If You Want The Best.

ALTHOUGH you may have had good luck with but few failures in making cake and biscuit in the old-fashioned way with soda and sour milk, or soda and cream of tartar, you will have better luck and (following directions) no failures with the Royal Baking Powder.

The truth of this must be evident when you remember that in the leading hotels and restaurants, and in the homes of our city cousins, where the latest and best methods are invariably employed, and where the most beautiful and dainty food is always set out for the guests, the Royal Baking Powder is exclusively used for all quickly risen food.

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

A Question That Troubles Literary People.

A crucial question is, "Typewriter, or no typewriter?" At a "symposium" on this subject, George Spinney, of the New York Times, said, "Typewritten copy is much the easier to edit." Ballard Smith, the managing editor of The World, agreed that "typewriter copy is the only perfect copy to have." Richard Watson Gilder, of The Century, replied: "I much prefer typewritten copy. It is better for the eyes and more pacifying to the nerves." Mr. Carrington, of Scribner's, although he admires the fine old Italian hand in vogue among the older authors, says that even a thoroughly legible hand and clear copy is not so welcome to the editor as is a typewritten MS.

The Dramatic Development society of New York demands that all manuscripts examined by its readers shall be typewritten by its own typewriters. Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, the editor of St. Nicholas, is reported now to refuse all manuscripts except such as is typewritten. Kipling, although a most rapid writer with the pen, has been recently introduced to the machine and has knocked off some of his most telling verses with its aid.

Still, one can scarcely imagine Hawthorne pounding out "The Scarlet Letter" on the typewriter, or Keats pouring out "Endymion" to the clicking accompaniment of the noisy machine.—Emily A. Thackray in New York Epoch.

Olds & King, PORTLAND, OREGON.

OUR SPRING CATALOGUE abounds in bargains of all descriptions, and we have new ones arriving constantly. Here is the latest: A LADIES' EMBROIDERED EDGE WHITE MULL HANDKERCHIEF sent to any address on receipt of **17 CENTS** and **1 CENT** extra for postage. We are agents for the STANDARD PATTERN P. & P. KID GLOVES and the ROYAL WORCESTER CORSETS. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue. We mail it free of charge.

Commencement

Days are near. And we are ready with the largest, newest stock of BOYS' and YOUTHS' suits to be found in the Pacific Northwest. Mothers should send for rules for self-measurement for their boys. Schools and colleges should get our prices.

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Letters from Mothers

speak in warm terms of what Scott's Emulsion has done for their delicate, sickly children. It's use has brought thousands back to rosy health.

Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites is employed with great success in all ailments that reduce flesh and strength. Little ones take it with relish.

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

"German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHENCK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1890. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere!

FRANK WOOLSEY, Agent, Portland, Or.

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

MY SUMMER GIRL.

How it came about I know not
She was merry—I a dreamer,
With never thought of aught at sweeping
studious art.
The story goes as usual—
She, the pretty little schemer,
With her arrows deftly pointed made a
get of my heart.

I am not, as a rule, contented
To be lured from 'neath my sky
But the outing days continued as the
longer grew;
And hours filled with pleasure
On from dewy morn to twilight,
And full often somewhat later, winged
flight as hours do.

One morning in September
She was standing on veranda
As I started for reflection in a walk along
shore.
She said, "Before you go out
On your usual meander
Perhaps you'd like to know I'll be your summ
girl no more."

I think I must have shown her
That the news was far from pleasing,
For she came a little nearer—near enough for me
to see
That her blue eyes were a twinkle
With the ecstacy of teasing,
And she whispered, "Why not ask me, too, your
winter girl to be?"

The outcome? I surrendered.
Church and parson did their duty;
And when she pinned in my cravat a creamy
jeweled pearl
She said, "It's not an emblem
Of your own transcendent beauty,
But just a small reminder that I'm your all season
girl."

—J. S. Goodwin in Judge.

Unexpected Munificence.

"Jane," said Mr. Skinnphlint, a softened light shining in his eye, "I think I have never given you anything for a Christmas present, have I?"

"No, William," answered Mrs. Skinnphlint, "you never have."

"This Christmas, Jane," said Mr. Skinnphlint in a voice trembling from unwonted feeling, "shall be a different one from any we have ever had. What would you say to a present of some useful article for the house?"

"I would like it very much, William."

"Something, for instance, that would be both useful and ornamental? Something that you could select yourself? How would that do?"

"It would please me above all things."

"Then, Jane," said Mr. Skinnphlint, with an effort to retain his composure, "we need a new bootjack. Here is twenty-five cents to buy it with. If it costs less, Jane," he added in a broken voice, "you can keep the change."—Chicago Tribune.

A Poser for Pop.

Small Boy—Pop, did you ever fall down stairs?

Pop—I suppose so.

"Did you ever fall up stairs?"

"Of course not."

"I did."

"Nonsense."

"I fell the whole length of the stairs and landed on the second floor."

"Nonsense."

"I was up stairs when I fell, an' so I fell up stairs, didn't I? I started from the third floor."—Street & Smith's Good News.

The Lambs Gamboled.

Robert—Pa, what does gambol mean? Teacher said we were to find another meaning for it before we recite this afternoon.

Robert's Father—Gamble? It means to play games of chance, thereby winning or losing large sums of money.

That afternoon Robert electrified his teacher by reading, "The little lambs played games of chance on the hills, thereby winning or losing large sums of money."—Lowell Citizen.

Her Reason.

"Bridget, why don't the landlady have sweet potatoes any more?"

"S-s-h! Ol'm thinkin' the proice av sugar has riz."—Harper's Bazar.

Valuable Bric-a-Brac.

Tom—In confidence let me tell you that I have won the heart of Miss Vieuxtemps. Congratulate me, dear boy.

Jack—Certainly, my dear fellow, for you have won a golden prize.

Tom—Do you think so?

Jack—I do indeed. I won it once myself and had the misfortune to break it. As I had to put a golden band worth many thousand dollars around it to mend it I know how dear it is.—Chicago Times.

Experiment on the action of different oils on metals shows among others that bronze is much corroded by linseed oil, slightly by olive oil and not at all by colza oil, and that for load the safest lubricant is olive oil and the worst whale oil.

IN SARK.

Abreast and ahead of the sea is a crag's front cloven asunder,
With strong sea breach and strife and wasting of winds whence terror is shed,
As a shadow of death from the wings of the darkness on waters that thunder
Abreast and ahead.

At its edge is a sepulcher hollowed and hewn for a lone man's bed,
Propped open with rock and agape on the sky and sea thereunder,
But roofed and walled in well from the wrath of them slept its dead.

Here might not a man drink rapture of rest, or delight above wonder,
Beholding, a soul disembodied, the days and nights that fled,
With splendor and sound of the tempest around and above him and under,
Abreast and ahead.

—A. C. Swinburne.

ON THE BRIDGE.

When I tell you, my only friend, to whom I so rarely write and whom I more rarely see, that my lonely life has not been without love for woman, you will perhaps laugh or doubt.

"What!" you will say; "that gaunt old specter in his attic, with his books, his tobacco and his three flower pots! He would not know that there is such a word as love did he not encounter it now and then in his reading."

True, I have divided my days between the books in a rich man's counting room and those in my attic. True, again, I have never been more than merely passable to look at, even in my best days.

Yet I have loved a woman.

During the five years when my elder brother lay in the hospital across the river, where he died, it was my custom to visit him every Sunday. I enjoyed the afternoon walk to the suburbs, where the air has more of nature in it, especially that portion of the walk which lay upon the bridge. More life than was usual upon the bridge moved there on Sunday. Then the cars were crowded with people seeking the parks. Many crossed on foot, stopping to look idly down at the dark and sluggish water.

One afternoon, as I stood thus leaning over the parapet, the sound of a woman's gentle laugh caused me to turn and oculiarly inquire its source. The woman and a man were approaching. At the side of the woman walked soberly a handsome dog—a collie. There was that in their appearance and manner which plainly told me that here were husband and wife, of the middle class, intelligent but poor, out for a stroll. That they were quite devoted to each other was easily discoverable.

The man looked about thirty years of age, was tall, slender and with neither strong nor handsome, but amiable face. He was doubtless a clerk fit to be something better.

The woman was perhaps twenty-four. She was not quite beautiful, yet she was more than pretty. She was of good size and figure; and the short plush coat that she wore, and the manner in which she kept her hands thrust in the pockets thereof gave to her a dauntless air which the quiet and affectionate expression of her face softened.

She was a brunette, her eyes being large, distinctly dark brown, her face having that peculiar complexion which is most quickly affected by any change in health.

The color of her cheeks, the dark rim under her eyes, and other indefinable signs indicated some radical ailment. In the quick glance that I had of that pair, while the woman was smiling, a feeling of pity came over me. I have never detected the exact cause of that emotion. Perhaps in the woman's face I read the trace of poverty and mental suffering; perhaps the subtle mark that death had already set there.

Neither the woman nor her husband noticed me as I passed. The dog regarded me carelessly with the corner of his eye. I probably would never have thought of them again had I not seen them upon the bridge, under exactly the same circumstances, on the next Sunday.

So these young and happy people walked here every Sunday, I thought. This, perhaps, was the event looked forward to throughout the week. The husband, doubtless, was a clerk. The husband slave at his desk from prisoner and until Saturday night, Sunday morning for eating and sleeping, respite only common, even with such cases are think and who have seen who can who are not slaves for luxury, and who are not slaves of love for the beautiful.

The sight of happiness such as exists despite the cruelty of fate which exists which is temporarily unknown to man, and own liability to interruption of its tion, invariably fills me with extinction. And the sadness which arises from templation of these two begins to come a strange sympathy for what in them.

On Sundays thereafter I would early to the bridge and wait for they passed, for it proved that this habitual Sunday walk. Sometimes would pause and join those who down at the black river. I would and again, resume my journey the hospital while they thus stood would look back from a distance bridge would then appear to abrupt ascent, rising to the and their two figures would stand clearly against the background.

It became a matter of care to observe each Sunday whether the of either had varied during the past week. The husband, always pale, slight, showed little change, and frequently. But the fluctuations woman, as indicated by complexion gait, expression and otherwise, were numerous and pronounced. Often looked brighter and more robust than the preceding Sunday. Her face would be then rounded out, and the dark circles beneath her eyes would be marked. Then I found myself elated.

But on the next Sunday the cheeks had receded slightly, the healthy lustre of the eyes had given way to an ominous glow; the warning of death had returned. Then my heart would sink, and, sighing, I would murmur inaudibly:

"This is one of the bad Sundays."

There came a time when every Sunday was a bad one.

What made me love this woman? Simply the unmistakable completeness and constancy of her devotion to her husband—the absorption of the woman in the wife. Had the strange ways of chance ever made known to her my feeling, and had she swerved from that devotion even to render me back love for love, then my own adoration for her would surely have departed.

Yes, I loved her—if to fill one's life with thoughts of a woman, if in fancy to see her face by day and night, if to have the will to die for her or to bear pain for her—if these and many more things mean love.

My richest joy was to see her content with her husband, and the darkest woe of my life was to anticipate the termination of their happiness.

So the Sundays passed. One afternoon I waited until almost dusk, yet the couple did not appear.

For seven Sundays in succession I did not meet them upon their wonted walk.

On the eighth Sunday I saw the dog first, then the man. The latter was looking over the railing. The woman was not with him. Apprehensively I sought with my eyes his face. Much grief and loneliness were depicted there.

Was he or I the greater mourner? I wonder.

I suppose two years passed after that day ere I again beheld the widower—whose name I do not and probably never shall know—upon the bridge. The dog was not with him this time. It was a fine, sunny afternoon in May. Grief was no longer in his face. By his side was a very pretty, animated, rosy little woman whom I had never seen before. They walked close to each other, and she looked with the utmost tenderness into his face. She evidently was not yet entirely accustomed to the wedding ring which I observed upon her finger.

I think that tears came to my eyes at this sight. Those great brown eyes, the plush sack, the lovely face that had borne the impress of sorrow and so speedily had felt death—these might never have existed so soon had they been forgotten by the one being in the world for whom that face had worn the aspect of a perfect love.

Yet one upon whom those eyes never rested has remembered. And surely the memory of her is mine to wed, since he whose right it was to cherish it, had allowed himself to be divorced from it in so brief a time.

The memory of her is with me always, fills my soul, beautifies my life, makes green and radiant this existence which all who know me think cold, bleak, empty, repellent.

You will not laugh then, my friend, when I tell you that love is not to me a thing unknown.

* * * * * *

So runs a part of the last letter to my father that the old bookkeeper ever wrote.—R. N. S. in Philadelphia Press.

How Talmage Was Converted.

You can take any man for Christ if you know how to get at him. Truman Osborne, one of the evangelists who went through this country many years ago, had a wonderful art in the right direction. He came to my father's house one day, and while we were all seated in the room, he said, "Mr. Talmage, are all your children Christians?" Father said, "Yes, all but De Witt." Then Truman Osborne looked down into the fireplace and began to tell a story of a storm that came on the mountains, and all the sheep were in the fold; but there was one lamb outside that perished in the storm. Had he looked me in the eye I should have been angered when he told that story; but he looked into the fireplace, and it was so pathetically and beautifully done that I never found any peace until I was sure I was inside the fold, where the other sheep were.—Dr. Talmage in Ladies' Home Journal.

Physical Development as a Guide.

A paper on the scientific measurement of children was read before the Bromley (England) Naturalists' society. The author, Rev. H. A. Soames, said he found such measurements as he described, taken every term, a good guide as to whether his pupils could be pressed with work or not. If the increase is regular and the weight fair, according to the height, he does not fear to press them; but if, on the other hand, the weight is low, or if the height increases and not the weight, or if the increase in height is too rapid, he thinks it a very fair excuse for laziness, and takes great care that too much work is not expected from them.

What a "Filled" Case Is.

To save the gold and strengthen the case of watches, Joseph Fahy, a clever lad, born in French Switzerland nearly half a century ago, rolled out two plates of gold and putting a plate of composition metal between made a "filled case." Since then he has brought the process to perfection, and his filled cases are now known to every jeweler on earth. They are not plated cases. They would, without the composition metal filling, be a double case thicker than heavy writing paper.—New York Truth.

All Curves to Be Made Straight.

Some day railroads will have in them no dangerous and deadly curves. Over half the disastrous collisions and a large percentage of run-offs are caused by curves. Of course, it will sometimes be found difficult to straighten out a curve and keep a legitimate grade; but if the laws required all railroads to go straight in all cuts and other dangerous places some plan would be devised by which this could be done.—Dallas (Tex.) News.

Working for Their Board.

Two famous philosophers—Menedemus and Asclepiades—when pursuing their studies at Athens, were enabled to pay for their support and schooling by acting as millers after school hours, receiving the munificent sum of thirty-six cents (twodrachmæ) per night. Happily their fellow students, upon hearing this, raised a subscription sufficient to defray the expense of these deserving young men.—Detroit Free Press.

Tarantulas Are Enemies.

Tarantulas are considered deadly foes to each other and are seldom found in company. Then imprisoned together there is a fight, one succumbs and is eaten by the victor. Nature has done a service in making the tarantula so hideous and formidable a looking object. Indeed, it is owing to its repulsiveness that no greater number of persons are stung. The sight of the big hairy spider crawling near by will cause a cold creeping sensation down the back of almost any one.—Florence Correspondence.

Machine Made Love.

"And so your engagement with Maitland is really off?"

"Yes. I got tired of machine made love."

"Machine made love! What do you mean?"

"My typewriter wrote all his letters on it."—Exchange.

Competitive games, especially in which many elements enter to carry the excitement to the highest degree, are dangerous in the final decisive training for the long preliminary

Important Things in Court.

A witness was testifying that he met the defendant at breakfast, and the latter called the waiter and said"—

"One moment," exclaimed the counsel for the defense. "I object to what he said."

Then followed a legal argument of about an hour and a half on the objection, which was overruled, and the court decided that the witness might state what was said.

"Well, go on and state what was said to the waiter," remarked the winning counsel, flushed with his legal victory.

"Well," replied the witness, "he said, 'Bring me a beefsteak and fried potatoes.'"

A FINE PLACE FOR BOYS.

Holitt's Oak Grove School is unquestionably one of the best schools for boys on the Pacific Coast. It is located near Millbrae, San Mateo county, Cal., in charge of Ira G. Holitt, Ph.D., ex-State Superintendent, with a first-class corps of seven teachers. The place is beautiful and healthy. The number of pupils is limited to fifty so that special, individual attention may be given to each.

A farmer who wished to enter some animals at an agricultural exhibition wrote as follows to the secretary: "Enter me for a jackass."

SELF-PRAISE.

Self-praise is no recommendation, but there are times when one must permit a person to tell the truth about himself. When what he says is supported by the testimony of others no reasonable man will doubt his word. Now, to say that ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are the only genuine and reliable porous plasters made is not self-praise in the slightest degree. They have stood the test for over thirty years, and in proof of their merits it is only necessary to call attention to the cures they have effected and to the voluntary testimonials of those who have used them.

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.

"Was the charity ball a success?" "Oh, my, yes. Our deficit was only $40, and the charity society will have to pay it."

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are an effective cough remedy. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.

Drizzle—How long did that new play of yours run? Fizzle—Till it got in the next town.

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. Fortserfield & Lowey, 815 Market street, San Francisco.

Secretary Carlisle is ill with a cold. Treasury drafts, doubtless.

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.

How to Come to a Stop.

When we least expect them, accidents will befall us, a verification of the old adage that the unexpected always happens. The following recites how an active business man was suddenly brought down.

THE TRAIN STOPS.

CINCIN., O.—" Recently while in the act of alighting from my car, I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground, with a severely sprained ankle.

THE MANAGER STOPS.

Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into my car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail.

A POINT TO STOP AT.

Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, two bottles of it were bought, and the application of it resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had well nigh become unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days."

W. W. PEABODY, Prest. & Genl. Man. O. & M. R. R.

THAT'S THE POINT

The Pain Stops.

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.

S.S.S. TRADE MARK

CURES SCROFULA

Mrs. E. J. Rowell, Medford, Mass., says her mother has been cured of Scrofula by the use of four bottles of S.S.S. after having had much other treatment, and being reduced to quite a low condition of health, as it was thought she could not live.

S.S.S. Cured my little boy of hereditary scrofula which appeared all over his face. For a year I had given up all hope of his recovery, when finally I was induced to use S.S.S. A few bottles cured him, and no symptoms of the disease remain.

INHERITED SCROFULA

MRS. T. L. MATHEWS, Matherville, Miss.

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

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

Pico'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. 494—S. F. N. U. No. 571

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 new settlers appreciate and testify to the preventive and remedial properties of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in seasickness, nausea, 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 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.

In the drama of life the ocean has the principal role.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

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

GIVEN UP TO DIE

Great Suffering With Liver Complaint

Hope Almost Gone—Read What Hood's Sarsaparilla Did

Mrs. R. A. Hamilton
Fresno, Cal.

"I have been troubled with what attending physicians called liver complaint and enlargement of the spleen. Sores gathered and broke and for a long time I doctored for piles without good results. At last I could not walk across my room, and took to my bed, as many thought, to die. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

have continued with it for six months. I am entirely cured and do all my housework. It has all been brought about by Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. R. A. HAMILTON, cor. Fresno and L Streets.

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

HERCULES GAS ENGINE.

Run With Gas or Gasoline.

Your Wife can run it. Requires no licensed engineer. Makes no smell or dirt. No Batteries or Electric Spark.

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BEATS STEAM POWER

YOUNG MEN! The Specific A No. 1. Cures, without fail, all cases of Gonorrhœa and Gleet, no matter of how long standing. Prevents stricture, it being an internal remedy. Cures when everything else has failed. Sold by all Druggists. Manufacturers: The A. Schoenhet Medicine Co., San Jose, Cal. Price, $2.00.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, more intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

SUNSHINE comes, no matter how dark the clouds are, when the woman who is borne down by woman's troubles turns to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If her life is made gloomy by the chronic weaknesses, delicate derangements, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, they are completely cured. If she's overworked, nervous, or "run-down," she has new life and strength.

"Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nervine, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For every "female complaint" and disturbance, it is the only remedy so sure and unfailing that it can be *guaranteed*.

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

OUR DESIGNS, metal and prices are unequaled. Write for prices to A. FELDENHEIMER —LEADING— PORTLAND JEWELER, —CORNER— FIRST AND MORRISON STREETS.

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INVALID GOODS.

Rolling Chairs, Reclining Chairs, Back Rests, Commodes. Send for Catalogue. W. A. SCHRICK, 21 New Montgomery St. S.F.

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. Bosanko Med. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE 20 year case. **FREE** nickel mov'mt

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING

To see this Watch, but when you have seen it and it suits you, pay the express agent our price $10 and take it, otherwise he will return it at our expense.

TAKE NOTICE! we do not handle cheap trashy Watches which are no better than brass. We guarantee all our goods, and can sell you anything in the Jewelry line, at similar prices.

SEEING IS BELIEVING and it don't cost you a cent to see. We send goods C. O. D. subject to examination. Address

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP - FOR CHILDREN TEETHING - For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

HOW OUR CUSTOMER LAUGHED WHEN HIS FRIEND TOLD HIM THAT HE PAID **$150 for a BICYCLE.**

☞ Our customer had one just as good, and he bought it for LESS THAN HALF the price his friend had paid. **IF YOU WANT A BICYCLE FOR $60,** buy it direct of the

NORTH PACIFIC CYCLE CO., —DEALER IN— **Bicycles,**

☞ GOLD DOLLARS FOR 60c. ☜ PORTLAND. TACOMA. SALEM.

THE BEST WHEEL ON EARTH,

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