The New Bread.

ROYAL unfermented bread, made without yeast, avoiding the decomposition produced in the flour by yeast or other baking powder; peptic, palatable and most healthful; may be eaten warm and fresh without discomfort, which is not true of bread made in any other way.

Can be made only with Royal Baking Powder.

Receipt for Making One Loaf.

ONE quart flour, 1 teaspoonful salt, half a teaspoonful sugar, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls Royal Baking Powder, half medium-sized cold boiled potato, and water. Sift together thoroughly flour, salt, sugar, and baking powder; rub in the potato; add sufficient water to mix smoothly and rapidly into a stiff batter, about as soft as for pound cake; about a pint of water to a quart of flour will be required—more or less according to the brand and quality of the flour used. Do not make a stiff dough, like yeast bread. Pour the batter into a greased pan, 4½x8 inches, and 4 inches deep, filling about half full. The loaf will rise to fill the pan when baked. Bake in very hot oven 45 minutes, placing paper over first 15 minutes baking, to prevent crusting too soon on top. Bake at once. *Don't mix with milk.*

NOTE.—It is necessary to follow, precisely, the above directions, even to the size of the pan. Observe that water should never be added until the powder has been thoroughly mixed with the flour in a dry state.

Perfect success can be had only with the Royal Baking Powder, because it is the only powder in which the ingredients are prepared so as to give that continuous action necessary to raise the larger bread loaf.

The nutty flavor noticeable in this bread is due to the fact that no acid except that derived from the grape is used in the Royal Baking Powder.

Address ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y., for all further information.

A very good imitation of ground glass is produced by dissolving three tablespoonfuls of Epsom salts in a pint of warm water and applying it to the glass with a common paint brush. This answers admirably when a sort of screen is wanted. The solution must be applied to the side of the glass which is not exposed to the weather.

Within the Antarctic circle there has never been found a flowering plant. In the Arctic regions there are 762 different species of flowers. Fifty of this number are really polar flowers of varied colors; the remainder are almost colorless, being mainly of a yellowish hue.

MERCURIAL

Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Ark., says of S.S.S. "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poison. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and commenced using S. S. S. After taking several bottles, I was entirely cured and able to resume work.

S.S.S. is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."

RHEUMATISM

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

It's Just as Easy

To grow Choice Flowers as it is to grow common ones if you START RIGHT.

Either one of the following collections is a garden in itself, and your garden is not complete without them. They are all beautiful and fashionable flowers and the plants are all strong, healthy and postpaid, and sent, postage free, for the price named.

THE TIMOTHY HOPKINS COLLECTION OF SWEET PEAS

Comprising 21 Distinct Varieties. A Large Packet of Seeds of each for $1.50, or a Packet of Seeds of the same varieties mixed for only 50 cents.

12 Roses $1.00
12 Carnations $1.00
12 Pelargoniums $1.00
12 Chrysanthemums $1.00

DIFFERENT VARIETIES

Flower or Vegetable SEEDS 25 Choice Varieties of Either (your own or our selection) FOR ONE DOLLAR.

SHERWOOD HALL NURSERY CO.
S. W. Cor. Sansome & Clay Sts., - - San Francisco, Cal.

Looking Better

feeling better—better in every way. There's more consolation in that than well people stop to ponder. To get back flesh and spirits is everything.

Scott's Emulsion

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites is prescribed by leading physicians everywhere for ailments that are causing rapid loss of flesh and vital strength.

Scott's Emulsion will do more than to stop a lingering Cough—it fortifies the system AGAINST coughs and colds.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

THE CORK FACED HORSE COLLAR

Prevents the horse from having a sore or galled neck. Cool and elastic, requiring no sweat collar. Ask your local saddlery shop for it. If they do not have it, send your order to

MAIN & WINCHESTER,
214, 216, 218 and 220 Battery Street, San Francisco, California.
Send your address for descriptive circular.

TAKE PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.
CURES KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES, HEADACHE & COSTIVENESS.
PURE BLOOD

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS
A MILD PHYSIC
ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.

A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They act mildly, neither gripe nor sicken as other pills do. To convince you of their merits we will mail samples free, or a full box for 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Boericke Med. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

TO WARD IT ALL OFF.

A dog howled at me in the dark,
A toad came from his hole to croak,
And the devil sat in anger spat
At me beneath the Druid oak,
And as it never croaked before
Creaks yonder swinging dairy door.

There is a death's head in the fire,
An hour ago I broke a glass,
And down the lane I see a train
Of shadowing, murmuring phantoms pass
I see those ghostly shadows go
Where broods the gruesome carrion crow.

The flax I strewed outside the door
Some evil sprites hath whisked away;
The candle burns awry and turns
Its flames where bones of men decay.
The picture in my cup portends
The loss of riches, health and friends.

INVOCATION.

I put these pence upon this plate,
And these sweet curds upon this shelf;
I set them down for Hawsby brown,
My own familiar little elf.
Take pence, eat curds, dear fay, and be
Protector of this house and me!

—Eugene Field in Chicago News.

The Peerage in China.

Chinese titles are regarded as a species of office, qualifying the holder to draw pay from the treasury, but requiring from him at the same time the performance of certain duties. In our own more civilized land the peers need do nothing (they need not throw out the deceased wife's sister bill), but then neither do they receive anything, unless they have the good fortune to be descended from the merrie monarch. In China a title can only be gained by success in war. No amount of quibbling at the bar, no brewings, however excellent, of draft stout will make a man a peer.

The most persuasive of special pleaders this backward people would, in the figurative language of the third emperor of the dynasty described as "a bare stick," and, if they followed literally his late majesty's advice, soundly drub. Even the makers of samshoo, the national (and nasty) drink, are held in no great repute. You must, if you would be ennobled, either take a town from the rebels, or what is equally efficacious, commit suicide when the rebels are taking it from you. The Chinese, of all nations perhaps, have the most vivid realization of a future existence—for, as a rule, it is the heroic ghost who gets the title, his son succeeding him after three years or so as second peer.—Cornhill Magazine.

Ephraim's Comfort in Affliction.

A venerable colored citizen on Bates street was shoveling coal ashes into a barrel, Friday, and the rising dust had clung to his features and shrouded his form.

He was working near a large pile of them, and in his haste he overstepped the bounds of his physical powers, and slipping in the mud rolled over in the ashes until he looked like a wraith.

A man was fortunately passing by just in time to see the better half of the misplaced colored gentleman rush from the door and gaze around after her lord and master.

"Ephrum, whar you be, chile?"

"Chile" didn't answer.

"Fo' de Lawd, whar yo' be, my Ephrum; oh, whar yo' be?"

With a long and melancholy groan Ephraim answered from behind the pile of coal ashes: "An de Lawd spoke to de chilien ob Isrul by de pillar of fire by night an by—an by de piller of coal ashes by day. Whaffor you come out here a 'sturbin a man we'en he's restin on dat same piller of restitushun? Go way."

Aunt Chloe looked at the ghostly Ephraim once, and she said, "Yo done turned white and foolish," and she disappeared.—Lewiston Journal.

Traits Not Unlike a Human Being.

"No, I have not been toying with a buzz-saw nor shaking hands with a cyclone," said Samuel Heatherby, as he limped to a seat in the Laclede rotunda. "I have been having a little matinee with a razorback hog. I've bought a home at Dallas, and have taken great pains to fix my lawn an fait. You see down in that country people pretty near all live out o' doors, and the flowers that bloom only in the spring up here shed their sweetness all the year round. The other day I discovered that one of those long, lank, razorback hogs, that can outrun an ostrich and root a hole through a bank vault while you wait, had gotten in and started to tunnel down to China.

"I went out and made a few impromptu remarks to him, but he didn't mind—kept right on with the artesian well. Then I broke a four dollar garden rake across his spinal vertebræ and the circus commenced. I would get him within three feet of the open gate, when he would turn, run over me and begin a new excavation before I could get my feet out of the air. I then called in a policeman, but he ran between the copper's legs, threw him a double somersault and broke his collar bone. The miserable tool of an effete administration is now suing me for damages.

"I was just about to turn in a fire alarm and ask the department to put the porker out, when an old negro stuck his head over the fence and offered to remove him for two bits. I closed with him at once, sat down, cursed myself and watched proceedings. He went up to the hog and remarked: 'You stay right w'ar ye is. D'ye hyar! Don't ebber lemme ketch you onto dis yer lot.' The hog looked at him and made a jump toward the gate. The negro tried to head him off, but he uttered a loud 'woof' and went down the street like Old Nick beating tanbark. Don't tell me that man has descended from the monkey! He has simply shed his bristles, that's all."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A SUSPICIOUS PERSON

DON'T CARRY BUNDLES ON A NEW YORK STREET AT NIGHT.

The Actual Experience of a Man Who Was Branded in the Police Records of the City as a Suspicious Character—No Appeal for a Victim.

In a down town restaurant the other day I met a friend not unknown in the literary world. He was taking luncheon. His air, however, was so perturbed and his mien so gloomy that in passing at his table I said banteringly: "What's the matter? Lost your last friend?"

"Don't suppose I've got any more friends," he said laconically; "I'm a suspicious person."

"A suspicious person," I echoed. "Of what are you suspected?"

"Sit down and I'll tell you all about it," he replied.

Then when I had nominated my beverage I listened to a remarkable tale of woe from my friend, and I can assure the reader that it is true in every essential feature.

"Last night," began my friend, "I was down town very late. I had spent the evening in Brooklyn, and on arriving at the end of the bridge I stopped in at an open all night drug store, where during the day I had left a package containing a pair of trousers which my tailor had just pressed and renovated.

"With this bundle under my arm I took a train on the Sixth avenue elevated and got off at Eighth street. The cars were so warm I had thrown my overcoat over my arm, and in leaving the station I did not stop to put it on, as I live very near University place. When within half a block of my home it began to rain, but I did not stop to put up my umbrella, having my coat and umbrella under my left arm. I just made a run for it.

"I had run perhaps thirty yards when I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder, and a gruff voice said in my ear, 'Hold on there; what are you runnin fer?'

"I looked up and saw a big policeman standing over me. I was so surprised that all I could say was: 'I am running to get out of the rain. Didn't think I was running to catch a train at this time of the night, did you?'

"'Don't get fresh, young feller,' persisted the policeman, but just tell me where you got them clothes.'

"'Well,' I replied, still so astonished I could hardly collect my wits, 'the overcoat is mine and the pair of trousers in the bundle were just sent from the tailor's this afternoon, and I am bringing them home.'

"'Oh, say, now, that won't do,' was the bluecoat's reply. 'I'm on to you and your game. You'll have to come to the station with me. See?'

"'But listen. I'm so and so, and I haven't done anything,' I vainly expostulated, giving my name and occupation.

"'Where do you live?' said the fellow insultingly. 'We are right opposite the house now,' I replied meekly.

"'Oh, we are, are we?' said the policeman with a sneer. 'Well, let's see you open the door.'

"'But I don't go in this door,' I explained; 'I go in the one on the side. I have no key to this door.'

"'Just what I thought,' said the policeman. 'We'll have no more monkeyings, so you just come along with me.'

"With that he dragged me off to the Mercer street police station and introduced me to the sergeant at the desk, who proceeded to question me in much the same Chesterfieldian manner as had characterized the policeman's conduct toward me since he first appeared on the scene.

"I explained to the sergeant that I was only a harmless citizen and tried to be a worthy one; that I had been kept down town late, and was returning with my overcoat on my arm and a bundle containing a pair of trousers under my arm. I added that I had told the policeman where I lived.

"'You lie! You're a liar!' shouted the policeman, who was standing at my side.

"At this I ventured to get irritated, and I took the policeman's number. As he grew more and more excited the sergeant sent him into the back room.

"Having done this the sergeant took my name and address, and told me the policeman was perfectly right in having arrested me, and that I had no right to be out at night with a bundle under my arm; that I had no business to have been running, and ought to have known enough to have been particularly polite to the policeman when he stopped me, and to have at once told him all about myself without any reservation, without having been in the least offended at being taken for a thief.

"Having read me this lecture the sergeant told me that I might go home, and I left the police station with a feeling that perhaps I ought to thank the sergeant for allowing me to live.

"The next morning at 11 o'clock I was at police headquarters. I met a newspaper friend on the step and he greeted me with 'Well, how did you manage to get locked up last night?'

"'How did you know it?' I gasped. 'Oh, a slip came in here from the Fifteenth with your full name and address saying you were arrested as a 'suspicious person and not held for lack of evidence.'

"Then I learned that it was possible in this city for the police to arrest a respectable citizen, accuse him of being a 'suspicious character' and then when he has proven his respectability brand him on the records at police headquarters for all time to come as a 'snspicious person' still, but not held for lack of evidence.

"A little later I was closeted with Superintendent Byrnes, who, after he had listened to my story, said calmly: 'The policeman had a right to arrest you. His instructions are to question people at night whom he meets with bundles, particularly if they are running. If their replies are not satisfactory he must take them to the police station. There the sergeant can use his discretion in the matter.

"'As to the men having been rude to you, I have your statement, and I will look into that. Come here tomorrow at 11 o'clock, and I'll have both the sergeant and policeman here.'

"Tomorrow I am going up to confront the sergeant and policeman before the superintendent, but from what he says I am afra'd there will be but little done in the matter unless I take the case into the courts and sue the city for branding me as a 'suspicious person discharged for lack of evidence.'

"You can see how far this thing might go, as Byrnes' men also have instructions in regard to women on the street at night. Supposing a thick headed officer like the one who arrested me were to arrest a respectable woman by mistake.

"She might explain at the station house and be discharged. In that case imagine the horror of having her name and the reason for her arrest recorded at headquarters, as was done in my case, with this added, 'Discharged for want of evidence.'"—New York Herald

Absence of Mind.

A prominent physician of this city, upon meeting his own daughter on the street, politely inquired after the health of both herself and her parents.—New York Tribune.

A Slackened Demand.

There will probably be a drop in nails immediately, since there will be no longer a demand for them for nailing up campaign lies.—Somerville Journal.

Antiquities Galore.

An English gentleman, who had visited Cyprus, was asked if there were many antiquities in the island. "Antiquities!" he cried. "Why, the place is alive with them!"

How Fishes Breathe.

A gentleman who found small fishes dead wrote to Nature to ask: "How is it with the fish in countries like Siberia? Do they desert those parts of the rivers which are frozen over, or are the currents more rapid, so as to transfer air beneath the ice from unfrozen parts, or, as in some glacier streams, are fish altogether absent?"

Any one who has caught fish through ice three feet thick on Maine ponds will understand that fish live very comfortably so long as any part of the pond remains liquid. The waters of Siberia are likely to be abundantly stocked with fish, which will be found in the best condition when their house is sealed with frost.

It is not necessary to suppose that air is carried under the ice from open places in the brooks. There is air enough in the water at all times to answer the purposes of the fish. The presence of the air is best discovered by allowing water slowly to become warm in a vessel of tin or iron. The air, which is held in the water very much as water is held in a sponge, is expanded by the heat, and may be seen gathering in small bubbles attached to the surface of the vessel. This must be a matter of common observation.

It is this air that supplies the fishes with breath. It may be thought by some persons that fishes breathe water, for the writer has heard this statement made, but such a view is not correct. The fish has no power to decompose water and get the needed oxygen from that source.

As he is constituted he needs very little air. He is furnished with but little blood, and this is sufficiently oxidized by coming in contact with air in the water forced through the gills, which do his breathing apparatus.

The effect of the air is seen when the fish is taken from the water. The gills suddenly redden. This is due to the rapid oxidation of the blood. The fish is killed by the excess of air. In the water he gets only the proportion that he needs. Altogether the fish must be very comfortable under the ice during our hard winter.

Propulsion of Trains by Compressed Air.

An ingenious method of utilizing gravity in descending grades has been worked out by an Italian engineer. The engine in running down a grade compresses air, which is utilized in propelling the train up part of the next succeeding ascending grade. The accumulators are constructed for a pressure of 150 pounds, and the mechanism designed for the alternate compression and utilization of the air comprises three cylinders, two of which are of equal diameter and the third of smaller size. These three cylinders are connected to one of the two coupled axles carrying the load by means of the usual crossheads and connecting rods.

When ascending a grade these cylinders work as a compound motor, and during the descent the action is reversed, and they compress the air into the accumulators according to a regulated pressure. The committee appointed to report on this system are of opinion that its use is at present beset with certain limitations, dependent mainly on local conditions, such as grades, curves, extent of traffic, etc.; they decide, however, that the system would be found most advantageous in the operation of mountain railways, and in gradients through long tunnels, where ventilation is deficient, and where it is especially desirable to avoid the presence of smoke and gases.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Tennyson and Sightseers.

Though Farringford, in Freshwater, was Tennyson's favorite home, Aldworth, in Haslemere, became by force of circumstances his summer residence—circumstances meaning in this case tourists and Saturday to Monday cheap trippers. Tennyson used to say that he was literally driven from the Isle of Wight by the summer visitors. Not content with invading the demesne of Farringford, these enthusiastic but not considerate sightseers would dog the steps of the object of their admiration whenever he took his walks abroad. Twenty years ago he purchased the place at Aldworth, and made it his summer retreat. The house was designed by James Knowles, who, besides acquiring celebrity as the editor of The Nineteenth Century Review, is a professional architect.

Every year in May, since 1872, Tennyson has gone to Aldworth, returning to Freshwater in October, when the trippers cease from troubling and the 'Arry is at rest. Tennyson had acquired an aversion to summer holiday mortals that was almost morbid in its intensity. Perhaps this grew by what it fed on, perhaps a part of it—a small part of it—was affectation, for Tennyson was a hero worshiper, and, as far as himself was concerned, was not indifferent to the world's applause.—Cor. Boston Herald.

The March of the Caravan.

Perhaps the weirdest and most impressive of the many unwonted memories that the traveler carries away with him from travel in the east is the recollection of the camel caravans which he has encountered at night. Out of the black darkness is heard the distant boom of a heavy bell. Mournfully and with perfect regularity of iteration it sounds, gradually swelling nearer and louder, and perhaps mingling with the tones of smaller bells signaling the rearguard of the same caravan. The big bell is the insignia and alarm of the leading camel alone.

But nearer and louder as the sound becomes, not another sound and not a visible object appear to accompany it. Suddenly, and without the slightest warning, there looms out of the darkness, like the apparition of a phantom ship, the form of the captain of the caravan. His spongy tread sounds softly on the smooth sand, and like a great string of linked ghouls the silent procession stalks by and is swallowed up in the night.—"Persia and the Persian Question."

Small but Numerous.

The minute forms found in the chalk and the remains of infusoria in the tripoli, although averaging about the 1-3,000 of an inch in length, are colossal in size when compared with the smallest organisms known to naturalists. The very name of these mites is suggestive—monad, the one, the unit. The purest water, after being strained and filtered through the finest sieve or filter that can be made by the hand of man, when examined under the highest powers of the microscope, is seen to be composed of a mass of monads.

These tiny animals were long looked upon as the ultimate molecules of matter. They are in reality living atoms, and can only be revealed by means of the most powerful lenses, while illuminated with concentrated light. They are found everywhere; in the air we breathe, in the water we drink and in all the juices of animals and plants. A single drop of water contains more monads than there are human beings on the whole earth.—Macon Telegraph.

A Good Whitewash.

Slake one-half bushel of good unslaked lime with boiling water, covering it during the process to keep in the steam. Strain the liquor through a sieve, and to it a peck of salt previously dissolved in warm water, three pounds of ground rice boiled to a thin paste, one-half pound of powdered Spanish whiting, and one pound of clean glue which has previously been dissolved by soaking it well and placing it over the fire in a large jack kettle.

Add five gallons of hot water to this mixture and cover it well, and let it stand a few days covered from the dust. It may be kept in a portable furnace when it is applied, for it must be put on hot. A pint of this mixture will cover a square yard of surface. Any coloring matter except green may be added, as green does not mix with the lime.—New York Tribune.

The New Bread.

It is evident that, if considerations of healthfulness in food and convenience in housekeeping are to govern, the use of yeast in bread-making must become a thing of the past. It is an established fact that yeast produces the gas which raises the bread, not from itself, but by fermenting or rotting some of the most nutritious elements of the flour. The gas is the product of the decomposed elements. The loss of these properties is what makes fresh yeast bread unwholesome. The use of the Royal Baking Powder instead of yeast is found to make a finer, lighter bread, devoid of all dyspeptic qualities. The same gas—carbonic—is produced as where yeast is used, but it is evolved from the baking powder itself and not from the flour. None of the elements of the flour is impaired, thereby preserving the nutritive values of the bread, which is made more wholesome and actually anti-dyspeptic. The greater convenience where a batch of the finest bread can be made and baked in less than an hour with no danger of a sour or heavy loaf must be appreciated by every one.

A receipt for this bread is given elsewhere in this paper. The best breadmakers after the old-fashioned way will be particularly interested in trying this. To every reader who will write the result of her breadmaking from this receipt to the Royal Baking Powder Co., 106 Wall street, New York, that company will send in return, free, a copy of a most practical and useful cook book, containing one thousand receipts for all kinds of baking, cooking, etc. Mention this paper.

All in a Name.

A certain business man in this city has good reason to believe that there is "something in a name." For many years he engaged in business pursuits here under the name derived from his father. The name was an honest one, but not particularly euphonious, and its bearer found, after much energetic toil in several fields of industry, that it was barren of talismanic influence in business. Although a man of fine presence, good manners, industrious habits and personal honesty, this gentleman was unable to win success. He tried venture after venture, with fair prospects in each case at the outset, but failure came with disheartening promptness. His peculiar name on a business card or appended to a letter never seemed to have any weight in business circles.

After a great many vicissitudes he reluctantly came to the conclusion that it was his name which brought him bad luck. He resolved to try the effect of a change, and with the permission of the legislature he simply reversed his name. For the sake of illustration, supposing it was Abel Smith, he obtained the legal right to change it to Smith Abel. The effect of the change was magical. The hitherto elusive success wooed the new name assiduously. Enterprises that had fallen flat before became popular and prosperous. Old debts were speedily paid and a new bank account grew to very healthy proportions. The gentleman grew rich steadily, and his name is now on the list of the solid men of New York.—New York Times.

PREVENTING FUTURE MISERY.

If there is, in this vale of tears, a more prolific source of misery than the rheumatic twinge, we have yet to hear of it. People are born with a tendency to rheumatism, just as they are with one to consumption or to scrofula, slight causes may develop this. As soon as the agonizing complaint manifests itself, recourse should be had to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which checks its further inroads and banishes the rheumatic poison from the system. This statement is fully in exactly with testimony of physicians who have employed this fine blood depurent in their private practice. There is also the amplest professional and general testimony as to the efficacy of the Bitters for malaria, liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, kidney trouble, nervousness and loss of appetite and flesh. After a wetting, whether followed by a cold or not, the Bitters is useful as a preventive of the initial attack of rheumatism.

She—Do you think it possible for a man to love two women at once? He—Yes, fifty at once, if they were all like you.

CAUTION.

Imitations have been put upon the market so closely resembling ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in general appearance as to be well calculated to deceive. It is, however, in general appearance only that they compare with ALLCOCK'S, for they are worse than worthless, inasmuch as they contain deleterious ingredients which are apt to cause serious injury. Remember that ALLCOCK'S is the only genuine porous plasters—the best external remedy ever produced; and when purchasing plasters do not only ask for, but see that you get ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

When a woman is trying to write a letter on a half sheet of paper, much may be said on both sides.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are of great service in subduing hoarseness. *Sold only in boxes.*

Daughter—Our iceman is dead, papa. Father—What an awful change it will be for him!

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, 858 Market street, San Francisco.

The situation at Washington is a struggle between the ax and the "ex."

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY.

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists; price, 75 cents per bottle.

Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier is the best remedy for cleansing your system.

NOTHING LIKE IT.

40 YEARS OF PAIN CURED. THE CASE.

N. Albany St., Ithaca, N. Y., Dec. 19, 1881.

For over 40 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.

AFTER FIVE YEARS.

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.

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

CATARRH

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

N. P. N. U. No. 488—S. F. N. U. No. 365.

A NOTABLE ANNIVERSARY.

April 1st, 1892, was the first birthday anniversary of the Sherwood Hall Nursery Co., of San Francisco and Menlo Park. To those who know what an important factor this Company has become it seems hardly possible that its enviable position has been attained in one short year. The success of this Company means a great deal besides a profitable business. The gentleman who founded the enterprise began with a determination to demonstrate that for the propagation and cultivation of trees, plants, seeds and bulbs the state of California had such advantages of soil and climate that she could stand pre-eminent. At Menlo, with which no spot in the state can compare in adaptability for this purpose, it is being daily shown that for purity and germinating power the Sherwood Hall Nursery Company's seeds are far ahead of any others to be had. The Timothy Hopkins collection of Sweet Peas has become famous all over the world; and as for the Chrysanthemum, the Queen of Autumn, the varieties raised at Sherwood Hall far surpass in fineness of texture, size of bloom, brilliancy and variety of coloring the products of even sunny Japan, its native place. California is the best state for seed-raising, and the Sherwood Hall Nursery Co. already stands first in the State.

TRY GRENOLA for breakfast.

Use Enamaline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

Hood's Cures

Sharp Pains

Short Breath, Heart Trouble, Rheumatism.

Mrs. L. M. Paine
Eagle Creek, Oregon.

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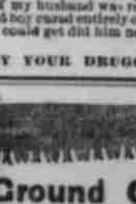

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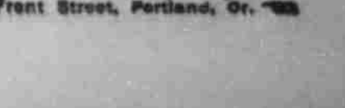

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