Royal Baking Powder
Absolutely Pure

All other powders are cheaper made and inferior, and leave either acid or alkali in the food

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

KENTUCKY MIRACLE.

JUDGE JOHN M. RICE TELLS HOW HE WAS CURED.

Crippled for Six Years With Sciatic Rheumatism in Its Worst Form—He Expected to Die, But Was Saved in a Marvelous Manner.

From the Covington (Ky.) Post.]

The Hon. John M. Rice of Louisa, Lawrence county, Kentucky, has for the past two years retired from active life as Criminal and Circuit Judge of the Sixteenth Judicial District of Kentucky.

He has for many years served his native county and State in the Legislature at Frankfort and at Washington, and until his retirement was a noted figure in political and judicial circles. The Judge is well known throughout the State, and possesses the best qualities which go to make a Kentucky gentleman honored wherever he is known.

About six years ago the bodily troubles which finally caused his retirement at a time when his mental faculties were in the zenith of their strength began their encroachment upon his naturally strong constitution. A few days ago a Kentucky Post reporter called upon Judge Rice, who in the following words related the history of the cause that led to his retirement: "It is just about six years since I had an attack of rheumatism, slight at first, but soon developing into sciatic rheumatism, which began first with acute shooting pains in the hips, gradually extending downward to my feet.

"My condition became so bad that I eventually lost all power of my legs, and then the liver, kidneys and bladder, and in fact my whole system, became deranged. I tried the treatment of many physicians; but, receiving no lasting benefit from them, I had recourse to patent remedies, trying one kind after another until I believe there were none I had not sampled.

"In 1888, attended by my son John, I went to Hot Springs, Ark. I was not much benefited by some months' stay there, when I returned home. My liver was actually dead, and a dull persistent pain in its region kept me on the rack all the time. In 1890 I was reappointed Circuit Judge, but it was impossible for me to give attention to my duties. In 1891 I went to the Silurian Springs, Wakeshaw, Wis. I stayed there some time, but without improvement.

"Again I returned home, this time feeling no hopes of recovery. The muscles of my limbs were now reduced by atrophy to mere strings. Sciatic pains tortured me terribly, but it was the disordered condition of my liver that I felt gradually wearing my life away. Doctors gave me up, all kinds of remedies had been tried without avail, and there was nothing more for me to do but resign myself to fate.

"I lingered on in this condition, sustained almost entirely by stimulants, until April, 1893. One day John saw an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People in the *Kentucky Post*. This was something new, and as one more drug after so many others could not do so much harm, John prevailed upon me to try the Pink Pills. It was, I think, in the first week of May the pills arrived. I remember I was not expected to live for more than three or four days at the time. The effect of the pills, however, was marvelous, and I could soon eat heartily, a thing I had not done for years. The liver began almost instantaneously to perform its functions, and has done so ever since. Without doubt the pills saved my life, and while I do not crave notoriety I cannot refuse to testify to their worth."

The reporter called upon Mr. Hughes, the Louisa druggist, who informed him that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have been very popular since Judge Rice used them with such benefit. He mentioned several who have found relief in their use.

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, and all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood. Dr. Williams' 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—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

An old lady who claims "to know all about it" says the only way to prevent steamboat explosions is to make the engineers "bile their water on shore." In her opinion "all the bustin is done by cooking the steam on board the boat."

There are just three women physicians in the state of Delaware, and not one of these is native born. There are no women lawyers, women journalists or women ministers in the state.

HOE YOUR OWN ROW.

It Is a Profitless Proceeding to Carry Coals to Newcastle.

There are more ways than one, my son, of carrying coals to Newcastle, and in almost every case it is a profitless proceeding on the part of the person engaged in it.

Therefore, my son, have nothing to do with that kind of traffic—that is to say, do not encroach upon another's preserves except to admire. Do not attempt to stock them with your own game.

When a man is a salesman in a dry goods store, do not attempt to instruct him by the ventilation of ideas of your own. If he be an actor, do not intrude upon him any of your amateur notions. If a clergyman, refrain from Scriptural citation and exegesis when in his company. If a professional humorist, resist, as it were the evil one, all temptation to facetiousness and paronomasia. If a mechanic, do not presume to give him points in his calling.

But, on the other hand, my son, do not attempt to interfere with his speaking or his calling, profession or specialty. So long as you listen you make no mistake, and the wing of friendship molts no feather.

Give ear to the story of his experiences at the counter, but interject none of your own; listen to and applaud his spoutings, but spout not yourself; receive with becoming reverence his interpretations of holy writ, but meddle not yourself with that which the lay mind is not supposed to be able to cope withal; listen and laugh at his wit and whimseys, but hazard no joke of your own; attend while he relates his mechanical achievements, but vaunt not yourself in the same line.

It is a common mistake, my son, to suppose that because a man delights in talking about a certain something in which he is proficient, he loves to hear every babbler that falls in his way descant upon the same subject; that because it pleases him to exalt himself in a given direction he likes to hear others in the same direction exalt themselves.

When a man knows a thing thoroughly—or thinks he does, which amounts to the same so far as he is concerned—he is quite ready and willing to instruct others, but he brooks no incursions by others into his peculiar domain. When he has finished the exposition of his wares, it is time for you to show up yours, provided of course they are of an entirely different line.

There must be reciprocity in the commerce of conversation, an exchange of complementary commodities. Each must give what the other lacks and receive in return that in which he is wanting, else there can be no trade, no harmony.

You would not ship oranges to Florida, ice to Nova Zembla or hot air furnaces to Sahara. Then why carry coals to Newcastle?

Therefore, my son, let each man paddle his own canoe as it best pleases him. Admire, applaud, if you will—and it is your best hold—but don't put in your oar, though he be swamping.—Boston Transcript.

The Coming Car.

We believe that cable road practice has reached the stage where but little room is left for improvement. They have been developed, improved and operated by the best engineering skill which the country affords. Nearly all are on a good dividend paying basis; but whatever the past experience of the two systems has been, or whatever the present status of the two may be, we are only voicing the convictions of well informed engineers when we say that electric systems will continue to increase in efficiency (by which is meant earning capacity) until all rivals are distanced, and only one method of rapid transit is recognized—the electric car.—Electrical Engineer.

Something About Oranges.

It is orange season again, and those who are fond of them are very glad to get their favorite fruit once more. It is possible to buy oranges at any season of the year, and as nearly everybody likes them there is a steady demand for the fruit all the year round. But the orange months have always been from December until May. Oranges are sweet then and very juicy.

This year, however, it has been discovered that oranges can be easily brought all the way from Brazil, and as the Brazilian oranges are at their best in November there is a plenty of them to be found now.—Exchange.

Archdeacon Denison, who is two years older than Mr. Gladstone, has sent to the press a sequel to his "Notes of My Life," published in 1879, in which he will give a summary of the later period of his eventful career.

Now that the inventor of the incandescent lamp has been named by the courts, the next big lawsuit in the electrical field is announced as pertaining to the discovery of the trolley system of electric traction.

THE GENTEEL POOR.

"OH, THE PITY OF IT!" ONE EXCLAIMS WHEN CONSIDERING THEM.

Straining to Maintain a Position Beyond Their Means—An Anecdote About People Who Manage to Get Along and Get Along by Managing.

Do you know that there is a class of people who suffer and of whom the world never hears? I mean those whom we are apt to call the genteel poor. They are always with us. In my life I have listened to a great many queer stories about them, and they are really to be pitied. They are, many of them, single women of uncertain age, who are obliged to live on infinitesimal incomes and with an amount of style. They can't bring their ideas down to the level of their fortunes. They have always been used to certain things, and they must have or at least appear to have them. They can live only in a particular part of town, no matter if the rent consumes the biggest part of their funds, and they must do other things in just proportion. How do they do it? Why, with an amount of ingenuity that would be valuable in a better cause.

They "manage." That is the word.

The genteel poor "manage" to get along and get along by "managing."

Take a case that I happen to know about. They were a pair of sisters who rented apartments.

I am not afraid to assert that they lived on samples. They went from one grocer to another and collected, little by little, almost all the things they needed for their meager menage.

Sample cans of soup furnished their table at many a midday meal. Their cracker jar was a wonderful mixture of different brands. They did so like a variety, they said. Their bonbon dish was replenished in a way that seemed little short of stealing. They would make periodical calls at various confectioners and at each take a bit of candy from the piles that were exposed to view. Hidden in a bag, or in a muff if it was winter, the aggregate of this booty when taken home formed quite a dishful and helped out at their afternoon receptions, which, in accordance with their ideas of hospitality and the traditions of their family, they always gave during the season.

I used to wonder how they felt when they knelt on Sundays before that gorgeous shrine which they affected and gave the response to that solemn admonition, "Thou shalt not steal," but I fancy they thought it was perfectly legitimate.

They always dressed in black, and I am sure I don't know how they "managed" their wardrobes. I suppose the bargain counters helped them out, and I fancy their gowns were sometimes made by a very swell dressmaker whom years ago they employed as a seamstress and introduced to their wealthy friends. By this the woman was enabled to get a footing, and no doubt gratitude prompted her to give them some help in the reconstruction of their wardrobes.

But this was long ago. I wonder if the younger sister, who now occupies a position as the wife of a wealthy man, is aware that I know all about the gown she wore when she met the man who emancipated her from the thraldom of petty economy. I doubt it, but I do, and I am going to tell you.

The two women had been invited to a dinner given by a swell friend. The elder could not go on account of ill health, but the younger must. Then came the question of what to wear. Everything had been exhausted, and there was no money for a costume. At last, in despair, the younger woman opened a trunk filled with clothing from the rectory—their childhood's home.

She had it! Within its depths there was the black silk robe that her father had worn. It was heavy and of beautiful texture. Its ample folds would make a short skirt and part of a waist.

While in a quandary as to what would fill out the deficiency she saw beneath the velvet pall that had covered her father's coffin. It had been the last loving tribute of a sick parishioner. Here were the train and another part of the waist.

Did no thought of its association with the dead man or remembrance of the solemn service return to her, you ask? Not a bit of it. Beneath it, crumpled up in many creases, was the crape that had draped the altar. Behold what a costume was evolved! A long train of velvet over a skirt of heavy black silk trimmed with folds of crape, whose somber blackness served to make still whiter the neck displayed beneath the decollete corsage. She was elegant indeed, and at the dinner she played her cards so well that she captured an extremely eligible bachelor, and her struggles were over.

But think of it! I know you'll say, "Oh, the pity of it!"

You have often heard the saying: "God help the rich. The poor can beg."

I say the Lord's poor will be taken care of, but pity, oh, pity, the genteel poor!—Boston Herald.

A Good Son Is This.

An interesting story of filial devotion is told of a Deering citizen who, as a young man, followed the sea and visited many foreign lands, settling down at home some 30 years ago, never having slept out of his own house but 10 nights since that time. During all these years he has never failed every day to call at the neighboring house of his aged parents in the early morning before going to his work in Portland and on his return at night. He always finds his father and mother ready to greet him. He always says "Hello" in his cheery voice, and the old man replies, "We're here, John." That is all, but 30 years of that every day is vastly more filial companionship than falls to the lot of most fathers, and fortunate indeed is the mother whose fond heart never looks in vain for the daily visit of her son!—Lewiston Journal.

A Railroad Through the Sea.

An interesting experiment is about to be carried out at Brighton in the shape of the construction of a marine railway for the purpose of connecting Brighton with the little village of Rottingdean, some three or four miles to the eastward. The rails will be laid on the solid rock with concrete and at high water will be covered by the sea, which, however, will not affect the carriages, the latter being supported on a framework that keeps them high and dry. At this part of the coast the cliffs are high, and the beach is practically inaccessible, so that no boating traffic will be interfered with. The cars will be moved by electricity, like those now in use along the eastern foreshore of Brighton.—London News.

AN EARTHQUAKE SHARP.

Professor Falb Claims Credit For the Recent Convulsions In Greece.

Professor Rudolph Falb, the "earthquake prophet" of Vienna, is regarded in some quarters as an earnest scientist and in others as an unconscionable fakir, but the remarkable fulfillment of some of his predictions has added greatly to his reputation among people who care less about how he arrives at his conclusions than about the verification of his prophecies. He is said to have foretold the great Zanti earthquake of April, 1893. He certainly predicted the earthquake which struck Greece on April 20 this year, or at least predicted seismic disturbances for that date, and as a shock was reported from Panama on the same day he may be entitled to claim credit for that too. Equally certain is it that he foretold a shock for May 5, and a shock was reported from Athens at 5 o'clock on the morning of May 6 that may be considered close enough for all practical purposes.

PROFESSOR FALB.

That Professor Falb has predicted disturbances for dates when none are known to have occurred is also true, but then they may have taken place in some place with which civilization has no communication. He never attempts to indicate the exact place where a convulsion will occur and, in fact, admits that he cannot tell. He publishes every year a calendar of what he calls "critical days," meaning days on which disturbances may be expected. According to the edition of the calendar issued last December, we may still look for shocks this year on the following days: June 4 and 18, July 5 and 17, Aug. 1, 16 and 30, Sept. 15 and 29, Oct. 14 and 28, Nov. 13 and 27, Dec. 12 and 27.

Professor Falb's theory is that the interior of the earth is a molten sea and that we dwell upon a crust of varying thickness. The liquid fire, cooling gradually, is constantly generating gas which seeks to escape from its confinement within the crust and usually finds its outlet through volcanic craters. But besides this constant pressure of gas Professor Falb thinks that the molten mass beneath us is subject to the influence of the moon, which produces waves, and sometimes great tidal waves, which sweep round the inner crust of the world with terrific force, shaking the earth in their passage. Consequently when the moon is nearer than usual to the earth we may expect seismic disturbances, and the calculation of the dates of nearest approach of the satellite furnishes the professor with his "critical days." Among American meteorologists Professor Falb is regarded as a sort of Austrian Wiggins, and his calendar is not ranked above an ordinary farmers' almanac. One expert says anybody can predict earthquakes, as it is safe to say that one is happening somewhere at every moment of time. An average of 100 a year are recorded in the United States, so that an earthquake prophet has a pretty easy time of it.

An Affecting Tale.

Barber—Poor Jim has been sent to an insane asylum.

Victim (in chair)—Who's Jim?

"Jim is my twin brother, sir. Jim has long been broodin over the hard times, and I suppose he finally got crazy."

"Hum! Not unlikely."

"Yes, he and me has worked side by side for years, and we were so alike we couldn't tell each other apart. We both brooded a good [illegible] too. No money in this business any[illegible]e."

"What's the mat[illegible]h it?"

"Prices too low. [illegible] customer takes a shampoo or so[illegible] doesn't pay to shave or hair cut [illegible] Jim! I caught him tryin to cut a customer's throat because he refused a shampoo, and so I had to have the poor fellow locked up. Makes me very melancholy. Sometimes I feel sorry I didn't let him slash all he wanted to. It might have saved his reason. Shampoo, sir?"

"Y-e-s, sir."—New York Weekly.

African Ants.

Dr. Sharp gives the following extract from Dr. Livingstone's "Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambezi:"

"We tried to sleep one rainy night in a native hut, but could not because of attacks by the fighting battalions of a very small species of formica not more than one-sixteenth of an inch in length. It soon became obvious that they were under regular discipline and even attempting to carry out the skillful plans and stratagem of some eminent leader. Our hands and necks were the first objects of attack. Large bodies of these little pests were massed in silence round the point to be assaulted. We could hear the sharp, shrill word of command two or three times repeated, though until then we had not believed in the vocal power of an ant. The instant after we felt the storming hosts over head and neck."—New York Ledger.

A Real Swell.

The tramp had called at a house where there had been a party the night before and had been given a very good meal at the kitchen table, with the lady of the house superintending the feast. She was a good hearted woman, and thinking the wanderer might appreciate a dainty she had added a dish of ice cream to the menu. She put a spoon beside it, and in a minute or two he was ready for it and she stood by to note his enjoyment.

"I beg your pardon, mum," he said as he picked up the spoon, "will you be kind enough to give me a fork to eat this cream with?" and the good woman almost collapsed.—Detroit Free Press.

A Bible In the Kongo Language.

Rev. W. Holman Bently and wife are returning to the Kongo from England and will carry a complete New Testament in the Kongo language, which has been printed by the Bible society. Mr. Bently returned to England to finish the translations thereof and to see it through the press. Mr. Bently was the chief agent in reducing the Kongo language to writing. His wife compiled the Kongo grammer and dictionary, and considerable additions have been made to the latter during their stay in England.

His Planets.

A young gentleman was passing an examination in physics. He was asked, "What planets were known to the ancients?"

"Well, sir," he responded, "there were Venus and Jupiter, and"—after a pause—"I think the earth, but I am not quite certain."—London Punch.

Sensitive Horses.

Harsh treatment, though it stop short of inflicting physical pain, keeps a nervous horse in a state of misery. On the other hand, it is perfectly true, as a besotted but intelligent stable keeper once observed to me, "A kind word for a hoss is as good sometimes as a feed of oats."

A single blow may be enough to spoil a racer. Daniel Lambert, founder of the Lambert branch of the Morgan family, was thought as a 3-year-old to be the fastest trotting stallion of his day. He was a very handsome, stylish, intelligent horse, and also extremely sensitive.

His driver, Dan Mace, though one of the best reinsmen in America, once made the mistake, through ill temper or bad judgment, of giving Daniel Lambert a severe cut with the whip, and that single blow put an end to his usefulness as a trotter. He became wild and ungovernable in harness and remained so for the rest of his life.

In dealing with a horse more than with most animals one ought to exercise patience, care and above all the power of sympathy, so as to know if possible the real motive of his doing or refusing to do this or that. To acquire such knowledge and to act upon it when required is a large part of the ethics of horsekeeping.—Youth's Companion.

Abrogating the Fees.

Mrs. Pigg, a very charming and vivacious widow, called recently on a legal friend of hers to consult him on a matter of interest to her.

"You know, sir," she said to him, "that when the late Mr. Pigg died he left me all his fortune, much to my satisfaction, of course, but he handicapped me with the name of Pigg, which I must say I don't like."

"Well," ventured the attorney, "I presume a handsome woman isn't especially complimented by being left a Pigg."

"I should say not," she laughed. "Now, what I came to see you about was whether or not I must apply to the legislature to get it changed."

"Um—er," he hesitated as if wrestling with a great legal problem, "um—er—yes, but an easier way is to apply to a parson, and I'll pay all the expenses myself."

It was sudden, but a widow is never caught napping, and she appointed that evening for another consultation.—Detroit Free Press.

Royal German Dinners.

A characteristic of all dinners given to the court and military officials by the emperor and empress of Germany is that there is always provided a dish of sweetmeats, which holds as well pictures of the royal pair and their children, each bonbon having a likeness painted upon it. And when the hosts retire there is something approaching a scramble among the dignified officers and functionaries for one of these much valued souvenirs to take home to equally eager wives and daughters.—New York Times.

In the Fashion.

Mrs. Jackson Parke—What in the world is keeping you up so late?

Mr. Jackson Parke—I am writing an article for the papers on "How I Kill'ed My First Hog." These literary chaps, with their stories of how they wrote their first books, are not going to have the field all to themselves, not by a jugful.—Indianapolis Journal.

The commissioners of the District of Columbia have issued an order to the effect that all the theaters in Washington must be fitted throughout with electric lights.

Mr. Clarkson, of the national Republican committee, is not a general and does not like to be called by that title.

The personal estate of the late Duke of Manchester was worth only $3,165.

Underground London has some 3,000 miles of sewers, 34,000 miles of telegraph wires, 3,200 miles of gas pipes and 4,500 miles of water mains.

Oxygen means the "acid generator," but hydrogen is really the essential element, and many acids contain no oxygen.

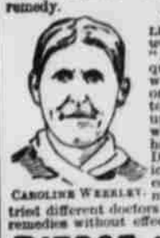
NEARING THE GRAVE.

In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to close the gap between us and the grave. Happily scientific research and pharmacal skill have allied themselves in furnishing us a reliable means of ameliorating the ailments incident to declining years and of renewing waning physical energy. In none is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a widely comprehensive remedy in disease and an inestimable blessing to the elderly, the feeble and the convalescent. Rheumatic ailments, trouble with the kidneys and lumbago are among the more common ailments of the aged. These are effectually counteracted by the Bitters, which is likewise a preventive and curative of malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It is highly promotive of appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

After a girl of 16 has told her best girl friend all her opinions and all she knows she drops her and gets a new friend.

STAMPED OUT

—blood-poisons of every name and nature, by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It rouses every organ into healthy action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses and renews the whole system. All Blood, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, from a common blotch or eruption to the worst Scrofula, are cured by it. For Tetter, Salt-rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, and Carbuncles, the "Discovery" is a direct remedy.



CAROLINE WEEKLEY.

Mrs. CAROLINE WEEKLEY, of Carney, Baldwin Co., Ala., writes: "I suffered for one quarter of a century with "fever-sore" (ulcer) on my leg and eyesome eruptions and gave up all hope of ever being well again. But I am happy to say that your Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery made a complete cure of my ailments, although I had tried different doctors and almost all known remedies without effect.

PIERCE Guarantees a CURE.

A CHAMPION WALKER.

In these days when the severest tests are applied in every department of athletic exercise, walking, running, bicycle-riding, tennis, etc., those who share in the contests must provide against emergencies. Harry Brooks, the champion walker, gives the result of twenty years' experience as follows: "Numerous statements relative to the merits of different plasters having been brought to my attention, I take this opportunity to state that I have used ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for over twenty years and prefer them to any other kind. I would furthermore state that I was very sick with catarrh of the kidneys, and attribute my recovery entirely to ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS the safest purgative known.

The New Parlor Maid—Miss Allen says she's not at home, sir. He—O—er—really? Then tell her I didn't call.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

Bushleigh—So George is working again? Henleigh—Oh, dear, no. He has a place in the street cleaning department.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Rheumatism and Scrofula Cured

"My son Clarence was taken with typhoid fever and after four weeks' doctoring the fever was broken. Rheumatism set in and scrofulous sores came on him. Hood's Sarsaparilla has routed them all, leaving in their stead perfect health. To-day Clarence is stronger and weighs more than ever in his life. Hood's Sarsaparilla has saved our boy's life." MRS. VANIE EDDLEBUTE, Roxbury, Ohio. GET HOOD'S.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, and do not purge, pain or gripe. Sold by all druggists.

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.

Waste

is overcome by giving the body proper and sufficient nourishment. When waste is active and you are losing flesh and strength, take

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. It will overcome the waste by giving ample nourishment. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

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

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4, $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE. $2, $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES: $3, $2.50 $2, $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

N. P. N. U. No. 553—S. F. N. U. No. 630

—ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures

CATARRH

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head. Apply into the Nostrils. It is Quickly Absorbed. 50c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

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

SAPOLIO

MALARIA! DO YOU FEEL BAD? DOES YOUR BACK ache? Does every step seem a burden? You need MOORE'S REVEALED REMEDY. Three doses only. Try it.

KIDNEY,

Bladder, Urinary and Liver Diseases, Dropsy Gravel and Diabetes are cured by

HUNT'S REMEDY

THE BEST KIDNEY AND LIVER MEDICINE.

HUNT'S REMEDY

Cures Bright's Disease, Retention or Non-retention of Urine, Pains in the Back, Loins or Side.

HUNT'S REMEDY

Cures Intemperance, Nervous Diseases, Genera Debility, Female Weakness and Excesses.

HUNT'S REMEDY

Cures Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Piles.

HUNT'S REMEDY

ACTS AT ONCE on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, restoring them to a healthy action, and CURES when all other medicines fail. Hundreds have been saved who have been given up to die by friends and physicians.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—Notice is hereby given that by virtue of a warrant issued out of the County Court of the State of Oregon for the county of Lane, by the Clerk thereof, on the 29th day of May, 1894, commanding me as Sheriff of said county to collect the delinquent taxes for the year 1893, by levy and sale of real property set forth in the delinquent roll, I have, by virtue of said warrant levied upon the following described real property, being unable to find any personal property: Eugene City Canal Co.: Commencing at a point on left bank of the Willamette river at or about the head of what is known as the McVey Slough, near where a point of rock projects into the river, at the most eligible place thereabout, that water can be conducted into said Eugene City Canal, the said point of beginning being in section 2, township 18 south, range 3 west, about half a mile below the junction of the Middle Fork with the Coast Fork of the said Willamette river; running from thence in a southwesterly direction by the best and most practicable line through lands of Thomas and Edmund D. Judkins, being part of the Daniel McVey Don. Claim, Notf. 3,285, and part of the Zara Sweet and wife Don. Claim, Notf. 3, 84, 60 feet in width, and where more than 60 feet is necessary to construct said ditch in order that it shall be 20 feet wide on the bottom and of sufficient depth to carry four feet of running water, then so much wider as is required to carry the same; also the right to use the entire width of the present slough or lake on said premises through which said canal or ditch will pass for running water or holding logs or timber; also right of way along the line of said canal or ditch for keeping the same in repair and for running logs or timber; also the right to dig said canal as deep and wide as may be required to run the water; also the right to bank dirt and stone lying adjacent thereto for the purpose of keeping the said canal in repair. Tax, $1.5[illegible]. Now, therefore, in the name of the State of Oregon, to satisfy said warrant, I will offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder, at the Courthouse door in Eugene, Lane county, Oregon, on Saturday, July 28, 1894, the aforesaid described real property, to satisfy said delinquent tax and costs of sale, between the hours of 9 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. of said day. Terms of sale: Cash. Dated June 29, 1894. J. E. Noland, Sheriff, Lane county, Or.

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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.

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