewhere. (We have been doing this every day for years—pay us a visit.)

SCHOONER HOOD SHOE CO. 1005 MARKET ST. SAN FRANCISCO

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE SUNSET MONTHLY

Only 50 cents per year. Sample copy free. Address SUNSET MONTHLY, 22 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.

ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. TRIAL FREE. DR. TAFT BROS. MEDICINE CO. ROCHESTER, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED IN EVERY County to handle the New Patent Chemical Ink Eraser and Pencil. Averages making $50 per week. Sample and Outfit 10c. Eraser Manufacturing Co., Lima, Ohio.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

HERCULES ENGINES

FAIRBANKS Gas or Gasoline

A Positive Power. Requires No Licensed Engineer. Your Wife Can Run It. PALMER & REY, San Francisco, Cal. and Portland, Or. No Batteries or Electric Spark.