THE ROYAL BAKING POWDER, besides rendering the food more palatable and wholesome, is, because of its higher leavening power, the most economical.

The United States Government, after elaborate tests, reports the Royal Baking Powder to be of greater leavening strength than any other.

—Bulletin 13, U. S. Ag. Dep., p. 599.

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

VIOLETS, SWEET VIOLETS.

Girls Ever Welcome Whether In Fresh Bloom or Dainty Confections.

From the middle of October until Easter thousands of dollars' worth of violets are brought into New York from Long Island, New Jersey and Westchester county. The forcing of violets for autumn, winter and early spring has grown steadily for the past 25 years, and scarce even the rose is more generally in demand than the violet. A large part of the whole crop is grown by small gardeners, who carry their product to market in baskets. You may see respectable looking Scotchmen and Germans coming into town every morning by all the various lines, each bearing upon his arm such a basket.

There is a steady sale for the violet, because convention prescribes it as the only flower that may be worn by persons in mourning. Besides, violets are used in profusion at funerals. Sometimes from 5,000 to 8,000 violets are heaped upon a coffin. As they wholesale at from $10 to $20 a thousand and retail at double the wholesale price, violets cut a considerable figure in many an undertaker's bill.

All the growers of violets in this region have been troubled of late years with a mysterious pest that ravages the plants. The favorite double purple violets suffer most, the double white somewhat less, and the single almost not at all. It happens at times that all the violets in one greenhouse will be attacked while those in another close beside it will escape. It attacks even violets growing in cold frames, though on the whole these are hardier than hothouse plants. The violet is a lover of cool air, and in this climate blooms all winter long and under glass without artificial heat, and the blossoms are seldom killed by frost if the frame is covered at night. But the forcing process swells the crop for market, and perhaps more violets are raised in hothouses than in cold frames. The native wild violet frequently retains its leaves through the winter and seems to feel the earliest pulse of spring.

Violets are costlier at the Christmas holidays and at Easter than at any other season. The white violets, though less popular than the purple, usually fetch quite as much, since they are raised in smaller quantities. The single violet fetches a smaller price than either. The bunch of violets that the young man sends to his girl seldom costs less than half a dollar and may cost three times as much.

The costliest form which the violet takes is in candy. It is not necessary for the purpose of the confectioner that his violets is of the freshest, and the proportion of cheap sugar to costly violets in a pound of the candied blossoms is large, but if you buy this dainty at a fashionable shop you'll pay at least $2 for a half pound box. Properly brought up young women who have been taught that they should discourage young men from making costly presents, even of such trifles, pretend to regard the candied violet, save in very small quantities, as an ostentatious extravagance, but no girl ever really resents a gift of this confection, no matter how large the box.—New York Sun.

The Last Spoon.

The last time that spoons were vividly recalled to General Butler was on the occasion of his last lecture at Cincinnati. It was in Pike's Opera House before that handsome place of amusement became the home of the chamber of commerce. Some practical jokers bored a hole in the presenium arch, and as the general was approaching the climax of his speech lowered a large spoon on a string till it hung within a foot of him. The general's eye had not been operated on then, and he could not see very well.

The indistinct vision of something in the air caused him to step back a pace or two and strike at with his hand. He probably thought it was a fly. The spoon descended another foot, and he then recognized it. The spectators were watching the scene in speechless amusement, wondering what would happen next. The lecturer paused a moment, then quietly extended his hand and grasped the spoon.

"Ah," he said, "there's one I didn't get."

With that he put the spoon in his pocket and when the laughter and wild shouting of the spectators had ceased continued his speech as if nothing had happened.—New York Tribune.

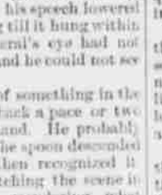
A Hunter's Contempt For Comfort.

Mr. Selous, the distinguished hunter and explorer, is in England, and has been telling something of his methods when in the wilds of Africa. How little he has ever cared for personal comfort may be gathered from the remark that he never thought of taking any sort of conveyance, even to the extent of a hammock for ease by day or rest at night, and would not be encumbered by a tent. For weeks together, year after year, he slept on the ground, covered only by something in the shape of a blanket.

Asked if there were no reptiles to disturb repose under such conditions, Mr. Selous replied that, although venomous snakes were to be found, bites from them were very rare, and in all his experience he had never known anybody, either native or European, killed by a snake bite in Mashonaland. "In fact," he said, "you run more risk of being killed by an omnibus in London streets than we do by venomous snakes in those African forests."—London News.

New York has had 5 secretaries of state 6 of the treasury, 6 of war, 4 of the navy 3 postmasters general and 4 attorneys general, but it has never had a secretary of the interior department.

Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried E y's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone. — W. J. Hitchcock, Late Major U. S. Vol. & A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the Membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once.

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price, 50 cents at Druggists' or by mail. ELY BROTHERS,

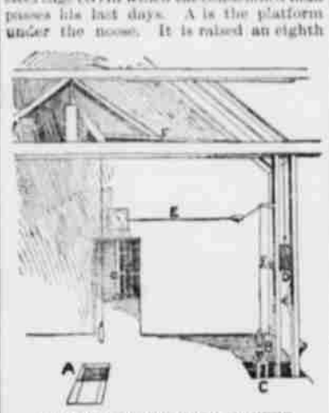
56 Warren Street, New York.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS.

THE AUTOMATIC GALLOWS.

Hanging Made Easy; or, Every Man His Own Executioner.

The new automatic gallows which has been adopted in Connecticut in pursuance of an act of the last general assembly is considered an improvement in some respects on that of Colorado. By reference to the accompanying cut the working of the machine can be easily understood. Through the doorway can be seen the steel cage (G) in which the condemned man passes his last days. A is the platform under the noose. It is raised an eighth



THE AUTOMATIC HANGING MACHINE.

of an inch above the level of the floor, hardly enough to be noticeable by the man as he steps upon it. Immediately three deputies will pinion the man's legs, place the cap over his head and adjust the noose.

The warden occupies a position directly in front of the condemned man. In this position he has a clear view of the prisoner, and also of a dial over the door through which the man must pass.

Instantly the platform settles a lever is worked which releases an adjustable sliding valve at the bottom of a cylinder (C), containing 50 pounds of shot. Like the sand in an hourglass, the shot runs out of the opening. This allows a plunger (B) to drop slowly into the cylinder. As this falls it pulls a cord (E), attached to which is a compound lever (F), and also works the dial, giving warning as to the progress of the machine. This mechanism can be set for any time desired. As the cord tightens and is pulled downward by the plunger it slowly opens the compound lever, which at a certain angle, perfectly adjusted, pulls a bolt, and the great dead weight (D) is released.

As the big weight falls down the grooved track to the ground under the building the hempen rope, running over pulleys on a cross beam (F), will quickly jerk the condemned man seven feet into the air. On the drop there will be a rebound, and the man will be suspended with his feet about two feet from the floor.

The mechanism is inclosed by a partition along the entire side, so that nothing can be seen by the condemned man except the noose. The machine works noiselessly, and the weight falls upon soft dirt.

WILL IT BE HEAVEN WITHOUT THEM?

A Jersey Preacher Thinks Women Will Be Shut Out of Paradise.

Rev. R. A. Motley of Jersey City seems to entertain a rather selfish view of the hereafter. He has decided that no women need apply at the gate of St. Peter and quotes the following verses from Mark xii in support of his conclusions:

"Now there were seven brethren, and the first took a wife, and, dying, left no seed. And the second took her and died, neither left he any seed, and the third likewise. And the seven had her and left no seed. Last of all the woman died also.

"In the resurrection therefore, when they shall rise, whose wife shall she be of them, for the seven had her to wife? And Jesus answering said unto them: Do ye not therefore err, because ye know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God? For

REV. R. A. MOTLEY.

when they shall rise from the dead they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven."

Mr. Motley reasons from this that women have no place in the kingdom which is ahead of us if we lead the proper life.

To further strengthen this passage of the "seven brethren," he wants to know if any one can point out to him anywhere in the Bible where an angel is represented as a female. There are but few passages in which angels' names are mentioned, and in every case it is that of a male. The angel Gabriel, Michael, in Revelation, and the angels who came to see Lot at Sodom are all masculine.

The reverend gentleman sums the matter up as follows: "Man was made for the glorification of God, and woman for that of man. As there are no marriages in heaven, there is no need for women."

Crape on the Door For a Marriage.

Charles Simons is a proprietor of a millinery store on Reed street, and his only daughter was his chief assistant until Friday, when she married a man named Goldberg of Marion, Wis. The marriage so enraged Simons that he purchased a crape rosette, which he nailed to the door of his store, and announced to all comers that his daughter was dead. He is apparently beside himself with anger at the marriage. He threw his daughter's trunk and all her apparel into the street.—Milwaukee Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE BOYS RELENTED.

WHY THE SCHOLARS DID NOT PUT THE MASTER IN A SNOWDRIFT.

A Story of How Ben Butler, When a Young Man, Though Frail and Puny, Overawed a Roomful of Big Overgrown Farmers' Boys About to "Duck" Him.

There are many people who remember Benjamin F. Butler as a soldier, as a lawyer, as a politician, as a yachtsman, and there are a few who remember him as a schoolmaster. The writer is not prepared to say how many times or in how many places Ben Butler taught school, but he certainly did teach school once in a little town in Maine, and he made an impression on the minds of some of his pupils.

It was one of the good old fashioned country schools which gathered together for a few weeks in the winter the half grown men who worked on the farms in the summer, the little children and the big girls, and tried to drive into their heads and rivet there some scraps of intelligence such as might seem adapted to the individuals, without any thought of classification of intellects. The place of master in such a school was one not likely to be sought except by a man who had genuine need of the little profit that was to be gained by it, especially since the big boys had the habit, common in many a New England school of the time, of standing the master on his head in a snowdrift about the second or third day of his incumbency.

In this particular school and in this particular winter three or four masters had been served in this way, and the place was vacant for the fourth or fifth time. Then one of the trustees bethought him of a young kinsman of his own who was in a college a few miles away at Waterville, and who, he thought, would do for the place. The reason why he thought he would do was that he was a small, slight, frail looking boy, and he believed that the ruffians of the school would be ashamed to offer violence to one of his stature. The young man was sent for, the place was offered to him, he was warned of the dangers, he disregarded them, and he took it. His name was Benjamin Butler.

On the first morning when he entered the schoolhouse he made a little speech in regard to the discipline he proposed to maintain, and he accompanied the speech by a terrible look, cast in some direction or other, but in what direction nobody could ever with certainty find out. As soon as the boys had a chance to compare notes on the subject every boy declared that the master was looking straight at him. This disagreement was caused by a well known visual defect in the master himself. Butler was a good teacher of everything but arithmetic, and of that he seemed to know nothing whatever. It was the custom for each pupil to "cipher through the book" for himself, doing every problem and troubling the schoolmaster only when he needed help on a peculiarly hard one.

When a problem was brought to Butler for an explanation he was perfectly helpless, but the trustee who was so happily related to him was most expert in mathematics, so Butler would put off the pupil who questioned him, saying: "I am busy. I can't attend to it now. Come to me in the morning, and I will explain it to you," and then in the evening he would call on the trustee and ask for a solution of the problem. He would get a most extensive and elaborate one, and at the end he would know just as much about the problem as he did before, but he had a marvelous memory, and he would commit to it every word and every figure of the explanation, and the next morning he would deal it out like clockwork to the puzzled pupil and get the credit of a most lucid unfolding of the problem.

For a few days Butler's stature protected him against the ruffianly tendencies of the big boys, but they became impatient and decided at last that the new master would have to go into a snowdrift like the others. They formed their conspiracy and set a certain morning for the execution of their purposes. But the big girls were on the master's side, and one of them overheard the plan as it was discussed by her brother and others, and she determined to warn the master. She dared not be seen talking with him lest she should be charged with treason by her brother, but she passed Mr. Butler on the road as both were going home from school, and without turning her head she said: "I wouldn't come to school tomorrow if I were you, Mr. Butler; the boys are going to put you in a snowdrift." To this Butler replied, also without turning his head, "Don't be afraid; they won't put me in a snowdrift."

The next morning the whole school was eager to see what was to be done and what show of resistance the master would make, if indeed he should dare to make any. He entered in the midst of a dead silence. He took off his overcoat and hung it on the peg behind the desk. Then he seemed about to sit down at his desk as usual, but suddenly went back to where his overcoat hung, as if he had forgotten something. He reached up to the righthand breast pocket of the overcoat, took out a huge pistol and put it into the inside breast pocket of his undercoat; then he reached up to the left hand breast pocket of the overcoat and took out another huge pistol and put it into the inside breast pocket of his undercoat. The silence deepened yet more, the master sat down at his desk, and the exercises of the school went on as usual. There was not another murmur of rebellion that winter.

Butler said afterward that he could scarcely keep from laughing while he handled the pistols, because they were a pair which he had played with when he visited his uncle in the town as a boy—he had loaded them with ashes then and they had never been unloaded since. When he heard of his danger, he went and borrowed them, trusting that they would protect him as well as a battery.—New York Tribune.

Game In the Northwest.

There is a plenty and a wide variety of game to be found in many parts of the west. The Okanogan river is full of speckled trout, and it is the natural home of canvasback and teal duck and also of wild geese. Within an hour's walk of the town of Oro the mountains are full of grouse and deer, while farther back there are enough mountain lions and bears to afford all the sport more ambitious hunters might desire, and the barking of coyotes may be heard at any hour of the night.

Some Answers.

Several funny answers of some of my pupils are as follows: "What is a volcano? A volcano is a very powerful rock. What is the meaning of mer de glace? Mother of glass. What are fossils? Fossils are those remains of plants and animals which keep best when left to themselves. What fossil remains do we find of fishes? In some rocks we find the fossil footprints of fishes. What are the metamorphic rocks? Rocks that contain metaphors."—Miss A. C. Graham in University Correspondent.

Against Cigarette Smoking.

A bill passed in the Alabama house on Monday prohibits the sale or giving away or otherwise disposing of cigarettes, cigarette tobacco or cigarette paper in that state, subject to a fine and imprisonment. The bill also prohibits the smoking of cigarettes in any public place.

Berlin's Lively Fire Brigade.

Berlin claims the record for quickness in turning out the fire brigade. At a test the other day a company was out of quarters, fully equipped for the fire, 22 seconds after the alarm was turned in. Amsterdam has hitherto claimed to hold the record on 26 seconds.

ARTIST GIBSON AND HIS GIRLS.

More Types of Female Beauty In America Than In Any Other Country.

Charles Dana Gibson has been famous so long as the artist who draws the typical high bred American girl that his name suggests ago. He is only 27 years old, however, but his pictures have been familiar to the public for eight years. He began his artistic career at 18 and succeeded almost at a bound. He has just returned from Paris, where he spent nine months in work and study. Paris has long been considered the one place on earth where an artist could find exactly what he needed and desired, but Mr. Gibson declares that in one respect at least Paris disappointed him—the models to be had there were no better than those of New York.

CHARLES D. GIBSON.

America, the artist believes, has a greater variety of types than any other country, despite the fact that the women of all nations are more generally represented in Paris than in any other city of the globe. Mr. Gibson is an ardent champion of American beauty, and after his long sojourn in Paris is well content to utilize native types for his future work. In Paris, however, the people are nearer to art than they are in America, and for that reason models in all walks of life are much easier to procure. The proposition to pose is so familiar to Parisians that it does not startle them, and money or vanity will induce almost any one in the great French metropolis to pose for such pictures as Mr. Gibson creates. During his stay there two famous French actresses, Rachel Boyer and the great Rejane, gave him sittings. The results were quite satisfactory, but Mr. Gibson came to the conclusion that actresses are not good models, for the reason that a good model must be perfectly natural and lack self consciousness.

As an actress' entire training is an effort to represent what she is not, she is quite naturally anything but herself when posing for a picture. Mr. Gibson surprised the Paris models more than they surprised him. They invariably came prepared to pose for nudes and were astounded to learn that they were to sit with their clothing on. One of Mr. Gibson's most useful models is Miss Minnie Clark, a New York girl, whose graceful figure and refined, beautiful face have appeared in many of the artist's pictures.

Mr. Gibson, who has been called the American Du Maurier—although Du Maurier's women are wooden beside the flesh and blood creations of Gibson—was born in Roxbury, Mass. He is tall and athletic and never talks "shop" unless asked to do so. He uses many of his good looking friends as models, and Richard Harding Davis has posed at different times as a Cherry hill (New York) tough, a gambler, a man about town, an English adventurer and a tout for a racing stable.

PERU'S NEW PRESIDENT.

Caceres Has Lost an Eye and All His Property For His Country.

General Andreas Avelino Caceres, who recently became president of Peru, is a distinguished soldier and a thorough patriot. His body is covered with wounds received in his country's service, and he is a poor man for the reason that in her hour of need he gave his country every cent he had. General Caceres was born in Ayucho 58 years ago and has been fighting Peru's battles ever since he was a mere boy of 18. In 1854 he was a student at the University of Lima, but left his studies to assist in quelling an insurrection at Arequipa.

He displayed rare bravery and talent as a soldier and was a second lieutenant at 19. In the service of Grand Marshal Castilla, the great Indian general of Peru, Caceres distinguished himself at a desperate battle with the forces of Echenique in 1858. Caceres received a terrible wound that destroyed one eye and left a scar from his right temple to his mouth and was left for dead upon the field. Soon thereafter he was appointed military attache of the Peruvian legation in Paris, where he spent several years.

General Caceres' greatest service for Peru occurred during the disastrous war with Chile. As colonel in command of the Zepita battalion, he turned the tide of battle at Tarapaca and won a decided victory

GENERAL ANDREAS CACERES.

for the Peruvians. He again fought with great gallantry at Tacna in 1880, but was outnumbered by the Chileans and defeated. Caceres then attempted the defense of Lima with a small force, but his army was again vastly outnumbered and was annihilated by the invaders.

Caceres was again wounded about this time. After the retirement of the army of Chile the congress at Arequipa made Caceres a brigadier general and commissioned him to overthrow Dictator Iglesias, who had been placed in power by the Chileans. Caceres had given all his property to the government and had suffered severely at the hands of the enemy, but he at once began a hard campaign against the dictator and in 1885 succeeded in overthrowing Iglesias and entering Lima. The following year he was elected president of Peru. He served four years and was succeeded in 1890 by General Remundez. When Remundez died, in March of this year, Caceres was proclaimed dictator, and on May 10 was re-elected president. Ex-Dictator Pierola has started a revolutionary movement in northern Peru, but Caceres promises to crush the rebels and restore order.

Good Manners at Home.

The presence of good manners is nowhere more effective than in the household, and perhaps nowhere more rare. Whenever familiarity exists there is a tendency to loosen the check upon selfish conduct, which the presence of strangers involuntarily produces. Many persons who are kind and courteous in company are rude and careless with those they love best. Emerson says, "Good manners are made up of petty sacrifices," and certainly nothing can more thoroughly secure the harmony and peace of the family circle than the habit of making sacrifices for one another.

Children thus learn good manners in the best and most natural way, and habits thus acquired will never leave them. Courtesy and kindness will never lose the power of their charm, while all spurious imitations of them are to be despised.

A REAL LIVE GHOST.

The Experience of a Brother Who Had Made a Solemn Compact.

"You don't believe in ghosts? Don't, eh? I once knew a man who didn't believe in balloons. His reason was just the same as yours—he had never seen one." It was Robert L. Tomlinson, and his audience was a group of incredulous gripsack pilgrims assembled in the Lindell corridors. "Did I ever see a ghost? Well, I kinder cackalate I did, and 'twant none o' your handmade-to-order-while-you-wait ghosts either, lemme tell you. You 'member the Ashtabula railroad wreck? Well, it was the night after that affair that I held my materialization seance. I was living in Dayton. I had a cousin, a graceless scamp named Jack Doolittle, who's been punished for his sins by being sent to the legislature and getting caught in the matrimonial noose four times. It's hard to hold a grudge ag'in' a fellow sinner as has had to wrastle with four mothers-in-law. Well, when Jack and I were going through the agony o' raisin our first mustaches we formed a solemn compact that the one who kicked the bucket first should come back and tell the other all about it, and how he liked it as far as he'd got.

"I received a telegram one day that Jack had been killed in the Ashtabula wreck. I had been worrying about him, for he was traveling in that territory. Well, sir, it broke me all up. We had chummed for 10 years, and one night shared the same load o' shot in a watermelon patch. We had been engaged to the same girl and had lost our money on the same political candidate. I went to bed that night feeling pretty blue and wondering if Jack would show up according to contract. I was in hopes he wouldn't. I liked him well enough in life, but I had no inclination to associate with spirits that couldn't be bottled. About 2 o'clock I woke up, and hang me if Jack wasn't sitting on the edge of the bed. The room was filled with a blue, flickering light, in which his face showed more ghostly than the front elevation of an Egyptian mummy.

"Scientists say that it's all bosh about a man's hair getting a hump on itself when he's scared. That's all they know about it. My flesh seemed to creep and crawl, and every individual hair on my head rose to a point of order. My heart came up and pounded against my teeth, and my tongue went on a strike. The ghost sat there looking at me with a stony stare for full two minutes. I just couldn't stand the pressure. I sprang out of bed and went through the window in one time and two motions. The air was chilly, and I was attired in only my nightgown. I stood it as long as I could, and then I sneaked back and peered into the room. All was dark. I climbed in and tumbled into bed. I found it occupied. The ghost had actually gone to bed and proposed to make a night of it. I made another dive for the window, but my visitor caught hold of the narrative of my 'robe de sham' and dragged me back. I was demoralized, terror stricken.

"I began to yoop like a Piute Indian on the warpath or a picnic girl who had discovered a garter snake. Then Jack said, 'Come to bed, you blanked old fool.' Dead? Not by a good deal. He had sneaked in, poured half a pint of cognac into the washbowl, set it afire, and sat down to stare me into convulsions. Let's go git a lemonade. It gives me the hysteria to think about that night. Same to you!"—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The First Hoopskirts.

Hoopskirts first appeared in 1530. An iron cage was prepared, and the skirts were stretched over it. The cage was tipped to one side, the lady crawled underneath, and the cage was fastened to her waist by a strong leather belt. The contrivance often weighed as much as 40 pounds.—Yankee Blade.

THE LAND OF PROMISE

Is the mighty West, the land that "tickled with a hoe laughs a harvest;" the El Dorado of the miner; the goal of the agricultural emigrant. While it teems with all the elements of wealth and prosperity, some of the fairest and most fruitful portions of it bear a harvest of malaria reaped in its fullness by those unprotected by a medicinal safeguard. No one seeking or dwelling in a malarial locality is safe from the scourge without Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Emigrants, bear this in mind. Commercial travelers sojourning in malarious regions should carry a bottle of the Bitters in the traditional gripsack. Against the effects of exposure, mental or bodily overwork, damp and unwholesome food or water, it is an infallible defense. Constipation, rheumatism, biliousness, dyspepsia, nervousness and loss of strength are all remedied by this genial restorative.

Clerk—That's what we call our No. 4 guest chair, madam. How do you like it? Customer—I am afraid it isn't uncomfortable enough.

STOOD THE TEST.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are unapproachable in curative properties, rapidity and safety of action, and are the only reliable plasters ever produced. They have successfully stood the test of over thirty years' use by the public; their virtues have never been equaled by imitators who have sought to trade upon the reputation of ALLCOCK'S by making plasters with holes in them and claiming them to be "just as good as ALLCOCK'S," and they stand today indorsed by not only the highest medical authorities but by millions of grateful patients who have proved their efficacy as a household remedy.

Beware of imitations. Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and do not be persuaded to accept a substitute.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS will purify the blood.

"Did you ever try the faith cure, Tompkins?" "Yes; it cured me, too." "What of?" "Faith in the faith cure."

TAKE STEPS

In time, if you are a sufferer from that scourge of humanity known as consumption, and you can be cured. There is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its early stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, *fully 98 per cent.* are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

Do you doubt that hundreds of such cases reported to us as cured by "Golden Medical Discovery" were genuine cases of that dread and fatal disease? You need not take our word for it. They have, in nearly every instance, been so pronounced by the best and most experienced home physicians, who have no interest whatever in misrepresenting them, and who were often strongly prejudiced and advised against a trial of "Golden Medical Discovery," but who have been forced to confess that it surpasses, in curative power over this fatal malady, all other medicines with which they are acquainted. Nasty cod-liver oil and its filthy "emulsions" and mixtures, had been tried in nearly all these cases and had either utterly failed to benefit, or had only seemed to benefit a little for a short time. Extract of malt, whiskey, and various preparations of the hypophosphites had also been faithfully tried in vain.

The photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies, have been skillfully reproduced in a book of 160 pages which will be mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write to those who have been cured and profit by their experience.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE HIGHEST OF HONORS

To Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder at the Great Fairs.

For leavening power, keeping qualities, purity and general excellence the World's Fair jury decided that Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder had no equal. On each of its claims it was awarded a first prize or a diploma. All the baking powders entered for prizes were subjected to a most exhaustive examination, and the jury was the best equipped to make the decision of any ever got together. Their verdict was supported by the testimony of Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief chemist of the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington. Dr. Wiley is an expert on food products and the highest authority on such matters in America. This verdict settles a long-debated question as to which among the many baking powders is the best.—Chicago Tribune.

NOTE.—Since the foregoing was published the World's Fair triumph has been confirmed by Highest Award and Gold Medal at the California Midwinter Fair.

"Who are the visitors over at Blinker's—relatives?" "No, they can't be, for the whole family seemed glad to see them."

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., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
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Hall's Catarrh cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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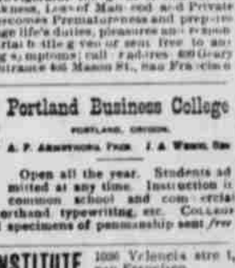

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