U. S. Government Baking Powder Tests.

The report of the analyses of Baking Powders, made by the U. S. Government (Chemical Division, Ag'l Dep't), shows the Royal superior to all other powders, and gives its leavening strength and the strength of each of the other cream of tartar powders tested as follows:

	LEAVENING GAS. Per cent.	Cubic in. per oz.
ROYAL, Absolutely Pure,	13.06	160.6
The OTHER POWDERS TESTED are reported to contain both lime and sulphuric acid, and to be of the following strengths respectively,	12.58	151.1
	11.13	133.6
	10.26	123.2
	9.53	114.
	9.29	111.6
	8.03	96.5
	7.28	87.4
	4.98	85.5

Royal Baking Powder is absolutely pure, and of greater leavening power than any other powder.

John Plankinton's Ovation.

A noble type of the man who knows how to do good with his money was John Plankinton, of Milwaukee. Mr. Plankinton's charitable deeds began in early life, from the very generosity of his nature, and were continued uninterruptedly. What he has done is best attested by the fellow citizens of the great pork packer who had shared his public munificence and were thoroughly cognizant of his many private charities. In illustration of the esteem and love in which he was held it is related that when President Cleveland visited Milwaukee in 1887, the applause which greeted him as his carriage drove along the streets was as nothing to the ovation given John Plankinton, who rode in the procession.

When, a year or two later, Mr. Plankinton's body was borne to the cemetery, all the houses along the line of the funeral march were draped in mourning and expressions of personal sorrow were heard on every hand. It was a tribute to a rich man who spent his money wisely and who knew what was beautiful in a life that is worth living.

Mutual Interrogatories.

"William," said she, severely, "how many more times are you going to ask me to marry you?"

"Clara," said he, with equal sternness, "how much longer are you going to persist in refusing me?"—Merchant Traveler.

THE REASON.

Let us look into the force, meaning, reason of the oft-repeated line: Cures Promptly and Permanently.

Pains Endured for 30 Years,
25 Years,
20 Years,
10 Years,

Have been promptly Cured by

ST. JACOBS OIL.

By the use of:

A FEW APPLICATIONS
A HALF BOTTLE
ONE BOTTLE
TWO BOTTLES,

Correspondence with Sufferers shows entire permanence of cure up to this time, in some cases covering

5 Years,
7 Years,
8 Years,
10 Years,

and so on, and this proof we hold.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of buildings and grounds, beautifully illustrated, in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c. in postage stamps. By The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.

"August Flower"

My wife suffered with indigestion and dyspepsia for years. Life became a burden to her. Physicians failed to give relief. After reading one of your books, I purchased a bottle of August Flower. It worked like a charm. My wife received immediate relief after taking the first dose. She was completely cured—now weighs 165 pounds, and can eat anything she desires without any deleterious results as was formerly the case. C. H. Dear, Prop'r Washington House, Washington, Va.

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 100-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.

SHERWOOD HALL NURSERY CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. My Gleet is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the old and new forms of Gonorrhœa and Gleet. Discharges and all private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel such in recommending it to all sufferers. Mfd. only by The Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O. U. S. A. A. J. STONER, M. D., Denver, Col. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00.

PISO'S CURE FOR
Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c.
CONSUMPTION

N. P. N. U. No. 465—S. F. N. U. No. 562

YOU AND I.

Not he who lays it on the shelf,
But he who spends his talent gives it.
He gives indeed who gives himself.
And best or worst is his who craves it.

A thousand wish our work success.
One brings us cheer because he speaks it.
A common thing is happiness.
He only never finds who seeks it.

The atom with the supreme sun
Of Nature's plan was made partaker:
Alike has each its course to run,
And show the wisdom of its Maker.

The steady seasons come and go,
The constant needle strangely falters;
The moon drawn sea sways to and fro;
Opinions change; truth never alters.

We may resist our foe's assaults,
His sneers that sting, his blows that batter:
Correction of our daily faults
We find another, harder matter.

Self has no claims when duty calls;
Our destinies receive our shaping:
Escape we may from prison walls,
But from ourselves there's no escaping.

The cruel conquests of the sword
Bring fleeting fame that soldiers sigh for:
The cheering smile and winning word
Bring love that thousands pine and die for.

An accident, a lucky star
Might lead us to the abbey's niches;
Not what we have, but what we are
Is the imperishable riches.

Is there a course we should pursue?
Through ruin's realm we must pursue it.
Is there a work for us to do?
Though death confront us we must do it.

Not how to die, but how to live,
Demands our care and best endeavor.
For character its light will give
When sun and stars are quenched forever.
—E. N. Pomeroy in Youth's Companion.

They Kill, but Do Not Smoke.

The average Kaluli does not regard murder as a crime. It is kill or be killed in his own country, and he therefore regards the matter of the taking off of a friend most philosophically. "There is nothing to worry about; he is dead, and I killed him," he will tell you if you should inquire about a companion with whom he was on the best of terms the preceding winter. I have heard an Afghan, while purchasing a weapon, speak with evident gusto of the occasion when he would use the gun to murder a friend. It caused him as little concern, this contemplated crime, as if he had said, "Shall kill a chicken, if God so wills it, tomorrow for my pillau."

And yet there is something childish and affectionate about these men. They never seem to forget a favor and repay it to the best of their ability. Unlike other Mohammedans, they do not observe the Koran with blind obstinacy, but occasionally stretch its precepts to accord with their ideas of religion. They do not drink, for that is directly against the law, nor do they smoke.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Kind of Music Baudelaire Liked.

Literature is on the border of science, draws inspiration from it, and finds in the marvels of physiology motifs of disquietude and fear—an unpublished shudder, in fact, to speak a little after the manner of Victor Hugo. Charles Baudelaire certainly had an influence on this particular movement. I hear him still telling us with a grimace not to be forgotten: "I adore Wagner. [He had been one of the first to defend him in Paris.] But the music I prefer is that of a cat hung up by his tail outside of a window and trying to stick to the panes of glass with its claws. There is an old grating on the glass which I find at the same time strange, irritating and singularly harmonious."—Jules Claretie in North American Review.

Money in Electricity.

A very recent estimate of the capital invested in the electrical industries in the United States is $720,000,000, and of this amount $350,000,000 represents the proportion which electric lighting and power have attained; $100,000,000 is also the estimated investment in electrical supplies, of which the electric lighting and railway appliances constitute a large proportion.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Prince of Wales, simple and unostentatious as he always desires his private visits to be, cannot be fittingly entertained for even two or three days without an expenditure of $15,000 or $20,000.

So well trained are a pair of horses owned by a farmer in Lancaster county, Pa., that they pull a harrow regularly across the field from morning until night without a driver.

In Africa and India and in South America monkeys are often employed to gather the fruit which grows too high to be reached by the natives.

England has one horse for every twelve persons, and only an average of four hours of daily sunshine in which to ride or walk.

In China wealthy people buy their coffins long before they need them, and exhibit them as ornamental pieces of furniture.

RETRIBUTION.

BY "THE DUCHESS."

"Oh, Granit! do not so speak to me! Do not repulse me!" She is still kneeling beside him, trying do draw his dark, sullen face to look at her; and now she takes his hand and holds it in fondling fashion against her bosom. He is once more her child, her boy, her little one; in trouble and disgrace—in direst grief—and to whom then should he come but to his mother? "My darling, why did you not trust me?" she says in a low, painful whisper. "I would have given them to you. I could have managed in some way. Yes—I would have given them."

"They were not yours to give"—this allusion to the stolen diamonds hardens his heart again, though not toward her—"they belonged to Sir Thomas. However"—breaking off savagely and dragging his hand roughly out of hers—"it is too late to discuss what is over and done. If you have come here to maunder about my crimes, I warn you I will have none of it."

"No, no, dear; not another word shall be said." Going closer to him she tries to press him into a chair. "Sit down now and let us talk of your plans," she whispers soothingly.

"Plans!" He glances at her vaguely, as though he hardly understands; plainly he has not been listening. Then suddenly his face flushes; the veins swell upon his temples. "Where is she?" he cries in a vehement tone.

"She? Millicent?"

"Pshaw! No. She who betrayed me that fair devil, Nevine."

"She is down stairs. She has been very ill," says the mother trembling.

"Did I hurt her? Did she feel? Did she suffer?" His tone is exultant, yet there is a fierce agony in it. "I hope so. Great heavens! how that girl lied to me, though her lips uttered no falsehood.

She gave herself to me; she swore she would marry me, caring for that other all the time. Did you mark how she shrank and cowered away from me? How she paled, and glanced at me as though perdition lay in the slight of me?"

He is glancing over his mother's shoulder toward the opposite wall. His eyes are dark and wild; he is gazing at something. That past scene in the library is again before him—is again being enacted—brought to light by his disordered fancy.

"Granit, think of something else," implores his mother, in a frightened manner. His voice, his gestures, terrify her.

"From me she shrunk—to turn to him! How her eye lit as she saw him! To him she cried for protection from me! She held out her arms to him! She clung to him!" His breath is coming in painful gasps. "There was adoration in the glance she directed at him! To gain such a glance I would have died. Well!" he stretches out his arms and then he clasps his head, "because of such a glance I have died. She has slain me!"

"Granit, my poor boy, do not talk so wildly. Forget this girl; think now of what is the best thing for you to do."

"I have thought of that—that is all arranged."

His tone is impatient.

"Where are you going, darling?" she asks, faintly.

"Nowhere."

His manner is dull and listless.

"Rouse yourself," entreats she, "you must go for awhile. You say you have arranged all. Tell me, then, where you are going?"

"A long journey."

"Long journeys nowadays can be compassed in a very little while."

"That is true. Mine will be the shortest passage on record," he draws his breath sharply. "What happened to her, when I left?"

"She fainted. Mr. Duran"——

"Keep his name out of it, can't you?" interrupts he, violently. "Go on! She fainted. Well, what then?"

"They had considerable difficulty in recovering her, I have been told. I was not there," says Lady Valworth, nervously. "She was naturally a good deal upset by the whole affair. I suppose you frightened her."

"You say I hurt her."

"You sent her with some force against the wall. You did not mean it," hastily—"but when one is agitated as you were, one hardly knows what one is doing. "You" anxiously—"must not take that so much to heart; you did her no real harm. You must not be uneasy."

"Take it to heart? I wish I had killed her!" The words come with a hiss through his clinched teeth; his face is white and distorted with passion. "That she should live, and live with him, is the galling thought; that is more than I can bear. How her little white fingers fastened on his arm! Liar that she is! how she deceived and ruined me! Body and soul she has destroyed."

"Oh, not your soul, darling! There is time—repentance."

"There is very little time now and I am unrepentant."

He throws up his head and points to the window. The lamps in the room are waning, and through the closely curtained window the first streaks of coming morn are stealing with a persistency that will not be denied. Day is breaking, and with it his mother's heart. The cruel light will tear him from her, will carry him—whither?

"You have not told me where you are going," she says, pressing her hand against her heart to still its throbbing.

"I can tell no one that."

"What! not your mother? Granit, do not fear, I will betray you; anything you say to me now will be sacred. Tell me where it is you mean to go."

"I cannot."

"But why—why?"

"For the simple reason that I don't know myself." There is a curious gleam in his eyes that disturbs her and makes her forget the flippancy of his tone. "It is to a strange land I will wend my way before the day is very much older. A stranger in a strange land! My reception will be a cold one, or perchance a hot one."

He laughs wildly. His merriment is, however, shortlived, breaking off almost as it began, and ending in a dismal silence.

"You are thinking of Africa," says his mother, trembling, she scarcely knows why. "If you still refuse to let me know exactly where you are going, at least promise you will write to me. Granit, my dear, dear son, promise me that."

"I will promise you anything you like, though I doubt if you would care to keep up the correspondence." There is something terrible in his manner, which has grown frivolous in a ghastly way, and his face is livid. "She will live and prosper," he says inconsequently as it seems to Lady Valworth, "but she will have to remember. I will compel her to do that! And remember you," laying his hand here, no longer any place on earth," he says dreamily.

"You have a place in my heart always," cries she, with a sudden burst of weeping. She throws her arms round him, and clings to him in an embrace that is full of despair. "All my one child! my pretty baby! that it should come to this," she moans, bitterly.

"You will not forget my message to her?"

Though he is supporting her half fainting form, he hardly heeds her; her words bear no meaning to him. His mind is ever with the girl who had unconsciously betrayed him, whom he has loved—whom he still loves, with a terrible intensity.

"I shall forget nothing. When do you start?"

"When you leave me."

"There will be no train, darling, until 7 o'clock."

"I shall require no train."

"But how, then, will you go?"

Again he bursts into that loud discordant laughter that chills the blood in her veins.

"Do not be uneasy about me. I have prepared for myself a mode of transit swifter than any train. Pouf! Steam will be slow to it."

"You do not trust me," she says sorrowfully, still unsuspecting, still dead to the warning that his words, his face, his manner, should have given her.

I trust you entirely. I trust you with my last message—to her! Now go."

"I shall see you again?" entreats she, lingering.

"I hope not! I hope from my soul not!"

For the first time his composure seems to desert him. He grows ghastly pale, and a fit of shivering seizes upon him.

"You are ill—you are suffering!" cries his mother quickly.

"No. It is nothing. Only go! I must be alone for awhile, and my time is short. Good-by.

Stooping, he presses his lips to her forehead.

"For the moment?" she answers anxiously.

"Good-by."

There is no denial of her question in his manner, and she is fain to be content with it. She clings to him, and embraces him warmly, an embrace he returns in kind. She moves as if to leave him. Almost as she reaches the door, his voice stops her.

"One word," he says huskily. "Do not—do not be unkind to her! When I am gone, do not show or feel resentment toward her!"

He makes her a sign with his hand to declare he has said all he had called her to hear, and going out, she closes the door behind her.

The sound of her retreating footsteps has died away. He is alone! He stretches out his arms wearily, as one might who has just flung from him some cruel burden, and drawing back the curtains, opens wide the window and gazes out upon the growing day. Already the sun has mounted the heavens, and from the east soft rosy bars of tremulous light are descending upon the distant hill tops. From among the laurels comes the thrilling music of innumerable birds; from the wood the cooing of the gentle pigeons. A rose that has climbed up the wall, more ambitious than its fellows, thrusts its scented petals into his hand.

Mechanically he accepts the gift, and breaking the flower from its stem, inhales its perfume. It is sweet with dew, and sweet as only a morning rose can be, with all the cool moisture of the dead past night still on it, and buried in its heart, Boyle, still as if without thought, having trifled with the flower, carries it to a table near and puts out his hand toward a vase filled with water. The action rouses him. He checks himself, and a after a brief pause flings the flower upon the ground. He had been about to place it in the water with a view to its preservation when that revulsion of feeling came over him. To save it from instant destruction—why? That he might see it upon the morrow? The morrow? Where will he be then?

He sets his heel upon the flower and crushes it out of all loveliness. Death is rushing toward him on swift black wings—shall that senseless flower be spared? It is a very poor, a very paltry bit of malice, yet it nerves him, and brings him again face to face with his indomitable resolve.

Crossing the room, he opens a case lying upon a bureau and draws from it a revolver. He runs his hand lightly over it, and the cool touch of the steel seems to steady him. Having assured himself that it is loaded, he lays it down again and turns to a writing table.

His hand is firm, the writing bold as ever. A few words, explaining where the famous sapphires (now dismantled and unset) may be found in his rooms in town, are addressed to his mother. Bold words, with no endearing commencement, no affectionate termination. To him the sapphires are of no further use. It is as well that Millicent should have them again.

He flings the pen aside, and, rising to his feet, paces hurriedly up and down the room. He can walk now. But like a flash it bursts upon him that soon movement will be impossible. There upon the carpet he lies like a stick—a stone! The great grand fever of living is tearing through his veins. His pulses throb, his heart beats—there are years of life within the tall, slender, firmly built frame that looks its last through the open window. The early morning air, fresh and fragrant, rushes gayly in. Heavens! how fair the world is! Was it ever so fair as to-day?

He takes up the revolver again and lifts it to his mouth. There is a short hesitation. His mind travels backward. His brain reels. There!—there! she is before him again! A slight form, clothed all in palest blue. A face divine! Her lovely arms! Her eyes—dark—liquid. See, now, they gleam for—Duran! Curse him! To him she holds out her hands. To him she gives herself. She turns——

A groan of agonized remembrance bursts from his lips. Then follows a sharp report! It rings through the house! He sways, and a corpse, disfigured in a horrible manner, falls heavily to the ground. All is over.

Through the window the light breeze enters merrily, and floating downward, lifts the hair, that is still unwet, from the dead man's head, and softly, delicately, plays with it. There is only the breeze. All other motion is gone. So intense is the silence that reigns within the chamber, that a tiny bird, emboldened by it, perches on the sill of the window, and breaks forth into a morning carol, loud and shrill. A carol! A requiem rather!

And now the silence is broken. Through the passages beyond comes the sound of hurrying feet. There is one that runs before the others. Nearer, nearer they come, and still the bird carols, the wind plays—the dead man lies there, careless—unknowing.

A touch upon the handle of the door. The wind still revels in lifeless tresses, but the bird has flown away. The door opens——

Upon the threshold stands—his mother.

THE END.

The Ever Ready Club.

Policeman—This man is an impostor, sir. He pretended to be lame and was getting alms from the public.

Justice—But, officer, the man is lame. His limp is too real to be assumed.

Policeman—It is now, your honor. I hit him a clip that's gave him something to limp for.—Puck.

The use of electric cranes is growing rapidly since it has been found that they are comparatively economical, easy to handle and are ready for work at a moment's notice.

Where Allspice Grows.

The Island of Jamaica produces about all the allspice that is used. It is known also as pimento, or Jamaica pepper. The tree on which the berries grow is evergreen. And the flowers grow in dense clusters. These develop into small green aromatic berries, the size of black pepper. If allowed to ripen they become pulpy and lose some of their pungency. For commercial purposes the berries are gathered when green, carefully dried in the sun, and afterward packed in bags holding 160 to 180 pounds and shipped. Pimento trees grow in many parts of tropical America, but nowhere do they thrive as in Jamaica. The trees are never planted by man and receive no cultivation worthy of the name. The seeds are dropped by the birds, and the rains and the tropical sun do the rest. Surplus trees are cut down and become walking sticks and umbrella handles. This spice is more mild and innocent than most other spices.—Baker's Helper.

The Safest Place in a Storm.

The safest place in a thunderstorm is said to be under a small tree or building or the open space, the signal of danger being the loud, reverberating thunder claps, which indicate that the lightning is not far off, and that the next bolt is liable to strike somewhere in the neighborhood.—Baltimore Herald.

NATURE'S SUREST ALLY.

If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weakly constitutions, with indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus strives for us, let us help her, and her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide to battle with disease, and that "I may to you be!" indeed Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thoroughly efficacious remedy. 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 of the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use for nearly half a century. No American or European remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic troubles and debility.

"He is very sick, my good man; but I do not know that they will fit you." "Well, ok—Yes, this is the very suit of clothes I gave your husband six months ago."

PROOF OF MERIT.

The proof of the merits of a plaster is the cures it effects, and the voluntary testimonials of those who have used Allcock's Porous Plasters during the past thirty years is unimpeachable evidence of their superiority and should convince the most skeptical. Self-praise is no recommendation, but certificates from those who have used them are.

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.

Citizen—I wonder how it is that so few women go to church when they talk? Witless—They haven't got time.

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.

"I don't think street cars would be built just alike at both ends." "Well, they are." "Oh, no! Any conductor will tell you there's always room up front."

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

No 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. Fosterfield & Posey, 826 Market street, San Francisco.

A boy soon learns that he can get anything from his mother by asking for it on bended knees, but that he can't work his father that way.

The good reputation of "Brown's Bronchial Troches" for the relief of coughs, colds and throat diseases has given them a favorable notoriety.

Little Don—Oh, dear! I wish I wasn't a girl sometimes.—You don't? Why? Little Don—Because I like to sit with the boys.

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.

A new kind of flannel is called "tramp flannel." It shrinks from washing.

HOW PORTLAND GROWS.

Another Big Wholesale House Recently Started There.

Mr. William M. Jack, formerly in business at Butte, Mont., Mr. M. Hower, lately connected with the National Tube Works Company of Chicago, and Mr. H. R. Byrd, until recently in charge of the business of the Western Tube Company of Kewanee, Ill., on this coast, have associated themselves together under the style of the W. M. Jack Company, for the purpose of carrying on a jobbing business in the line of wrought iron pipe, fittings, valves and tools for steam, water and gas, steam pumps, hose, leather and rubber belting, steamship, mill and engineers' supplies. With the area from that long experience in these lines gives, with ample capital and a thorough knowledge of the requirements of the trade, tributary to Portland, it would seem that the company is destined to become one of the leading jobbing houses of Portland. The company occupies a block of land, three-story, commodious building, at 11 and 13 Front street, fitted up expressly for its business.

For new and old SACKS, CHILIAN GUANO, etc., write EVERTSON & FARRELL, Portland, Or.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Use Enamelline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

FACE AND FIGURE show it, if you're a healthy woman. They'll have a beauty of their own, no matter what your features. Perfect health, with its clear skin, rosy cheeks, and bright eyes, is enough to make any woman attractive.

To get perfect health, use faithfully Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health, flesh and strength.

For periodical pains, prolapsus and other displacements, bearing-down sensations, and "female complaints" generally, it is so effective that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back. Is anything that isn't sold in this way likely to be "just as good."

Hood's Cures

Saved My Wife's Life

Weakness, Nervousness, Salt Rheum.

John W. Jones
Kalama, Wash.

"Of my own free will and accord, unbiased by anyone, and wishing only to do good to the afflicted, I wish to tell of the good qualities of Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. I think there are no medicines equal to them, and have proved their merit by experience in my own family. My wife, Rachel, has been afflicted with weakness, nervousness, and salt rheum. I spent nearly all that I had of this world's goods for doctor's bills and medicine until we decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It undoubtedly

Saved My Wife From the Grave.

The salt rheum has entirely healed and she is restored to good health. I have many friends and relatives in the east who will be glad to know that

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has cured my wife." JOHN W. JONES, Kalama, Wash. Get HOOD'S

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. Try a box. 25c.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

Sicks., Sicks., 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.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

TRADE MARK

This Trade Mark is on the best

WATERPROOF COAT in the World!

Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Applied into the nostrils, will be absorbed, relief will be instant, clearing the head of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranes from additional injury, completely heals the sores and restores sense of taste and smell.

Try the Cure.

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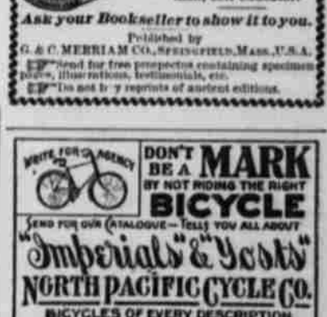

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