Royal Never Fails.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER is always perfect; no experimenting is necessary with it; the housekeeper never has cause to return it to the grocer and beg for the return of her money. For a third of a century its invaluable qualities have been familiar to American housewives, who have found its use always a guarantee of light, sweet, pure and wholesome food.

Some baking powders are so imperfectly made from cheap and inferior materials that their manufacturers are compelled to take them back in large quantities. During the last year thousands of cases of one brand sold or commissioned upon a "guarantee" have been returned caked, spoiled and useless.

Do not take chances with a baking powder with which there is a possibility of failure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER NEVER FAILS.

The First Worsted Mill.

It is now just 100 years ago since John Sugden crossed over from Haworth and settled at Dockroyd. That was an important period in the commercial history of our country, for the great discoveries of Hargreaves, Wyatt, Arkwright and others, followed by Watt with his improved steam engine, were about to effect a complete revolution in our industries, and about that time was laid the foundation of the trade which had done so much for that valley. It might be said that that district had been the very cradle of the mechanical spinning of worsted.

Mr. John Sugden employed about half a dozen hand combers, and used to send his tops into the hamlets or the farm houses of the district, where the good wife's shuttle could then be seen merrily flashing through the loom.

The manufacturers at that time carried many of their pieces to the Halifax Piece hall. In the year 1806 a great event took place in that village by the founding by John Sugden of Providence mill, and terror was struck into the hearts of the hand spinners, who feared they would lose their occupation, by which women could earn two shillings and strong girls one shilling and six pence per week. Mr. Sugden began with three spinning frames of probably sixty to eighty spindles each, and from that time the firm had steadily progressed. —Interview in Manufacturer.

Could Prove It Too.

"During the war," said Andy, "father, who was a conscript physician, came across a half witted young fellow named Garrett Hendrix. Dr. Calhoun examined him and found that he would not do to enlist. So he gave him a certificate and sent him back to the farm to do what he could toward help making a crop.

"By and by another conscript officer came along and got hold of the youth.

"'Come along to town with me,' said the officer. 'You'll have to be enlisted in the army.'

"'Tain't no use'n takin' me, cap'n,' said the boy.

"'Come along, I say.'

"'Tain't no use'n takin' me; I can't serve. I'm er fool, an' I've got the papers to prove hit.'"—Atlanta Constitution

ST. JACOBS OIL
The Great Remedy for Pain.
Cures all the Aches and Pains of Man & Beast.

GET your garden ready and GET
The Timothy Hopkins Collection of Sweet Peas
Containing twenty-one distinct varieties—a large packet of each—for $1.50, or a packet of the same varieties, mixed, for 50 cents.
12 Carnations (distinct varieties) . $1.00
12 Chrysanthemums (distinct varieties) $1.00
12 Pelargoniums (distinct varieties) $1.00
12 Roses (distinct varieties) . . $1.00
All strong, healthy, pot-grown plants, free by mail.
Flower Seeds Twenty-five choice varieties, your own or our selection, for $1.00.
Vegetable Seeds
With either of above collections, our handsomely illustrated 136-page catalogue is sent free. This is admitted to be a work of art, and contains a reproduction, in natural colors, of the twenty-one varieties now universally recognized as The Timothy Hopkins Collection of Sweet Peas.
THE DOWNER SEED COMPANY
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Easily Taken Up
Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.
Scott's Emulsion
of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.
Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

THE DRYAD.

have seen her limpid eyes,
Large with gradual laughter, rise
Through wild roses' nettles,
Like twin blossoms grow and stare
Then the hateful, envious air
Whisked them into petals.

I have seen her hardy cheek,
Like a molten coral, leak
Through the leafage shaded,
Of thick chickasaws, and then,
When I made more sure, again
To a red plum faded.

I have found her racy lips,
And her graceful finger tips,
But a haw or berry,
Glimmers of her there and here,
Just, forsooth, enough to cheer
And to make me merry.

Often on the ferry rocks
Dazzling dimples of loose locks
At me she hath shaken,
And I've followed—all in vain!
They had trickled into rain,
Sunlit, on the braken.

Once her full limbs flashed on me,
Naked, where some royal tree
Powdered all the spaces
With wan sunlight and quaint shade—
Such a haunt romance hath made
For haunched satyr races.

There, I know, hid amorous Pan;
For a sudden pleading ran
Through the maze of myrtle,
And a rapid violence tossed
All its flowerage—'twas the lost
Cooings of a turtle.
—Madison Cawein in St. Joseph's News.

What One Man Saw in One Day.

"I saw three very curious things yesterday; remarkable, they were. Coming in on a suburban train I sat down behind a women as black as ink. She was a full blooded negro, and her hair was as straight as yours or mine and as soft as velvet. I don't think there is another such case in the world.

"Walking up Broadway later on I saw an electric wire catch fire and burn in twain, the pieces falling to the ground. There were no cross wires nor any wire nor anything within ten feet of it when it caught." He rested awhile.

"Say! Ahem! When I was eating supper last night I found a worm—a black, shaggy worm an inch long—in a fresh egg. You see I have my eggs served to me in the shell and eat them with a spoon from the shell. As I dug down into the yolk of one brought me at a fashionable restaurant I saw something black in the center, and pulling it out discovered what I have told you. The egg was sound as a dollar. The way I figure it out is that an old hen swallowed a worm just before the egg began to form and the worm got tangled up in the machinery and got stuck. Well, I must be going. Good day."—St. Louis Republic.

Fear Before the Fight.

Testimony differs as to the feeling of the soldier on going into a fight, and the many experiences related by Grand Army men to their always willing listeners show that in their war histories there was no uniformity of either fear or daring. The major of a New Hampshire regiment said: "I always felt timid when the shot began to reach us, but as soon as we got into action I was carried away by excitement. I am not usually a profane man, and I have no recollection of talking roughly to my troops, yet a good many of them have assured me that all through a fight I would swear like—well, like a trooper."

Another man, a colonel, said: "It's all nonsense to say that a man doesn't feel afraid in the beginning of a fight and all through it. Of course he does. He has reason. Sherman said of General Sumner that he was the only man who grew bolder as he grew older, but the only man I ever saw who really seemed to want to fight, and to enjoy it after he was in it, was Custer."—New York Sun.

A Lawn Game.

Tetherball is a new game of English origin which possesses the pronounced advantage of being played in a few feet of lawn or courtyard. A post eight feet high is set up, and to this is attached a cord having at its end a ball. The space of the grounds may influence somewhat the length of the string, which should be, however, not less than eight nor more than ten feet long. The ball is set in rotary motion, and with tennis racquets the two players endeavor in turn to hit it. The game is said to be exciting, and decidedly a warm contest, as the ball proves very elusive.—Exchange.

Libraries, Museums and Methods.

Modern museum methods applied to libraries will result in a vast extension of their general usefulness and availability for the purposes of instruction, and in the modern museum the exhibition of books has become almost as important as the display of the conventional museum specimens.

A Preacher's Warning.

A southern preacher who lectured in Boston the other night advised women to beware of men with small ears, small noses, small eyes and small hands and feet, as they would be apt to turn out small potatoes. But the question as to how small is small the girls must settle for themselves.

The horse or dog or bird which belongs to us is given to us, like every other fact in our lives, to test our natures—whether they are noble or mean. These creatures demand especial justice and tenderness from us, as do the absent or the dead, because they are dumb; they cannot protest against injustice or demand their rights.

RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

CHAPTER XXI.

Granit Boyle, his face absolutely livid, comes straight into the center of the room. The glaring chandelier betrays the deadly pallor of his face, the cold gleam in his eyes. He has had sufficient time, during the troubled words that passed betwen his mother and Nadine, to understand that the game has been played out and lost. He might still deny, give oath on oath, put all to the touch, and defy actual discovery; but to what end? Who would believe him innocent among those with whom he cares to associate, even should the law absolve him? In the future the fate of the outcast, the leper, should be his. She would be the chief witness for the prosecutions—she, with her soft voice, her pure eyes! What chance would he have against her, even though judge and jury acquit him? His world would believe in her. And it is this same voice that has betrayed him—the dearest voice on earth to him!

He goes slowly up to the girl who has ruined him and lays his hand upon her shoulder. For the moment it seems he has forgotten that there is any one in the world but her.

"You!—you here!" he says.

There is immeasurable surprise but no anger in his tone; his glance dwells upon her lingeringly, tenderly as ever. He is lost in one of the old dreams. It is his last.

"Tell them," entreats Nadine eagerly. "They have been imagining dreadful things. I told them you were returning to England soon, but I did not know it would be to-night. Paul, let them know at once—at once—how those stones came into your possession."

In her extreme anxiety, she lays her hand upon his arm. Duran makes a movement toward her, but Massareene, by a gesture, stops him.

"You still believe in me, then?" says Boyle, in a curious tone. "You have had faith all through? You have never understood?"

"I do not understand now," cries the girl nervously. "Oh what is this?" She shrinks from him and presses her hand against her heart. "Why do you not speak?" she cries again affrightedly. "One word will reassure me. Yet you are silent. How pale you are. What horrible thing am I to learn? Lady Valworth has called you her son. Oh surely that is"——

"Madness on the part of Lady Valworth," interrupts he, with a short laugh. "To disown me would have been her wiser plan."

"What is this you say?" cries Nadine, in a low voice, faint, horrified. "You do not deny that you are Grant Boyle?"

"No."

"You are not, then, Paul Annerley?"

"That's true."

Nadine staggers back from him, and presses her hands to her forehead as if in pain.

"And what of this, sir?" demands Sir Thomas, coming forward.

He has lost all his pomposuness, his magisterial air has deserted him. He looks old, distressed, shocked. Every now and then he glances back to where his wife is sitting, with her arms thrown upon the table near her and her head lying humbled upon them. He has taken up the sapphire pendant, and holds it out to Granit Boyle upon a shaking palm.

"You—did you give this to Miss Roche?"

"Miss Roche has said so."

The tone is contemptuous; the glance that accompanies it rather more so.

"And—Lady Valworth's diamond cross that this young lady wore last night?"

Sir Thomas' voice is even more tremulous now. He would gladly have spared "my lady" (as he always fondly calls her) this; but it is better the truth should be at once known, if possible.

"I gave that also to Miss Roche."

There is a pause, startling because of the intensity of the silence that masks it. It is broken at last by Granit. He bursts into laughter—light, reckless, defiant.

"The game is up," he says. "Miss Roche has forged the first link of the chain of evidence against me; the rest should be easily made. I shall save you all trouble by giving you the exact facts gratis. I took the diamonds. I took also the sapphires. Ha! my pretty cousin!" turning his handsome head to where Millicent is standing, and laughing gayly. "As often as you acted with me in private theatricals, you little guessed how well I could sustain a part, even a difficult one, if I threw my whole will into it. I must apologize to you for that handkerchief, by the way. I could have wished it were a finer one; but an actor must be perfect even in the minor details, and a burglar should not be acquainted with cambric."

Here Massareene makes a dash forward, but is restrained by Duran.

"Let us hear him out," entreats the latter wisely.

"Don't waste your superfluous energy on me, Massareene," says Boyle, lightly. "I'm not good enough."

"Keep it. And after all I am hardly a rival. My charming cousin cared for me as I cared for her. I had no intention whatsoever of depriving you of her."

"You are a damned scoundrel" says Massareene, flinging off Duran, and advancing to Boyle, his face white with rage.

"Beyond doubt" replies the other, with a shrug.

"Stand back, Gerald. Why should you handy words with such as him?" says Miss Grey, in a cold, haughty tone. A step places her between the two men.

"So, sir!" she says, addressing Granit, "while holding openly to your engagement with me, and declaring it loudly to the world, you were carrying on an intrigue under a false name—of which this girl was to be the victim!"

"Far from it!" replies her cousin coolly. "You were to be the victim! I had no intention whatsoever of marrying you. I had—I have—every intention of marrying Miss Roche!"

Nadine starts violently.

Quick to see and judge, he notices her emotion, and turns to her.

"I have your promise," he goes on in a low tone full of meaning; then again lets his glance fall upon Sir Thomas.

"Well, how is it to be?" he asked recklessly. "On which count am I to be first arraigned? The diamonds? Is my mother to be the first to cast a stone? It is only just! Seniores priores."

Lady Valworth lifts her head from her arms and looks at him. Those who see her face never afterward forget how it was then. The agony, the despair, the deadly cold of it, all burn themselves into the memory!

"Oh, Granit! Granit! Granit!"

The mournful cry rises and rings through the room. It is a cry from a broken heart!

Silence follows on it.

The gray head has again fallen forward upon the outstretched arms.

If the son is moved by this evidence of the cruelty of his mother's grief, he gives no sign of it. With a face marble indeed, and quite colorless, and therefore impassive, he waits to receive an answer to his question from Sir Thomas.

His stepfather, now utterly unnerved, motions to him to leave the room.

"Prosecution is impossible," he says hurriedly. "All that is left you is to quit this house and this country with as little delay as possible. This is the only kindness you can show—her."

He points to the motionless figure of his wife.

"A kindness that will cost me little," replies the young man with a callous smile. "Already my plans are arranged to leave England for a foreign soil, never, I hope, to return to it. On the twenty-fourth Nadine and I sail for Canada."

Nadine recoils from him.

"You must be mad," she says. "Why do you now link your name with mine?"

"It is premature certainly. But on the twenty-third it will be linked with mine forever!"

"Oh, no!"

"This little affair has affrighted you!" says Boyle, with a dark glance. "In a distant land, under different circumstances, you will readily forget it."

"Forget this night!"

"And all, and every one belonging to it."

"You hope too much."

"This hope is my life. It shall not be too much! You shrink now; your woman's heart fails you; but in the time to come there will be no room for regret. Joy shall fill your days. Come, take courage."

"Not for such cause as this."

"A truce to folly!" cries he, with a flash of passion. "I tell you you are mine, and shall follow me where I go. Have you forgotten your oath, your promise?"

"That promise was given to Paul Annerley," returns she firmly.

"That promise was given to me! To me—do you hear? whether my name be Granit Boyle, or Paul Annerley, or—the devil! Come!" Going nearer to her, he grasps her hand, "I cannot speak to you with all these gaping fools around; come to some other room."

He drags her toward the door, not brutally, but with determination. Duran, going quickly up, by a sudden sharp wrench delivers her from him. He would perhaps have done more, but that Nadine's agonized glance of entreaty restrains him. This glance fortunately Boyle fails to see.

"Who are you to dare to interfere?" he cries savagely, glancing at Duran.

"Keep back! This matter is between me and Miss Roche."

His gaze returns to Nadine, and again it rests upon her, his crime, his ruin, his coming exile!

"Nadine!" he says, and his voice has grown wonderfully soft.

"Think, my beloved! Would you cast me off now? now, when the world has cast me off? See! I would not plead to you, I would not throw myself so altogether on your mercy—even though that mercy means the saving of my soul—but that I know no other man is dearer to you than I. Your own lips have told me this. Your voice, as you gave me the blessed assurance, still rings in my ears!"

Duran, who has been standing near her, with his eyes upon the ground, lifts them slowly now and fixes them upon Nadine. He has grown very pale.

Nadine is standing with white lips and raised head, her glance riveted upon Boyle, as though fascinated.

"That I have not gained your entire heart I know," continues Granit, in the same low but impassioned tone. "But I am satisfied with the knowledge that no other has gained it. Come! what is there to wait for in this land? Your heart, if not quite mine, is still your own. If you follow me it is to gain a slave who will call your lightest wish a dear command. Come!"

Again he takes her hand. Softly this time—with gentlest care; and the girl, as though in a dream, suffers herself to be led toward the door. A step or two she goes, then stops confusedly, and raising one little pink palm presses it convulsively to her brow.

"You hesitate, my love! But why, why?" whispers he, still with his glowing eyes on hers, his grasp growing warmer. "Nay, consider! Would you send me out into the cold, the dark, forlorn, lost, without the one sweet thing I crave, whose presence will restore to me light and hope and joy? Oh! have pity, love! And remember, too, you are mine! Mine only! If I have sinned it was to gain means to make a home for you elsewhere. For you I have resigned fortune, home in my own country, honor—all! Now, when every man's hand is against me, you, at least, will not draw back?"

A shiver runs through Nadine; this lying speech, false in all but the wild love that speaks through it, stirs her frame and holds her against her will. All power of volition seems gone from her. She suffers her hand to be passively in his; like snow her breath rushes from her breast. As though conquered by a superior power, she lets herself be led slowly but surely toward the door, beyond which lies captivity. She feels numbed, senseless. She would fain cry aloud; but some strange inward force strikes her dumb. Already the threshold is reached.

She pauses mechanically. The anguish in the eyes always fixed so immovably on Boyle's warns him it is best to humor her for the moment. That she is on the verge of fainting is apparent to him.

"For all this I will repay you with the service of a lifetime," he whispers eagerly. "My beloved, collect your strength. Trust to me wholly. And think—think always of the blessedness of the work before you! I will repent for your sake. I will lead from henceforth a godly life—for your sweet sake. Oh, Nadine! my very soul is yours to make or mar! Your promise to me! You shall think of that too! It gave you to me; it made you mine! Mine for all eternity! Come! Together we must be forever!"

Again he endeavors to draw her across the threshold.

"Never!"

The word rings out loud and clear and desperate. And then even clearer, and filled with a passionate entreaty:

"Maurice!" she cries, in a tone that thrills the hearts of all present.

CHAPTER XXII.

Duran is at her side in an instant. He has encircled her with his arms. Her head has fallen upon her breast. He looks at Boyle as though prepared to dispute him for her to the death; but there is no occasion for him to be on the defensive. When that cry, when the word "Maurice" has rushed from her lips, Granit, as though he had received a mortal wound, had loosed his hold of her, and now stands apart from them, staring vacantly at the half unconscious girl. This he had never suspected. That her heart was not his, he knew; that it was in the keeping of another bursts upon him now for the first time, without a moment's warning, and crushes out of him his last hope.

There is something terrible in the glance he has bent upon her. He has apparently given no thought to Duran, though in him he finds his rival; all his thoughts are centered on Nadine. As if she feels the terrible concentration of his regard, she shivers in Duran's arms, and slowly lifts her head. Her eyes met Boyle's.

"So!" he says, and no more.

There is such a cruel meaning in the one word he has uttered that Nadine, freeing herself from Duran's restraining grasp, goes forward as if to refute in person whatsoever he may dare to insist upon. Yet, as she draws near to him, the extreme agony of his expression touches, and forbids her to say anything that may hurt or wound.

"Stand back!" says Boyle in a low tone. "Do not come near me. If you touch me I will not answer for myself. Probably I shall kill you."

"Paul!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Only three of the Cabinet offices have been given to States that are reliably Democratic.

NATURE'S SUREST ALLY.

If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weak constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus strong lies let us lost worse befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that "champ to our feet" indestructible Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thoroughly ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance in the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use for nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic troubles and debility.

"My son, are you a Christian?" asked the leader at a Camde revival service. "Yes," replied the boy, "what d'yer think I am, a Chinese?"

TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

C. D. Fredricks, the well-known photographer, 770 Broadway, New York, says: "I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for twenty years, and found them one of the best of family medicines. Briefly summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS fill the body with nervous energy, and thus cure fatigue, brain exhaustion, debility and kidney difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They never irritate the skin or cause the slightest pain, but cure sore throat, coughs, colds, pains in side, back or chest, indigestion and bowel complaints."

Father—A hundred dollars for a suit of clothes! I never paid that for a suit in my life. Son—Well, you'll have to begin now, father; here's the bill.

Each year finds "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" in new localities, in various parts of the world. For relieving coughs, colds and throat disease they have been *proved* reliable. *Sold only in boxes.*

The first woman and the last to put on hoop-skirts will deserve fame as the two bravest women in America.

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, 828 Market street, San Francisco.

Now and then you hear of a charitable coal dealer, but he is not likely to go very much out of his way to be so.

Our readers will serve themselves by noticing the remarkable offerings advertised in another column by the Sherwood Hall Nursery Co. of Menlo Park and San Francisco, who are leaders on the coast in furnishing everything for the farm and garden.

When people are hired to be good they quit work as soon as the pay stops.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON, *Notary Public.*
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
☞ Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

The Truth About Girls.

A small boy in a Brooklyn grammar school has furnished the latest information about girls in a recent composition: "Girls is pretty and afraid of guns. They wear toe rubbers and look at the clouds and say, 'Oh, how perfickly lovely!'"—New York Times.

Of the 218 suicides reported in New York city in one year, shooting was most popular with 77 cases, to 48 by poison, 37 by hanging, 23 by gas, 16 by knife, 10 by drowning, 4 by jumping from a roof and 3 by jumping from a window.

TRY GRAINA for breakfast.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

Rich Red Blood
Results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

Mr. Chas. Walker
Of San Francisco.

"For several years I have been troubled with blotches and pimples on my face and body, which were very annoying. I tried several prescriptions, and also other medicines, but they did not seem to benefit me. Last fall a friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was determined to give it

A Thorough Trial.

After using two bottles, my skin returned to its natural state. I still use it, as it gives me strength and vigor. I never had better health in my life, and I owe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHAS. WALKER, with Carvill Mfg. Co., 48 Eighth Street, San Francisco.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

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.

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.

WRINKLES, and hollow cheeks, and dull, sunken eyes, don't always mean that a woman's old. Half the time, they only show that she's overworked or suffering. To such women, to every woman who is tired or afflicted, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription safely and certainly brings back health and strength. It's a legitimate medicine that corrects and cures, a tonic that invigorates and builds up; a nervine that soothes and strengthens. For all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It won't do to experiment with Catarrh. There's the constant danger of driving it to the lungs. You can have a perfect and permanent *cure* with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

CURE that COUGH with SHILOH'S CURE
25cts., 50cts., and $1.00 per Bottle. One cent a dose.
THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER 25c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.
Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50cts. Injector free.

"August Flower"
I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness after eating, and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. Sometimes a deathly sickness would overtake me. I was working for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa.

GOVERNOR PENNOYER is for free silver coinage. Well, silver is coined into Tableware at about GOVERNOR PENNOYER cost of coinage at GOVERNOR PENNOYER A. FELDENHEIMER'S, Leading Jeweler, Portland, Or. Write for his prices on Spoons, Solid or Plate.

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., Destruc. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00.

Plant Ferry's Seeds
and reap a rich harvest. They are always reliable, always in demand, always the best.
FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL
For 1893 is invaluable to every Planter. It is an encyclopedia of the latest farming information from the highest authorities. Mailed Free.
D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, MICH.

BLOOD POISON
A SPECIALTY. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Syphilis permanently cured in 30 to 60 days. We eliminate all poison from the system, so that there can never be a return of the disease. You can be treated at home for the same price and under the same guarantee, but with those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or refund all money and pay entire expense of coming, railroad fare and hotel bills, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in Mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Syphilitic Blood Poison that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. A legal guarantee to cure or refund money. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address
COOK REMEDY CO., Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

MARC'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 more fertile—will carry the hens safely through the molting period and put them in condition to lay when eggs command the highest price and will develope 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 COMPY. PETALUMA, CAL.

WRITE FOR AGENCY
DON'T BE A MARK BY NOT RIDING THE RIGHT BICYCLE
SEND FOR OUR CATALOGUE—TELLS YOU ALL ABOUT
"Imperials" & "Yosts"
NORTH PACIFIC CYCLE CO.
BICYCLES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
MARQUAM BUILDING—PORTLAND OREGON.

No Trees of 1st quality can ever be sent by mail. May-nap you know it. By freight, prepaid if preferred, we ship safely 4, 5 or 6 ft. trees; 2-yr. Roses of rare excellence, everything! You actually pay less than for the puny stuff. 1,000 acres Nurseries. 20,000 acres Orchards. Exact information about trees and fruits. Stark Bros., Louisiana, Mo.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE
Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

YOUNG MEN!
The Specific A No. 1.
Cures, without fail, all cases of Gonorrhœa and Gleet, no matter of how long standing. Prevents stricture, it being an internal remedy. Cures when everything else has failed. Sold by all Druggists.
Manufacturers: The A. Schoenhes. Medicine Co., San Jose, Cal.
Price, $3.00.

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures
CATARRH
Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.
Apply into the Nostrils. It is Quickly Absorbed. 50c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.
THE CURE FOR CATARRH, COLD IN HEAD, HAY FEVER. ELY'S CREAM BALM

All cannot possess a
$10,000 Souvenir
(This sum was paid for the first World's Fair Souvenir Coin minted.)
in the shape of a coin, but many can have fac-similes of this valuable work of art—only special coin ever issued by the U. S. Government—for $1 each.
United States Government
World's Fair Souvenir Coins—
The Official Souvenir of the Great Exposition—
5,000,000 of which were donated to the World's Columbian Exposition by the Government, are being rapidly taken by an enthusiastically patriotic people.
As there early promised to be a demand for these Souvenirs that would render them very valuable in the hands of speculators, the Exposition Authorities decided to place the price at
$1.00 for Each Coin
and sell them direct to the people, thus realizing $5,000,000, and using the additional money for the further development of the Fair.
Considering the fact that there were but *5,000,000* of these coins to be distributed amomg *65,000,000* people, in this country alone (to say nothing of the foreign demand,) and that many have already been taken, those wishing to purchase these mementoes of our Country's Discovery and of the grandest Exposition ever held, should secure as many as they desire at once.
For Sale Everywhere
Realizing that every patriotic American will want one or more of these coins, and in order to make it convenient for him to get them, we have made arrangements to have them sold throughout the country by all the leading Merchants and Banks. If not for sale in your town, send $1.00 each for *not less than five coins*, by Post-office or Express Money-order, Registered Letter or Bank Draft, with instructions how to send them to you, *all charges prepaid*, to
Treasurer World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, Ill.

MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY CURES Rheumatism.
ASTORIA, OREGON, January 19.
I can state with pleasure that by the use of MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY my husband was relieved from an old case of RHEUMATISM and my youngest boy cured entirely of INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM when the best doctors could get did him no good. Yours in gratitude,
MRS. N. V. STEELE.

"HE THAT WORKS EASILY, WORKS SUCCESSFULLY." CLEAN HOUSE WITH
SAPOLIO

N. P. N. U. No. 483—S. F. N. U. No. 560