Kitchen Economy

Actual tests show the Royal Baking Powder to be 27 per cent. stronger than any other brand on the market. If another baking powder is forced upon you by the grocer, see that you are charged the correspondingly lower price.

Bread, biscuit, cakes and muffins are not known in most delicate and perfect quality where Royal Baking Powder is not used.

World's Fair Number.

The Youth's Companion publishes this week an Extra World's Fair Number of 36 pages, with 60 illustrations, and a cover in Ten Colors.

This is the largest and most elaborate number that has ever been published by *The Companion* during the sixty-seven years of its history. Whether you go to the Fair or stay at home you should have this number. It will be sent **free** to any new subscriber received in May with $1.75 for a year's subscription. It can also be obtained of newsdealers, or by sending **TEN CTS.** to

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

HOW'S THIS!

We offer One Hundred Dollars' Reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Testimonials free.

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If you will send us your name and address, we will send you free our SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF SEASONABLE SPECIALTIES—Seeds, Plants and Bulbs, which if planted now, will yield a Garden full of bloom.

If you send a Dime, we will send you a large packet of Seeds of the TIMOTHY HOPKINS COLLECTION of SWEET PEAS, 21 varieties, mixed. From our List you can choose a Flower or Vegetable Garden for a Dollar.

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$12.50. WE MAKE AN offer of Men's Suits at $12.50 that are unequaled by any house on the Coast. These are such SPECIAL VALUES that we simply say send for self-measurement and description of any suit that you want.

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"August Flower"

"I am happy to state to you and to suffering humanity, that my wife has used your wonderful remedy, August Flower, for sick headache and palpitation of the heart, with satisfactory results. For several years she has been a great sufferer, has been under the treatment of eminent physicians in this city and Boston, and found little relief. She was induced to try August Flower, which gave immediate relief. We cannot say to much for it." L. C. Frost, Springfield, Mass.

CHARACTER COUNTS. WE GUARANTEE all our goods. WATCHES we can sell you at better value than any other house. A. FELDENHEIMER, Portland, Oregon.

☞ Get our prices on SOUVENIR SPOONS for your friends in the East.

DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE. In raising a family of nine children, my only reliance for Coughs, Colds and Croup was onion syrup. It is just as effective to-day as it was forty years ago. Now my grandchildren take Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup which is already prepared and more pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents. Take no substitute for it. There's nothing as good.

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

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

Mrs. Leavitt's Travels.

The steamship Nevada, of the Guion line, brought with her Mrs. Mary Clement Leavitt, of Boston. Mrs. Leavitt left this country eight years ago, with a steamship ticket in her pocket and a plentiful supply of faith. She was a member of the Women's Christian Temperance union, and at the national convention of the organization in 1883 it was decided to send out a world missionary. Volunteers were asked for, and Mrs. Leavitt was the first to apply.

She was accepted. It was understood that the association would pay all the expenses of the trip, and before the convention adjourned $1,000 had been subscribed. She determined not to accept it. "I'm going on God's mission," she said, "and he will carry me through." She purchased her steamship ticket with her own money.

Very little has been heard of her since she went away. Occasionally a letter was printed in the organ of the association telling of her progress. There was great rejoicing a month ago when a letter brought the news that she had nearly completed her journey and would be home again. There was a mistake about the date she was to sail, and the only person who was on the pier to meet her was Mrs. Mary Towne Burt, the president of the Women's Christian union of this state. She looked, Mrs. Burt said, just as she looked the day she went away, and no older, though she is now a grandmother, one of her three children whom she left behind having married.

Mrs. Leavitt went to Boston. She will remain there until October, when she will come to New York to attend the national convention. In the eight years she has been away Mrs. Leavitt visited the following places: Hawaiian islands, New Zealand, Australia, Tasmania, Japan, China, Siam, Straits settlements (Singapore and Malay peninsula), Burmah, Hindostan, Ceylon, Mauritius, Madagascar, Natal, Orange Free State, Cape Colony, England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, Congo Free State, Old Calabar, Sierra Leone, Madeira, Spain, France, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Finland, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Greece, Egypt, Syria and Turkey.

She has organized 86 W. C. T. U.'s, 24 men's temperance societies, mostly in Japan, India and Madagascar, and 23 branches of the White Cross; has held over 1,600 meetings; has traveled nearly 100,000 miles and has had the services of 229 interpreters in 47 languages. Her expenses have been paid with money given to her at the places she visited.—New York Sun.

Expensive Footbaths.

While looking over the latest arrivals in rubies, sapphires and diamonds in an up town jewelry store the other day, a customer was somewhat startled to notice a stylish blond woman ask the clerk at the counter for a silver footbath.

The loiterer watched interestedly the proceedings which followed, and saw the clerk emerge from the farther end of the store with a silver bowl, rather oblong and perhaps ten inches in depth. He placed it on the counter, and proceeded to explain the beauties and comfort of it.

"Of course," said he, "they are quite new as yet, but all the ladies who have purchased them speak highly of their convenient uses. There, you see, the hot water faucet is here on the right, and the cold on the left, and this little parasol arrangement is the shower bath, which can be made as forcible as desired."

"Did you say you had sold many?" inquired the customer.

"We only received them a week or two ago, but we have sold a goodly number for that short space of time."

"Have you any other kind?"

"Yes; the golden baths."

"Well, I don't like gold plate for bath purposes. I will take this one."

While her back was turned the observer took a peep at the miniature tub. It was a beauty, and no mistake; all carved with lilies, ferns and leaves, and frosted all over. The handles of the faucets were of pearl, and it was not surprising to hear the clerk name the price of $100.—New York Continent.

Unique Commencement Exercises.

The guests who gathered under the elms of old Wallingford for the first commencement of Rosemary hall were not asked to listen to essays on "The Pleasures of Memory," "The Progress of Women" and like topics, so dear to the heart of the graduating school girl. They entered the great dining room of Hon. William G. Choate's summer residence to find themselves in Venice—looking on the Grand canal, with its floating gondolas, and at Shylock's house, with pretty Jessica leaning from the casement. Four scenes from the "Merchant of Venice" were given with much spirit.

Then the guests were invited out of doors to see the contest for the silver mounted whip. Four horses, having on nothing but halters, stood under the trees, and the harness lay on the ground. The friends grouped themselves around, and at the word "Start!" four daintily gowned girls sprang for the harness. The excitement was intense as Black Beauty refused his bit or Joe held his head high. The fifth and sixth competitors were given trials as soon as harness was available. The prize was won in four minutes and a half by Miss Marion Hazard of Providence.—New Haven Palladium.

The duration of a raspberry plantation depends upon the variety cultivated as well as upon the nature of the soil and care given the plants. Ten to fourteen years is about the average under good culture.

TWO THRUSHES MET.

Two thrushes met upon an April day,
And sang a simple song of love and glee.
"And I am I, dear heart, and you are she
Whose tender note beguiled me on my way?"

They did not heed that all the sky was gray.
And not a neighbor leaf on any tree
Two thrushes met upon an April day,
And sang a simple song of love and glee.

They did not miss the brightness of the May
Or pine June's rosy, lavish wealth to see.
"April," he chirped, "is fair enough for me,
And when you sing, lo! spring is on the way."
Two thrushes met upon an April day,
And sang a simple song of love and glee.
—Louise Chandler Moulton in Harper's Bazar

BARBARA'S SEVERE TEST

Pretty Barbara Ferros would not marry. Her mother was in consternation.

"Why are you so stubborn, Barbara?" she asked. "You have plenty of lovers."

"I want, when I marry, a man who is brave, equal to any emergency. If I give up my liberty I want to be taken care of."

"Silly child! What is the matter with big Barney, the blacksmith?"

"He is big, but I never learned that he was brave."

"And you never heard that he is not. What is the matter with Ernest, the gunsmith?"

"He's as placid as goat's milk."

"There is little Fritz, the tanner; he is quarrelsome enough for you, surely?"

"He is no bigger than a bantam cock. It is little he could do if the house was set upon by robbers."

That night Ernest, the gunsmith, knocked early at the door.

"You sent for me, Barbara," he said, going to the girl who stood upon the hearth coquettishly warming one pretty foot and then the other.

"Yes, Ernest," she replied, "I've been thinking of what you said the other night when you were here."

"Well, Barbara?"

"I want to test you."

"How?"

"I want to see if you dare do a very disagreeable thing."

"What is it?"

"There is an old coffin upstairs. It smells of mold. They say Redmond, the murderer, was buried in it; but the devil came for his body and left the coffin empty at the end of a week, and it was finally taken from the tomb. It is upstairs in the room my grandfather died in, and they say grandsire does not rest easy in his grave for some reason, though that I know nothing about. Dare you make that coffin your bed tonight?"

Ernest laughed.

"Is that all? I will that, and sleep soundly. Why, pretty one, did you think I had weak nerves?"

"Good night, then, I will send a lad to show you the chamber," said imperious Miss Barbara.

Ernest turned straightway and followed the lad in waiting through dim rooms and passages, up echoing stairs, along narrow damp ways, where rats scuttled before them, to a low chamber. The boy looked pale and scared, and evidently wanted to hurry away, but Ernest made him wait until he had taken a survey of the room by the aid of his lamp. It was very large and full of recesses, with high windows in them, which were barred across. He remembered that old Grandsire Ferros had been insane for several years before his death, so this precaution had been necessary for the safety of himself and others. In the center of the room stood a coffin, beside it was placed a chair. The room was otherwise perfectly empty.

Ernest stretched himself in the coffin.

"Be good enough to tell Miss Barbara that it's a very good fit," said he.

The boy went out and shut the door, leaving the young gunsmith alone in the dark.

Meanwhile Barbara was talking with the big blacksmith in the keeping room.

"Barney," said she pulling her hands from his grasp when he would have kissed her, "I have a test to put you through before I give you any answer. There is a corpse lying in the chamber where my grandsire died, in the untenanted wing of the house. If you dare sit with it there all night, and let nothing drive you from your post, you will not ask me to marry you again in vain."

"Are these all the conditions you can offer me, Barbara?"

"All. And if you get frightened you need never look me in the face again."

"I'll take them, then."

So Barney was conducted to his post by the lad, who had been instructed in the secret, and whose involuntary stare at Ernest's placid face as it lay in the coffin was interpreted by Barney to be natural awe of a corpse. He took his seat, and the boy left him alone with the darkness, the rats and the coffin.

Soon after young Fritz, the tanner, arrived, flattered and hopeful from the fact that Barbara had sent for him.

"Have you changed your mind, Barbara?" he asked.

"No, and I shall not until I know that you can do a really brave thing."

"What shall it be? I swear to satisfy you, Barbara."

"I have a little proposal to make to you. My plan requires skill as well as courage."

"Tell me."

"Well, in this house is a man watching by a corpse. He has sworn not to leave his post till morning. If you can make him do it I shall be satisfied that you are as smart and brave as I require a husband to be."

"Why, nothing is so easy," exclaimed Fritz. "I can scare him away. Furnish me with a sheet, show me the room, and go to your rest, Barbara. You shall find me at the post in the morning."

Barbara did as required and saw the tanner step blithely away to his task. It was then nearly 12 o'clock and she sought her own chamber.

Barney was sitting at his vigil and so far all had been well.

The face in the coffin gleamed whiter through the darkness. The rats squeaked as if a famine were upon them and they smelled dead flesh. The thought made him shudder. He got up and walked about, but something made a slight noise, as if somebody was behind him, and he put his chair with its back against the wall, and sat down again. He had been hard at work all day, and at last in spite of everything, he grew sleepy. Finally he nodded and snored.

Suddenly it seemed as if somebody had touched him. He awoke with a start and saw nobody near, though in the center of the room stood a white figure.

"Curse you, get out of this!" he exclaimed in a fright, using the first words that came to his tongue.

The figure held up its right arm and slowly approached him. He started to his feet. The specter came nearer, pressing him into the corner.

"The d——l take you!" cried Barney in his extremity.

Involuntarily he stepped back, still the figure advanced, coming nearer and nearer, and extending both arms, as if to take him in a ghostly embrace. The hair started up on Barney's head; he grew desperate, and just as the gleaming arms would have touched him he fell upon the ghost like a whirlwind, tearing off the sheet, thumping, pounding, beating and kicking, more and more enraged at the resistance he met, which told him the truth.

As the reader knows he was big and Fritz was little, and while he was pummeling the little tanner unmercifully and Fritz was trying in vain to get a lunge at Barney's stomach, to take the wind out of him, both plunging and kicking like horses, they were petrified at hearing a voice cry:

"Take one of your size, big Barney!"

Looking around they saw the corpse sitting up in his coffin. This was too much. They released each other and sprang for the door. They never knew how they got out, but they ran home in hot haste, panting like stags.

It was Barbara herself who came and opened the door upon Ernest the next morning.

"It's very early; one more little nap," said he, turning over in the coffin.

So she married him, and though she sent Fritz and Barney invitations to the wedding they did not appear. If they discovered the trick they kept the knowledge to themselves, and never willingly faced Barbara's laughing eyes again.—Sheffield Telegraph.

Spectacles in Art.

Among the figures forming part of the architectural decorations of the interior of the chapel of Henry VII is one of a saint reading a book and wearing a pair of spectacles without side strips, and of the form that used to be distinguished by the name goggles. Such early eyeglasses were circular in form and were fixed in rims of leather, connected by a waist or curved piece of the same material. Leather has elasticity enough to hold the glasses in position on the nose.

Such a pair, probably not later than the time of Charles II of England, is preserved in the British museum. These leather rimmed goggles appear to have been succeeded by glasses of the same shape with rims of tortoise shell and a steel waist. An example of the early part of the last century, in the original black fishskin case, shows that there was difficulty in attaching the waist to the rim with the requisite firmness. Hence arose the rims with a rigid waist and side pieces for keeping the spectacles in position.

But they were heavy and clumsy, whether in tortoise shell or horn, and the difficulty remained of making a reliable hinge in such brittle material. This seems to have brought into existence the heavy gold, silver and steel spectacles of our grandfathers.—Jewelers Weekly.

Chinamen Chew Gum.

Seated together in a Broadway car were five Chinamen, all chewing gum. It was evidently their first experience with this deadly form of dissipation, but they were enjoying it immensely. They chewed and champed together and chattered away in their native tongue in the most animated fashion.

The other passengers in the car were much interested, and watched the misguided Chinamen intently. The Ah Sins were as oblivious to the other passengers as if they were in the fantasy of an opium dream.

By their gestures and gibberish they made it plain to the spectators that they were discussing the deep mysteries of the slot machine from which they had extracted the gum. They also discussed the gum itself. They would hold it between their teeth, stretch it out until it would break, thrust it back into their mouths, chewing and chattering all the time.

A ministerial looking man sitting opposite made a gesture of disapproval to one of the Chinamen. A smile stole into the slant eyes of the Celestial as he stopped chewing long enough to remark:

"Chinaman likee allee same."—New York Advertiser.

She Didn't Propose to Him.

One of the late matrimonial engagements is said to be the outcome of a daring little piece of repartee on the part of the young woman, who has enjoyed the reputation of being not only a wit, but a beauty and belle as well. Although quite young, she was known to have declined the honor of matrimonial alliance with several of the best so called "catches" of the season, and it began at last to be rumored that her mind and heart were set on one of her admirers who had not, as yet, the temerity to come to the point. However that may be, the young man in question was her partner in one of the Harvard assemblies during last winter, and during the intermission for supper was seated with her in a sequestered nook, "far from the madding crowd."

Apropos of something that had been said, he asked her laughingly if the report were true that she had refused all the eligible men in her set. She blushed vividly for a moment, then suddenly raised her head, looked him full in the face and said pointedly, "Yes, it is true—present company accepted!" It is, perhaps, needless to state that they remained in the "sequestered nook" during the rest of the german, and that the young lady wore a sparkling solitaire on her left hand within a few days. Rumor also has it that the above conversation was overheard by one of the discarded suitors, who forthwith "gave it away."—Boston Saturday Gazette.

Shapes for Folding Napkins.

About 1650 Pierre David published the "Maistre d'Hostel," "which teaches how to wait on a table properly, and how to fold all kinds of table napkins in all kinds of shapes."

The shapes were: "Square, twisted, folded in bands and in the forms of a double and twisted shell, single shell, double melon, single melon; cock, hen and chickens; two chickens, pigeon in a basket, partridge, pheasant, two capons in a pie, hare, two rabbits, sucking pig, dog with a collar, pike, carp, turbot, miter, turkey, tortoise, the holy cross and the Lorraine cross."—Youth's Companion.

Cause for Regret.

Lady—I don't like this picture so well as I did the last one you took of me.

Photographer—Ah, madam, I have not the artistic taste that I had when I was young, and besides my camera is getting old.—New York Weekly.

WHERE BEGGARS THRIVE.

Mexican Poverty Extremely Picturesque to a Casual Observer.

Chief among the many puzzling questions with which my childish mind whiled away the weary half hour of a Sunday morning sermon, was the existence of beggars in Bible days. Pictured Palestine to myself as a land of temples, tombs and gardens, inhabited by beggars and Pharisees. Born and reared in the prosperous west, poverty such as the scriptural tales dimly suggested was to me a thing as vague as the Hell of the same records, a fairy tale far more unreal than the sleeping palace or the caves of Aladdin. Now, the puzzle is solved, I have seen poverty, I have been to Mexico, I understand Palestine. I can almost believe in a horned Satan and fire and brimstone.

To a casual observer Mexican poverty is extremely picturesque. It is not an imitation of respectability such as the humblest American will attempt, but it is humanity in rags and nakedness, too often in sores, almost always in dirt. There, begging is a trade, the occupation of all the poorer population. Beggars infest the railroad stations at the interior towns, and a motley array it is. They are of all sexes, conditions and ages, with and without sores, the lame, the halt, and the blind. Babies in arms holding out dirty little hands for a "centavo," old women, young women, healthy little boys, crippled grandfathers all whining to the same tune in their mongrel Spanish "For the love of God, Senorita, give me a cent."

Give them cents! I poured them out upon them. Never had a copper seemed of so much value. I luxuriated in their delight. I bought out the porter, the newsdealer and the conductor to satisfy the want that never could be satisfied; for there is a friendly feeling among these unfortunates, and when they find one who will give, they spread the glad tidings among all their class, and indeed I suspected them of having discovered some peculiar way of telegraphing the information to the next station, so besieged was I for charity.

Some tourists who had been in the country before endeavored to impress me with the fact that I was encouraging idleness, but who would not be idle when the sun was hot and water a luxury and even for labor, money was not forthcoming. They must live. To live they must eat, and it seems to me that in the more desolate portion of the country, to eat, they must beg.

Very picturesque were they seen from the car window in the soft gloom of the southern night, their dark eyes gleaming like stars under their quaint hat or still more primitive head dress, their white teeth glittering as the musical Spanish rippled forth in compliments calculated to appeal to the generosity of the senorita who seemed to them a small sized Providence. In the cruel glare of the sun defects became evident, and one saw the coarseness in the squalor and dirt, still never did they cease to be poetic. They harmonized so perfectly with the background of cloudless sky, antique buildings, and tropical verdure. There was a beauty even in their very ugliness which was a plea for their existence and in remembering the pleasantest journey of my life I shall always have a very tender recollection of the beggars of Mexico.—*Edith M. Day in Lewis & Dryden's Railway and Marine Gazette.*

You can sometimes tell when a man begins to backslide by his breath.

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are everywhere popular as a cure for throat diseases and coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit. *Sold only in boxes.*

People know the shad season is at hand. They feel it in their bones.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

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

The smallest thing at the World's Fair will be the amount of cash you bring away.

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

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

A Natural Food.

Conditions of the system arise when ordinary foods cease to build flesh—there is urgent need of arresting waste—assistance must come quickly, from *natural food* source.

Scott's Emulsion

is a condensation of the life of all foods—it is cod-liver oil reinforced, made easy of digestion, and *almost as palatable as milk.*

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

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. F. N. U. No. 491—S. F. N. U. No. 568

BIRDS OF PASSAGE

Between this and the other side of the broad Atlantic, in the shape of tourists, commercial travelers and mariners, agents "on the road," steamboat captains, ship's surgeons and "all sorts and conditions" of travelers, emigrant and newsgetters appreciate and testify to the preventive and remedial properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in seasickness, restless, malarial and rheumatic trouble, and all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. Against the prejudicial influences of climate, crudely cooked or unaccustomed diet and impure water, it is a sovereign safeguard, and has been so regarded by the traveling public for over a third of a century. No form of malarial fever, from the calentura of the Pacific and the broken-bone fever of the Mississippi to its milder types, can resist the curative action of this benignant preserver and restorer of health, a veritable boon to persons in feeble health or liable to incur disease.

Whenever a man who knows how to beat the bass drum goes to a new town he complains that the place is not "musical."

SAFE, QUICK AND EFFECTIVE.

The valuable curative properties of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are due to the employment of the highest medical and chemical skill. They are purely vegetable, and in ingredients and method have never been equaled; safe, quick and effective in their action; they do not burn or blister, but soothe and relieve while curing, and can be worn without causing pain or inconvenience.

Do not be deceived by misrepresentation. All other so-called porous plasters are imitations, made to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S.

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

She (fondly)—Do you care for me as much as——. He (wildly)—Who—who? She (whispering)—As much as ever?

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.

Use Enamaline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

IT ISN'T IN THE ORDINARY WAY that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription comes to the weak and suffering woman who needs it. It's *guaranteed.* Not with words merely; any medicine can make claims and promises. What is done with the "Favorite Prescription" is this: if it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, your money is returned. Can you ask any better proof that a medicine will do what it promises?

It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a certain remedy for the ills and ailments that beset a woman. In "female complaint" of every kind, periodical pains, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations, and all chronic weaknesses and irregularities, it is a positive and complete cure.

To every tired, overworked woman, and to every weak, nervous, and ailing one, it is guaranteed to bring health and strength.

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.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guarantee; with those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or refund money and pay 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. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guarantee. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 1235 to 1331 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

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Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weaknesses peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00. G. Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to stricture. Sold only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

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Columbias, Unions, P. D. Q., Sterlings, Keatings, Derbys, Majestics, Etc.

All 1893 Wheels. No Job Lots or Back Numbers.

Agents wanted in every town. Discounts to clubs. Send for circular.

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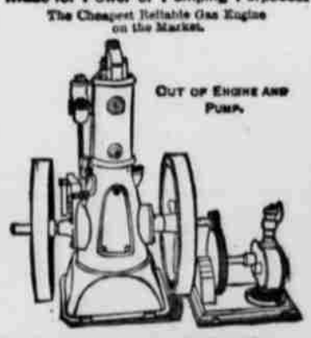

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