IN all receipts for cooking requiring a leavening agent the ROYAL BAKING POWDER, because it is an absolutely pure cream of tartar powder and of 33 per cent. greater leavening strength than other powders, will give the best results. It will make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor and more wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Doing His Best.

"Hello, Threeshelle," said Bunko. "Did not know you were here. Taking in the town?"

"Well, I can't say that I'm taking in the whole town," said Threeshelle as he deftly extracted a gold enamelled hatpin from the headgear of a lady who was passing. "But I'm not letting anything escape me."—Chicago Record.

Solitude Preferred.

"Leave me now, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, passing his hand nervously across his forehead. "I wish to be alone for the next hour or two."

"What is the matter, Billiger?" inquired Mrs. McSwat, with some anxiety.

"I have got to consult a railway guide!" groaned the unhappy man.—Chicago Tribune.

A Sweeping Victory.

Witts—You should have seen the sweeping victory my wife gained over an unusually persistent book agent this morning.

Watts—Should, eh? How'd she do it?

Witts—Chased him out of the house with a broom.—Buffalo Courier.

A Juvenile Paradise.

First Boy—I wish we lived in South America.

Second Boy—Why do you?

First Boy—The schools down there always close every time the town is bombarded.—Good News.

He Wanted Youth.

Husband—I wish you would get a new dressmaker.

Wife—Why, dear, I have had this one for years.

Husband—That the trouble. She's too old.—Cloak Review.

The Reason.

"Why, sir," said the young man, "do you refer to this as a dime museum poem?"

"Because," replied the editor, "it is a freak. It has more than the normal number of feet."—Washington Star.

A Puzzling Query.

Tommy—Say, papa.

Papa—What, Tommy?

Tommy—Would you have been any relative of mine if mamma hadn't married you? —Hallo.

New York Women Officials.

Eighty-five women were nominated for school commissioner in the late canvass in New York and four were elected. The Republicans nominated eight, the Democrats 30, the Prohibitionists 42, the People's Party 42 and the Political Equality party 1. The list of women commissioners is increased by one over last year.

Fat

is wanting in most foods, or, if present, is not assimilated. The result is loss of flesh and strength.

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, is a palatable, easy fat food that any stomach can retain and any system assimilate without effort. It gives flesh and strength. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

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.

GUARANTEED.

The MONARCH and RED STRIP are superior brands of BELTING, which, together with Maltese Cross, Ridgewood and Wallabout brands of Steam and Water HOSE, are fully guaranteed by the manufacturer. Your dealer keeps them; if not, write us.

Gutta Percha and Rubber Mfg. Co.,
Established 1855. Portland, Or.

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

LOVE'S REMINDERS.

Why bluebird on yon maple spray,
My coming causes you surprise,
You cry aloud and fly away
On wings that glitter as they rise;
So blue are they, so skyey clear,
Unequaled bliss their beaming brings;
For now I think of one most dear,
Whose eyes are bright as bluebird's wings.

From covert groves glides forth a trill
Of wild birds singing lustily,
Yet while I list my thoughts will still
Seek her who is most dear to me,
For, oh, her soft and soothing voice
Sounds merrier than the leaping throng
Of waters when spring rills rejoice—
Its music mates the linnet's song.

Upon a bourgeoned white birch broad
A squirrel gambols spry and fleet,
Until, by my rude spaniel awed,
She higher mounts on hasty feet;
And as she bounds without a fall
From lower limbs to limbs above
Her agile motions well recall
The flake-light footfalls of my love.
—Maurice W. Casey in Boston Pilot.

Advice From a King.

Kabarega, the negro king of Unyoro, in Central Africa, is a man who rules his subjects with a rod of iron. Like all tyrants, he regulates their smallest actions, and a host of spies inform him of any disobedience to his commands.

Among other things, he has made a fixed tariff of prices for everything bought or sold in his country, and every deviation from it is severely punished. An instance of this is given by Vita Hassan in his book about Emin Pasha and the Equatorial Province.

About a month after Hassan's arrival in Unyoro he bought a fowl and paid 30 cowries for it, while the market price was only 25. In that part of Africa it takes about 250 cowries to make $1. Soon afterward a dragoman of the king appeared and brought back 5 cowries, with the message:

"A fowl costs only 25 cowries, while you have given 30. The seller has done wrong, and the king will punish him, but he sends to you the advice to be careful henceforth in your purchases—never to give for anything more than it is worth, first of all in your own interest, and next to this in order not to disturb the market."—Youth's Companion.

An Interesting Predicament.

A man who lives in a flat near Central park recently had a peculiar experience. A couple of deaf mutes rented an apartment underneath his own and were blessed in due season by the arrival of a bouncing baby with an excellent pair of lungs. At night the little one woke up nearly the entire house by its cries, but through all of it the parents slept until the tenant above, at the solicitation of his wife, went down stairs and fairly forced an entrance. The deaf and dumb couple resort to many ingenious devices to overcome the disadvantages under which they labor. They are unable to hear their doorbell, so they have arranged a piece of colored paper upon the gong in such a way that the paper flutters when the bell rings. By keeping a watchful eye on the bell they are able to receive their visitors promptly, but their inventive genius has not as yet devised a scheme to indicate the baby's distress at night.—New York Mail and Express.

Mrs. Romney's Water Cooler.

The Colorado journalist, Mrs. Romney, has patented, among several other articles, a water cooler which does not require ice. It is a covered receptacle, of cellular brickware, manufactured of clay, sawdust and asbestus fiber. In the process the sawdust is burned out, leaving the product cellular, or porous. The receptacle, with the water to be kept cool within, stands in a tray of galvanized iron, which holds water to a depth of two or three inches. By reason of the porosity of the cooler and the force of capillary attraction, the water in the tray constantly rises through the cellular walls of the receptacle, and is as constantly evaporated—thereby keeping the water inside as cool as it is usually drawn from a well or spring.—Denver Letter.

The Emperor and the Pirate.

Alexander the Great was about to pass sentence of death on a noted pirate, but previously asked him, "Why dost thou trouble the seas?"

"Why," rejoined the rover boldly, "dost thou trouble the whole world? I, with one ship, go in quest of solitary adventure and am therefore called pirate. Thou, with a great army, warrest against nations and therefore art called emperor. Sir, there is no difference betwixt us but in the name and means of doing mischief."

Alexander, so far from being displeased with the freedom of the culprit, was so impressed with the force of his appeal that he dismissed him unpunished.—Sala's Journal.

The Demand Was Granted.

A certain city in England sent a deputation to Charles II, who was very ill, soliciting some favor. The orator, without any mercy to the sick man, made a long, tedious discourse. "Have you anything more to say?" asked the merry monarch impatiently. "Nothing," repiled the orator, "except that if you do not grant our request I am instructed to recite my speech over again." Charles ordered that all his demands should be freely and instantaneously complied with.—New York Ledger.

THE DOUBLE CROSS

By ARDENNES JONES-FOSTER.

He had written other words. I preserve them. They are too sacred for public reading.

I at once answered this letter, telling Olef all that had happened, and went out to post it in time to catch the first steamer.

But I had no sooner returned to the house than a messenger brought me a dispatch. I opened it and read three words:

"Vera is dead!" (Signed), "IVAN."

CHAPTER III.

"What must happen to me now?" I meditated. "Here in this strange city am I, unattended, unprotected! My conscience will not permit me to stop here alone."

A week went on, with no further tidings from my uncle save one letter, in which he said that it had been decided to lay poor Vera at rest in Esther's family plot.

Within ten days Ivan came home. He was attired out of severest respect for his departed wife, and as I tried to console him during our conversation the tears rushed into his eyes and he cried as if his heart would break. Endeavor as I might my words seemed to afford him no soothing. Upon the following day and for a week longer he steadily refused to go to his business office, declaring that life had lost all attraction for him now that poor Vera had gone.

The season flew by. Olef's letters came and mine went. I had entered a musical college and arranged for a term of vocal instruction; and before I realized it May month was upon us. Nature had put on her warm, green robes. The flowers never smelled sweeter, the leaves never looked brighter—and but for the absence of the music of Olef's dear voice the warble of the bird notes would never have rung out in more delightful harmony.

I had already begun to look for another letter from Olef. I remarked to Ivan that it was quite time. And I also told him that upon receipt of that letter I should return to Stockholm, having informed Olef to that end.

What was my surprise when Ivan at once began to wean me from the notion of going home!

"Why, do you know," he exclaimed, "that I had fully made up my mind to ask you to write Olef to pay us a visit that he might be enabled to go back with you? I like Olef very much. He seems such a capital good fellow, and I am heartily glad that you have set your hearts one upon the other."

I thanked him for his kind regard, although not without blushing a bit, I must confess.

"And now," he resumed, "let me offer you a bit of advice. Olef is getting ready to enter the profession of law, is he not?"

"He has graduated and been admitted to the bar," I replied.

"Quite to my notion, then. If I am not mistaken your dot, left to you by your father, Grefve Melin, amounted to one hundred thousand kronor—about twenty-eight thousand dollars in American money."

"Yes," was my answer, as his words, "Not half as charming as her dot," uttered upon the night of my arrival, flew back to my memory, and still I could not connect their meaning with the present, because Ivan seemed so interested in Olef's and my future.

"Could your fortune be converted into ready money?" he bluntly asked.

"It is invested in securities which might be negotiated," I returned.

"Very good. Of course you want to double your fortune. It would be but quite natural that you should. Olef, being a barrister, can quite readily accomplish the preliminaries for you. If you will write to him and instruct him to fetch over—well, say, twenty thousand dollars of that money, I, through my brokerage office, can invest it for you in New York Stock Exchange listed securities that will yield you 100 per cent. profit. In fact, I know of such an opportunity today. Do as I advise you and I will make your fortune double itself and give Olef a permanent place as manager in my office. His legal learning will stand him in to great advantage and he will find twice the amount of profit in stocks that he would in the law."

Being only a woman of inexperience, I, of course, gave harbor to Ivan's advice. Twenty thousand invested would yield me an additional twenty thousand—besides giving Olef a start in life! How happy we could be upon our little fortune.

And so by the outgoing steamer I sent Olef a letter, instructing him to carry out Ivan's suggestion.

I must mention here that for a fortnight past I had experienced the strangest sensations—a feeling of langor stealing upon me and spells of morning dreariness. At times my limbs would seem stiff, almost dead. My back ached and I felt giddy. Twice I recall having stumbled over the floor when those dizzy waves swayed my head. I looked at my skin. It was growing parched, colorless, lifeless! I could not make it out. My exercise and habits were regular. My mode of living was perfect. I took plenty of baths, fresh air and good, wholesome food; and yet I grew weaker day by day, almost tottering at times. It seriously affected my vocal powers; four or five notes dropped out of my register, top and bottom. I consulted the old housekeeper about it. We called in Ivan. At first he suggested the advice of a doctor, but finally concluded that the cause might lie in the tin poisoning from certain imported fruits that I had been using—a Swedish brand of preserves of which no member of the family, except myself, had ever partaken.

It happened that his surmises tallied with the cause, for I did put aside the fruits, took certain remedies, including a powerful tonic, and within a few days my physical strength began to mend, my voice came back and the roses rushed to my cheeks once more, as if glad to meet old acquaintances, and I got on without the least hint of my former failing.

CHAPTER IV.

The Thingvalla, which was expected to arrive at the end of the following month, would have given Olef time to convert my securities and reach New York.

Just eighteen days after posting my letter I received a cablegram dated at Stockholm which told me that Olef's father had died, and that a visit to the States would be impossible. This cablegram bore Olef's signature, and as I read it my spirits fell beneath their load of sorrow. I refused all offers of consolation, and in spite of the fact that my musical examination was to occur the following Monday I resolved to return home at once.

"I hardly think that I would lose your opportunity to carry off first prize if I were in your place," urged Ivan. "Beside, Olef's detention can be but momentary."

I remarked that it was strange that had not received my regular weekly letter from him. But Ivan soon turned my course of thoughts by saying that no doubt Olef's duties at home had crowded upon him so fast that he could find no time to write, and especially while

One night as we walked a shadow fell in front of us.

watching at the bedside of a dying father. And this argument, together with the stimulating hope of winning the prize, won me over.

"Bide your time, Cesca," Ivan went on. "The next steamer may fetch good news."

I waited a week, and in the meantime my sorrow had been somewhat assuaged by my receipt of the first prize for vocal honors at the institute.

One morning Ivan handed me a letter postmarked Stockholm. It was in Olef's handwriting and yet it did not seem the same. I turned it over and over again, upside down and then held it between me and the light of the sun.

"Here is a double cross made with a pen upon the lid of the envelope. I wonder what he could have intended that to mean?" I asked, showing the cross to Ivan.

"He might have made it to reveal to you any attempt that should be made to open the letter," he suggested, looking at the mark.

I tore off the envelope and read:

"Do not let your heart split upon the rock of this, my final adieu. Brevity must be my parting message. Cease to hope. My heart is lost to you.

"You will ask why I have not kept my troth. I can but say that my father's will, opened after his death, has reversed my life, into which now shines the beam of a new love.

"I am to marry the daughter of Lieut. Bodine to-morrow. OLEF OLSEN."

My heart, torn with the anguish of my own sad life, I could only sob and weep over it. And then, as often a woman will do, I tried to lull my sorrow to sleep by the strains of melody. And as I played softly I followed the lines of that plaintive song, "Drifting Apart," that I remembered having read in "Broken Barriers":

Drifting apart! as the cruel shades
Of the years rise up to fix you and me!
Drifting apart!—two separate tides
Carry us out o'er the wide, wild sea!
Drifting apart! for another's love
Hath blinded you to the love I planned.
Drifting apart! for that alien love
Hath frozen your heart and chilled your hand.
Drifting! Drifting and further astray!
My God! will we ever again one day
Meet in the passion of life's hottest fray,
And love, as we did, in the good old way?

For the first time since my arrival in America—nearly one year now—my Uncle Ivan began to show me warm attention. And embittered, weighed down, galled by Olef's cruel letter, I had let myself drift into closer communion with Ivan, and—yes, I confess it—to avenge the past I had given him to understand that his ministry was not wholly rejected. He was not too old—thirty-seven, I seventeen.

From the moment of Vera's sad death Ivan had taken every precaution to throw about me the barriers of protection, in order that any possible attempts to criticise my abode at his house might be set at rest. He had engaged an elderly housekeeper, in addition to whom I had induced one of the young women from the Conservatoire to make her home with me.

We walked a good bit, Ivan and I. And by this time his affection had grown to fire. It was no mere assumption, that love of Ivan's. He was deeply in earnest. I am not the woman to read a man's heart amiss. The name of his wife, Vera, had faded into a mere memory now, and I received certain proofs that Ivan would have stripped his heart of all else in the world for me. "What were those proofs?" you ask. Oh, that is but for a woman to understand.

I must say that I returned the passion measure for measure. I had come to honor, respect and love Ivan. His image grew daily brighter and holier in my heart. And as we walked together, wrapped in one another's confidence, the very soul of joy lighted our pathway. Of course, Irene, my companion, had noticed it. She seemed astonished at our mutual affection.

"Why, you are uncle and niece—blood relatives!" she exclaimed one day.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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.

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327 Washington St., Portland, Or.

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.

VIOLETS.

The wood bird calls, the shadows flee,
The sun comes golden from the sea;
Across the meadow as I stray
For you I take the fern fringed way,
To gather violets wet with dew
Which only bloom, my love, for you—
For you, my love, alone for you!

The grasses bend, the dewdrops shine,
The hawthorn's breath is sweet as wine;
The soft wind steals with presence sweet
To fling white petals at my feet
And lift the leaves from violets blue,
Hidden to wait, my love, for you—
For you, my love, alone for you!

Blue as your eyes, which hearts beguile,
Their faint perfume sweet as your smile,
I gather them, with fervent prayer
That they my passion may declare;
Their petals pale, tear stained with dew,
May tell how I live but for you—
For you, my love, alone for you!
—Donahoe's Magazine.

It's Human Nature.

A well dressed man got on the Sixth avenue elevated the other day and groped along for a strap, which his companion finally placed in his hand. As the former seemed quite uncertain of his footing and was being partially supported by the latter, people stared at him rather hard under the impression that he was intoxicated. He was not only well dressed, but wore a handsome ring, heavy gold watch chain and other jewelry. Passengers jostled him considerably as he swayed from the strap, and pretty soon it became evident to those in the vicinity that instead of being intoxicated the man was blind. A young lady made the discovery and immediately arose and motioned the blind man's companion to take her seat. When this had been communicated to the blind man, the latter turned in the direction of the lady and raised his hat respectfully, but declined the proffered courtesy. His companion whispered something in his ears—most likely that the lady was both young and handsome—for the afflicted man began pluming himself and finally turned by changing hands on the strap so that the young lady might get a more definite view of a rather fine face. He straightened up his rings, settled his collar, felt to ascertain whether his coat was buttoned and pulled down his cuffs—just as a vain man usually does when he wants to make a good appearance.—New York Herald.

Soft Words.

One of the most curious of current beliefs is that of hypocrisy lurking in pleasant manners and sincerity in those that are rough or stern. It seems a relic of our Puritan forefathers, but it certainly is out of place today. One foolish, or very innocent, to give heed to more than the letter of society courtesies. But, on the other hand, the wish to please is a good sign in itself, and the willingness to hurt, by word as well as by deed, is a bad sign in itself. Selfishness is, far more than hypocrisy even, a usual failing. And there is small hope for the habitually self absorbed rough speaker, while there is always a chance that the soft manner may sink into the heart. To those who tell us that soft words butter no parsnips, we may retort, oil is also better for a wig than vinegar. If proverbs mean anything, it is because there is one for every side of a question.

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.

This is the season of the year when the swindlemaker begins to put the remainder of mankind in the shade.

Use Enameline stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

MOTHERS

and those soon to become mothers, should know that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its tortures, terrors and dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

Mrs. DORA A. GUTHRIE, of *Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn.*, writes: "When I began taking your 'Favorite Prescription,' I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter now than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best to take before confinement, or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered as little with any of my children as I did with my last, and she is the healthiest we've got. Have induced several to try 'Favorite Prescription,' and it has proved good for them."

PAINS AND ACHES.

We all have pains and aches, but they needn't last long—not any longer than it takes to put on an ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER. The only thing to look out for is that you get the right plaster, for when you need a plaster you *need* it, and there's no time for experimenting and finding out mistakes then. Ask for ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS and see that you get them. If they say that some other *is* just as good, tell them that only the best *is* good enough for you. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are quick and sure and acknowledged by the highest medical authorities to be the best outside remedy for pains and aches of every description.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS invigorate the digestion.

"Half the world doesn't know how the other half lives." Neither does the other half.

Throat diseases commence with a cough, cold or sore throat. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* give immediate relief. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.

"Do you like kissing?" he asked. "All surprises are pleasant," she replied demurely.

Students, teachers (male or female), clergymen and others in need of change of employment should not fail to write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. Their great success shows that they have got the true ideas about making money. They can show you how to employ odd hours profitably.

Oddly enough the homeliest of old maids are generally girls who were matchless in their youth.

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.

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

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 use, sent free on application. For sale by SHIELDS EXTERMINATOR CO., Moscow, Idaho.

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HERCULES GAS and GASOLINE ENGINES.

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Use **ST. JACOBS OIL** FOR **PAINS** RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, SCIATIC, And all the World Knows the CURE is SURE.

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, Creosozone 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. PETALUMA INCUBATOR CO., 790—792—794—796 Main street, Petaluma, Cal.

"DON'T BORROW TROUBLE." BUY **SAPOLIO** 'TIS CHEAPER IN THE END.

WON'T SOUR Bread made with **GOLDEN WEST BAKING POWDER.** It makes a light, live, sweet loaf. Dealers sell it on the manufacturers' guarantee, CLOSSET & DEVERS, Portland, Or.

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

NO DIRT OR SMOKE. Your Wife Can Run it. *Hercules Gas or Gasoline Engine.* Palmer & Rey, S. F., Cal. and Portland, Or.

PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. By druggists, by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1.00. WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio.

N. P. N. U. No. 545—S. F. N. U. No. 622

Etna, Cal.

PAIN IN THE BACK

Hood's Sarsaparilla Easily Cured All the Bad Symptoms.

"For over 25 years I have suffered from female complaint. I was seldom free from an unbearable pain in the small of my back. Any over-exertion would cause me to lie on my bed from six weeks to two months. In the winter of 189 I had a severe

Attack of the Grip

which lasted through the spring into the summer. I secured a supply of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it made a new woman of me. I am free from the backache and it kept me from having the grip last winter. My daughter has also been benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla as she also had the grip at the same time as I was afflicted. It has cured me of a complication of diseases, all at the expense of a few dollars." MRS. ENSIGN R. SMITH, Box 59, Etna, Cal.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c. per box.

DOCTOR Pardee's Remedy, THE GREAT CURE —FOR— **INDIGESTION** —AND— **CONSTIPATION.** —A— **Regulator of the Liver and Kidneys** —A SPECIFIC FOR— **Scrofula, Rheumatism, Salt Rheum, Neuralgia** And All Other Blood and Skin Diseases.

It is a positive cure for all those painful, delicate complaints and complicated troubles and weaknesses common among our wives, mothers and daughters.

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