Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Maryland Tourney.

Fifteen stalwart knights participated in the tournament yesterday afternoon on My Lady's Manor, Baltimore county. The tourney was held on the farm of Mr. Jacob M. Pearce, about 2½ miles east of Monkton, on the Northern Central railway. The contest was one of expert horsemanship, and in this particular the tourneys of today are useful. It is only when they are likened to the chivalrous engagements of old or when they are merely for the value of the prizes offered that they become ridiculous. In yesterday's tourney prizes were given to the first four successful knights, and the next four had the honor of crowning the queen and maids of-honor, which were really the most coveted prizes. The coronation took place at Manor hall, near the tournament grounds. The royal party and others then enjoyed a dance.—Baltimore Sun.

An Office Secret.

Junior Partner—Our traveler ought to be discharged. He told one of our customers that I am an ignorant fool.

Senior Partner—I shall speak to him and insist that no more office secrets be divulged.—Boston Gazette.

In front of his early home, in Sweden, stands a monument with this inscription, "John Ericsson was born here." It is a large granite monument and was built by the miners of his native region wholly at their own charges.

Rambler

BICYCLES.

Swift, Light, Strong, Reliable and Beautiful.

A live agent wanted in every city and town in Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Send for catalogue and terms.

FRED T. MERRILL CYCLE CO.,

327 Washington St., Portland, Or.

The Lining

to Throat and Lungs must be preserved or sore spots appear and invite the consumption germs.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, heals the lining, strengthens the lungs and even overcomes diseased spots in their early stages. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

They all Testify

To the Efficacy of the World-Renowned

Swift's Specific.

The old-time simple remedy from the Georgia swamps and fields has gone forth to the antipodes, astonishing the skeptical and confounding the theories of those who depend solely on the physician's skill. There is no blood taint which it does not immediately eradicate. Poisons outwardly absorbed or the result of vile diseases from within all yield to this potent but simple remedy. It is an unequaled tonic, builds up the old and feeble, cures all diseases arising from impure blood or weakened vitality. Send for a treatise. Examine the proof.

Books on "Blood and Skin Diseases" mailed free.

Druggists Sell It.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,

Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

THE ERICKSON PATENT SQUIRREL BOMB

Is sure death to Ground Squirrels, Pocket Gophers, Rabbits and all animals that burrow in the ground. Simple, safe and certain. Price, $3 per 100 bombs; boxed for shipment. Sample cartridges, with directions for using, sent *free* on application. For sale by SHIELDS EXTERMINATOR CO., Moscow, Idaho.

A "SPEEDY" LAUNCH.

The launch CYCLONE, one of the speediest boats of its size on the Coast. Length, 30 feet; depth, 3 feet; beam, 6 1-2 feet; 7 ft. from top of cabin to bottom of keel; half-glass cabin. This launch, fitted with the celebrated HERCULES Gasoline Engine, 8-horse power, in perfect running order, is offered for sale at a great bargain. For price and particulars address

PALMER & REY,
Portland, Or.

N. P. N. U. No. 544—S. F. N. U. No. 621

Printed with Jaenecke-Ullman Ink. PALMER & REY, Agents.

HOW MACARONI IS MADE.

It Is Eaten So Much Here That a New Industry Has Been Started.

Macaroni has taken a strong hold on the affections of food eating Americans, among whom New Yorkers are conspicuous. It is nutritious, digestible and palatable; also provides exercise and amusement.

The quantity consumed in this city during the past year, according to restaurant keepers, is in excess of the consumption of previous years to a remarkable extent. In view of these facts some Americans have sensibly taken to manufacturing macaroni. Whether the home-made product or the foreign is preferable will appear in time. It has at least the advantage that it is entirely machine made, and no such horrible suggestions apply to the American article as to the other.

One concern in this city has been making macaroni by the ton—or perhaps by the mile would more correctly convey the idea. A visit to the factory the other day brought to light many facts connected with the manufacture of this article. The art of making macaroni involves a somewhat intricate and tedious process—that is, American macaroni. The ingredients, so far as the superintendent was at liberty to make them known without giving away any of the tricks of the trade, consist of farina made from the very best hard wheat grown in Minnesota, Kansas and North Dakota. The grain is reduced to a farina of five wholly different grades and then mixed up in one common quality. These farinas are selected with regard to their glutinous properties, as that is the chief essential in the making of the paste from which the "pipe-stems" are formed. This farinola is made into a paste as hard and glutinous as india rubber.

The paste is first put through a mixer: then in a circular trough, around which a 2-ton granite roller revolves. This takes out any moisture that may remain in the paste after leaving the mixer. Then when thoroughly rolled it is lined around the sides of another circular trough and two cone shaped cogwheels proceed to knead and cut the paste in pieces, taking out the flaky veins and giving an equally smooth and glutinous body throughout. From the grinder the paste is ready to go to the cylinders, which turn it out perfect macaroni.

It is put in at the top of a round cylinder, the interior of which resembles the interior of a Gatling gun or the cylinder of a revolver. Through these holes run small rods which make the holes in the macaroni. As it comes slowly out of the bottom of the cylinder the man operating the machine spreads it over a clean board, and when a certain length has been spun out it is cut up and laid aside to allow more to follow. This is placed on drying boards on an upper floor, and for ten days it is kept on these boards, when it is ready for boxing and selling.

The spaghetti is made in exactly the same way, the only difference being that the cylinders which shape the stems are smaller. This same paste is also made into all sorts or shapes for using in soup, such as letters, figures, stars, animals and "elbows," or what the French call "coudes." They resemble exactly an elbow of a stovepipe.—New York World.

Incentives to Exploration.

Every year the hunt for the precious metals and the shining stones grows sharper until the plateau of Thibet and the farther isles of the eastern archipelago are almost the only likely places where the agents of European firms are not inquiring and prospecting and sending home concrete evidences that, if enough is spent and a sufficient area of unknown territory is diligently examined, there may be solid returns. The emerald seekers of Ecuador know the paths of its mountains better than geographers, and the hunters for gold will make known every ravine of the vast region between Cape Colony and Lake Nyassa.

Every year the demand for wood drives importers into more distant forests, while the enthusiasts of botany and ornithology are ransacking regions into which it was recently supposed to be death to enter. The Phœnicians of our day number whole tribes, and they are penetrating everywhere, exactly like their old prototypes, in search of spoils. Nothing stops the explorers for gain and another party will follow them yet, not longing for minerals or new drugs, but for great estates. Australia was not explored for exploration's sake, but to find lands fit to support great herds, and so will Africa be and the eastern archipelago.

The competition for great fortunes grows bitterly sharp, and this is a road on which adventurers need only daring, a certain capacity for command, and a resolve to explore such as was displayed in New South Wales by the Wentworths, who, twice beaten by the mountains, went on a third time, to become great nobles in the southern world.—London Spectator.

An Attractive Way of Placing Pictures.

Over the narrow colonial mantel of a young matron's room in her pretty suburban home is arranged a collection of what she calls "my treasures." The "treasures" are pictures of her two little daughters, taken at various stages of their short earthly careers of three and five years respectively, and arranged in irregular grouping around a central photograph of her husband.

"I had the wall above the mantel left unpainted when the house was built last year," the wife and mother explained, "and one of the carpenters paneled the space under my directions. Some smooth laths, stained to match the woodwork, furnished the frames, and I am sure I could have done the work myself except that the men were around and it was not necessary. It seemed to me such a good way to keep these pictures always in my sight, and I enjoy them every day without effort."

It should be further recorded that in the library of this home its owner prettily returns his wife's compliment by hanging a lovely crayon sketch of her over his desk.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By ARDENNES JONES-FOSTER.

[Copyright by American Press Association.]

CHAPTER I.

"How charming you have grown."

Cesca is my name—Cesca Melin. I was born at Westeras, Sweden, not far from Stockholm, in 186—. My father, Grefve Carl Melin, was an officer of high rank in the king's army. My mother, Grefvinna Carlotta Bertha, descended from one of the oldest families about Waxholm.

Before I had arrived at the importance of 16 years my parents died.

Olef Oben, the only son of a barrister, was fiance to me. He begged me to stop longer at Westeras; but I had come into possession of the 100,000 kronor left to me by my father in his will, and being seized by a sudden desire to see the world and all that is in it I uttered a cry of delight upon the morning of the 3d of June, 188—, when I received a letter from America postmarked New York, which upon opening I found had been jointly written by my great-great-uncle Ivan Trolsky and his wife Vera, who had gone from Cronstadt, in Russia, to the states two years previous.

I had frequently been a visitor at their house at Cronstadt, my uncle and aunt both being natives of Stockholm. And being readers of the Swedish newspapers, Ivan and Vera had come upon the announcement of my succession to my father's fortune—a fact which seemed to highly impress them, for they congratulated me upon it, at the same time extending a pressing invitation to pay them an early visit, underscoring the assurance that I would be most affectionately welcomed.

Of course I read this letter to Olef, who, now that my parents were gone, found no person sufficiently interested in me to interpose caste objections to our suit of wooing.

From the very outset Olef seriously opposed my uncle and aunt's invitation. It was but quite natural that he should, inasmuch as we were betrothed, and the dear, good lad wanted to possess me wholly in person.

But in spite of Olef's protests my spirit bent itself to my mind's selfishness, and early in August I departed from Scandinavia by one of the Swedish line of steamships, arriving in New York upon the 28th day of the month, and was most profusely welcomed by Ivan and Vera.

"How charming you have grown!" exclaimed my aunt, after the salutations had ended.

"But not half as charming as her dot," cautiously whispered Ivan.

"Silence, idiot! The girl will hear you!" protested Vera, angrily. "Dear niece," she continued anew, suddenly turning to me, "you won't mind Ivan's and my little tete-a-tete now and then, will you? We are both so deeply interested in your welfare, you know, that we find it hard enough to do for you. To our great disadvantage we are far from being rich in worldly goods, and we fear that however great may be our attention it will not compare with your surroundings at home."

"My dear aunt and uncle," I replied, "it is not in the quantity of our efforts, but in the quality, that the heart finds richest enjoyment." And although I noticed that Ivan winced as I made the remark I paid no further attention to it at the time, but begging my aunt to show me to my apartment I bade Ivan good night and we left him.

Arrived at my room I kissed Vera, and as she went away I bolted my door, threw myself, exhausted, in my traveling gown upon the bed, buried my face in my pillow, and in spite of myself, overcome by Olef's absence and my great distance from home, now that the stimulating excitement of my voyage was ended, I burst into tears, while between my sobs my sorrowing heart again and again repeated Ivan's strange words, "Not half as charming as her dot!"

Was I positively ugly, then? I began to rummage the past. What if my dowry had been Olef's sole motive for winning my hand after all? Was it his main reason for wishing me to stop in Sweden? Am I ugly? I repeated. To which Truth gave me but one answer. My mirror had never turned from me with disdain. What, then, did Ivan mean?

Surfeited by them, lost in curious suspicions, I fell into a bothered sleep. Nor did I recover consciousness again until morning dawned, when my eyes were jarred open by a sound rapping at my door and a voice that softly asked:

"Are you awake, Cesca dear?"

"Yes, Aunt Vera."

"Breakfast is waiting for you, my dear," she replied in inviting tones. "Will you be down soon?"

"Right away, aunt," and I heard the echo of her footsteps as she descended the staircase.

"How fresh you look! You must have enjoyed a most quiet night of sleep," was Ivan's greeting, as I gained my place at the table.

I was ashamed to explain to them that I had not taken my clothes off during all of those hours; that my dreams had coined themselves into pages upon pages of horrors, and that, although I had hurriedly convinced myself by a brief glance in my glass that I did look comparatively fresh, I really could not quite make out why, after my whole night of misery, I should not present the appearance of a fright.

The breakfast was progressing when a ring came at the door and a telegraph messenger was admitted bearing a dispatch addressed to my aunt. Nervously she received it, raggedly tearing it open, as one unused to the receipt of messages.

"Anything to pay?" asked my uncle while Vera read over the dispatch.

"No, sir," replied the lad.

"There is no answer. You may go," my aunt added.

"Who is it from?" Ivan asked as the boy departed.

"Sara's mother."

"From Pittsburg?"

"Yes."

"What news?" he earnestly inquired, noticing his wife's dangerous whiteness.

"Sara is sick unto death!"

Vera nervously mused. "Poor cousin! I must go to her at once. How sad!" she exclaimed, turning to me. "And you, Cesca—I do so much dread to leave you. But Sara is so dear to me. I love her as a sister, and duty calls me to her. But let us hope that she will brave it, that I may soon hasten home. Your Uncle Ivan will do all in the world for you while I am away."

Before nightfall we had been to the railway station and seen Aunt Vera safely started upon her journey. The train sped out, the tears rushed into my eyes, and I felt myself buoyed homeward upon the wave of desertion. And once alone I felt a reluctance in accepting even the kind offices of Uncle Ivan, wishing, all the time, from the bottom of my crying heart that I might but cast one glance into Olef's fond eyes. Then, thought I, would the world have little of her own to claim, for my dear Olef was all the world to me!

CHAPTER II.

A week had gone by before Ivan received a letter from Vera. In this she told him that her Cousin Sara was improving.

But fancy our mutual discomfiture when, within the next three days, another letter came to Ivan, signed by Sara's mother, Esther, saying that Vera had suddenly been taken seriously ill with the same malady that had prostrated Sara—a type of fever which the attending physician pronounced very malignant; and so reduced in strength had Vera already become that fatal results were feared.

An immediate consultation followed and it was agreed that Ivan's duty lay in a quick visit to his wife, an obligation that I insisted was his first sacred debt. He quite readily agreed with me and by the next train he was bound for Pittsburg.

The weary hours dragged on. By the second morning's post I received a brief note from Uncle Ivan telling me that poor Vera was rapidly sinking; in fact, the family physician had given her up. Eminent medical counsel had been called in—but their deliberation only went to confirm the opinion of the family's medical adviser.

What was my surprise and joy, however, upon the third day after Ivan's departure when I received a letter postmarked Stockholm! I tore open the envelope as if expecting to disclose a gem of the rarest worth. And, believe me, I did; for I read there the name of my dear Olef! A name sweeter to me than all the wealth of nations. How I prized that letter! And to this day I cling to it as one of the choicest jewels in my diadem of maiden love!

"You have but just set out on your voyage," Olef ran on, "as I begin to write you. No doubt this will reach the New World quite as soon as you do, for I direct it 'via England.' But do not make light of my haste, my anxiety to commune with you, I beg. When you went away you took my heart with you. Oh, Cesca, why did we part? God grant that it may not be for long. Had I but the wings of a dove I would follow you. My soul mourns. Do not stop long away. Do not let the glamour of life's new phase lead you to forget me. Sleep in my heart as I sleep in your's. Let your faith wake with mine in the love jeweled morning of our meeting. * * * Ever your betrothed, Olef."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The African population brought the belief in witches from the dark continent, and it exists among them to this day though the progress of religion and education is doing something to check it.

Mr. Bell once saw a very small frog jump out of the mouth of a snake which happened to gape widely, as they often do, after having taken the frog down into its gullet.

The continent of Europe, which accommodates 360,000,000 of people, is so small that there are upon it an average of ninety-three people to the square mile.

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.

Guard yourself for summer malaria, tired feeling, by using now Oregon Blood Purifier.

KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

A FRISCO MIRACLE.

THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF A WELL-KNOWN BUSINESS MAN.

So Badly Crippled With Rheumatism That He Lost All Power of Feet and Legs—How He Was Cured.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

M. E. Douglas, a young man who owns and runs a harness shop out at 2612 Mission street in this city, tells a tale of a remarkable cure of rheumatism after he had suffered for several years, and had almost given up hoping that it could be cured. That Mr. Douglas' cure is permanent is amply demonstrated by the fact it was effected two years ago, and rheumatism has not troubled him at all since that time.

It was in regard to his recovery that a Chronicle reporter called upon Mr. Douglas a few days ago. The young man told the following story:

"About four or five years ago I began to be much troubled by severe pains in my feet and ankles, and it annoyed me so greatly that I could only keep at work with difficulty. I began to think that I was standing on my feet too much, and would have to manage to do easier work. I was in a harnessmaker's shop then. About that time I read of a disease of the feet which is contracted in the German army. I decided that I had the same disease, and read up the remedies used for it and tried them. Of course, they did no good. I then tried hot water bathing, and also used mustard water. I got some relief from the bathing, but it was only temporary, and my trouble was constantly increasing. At last I went to a physician, and he gave me a prescription, but it did no good. I was now so badly off that the acute pain had gone up beyond the calves of my legs. I used to have to sit down very often, and frequently when I would try to stand I would fall right over. I completely lost power over my feet and legs, and was almost paralyzed. Finally I determined that I would have to let the disease wear itself out.

"You see, we are all natives of Canada. My father, mother and I used to live at Woodstock, Ontario. We got the Woodstock Sentinel Review, which contained a number of reports about the wonderful properties of a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I thought that, if one-quarter or one-tenth of what was said about them was true, they might do me some good. We got $2.50 worth of them, and I began to take them without much regularity and without thinking much about their curing me. I just took them when I thought of it, two or three at a time as they happened to come handy. I was also suffering from a severe attack of piles, which gave me a great deal of trouble. After I had been taking the Pink Pills awhile I noticed that the piles left me, and then my rheumatism just went away from me so easily that I hardly thought of it until it was gone. I had given up all other treatment, and was taking nothing but the pills; so it must have been the pills that cured me. I took more, and in fact take some still. We always keep them in the house now. They give your cheeks a fine healthy glow, and keep you feeling well all the time. My rheumatism was completely cured, and has not troubled me for two years.

"My grandfather, John Douglas, is still living in Canada. He was quite well acquainted with this very Dr. Williams who first compounded the pills, and knows that he has the very best of standing in the community.

"I cheerfully recommend the Pink Pills, and I think that any one who takes them is sure to receive benefit. As I said, we still keep the pills in the house all the time, and would not be without them."

Mr. Douglas is 26 years of age. He has been in San Francisco for the best part of his life. He is well and favorably known by a great many San Francisco people. Any one of an inquiring frame of mind can find him at work in his harness shop at 2612 Mission street.

An analysis of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People shows that they contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

ALL AGHES OF JOINTS, NERVES AND MUSCLES

ST. JACOBS OIL

WILL CURE AND PROMPTLY HUSTLES.

DROP IT

IF YOUR BUSINESS DOES NOT PAY. Chickens are easily and successfully raised by using the **Petaluma Incubators** and **Brooders.** Our illustrated catalogue tells all about it. Don't buy any but the Petaluma if you want strong, vigorous chicks. We are Pacific Coast Headquarters for Bone and Clover Cutters, Markers, Books, Caponizing Tools, Fountains, Flood's Roup Cure, Morris Poultry Cure, Creomstone the great chicken-lice killer and every other article required by poultry raisers. See the machines in operation at our exhibit with the Norwalk Ostrich Farm, Midwinter Fair, hatching ostriches and all kinds of eggs. Catalogue free; if you want it, write to us.

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750—752—754—756 Main street, Petaluma, Cal.

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

SAPOLIO

GALVANIZED

WIRE NETTING,

24, 30, 36, 48 and 72 Inches Wide,

1 CENT SQUARE FOOT.

O. B. STUBBS,

Hay Forks, Rakes, Scythes,

289 WASHINGTON ST., PORTLAND, OREGON.

Cut this advertisement out, and send it when you write.

$100 FOR THE WIFE

To the person or club returning us the largest number of

GOLDEN WEST BAKING POWDER

Certificates on or before June 1, 1894, we will give a cash prize of $100, and to the next largest numerous other prizes ranging from $5 to $75 in CASH. CLOSSET & DEVERS, Portland, Or.

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S. F. Mechanics' Institute Medal.

PRINTERS SHOULD KNOW that the oldest and best Photo-engraving office in San Francisco was established in 1877 by the Manager of the DEWEY ENGRAVING CO., who has secured the latest and best improvements, secret processes and a full complement of the most approved machinery, photo apparatus, powerful electric lights, etc. Having long experience and superior artists, this pioneer Co. turns out the highest class of work promptly, reliably and at uniformly moderate prices for all kinds of engraving. Publishers helped to get up special issues. Job printers and others should send for samples, estimates and information. A. T. DEWEY, Manager, 320 Market St., S. F., Cal.

MAN'S INHUMANITY TO HIMSELF.

The most inhuman outrages, outrages which would disgrace the savage, man perpetrates upon his own system by swallowing drastic purgatives which convulse his stomach, agonize his intestines and weaken his system. Many people constantly do this under the impression that medicaments only which are violent in their action, and particularly cathartics, are of any avail. Irreparable injury to health is wrought under this mistaken idea. The laxative which most nearly approaches the beneficent action of nature is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which is painless, but thorough, and invigorates the intestinal canal instead of weakening and irritating it. The liver and the stomach share in the benign discipline instituted by this comprehensive medicine, whose healthful influence is felt throughout the system. Malarious, rheumatic, kidney and nervous complaints succumb to it.

Waiter—De usual steak, sah? Regular Customer—No, I am tired to-night. Bring me a plate of hash.

PUBLIC TESTIMONY OF A PUBLIC MAN.

The late Hon. James W. Husted, so long Speaker of the Assembly of the State of New York, was noted for vigorous common sense. In January of 1890 he wrote from the Assembly Chamber:

"I desire once more to bear my testimony to the value of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I have used them for twenty-five years past, and can conscientiously commend them as the best external remedy that I have known. I have them constantly by me, whether at home or abroad. My family as well as myself have found them to be a sovereign remedy, both for external and internal troubles. I never had but one kidney difficulty in my life, and the application of the plasters cured me in a week. I desire, as I said before, to bear my testimony in a public way to their efficacy, and I know of no better way of doing it than by giving you my personal experience."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are a vegetable purgative.

Longshot—Do you consider horseshoes an emblem of luck? Placer—Yes, when they are on the winning horse.

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

Judge—Do you know anything favorable about the prisoner? Witness—He ran away wid me auld woman, yer anner!

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

CURES OTHERS

A TERRIBLE CASE OF DROPSY CURED.

JOHN MALLON, ESQ.

JNO. MALLON, Esq., *No. 21 McLean St., Mt. Adams, Cincinnati, O.*, writes: "I took sick with dropsy, lost my appetite, could not sleep, became feverish; always thirsty, lost all strength, stomach became painful, breath short and had to give up work. The best physicians in Cincinnati failed to help me. My limbs and body were swollen to enormous size, and I was suffering terrible agony. The doctors all said I could not get well again, that I was liable to drop dead at any moment. My wife sent for the priest, to prepare me for death. While waiting for death, I remembered reading of your 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and thought I would try it as a last hope. When I had taken three bottles, I was almost well. The swelling entirely disappeared and I was soon able to resume work. My health is better now than it has been in twenty-five years."

WHY NOT YOU?

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

TAKE THE BEST

25cts., 50cts. and $1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Incipient Consumption and is the best Cough and Croup Cure.

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR

MONARCH

—AND—

RED STRIP BELTING,

Maltese Cross, Ridgewood and Wallabout Steam and Water Hose.

All fully guaranteed.

Gutta Percha and Rubber Mfg. Co.,

Established 1855. Portland Or.

TAKE IT

W. PFUNDER'S

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.

CURES

KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION.

Only a Scar Remains

Scrofula Cured—Blood Purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:

"It is with pleasure that I send a testimonial concerning what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for my daughter. It is a wonderful medicine and I cannot recommend it too highly. Sarah, who is fourteen years old, has been

Afflicted With Scrofula

ever since she was one year old. For five years she has had a running sore on one side of her face. We tried every remedy recommended, but nothing did her any good until we commenced using Hood's Sarsaparilla. My married daughter advised me to use Hood's Sarsaparilla because

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

it had cured her of dyspepsia. She had been troubled with that complaint since childhood, and since her cure she has never been without a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla in the house. We commenced giving it to Sarah about one year ago, and it has conquered the running sore.

Only a Scar Remaining

as a trace of the dreadful disease. Previous to taking the medicine her eyesight was affected but now she can see perfectly. In connection with Hood's Sarsaparilla we have used Hood's Vegetable Pills, and find them the best." MRS. MARIA GRIFFIN, Xenia, Illinois. **Get Hood's**

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

CREAMERY AND DAIRY MACHINERY.

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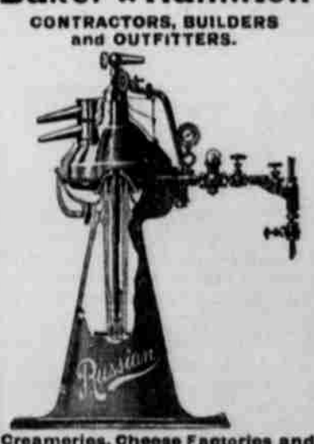

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