California State Analyst.

Royal Baking Powder is Superior to all in Purity and Strength.

"For purity and care in preparation the Royal Baking Powder equals any in the market, and our test shows that it has greater leavening power than any of which we have any knowledge."

W. B. Rising

Prof. Chemistry, University of California.

Analyst California State Board of Health, etc., etc.

No careful housekeeper can afford to use any baking powder but Royal.

New Coast Lights.

Additional tests made with the new form of coast light devised by Schirm, of Berlin, have proved quite satisfactory. The trials, which were made on the coast near the mouth of the Elbe, show the light to be brighter than either gas or electricity, while the cost of operating is said to be very small. The apparatus, with all its accessories, is barely seven feet in height and three feet in diameter, and consists of a blast engine for driving air through pumice stone impregnated with benzine. The benzine gas thus obtained is carried through fine magnesium powder, and being saturated therewith proceeds upward through a pipe and is consumed in a small flame, yielding a light, it is claimed, of 400,000 candle power. The apparatus is controlled by clockwork, and is inclosed in glass to protect it from the wind and weather. The arrangement is especially adapted for giving an intermittent light, the consumption of magnesium being small, depending on the power of the light which may be required in any given case. An important advantage is also claimed for this apparatus, namely, that it can be used without condensers, fog arrangements or reflectors, although the use of lenses further strengthens the power of the light.—Berlin Letter.

Lifting a Railway Station.

The joint railway companies have successfully completed a remarkable undertaking at Frodsham station, Cheshire. Complaints have been made for years of inadequate platform accommodation, and finally it was decided to remove the station master's house, booking offices and general waiting room some six feet back. In order to accomplish the task without taking down the structures, excavations were made between them until they were supported on large baulks of timber. Then came the crucial point, whether they would slide into their new situation. Eleven powerful jacks were brought into operation, under the superintendence of Mr. Johnson, the company's engineer. Although the mass to be moved weighed quite 400 tons, the work was accomplished without hitch, save that a chimney stack, which cracked, had to be taken down. This is stated to be the first occasion on which an English railway station has been successfully lifted on the American principle.—London Letter.

How She Regarded Him.

"What do you take me for, anyhow?" queried Chappie when Ethel asked him to swim out in the surf and get her parasol, which had blown away.

"I don't take you for anything," said she, "and wouldn't if you proposed a million times."—Harper's Bazar.

Watch your Weight

If you are losing flesh your system is drawing on your latent strength. Something is wrong. Take

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, to give your system its needed strength and restore your healthy weight. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

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Swift's Specific

A Tested Remedy For All

Blood and Skin Diseases

A reliable cure for Contagious Blood Poison, Inherited Scrofula and Skin Cancer.

As a tonic for delicate Women and Children it has no equal.

Being purely vegetable, is harmless in its effects.

A treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed FREE on application.

Druggists Sell It.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

SSSSSSSS

STOOD THE TEST.

Only the best do it. There is only one best. The best brands of BELTING and HOSE are MONARCH and RED STRIP Belting and Maltese Cross, Rubberwood and Wallabout Steam and Water Hose. They have stood the test since 1856. Every length is guaranteed. Demand them of your dealer.

Gutta Percha and Rubber Mfg. Co.

Established 1855. Portland, Or.

A Clever Swindler.

If Superintendent Byrnes would only run down a very plausible swindler who has just begun operations in the old Ninth ward, the janitors of the many apartment houses in that part of the city would sleep better these hot nights. The man is a genius in his way, and owes his success to the perfect manner in which he has worked out the details of his scheme. Yesterday morning when the janitress of a flat house answered his ring she was completely beguiled by his Chesterfieldian manners, which were further enhanced by a stylish suit of clothes and a glossy silk hat. As he looked at the apartments the man rattled off a plausible story that was well calculated to deceive. He wished a flat for his old mother, who was an invalid at present residing in the country. He was wealthy, being in business in Broadway, and as he wished to make his mother's last days as comfortable as possible, only the best rooms in the house would suit him. The janitress showed her sunniest apartments and the man appeared delighted. He ordered the rooms thoroughly cleaned, and was about taking his departure when the janitress suggested that it was customary to leave a deposit.

The man put his hand in his pocket, and with an exclamation of impatience remarked that he left his office in a hurry and forgot to bring any money with him. Then he remembered that he had a check, which of course was just the same. It was for ten dollars, and he requested the janitress to take three dollars deposit on the rent, one dollar on the keys, and give the woman two dollars for the cleaning. He would leave the whole amount, only he would have to pay for the moving before he got back to his office. The janitress was so impressed with his offhand manner that she regretted she hadn't four dollars in the house, and felt rather small when she came back and told the man she had only three dollars. He seemed a little disappointed at first, but took the money and said he would trust her for the balance until he returned in the evening. The janitress congratulated herself upon having secured a good tenant, and it wasn't until the rooms were all as clean as the proverbial new pin that she took the check to a store to have it cashed. As soon as the grocer saw the check he said it was no good, as it was not drawn on a bank at all.—New York Evening Sun.

A Will That Makes No Bequests.

The will of Edward C. Knight, the sugar refiner, has been admitted to probate by Register of Wills Shields and is a somewhat peculiar instrument. It makes no bequests to the heirs of the testator, providing only for the appointment of the executors of the estate. The large property will therefore be divided according to the intestate laws. The exact value of the estate cannot be known until an inventory is taken, but it is estimated to be worth nearly $6,000,000. The widow and son of the decedent, Anna M. Knight and Edward C. Knight, Jr., are named as the executors.

No disposition is made of the beautiful park near Collingswood, in Camden, but the offer of the property as a gift to the city has not been withdrawn. Mr. Knight spent considerable money in improving the grounds, and about four years ago threw them open as a public park. Later he offered to give the grounds to the city of Camden if the city would agree to care for and maintain them, but the necessary legislation for the acceptance of the gift has never been obtained.—Philadelphia North American.

A Giant Human Hand.

Upon the east side of North Seventh street, about midway between Poplar street and Girard avenue, stands a strikingly curious tree, which attracts the attention of every passerby. It stands just in front of a stable yard, and the employees of the place say that dozens of people come to them every week and make remarks or ask questions about the strange growth. From the thickness of the trunk at the base the tree is probably about forty years old, but its branches and foliage are new and fresh and look as though they were but the growth of a year or two. The trunk runs straight from the ground to a height of about fifteen feet.

Above this for a short distance is a thick globular mass of foliage, the leaves appearing to grow directly out of the wood. Above this growth run up three thick stalks or stumps, six or eight feet high, also covered with a dense, close mass of foliage. When the tree is viewed from the north side it presents a startling resemblance to a giant human hand protruding from the earth. The three big stumps at the top represent the three middle fingers, and upon either side of these can easily be seen configurations of the surrounding foliage which correspond to the little finger and thumb.

The explanation of the phenomenon is a curious one. The tree was once full grown and vigorous, but was attacked by blight or some other disease, and the dead trunk was pruned down to its present proportions, whereupon the present new growth developed.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ROSES.

I gave her roses for her breast,
A red and white, to be love's test;
If she tonight the red one wears
I'll know she thus her love declares;
Or if she deign to wear the white
'Twill tell as well as words "she might;"
And if she chance to wear them both
I'll surely think she's nothing loth.
If none she wears? Why, that will show
She's too demure to tell me so!
Ah! roses, joy your beauty would eclipse
If I dared have such faith in her sweet lips.
—Thomas J. Moore.

HER INHERITANCE.

"If any relatives of the late James Handford, some time curate of Widston, be still living, they may hear of something to their advantage by applying to Messrs. Dodd & Son, solicitors, King street."

Barbara Reed put down the paper with a jerk. "I wonder if that means me," she said thoughtfully. "My grandfather's name was certainly James Handford, and I know he was a curate, but I did not know there was any money in the family."

"If you think it worth while go to Messrs. Dodd & Son and find out," suggested a sharp featured, elderly lady, who was stitching at the table opposite.

"Of course I will! Why, there may be £5,000 waiting for me there."

"Or five pounds, more likely," supplemented the stitcher.

Barbara laughed.

"I'd rather think of the thousands, Mrs. Stewart; they would be very much more to my advantage."

"I know of something that would be more to your advantage than all the money you are ever likely to get from advertisements, if you had but the good sense to see it," returned that lady significantly.

Barbara flushed as she left the room to get her cloak and bonnet and set out for home. She was the music mistress in Mrs. Stewart's school, and had been one of the most promising pupils in it before that; she was almost alone in the world, except for a distant aunt with whom she lived, and after school days ended it became necessary that she should do something toward keeping up the little household, she had been very glad when Mrs. Stewart's proposal to retain her for the younger girls' music lessons saved her from applying to strangers.

Still, notwithstanding her obligations, there were times when Barbara felt strongly disposed to protest against that lady's authority, which was pretty much as it had been in the days when she was "quite a child," as Barbara often phrased it to herself. "She never seems to remember that I am grown up and able to manage my own affairs. It does not follow that because I was her pupil once she has any right to interfere in the matter now."

She was marching down the road, her head well up, while she argued the matter out to her own satisfaction, when some one quietly fell into step behind her. The shadow vanished from her brow like morning mist as she looked up.

"What are you in such a hurry for? I could scarcely keep you in sight," inquired the newcomer.

It was the subject of Mrs. Stewart's admonition, her drawing master—clever enough at his profession, but of his industry and general dependableness she had not the highest opinion. Not so Miss Barbara, who was fast developing a very warm sentiment for the good looking young artist.

"I am going home to deposit my music; after that I think of making a journey into the city, to King street."

"King street! That is an expedition."

"Isn't it! But I have some idea of coming into a fortune, and that is the place I am to apply to."

Mr. Lawrence's face showed such genuine interest in the news that Barbara speedily told him all she knew, perhaps with a little unconscious exaggeration by way of justifying her first announcement.

"You will be sure and let me know the result of your expedition?" he said earnestly, with a lingering clasp of her hand, as he left her at the corner of her own street. "I shall be anxious to hear, and no one deserves such a fortune better than yourself."

In King street she ran full against a plain, rather commonplace young man coming out of one of the warehouses. "Why, Miss Barbara! it's not often you find your way to this quarter," he said, as he held out his hand. It was a brown, ungloved hand, and bore evident traces of hard service. Barbara gave the tips of her fingers rather coolly, contrasting it with the well shaped, yellow gloved one that had pressed her a little before.

"I came on some business, Mr. Grant," she said. "I believe there is a legacy waiting for me. It was advertised in the papers, and I am going to see the solicitors about it now."

John Grant laughed.

"Well, I hope you may get it, Miss Barbara. For myself, I've never had much faith in legacies since I wasted twenty-five shillings once in answering advertisements about one."

"That may have been a very different matter from this," returned Barbara stiffly. "I had better not detain you any longer, Mr. Grant."

"And that is the man Mrs. Stewart thinks is worth half a dozen of Alfred Lawrence," said Barbara to herself, as she walked into Messrs. Dodd & Son's office. "It seems to be a decided virtue in some people's eyes to have coarse hands and shabby coats."

Her face was several shades longer when she came out again. Messrs. Dodd & Son had not received her with by any means the respectful enthusiasm she had expected. There had been awkward questions about proofs and genealogies that she had not been prepared to answer; indeed, she half fancied that they took her for an impostor, they had been so reluctant to part with any information. She should hear from them in a few days, and in the meantime she must kindly fill in the answers to certain questions on a paper they had given her.

Mr. Lawrence sympathized with her over the delay almost as deeply as she did with herself when she told him the result of her visit the next day. Barbara was quite struck with the way he seemed to enter into all her feelings.

John Grant was the next person to whom she had to explain her nonsuccess.

"Just what I expected, Miss Barbara," said he cheerfully. "One is never sure of a chance of that kind till one actually has it. I wouldn't build upon it if I were in your place."

"You don't seem to have had a fortunate experience in that way," retorted Barbara ungratefully. "It is only deferred in this case, and I am in no hurry for a few days."

"Days!" echoed John. "A man in our office has waited years, and is likely to wait, so far as I can see."

Ten days later came the much looked for communication from Dodd & Son:

"We are in receipt of Miss Reed's paper, and would assure her the matter shall have our best attention," etc.

Barbara flung it into her desk with a disappointed face. It was tedious to be obliged to wait in suspense like this. She would scarcely know how to get through the time but for Mr. Lawrence's attention and warm interest in the upshot.

John Grant's indifference, not to say skepticism, on the subject, threw up his rival's superior qualities in full relief; and yet there were times when Barbara felt just a little puzzled that Mr. Lawrence went no further. With all his solicitude and looks that meant more than words, he never absolutely committed himself to anything more binding than the merest friendship.

"I can't ask him," she said one day under her breath, as she walked slowly home after one of these "accidental" meetings. "But I do wish he would say straight out what he means or else stay away altogether. It makes one feel unsettled."

Poor Barbara felt more unsettled still before she reached home. It was a lovely summer evening, and fifty yards further on she was joined by another cavalier, John Grant this time. She shrank back at first, half afraid of some jesting remark about the legacy, but she soon discovered that he had quite forgotten the matter. There was something else on his mind, and he lost no time in saying very straight out what it was.

"I may not be able to offer you a fine house and luxuries," he said, "but I have saved plenty to begin in comfort, and I think we might be very happy together if you would only try. I have thought about it for the last two years, and worked hard to be able to tell you so."

Barbara looked up at him with genuine tears in her eyes.

"I am so sorry!" she said. "I never thought of such a thing—at least, not in earnest," as she remembered sundry remarks of Mrs. Stewart's. "Besides, there's lots of other better girls you might find."

"That is not to the point," he interrupted; "it is you, not other girls, I want. Try and think of it, Barbara. I don't want to hurry you, but let me have a line as soon as you can: it means a good deal to me."

For another week or two things continued to go in much the same fashion. Mrs. Stewart wore a chronic air of disapproval. John Grant was invisible. Only Mr. Lawrence was to the fore with his sympathetic inquiries, but in some mysterious way Barbara began to find them irritating rather than flattering. She got tired of giving the same response, "Nothing yet," and of hearing the same polite remarks about his concern and admiration of her. They did not go deep enough.

At last on Saturday morning, as she was setting out for Mrs. Stewart's, she met the postman, who gave her a blue, official looking envelope. Barbara stood still on the step, holding her breath as she opened it.

"Messrs. Dodd & Son's compliments to Miss Reed, and beg to inform her that Mrs. Elizabeth Drake has been proved the nearest of kin, and consequently heir-at-law to the £900 left by the late Mr. James Handford."

Miss Reed folded up the letter and put it soberly into her jacket pocket. She had scarcely realized before how much she had been counting upon it. There was nothing left now but to put on a brave face and make the best of it.

As Barbara crossed the hall to the schoolroom that afternoon she encountered Mr. Lawrence. He was standing at the table buttoning his light gloves. She saw at the first glance that Mrs. Stewart had told him of her disappointment. She hesitated one instant, then went straight up to him.

"You see I am not come into a fortune after all," she said quietly.

"So it seems," he said coldly, not looking up from a refractory button. "But it was not much of a fortune, anyway. I thought it was to be five or six times that amount."

"I wish I had never heard of it," spoke Barbara, looking at him in scornful surprise. "It has been nothing but an upset and annoyance from the first."

"Y-es, rather a pity—disappointing and waste of time too. Well, I'm going into the country for a few weeks, Miss Reed, so good afternoon if I don't chance to see you again."

"Good afternoon," returned Barbara, with a frigid bow, as she opened the schoolroom door.

A tiny note was dropped into the letter box that same evening addressed to Mr. John Grant.

"Dear John," it ran; "I'm not half good enough for you, but if you wish it—I'll try."

It was not perhaps a great achievement in the way of composition for a young lady who had been under Mrs. Stewart's guidance for so long, but it perfectly satisfied the person it was intended for, and much loftier epistles have often failed in this respect.

"Mrs. Stewart, that unfortunate legacy was something to my advantage after all," Mrs. John Grant said once some months later. "I don't know what Mrs. Elizabeth Drake did with it, but I do know I would not change with her. The missing it has brought me far more happiness than the getting it ever could."—New York World.

The Crown Prince's Sword.

The emperor of Germany has presented a magnificent sword to the crown prince, his son, the youngest lieutenant in the Prussian army. On the hilt is the following inscription: "Trust in God and defend thyself bravely. Therein lie thy honor and glory. He who fights heartily on the side of God will never be driven from the field. Thy power belongs to the Fatherland. To my dear son William, May 6, 1892. Wilhelm, R."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Prince Getting Old.

Reference has frequently been made of late to the rapid way in which the Prince of Wales was aging. Since the death of his son it has affected his appearance still more and robbed him of what had been left of the once peculiarly healthful hue of his complexion.—Exchange.

The White of an Egg Cures a Burn.

To hasten the cure of a burn or scald there is nothing more soothing and effective than the white of an egg. It is contact with the air which makes a burn so painful. The egg acts as a varnish and excludes the air completely and also prevents inflammation. — Philadelphia Ledger.

A Handsome Milkweed.

Travelers to the seacoast of southern New Jersey from Philadelphia cannot have failed to notice the bright patches of orange colored flowers which so delight the eye as the train passes through the meadows. It is the Asclepias tuberosa, one of the milkweed family and one of the most easily transplanted plants there is. It has fleshy roots, which penetrate to a great depth, making it suitable for rather dry places.

Furthermore, these roots, when broken to pieces, form new plants, so that a large number of plants can easily be propagated. The common name of this superb wild flower is butterfly weed. Among the beds of flowering plants exhibited at the Centennial exhibition there was brought by a gardener from Holland one composed of these plants and it excited as much attention as any bed there.—Philadelphia Press.

Two Lovers at Canonchet.

A story is going the rounds here which causes considerable amusement. A short time ago two lovers, who had come out for a walk in the moonlight, strayed into Mrs. Sprague's grounds, and their sweet dream was rudely broken in upon by the baying of the hounds, who gave chase to the intruders. The young lady stood not upon the order of her going, but went at the top of her speed, while her less nimble lover climbed to the top of a haystack, where he remained till 3 o'clock, when he was rescued by Mrs. Sprague.—Canonchet Cor. Baltimore American.

The Shape of a Glass Eye.

An artificial eye is not made in the form of a globe, as many people imagine, but is much the shape of a half walnut shell, though not so deep, and very thin and light. Even this, however, causes irritation if kept in the socket constantly, and a case lately came under my observation in hospital of a young man who had worn a glass eye continuously, night and day, for several years, with the result that an inflammation started in the socket, which will probably prevent his ever wearing one again.—London Tit-Bits.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

usually involves seasickness. When the waves play pitch and toss with you, strong indeed must be the stomach that can stand it without revolting. Tourists, commercial travelers, yachtsmen, marines, all testify that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the best remedy for the nausea experienced in rough weather on the water. Nervous and weakly travelers by land often suffer from something akin to this, and find in the Bitters its surest remedy. No disorder of the stomach, liver or bowels is so obstinate that it may not be overcome by the prompt and thorough remedy. Equally efficacious to it for chills and fever, kidney and rheumatic trouble and nervousness. Emigrants to the frontier should provide themselves with this fine medicinal safeguard against the effects of vicissitudes of climate, hardship, exposure and fatigue.

"Well, here's another of them skin games I've discovered." Bangs—What's that? "The bill for wife's seal cloak."

SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

Allcock's Porous Plasters are the great external remedy of the day. The quickest, safest, surest, best. Not only immeasurably superior to all other plasters, but also to liniments, ointments, oils and similar unctuous compounds.

Ask for Allcock's, and do not be cajoled into accepting a substitute.

Brandreth's Pills purge away all disease.

Wife—Have you still unkind thoughts of that old rival of yours? Hubby—Yes. I hate him because you liked him.

NEBRASKA FARM LANDS

To exchange for property in Oregon and Washington. H. E. Noble, Portland Savings Bank building, Portland, Or.

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

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

Try Grenea for breakfast.

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.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, Cures Catarrh. Apply into the nostrils. Druggists, 50c.

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

BOYS AND GIRLS OF AMERICA.

Why is it that to-day in America we step from our institutions of learning to be denied an honest opportunity of earning a living? Is it possible we have no fault for our intelligent efforts? Must we go down to our grave ending an unsuccessful life? Are our parents not at least partly to blame? We must unite in order to arrest the tendency to fall the victims of foreign corporates and American traitors. A small book, dedicated to the boys and girls of America, entitled "Of What is Uncle Sam Thinking?" pictures faithfully what we are contending with. You will never regret ordering a copy through your stationer or sending 25 cents for same (in stamps) to the author and publisher, CORINNE MERRITT, fourth floor of Sherlock block, Third and Oak streets, Portland, Or.

Daughter—Papa, don't you think I ought to have my voice cultivated? Papa—I think you ought to have something done to it.

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" are simple and convenient for bronchial affections and coughs.

Jillson says an occasional scolding is all right in its place, but he has noticed that it never does a boiler any good to blow it up.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the eustachian tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

THE MICROSCOPE.

A careful microscopical examination and chemical analysis of the urine, is a valuable aid in determining the nature of many chronic diseases, particularly those of the nervous system, blood, liver, kidneys, and bladder. These aids make it possible to treat such diseases successfully at a distance, without personal examination of the patient. Thus Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Inflammation of the Bladder, Gravel, and other Diseases of the Urinary Organs are successfully treated; Nervous Debility, Exhaustion, Dropsy, Liver Disease, and many other Chronic Maladies are cured without seeing the patient. Write for question blanks, treatise, and other information, describing case, and inclose 10 cents, in stamps, to pay postage.

Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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.

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.

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.

PALMER & REY,

San Francisco, Cal. Portland, Or.

BEATS STEAM POWER

FRUIT PRESERVED! LABOR SAVED!

Antifermentine

PRESERVES FRUIT WITHOUT HEAT.

Antifermentine preserves CIDER, MILK, BUTTER, CATSUP, PICKLES, etc., and does it successfully by preventing fermentation. The use of this wonderful preservative assures success in canning and preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. No MOULD on top of fruit. Saves time and labor, and is in every way a decided success.

Antifermentine

Is sold by all druggists and grocers, and is GUARANTEED to do what we say it will.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD, Portland, Or.

DRESSMAKING AND CUTTING

Standard system of the world. Highest awards at World's Fair, Chicago, for perfect-fitting garments. Learn to cut and make your own garments At Home. You can Make and Save Money. We teach Cutting, Fashion and Dressmaking complete. A CHILD CAN LEARN

Jackson's New French System

—AND—

Jackson's Franco-Prussian Tailor System

AT HOME BY MAIL. Our school is open day and evening. Every lady should know it. Dress makers are imperfect without our system. No FITTING; no alterations; no trying on. Perfect-Fitting Patterns cut to measure 5 cts. Send 2c stamp and we will send How to Take Measurements, etc. If you want perfect-fitting garments, send to us for Patterns and learn our system. Special rates for block patterns by the dozen to Dressmakers. We are general Western agents. Local agents wanted.

JACKSON'S TAILORING INSTITUTE,

607 Sutter St., - San Francisco, Cal.

"IT IS IGNORANCE THAT WASTES EFFORT." TRAINED SERVANTS USE SAPOLIO

CURED Astoria, Or.—I can write with pleasure that by the use of MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY my husband was relieved from an old case of RHEUMATISM and my youngest boy cured entirely of INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM when the best doctor I could get did him no good. Yours in gratitude, Mrs. S. V. Syrkle. Sold by Your Druggist.

"How Well You Look"

Friends Surprised at the Wonderful Improvement

"Every spring and summer for six years or more my health has been so poor I can hardly describe it. I was all run down, had constant headache, poor appetite, and general debility, that at times life was a burden. I would become so

Emaciated and Weak and Pale

that my friends thought I would not live long. I could do scarcely any work at all, and had to lie down every few minutes. I began using Hood's Sarsaparilla in January, losing my flesh and feeling worse. I thought I would try Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am happy to say I am in better

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

health than I have been for a number of years. My friends speak to me now and say how well you look. I tell them it is Hood's Sarsaparilla that has done the work." Mrs. Jennie Decker, Wahoo, Neb.

Get Only HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion.

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.

The effect is immediate and lasting. Two or three doses of Dr. Pardee's Remedy taken daily keeps the blood cool, the liver and kidneys active, and will entirely eradicate from the system all traces of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, or any other form of blood disease.

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