Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Where the best food is required, the Royal Baking Powder only can be used.

I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.—*C. Gorju, late Chef, Delmonico's, N. Y.*

Milk Oxidized by Electricity.

Professor Tolomei, an Italian chemist, concludes that the ozone produced by electric discharges in a thunder storm coagulates milk by oxidizing it, and generates lactic acid. Mr. Treadwell, of the Wesleyan university, in discussing this, states that the action is not a mere oxidation, but it is partly produced by the growth of bacteria, which is very rapid in hot, sultry weather.—New York Telegram.

Red Eyelids.

If troubled with red eyelids give them a hot bath just before going to bed, laving them with the hands. In the morning always give the eyes another good bathing, rubbing gently from the outer corners toward the nose. Many people carelessly pass over the eyes while washing the face, but they deserve and need great care.—Herald of Health.

His Reason.

"Carl, it is not very good of you to say bad things of your friend behind his back."

"Yes, but, father, when I say them to his face he beats me."—Fliegende Blatter.

A GAINFUL TRANSACTION

IF YOU LOOK IN Webster's Dictionary, you will find that the definition of a *Bargain* is a *gainful transaction*. Now that is what you are looking for. This week we offer you a genuine bargain and a very seasonable one: **8 cents per yard for Ginghams** in popular colors in checks, stripes and plaids, 27 inches wide. It will cost about **3 cents** per yard to mail. So you see you are getting a good grade of Gingham delivered at your post-office for **11 cents** per yard.

OLDS & KING, Portland, Or.

BEST ON EARTH

Send $1 for the best Shirt on earth, and receive it by mail. Once tried, you will always use them. TRY ONE.

A. B. Steinbach & Co.,

First and Morrison, Portland, Or.

Largest and cheapest clothing house in the Pacific Northwest.

SCHOOL MEDALS

BEST DESIGNS. FINEST METAL. LOWEST PRICES. Letters answered promptly.

A. FELDENHEIMER, First and Morrison Streets, Portland, Or.

"August Flower"

"What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked. It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver.—Nothing more than this. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. To-day it has an honored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing, and does it right. It cures dyspepsia.

BLOOD POISON A SPECIALTY. Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Syphilis permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home for the same price and the same guarantees; with those who prefer to come here we will contract to cure them or refund money and pay expense of coming, railroad fare and hotel bills, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, Iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Copper-Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Eyebrows falling out, it is this Syphilitic BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guarantee. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO., 1325 to 1331 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, some intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

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

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c. CONSUMPTION.

THE OLD BACHELOR.

He is portly, but very erect,
And always—to somewhat digress,
Artistic and quite circumspect,
When it comes to a question of dress:
A lover of whist and of chess
And a little disposed to be gay,
Yet I pity him, nevertheless—
The old bachelor over the way.

For I know when his life I dissect
There is lack of the wifely caress,
No children around him collect,
His home coming nightly to bless;
And to scan him again I confess
He's a trifle inclined to be gray,
In spite of his social success—
The old bachelor over the way.

And I feel my surmise is correct,
When I look at him closely and guess
That when he takes time to reflect,
He misses the true happiness;
For the lack of a home will depress,
And his boyhood was happy they say.
I fancy that dreams must oppress
The old bachelor over the way.

ENVOY.

What! married? this morning, no less,
For who shall King Cupid gainsay?
Well, well, he is in for distress—
The old bachelor over the way.
—Ernest McGaffey in Arkansaw Traveler.

Sending "Copy" Cheaply.

It is now possible, as most people know, to send an ordinary letter by train when one wishes to make a compromise between dispatching a telegram and forwarding a letter by the usual means. The same advantage has been enjoyed by newspapers, so far as "copy" is concerned, for many years. Old journalists can remember the time when telegraphing was so expensive and so uncertain that most of the news which appeared in the London press was received by train. In those days subeditors had only to wait for the last train, arriving soon after midnight, and they knew what they had to deal with. Now all that is changed. The London press at the present time receives nearly all its provincial news by telegraph and a good deal of "copy" arrives in the small hours of the morning.

Provincial newspapers, however, big and little, still make great use of the railway system for the transmission of news. Almost every express which starts from London between midday and evening carries a number of packages from the news agencies containing reports of markets, trials, Stock exchange information, and so forth. Many of these reports are incomplete.

Part of a trial will, for example, be sent by a train starting long before it is over, and the remainder by telegraph. These parcels also contain little instructions for the subeditor or the printers which cannot be dispatched over wire at the press message rate of 100 words for one shilling. Sometimes leading articles and paragraphs of "London Letters" are sent in the same way.—London Tit-Bits.

The Very Worst Smell.

An odor has been found so frightful that the discoverers have been obliged to abandon its preparation. MM. Bauman and Fromm, in experimenting at Freiburg, in Brisgau, upon the organic sulphur derivatives, caused hydrogen sulphide to act upon acetone, and obtained besides trithioacetone small quantities of a definite compound nonvolatile and crystalline, C15 H28 S4. At the same time there is found a very volatile body, having such a horrible odor that ethylmercaptan, etylenemercaptan and the other volatile sulphur compounds are perfumes compared with it.

The discoverers have not been able to obtain this compound in a pure state, but they do not doubt that it is monosulphuretted acetine C5 H6 S. As they were one day distilling the product of the reaction of 100 grams of acetone with hydrochloric acid and hydrogen sulphide, with a very perfect arrangement for its condensation, and avoiding a sensible loss of the products of the reaction, the atmosphere of the whole surrounding district of the city was contaminated within a radius of 700 meters.

Every effort to obtain this substance in a pure state raised such a tempest of protestations and complaints against the laboratory that the experimenters were obliged to discontinue their researches.—Pharmaceutical Era.

Getting Caught in a Lie.

A question which the etiquette books should settle is the proper behavior on being caught in a lie. This would interest persons of both sexes. It is the custom of one woman to play a brave hand on such occasions.

"I've found out that lie you told about me," said an irate person to her one day. "Have you? Really!" she promptly answered. "Which one?"

This is sure to stagger, but it takes nerve to do it. Another person—a man this time—had an acquaintance rush in upon him one day like a cyclone. "Look here, you rascal, you," he shouted, "you've been lying about me!"

"Then thank your lucky stars, man, that I haven't told the truth about you," answered the other coolly.—New York Evening Sun.

Professor Emerson's Absentmindedness.

Professor Emerson, while at Lake Forest, was actually known to go down to the depot to take the train for Chicago and forget to get on board. When he came to this city to deliver a lecture at the Art institute, Mr. French, of the institute, met him at the train. "Why, Emerson," said Mr. French, as he looked at the professor's neck, "you've got two collars on." Professor Emerson's hand went up to his throat. "So I have," said he, and the surplus collar was quickly stowed away in the professor's pocket.—Chicago Herald.

Complete suits of fireproof asbestos cloth are now made for firemen's wear. As the material is indestructible and a bad conductor of heat as well, the wearer is protected in the midst of flames. Of course air for breathing must be supplied through tubes in some such way as it is supplied to the diver when he is under water.

DREAM MUSIC.

I hear a spirit in my dreams
That in the calm dream darkness sings,
In tongues I know not of, of things
That are unthinkable, it seems.
Her voice has in it hues and gleams,
And in the unknown words there rings
Cadence on cadence, as of strings
Finer than sunlight spun in beams.

If I could see her, I am sure
That I would find her colored eyes
Like flute tones, and her cheeks made fair
With thrilling bugle notes, and pure
Her lips as harp tunes and gold sighs
Of viols woven in her hair.
—Edward Lucas White in New York Sun.

MURDER IN CINNABAR.

"I wonder whatever for a reward, now, is offered for that gent in the east," said Jack Moore as the stranger disappeared to claim the hospitality of the O. K. hotel.

Cinnabar sentiment was not usually suspicious. Comers to its gates were flung a breezy welcome, unoccupied with impertinent inquiries. Names were not asked nor histories desired.

"This yere askin' of a stranger's name is onpolite as a play an' has its resks beside," said Armstrong, who was the Chesterfield of Cinnabar and an authority on matters of etiquette. "It's ass insultin' a gettin' cur'ous over the brand on a man' hoss."

"That's whatever," assented Bill Tutt. "I knows a party in Laredo who keeps pesterin' 'round a-askin' of a stranger's name, an' he gets that onpopular the man wipes him over the head with his six shooter. You bet he was mighty displeased about it."

No; Cinnabar thought was blue eyed and unsuspicious. Those who came were cheerfully received and approved of or lynched, according to their after unfoldment. Jack Moore himself was of a generous, healthful turn, and ordinarily would never have held the thought which appears in his interrogatory touching possible eastern rewards. The truth is, the stranger excited suspicion. No one could tell how or why, but there was that in his very atmosphere which would make a dog growl. Old Monte knew nothing about him.

"He takes the stage in Tucson," said that worthy person as he removed his nose from a whisky glass for the purpose of fuller converse. "An' no one knows nothin' about him. As he don't do nuthin' comin' over but lean back an' cuss the world in general an' Arizona in pertic'ler, which, while it's all right for a pastime, after all don't advance no facts, you can see I shore falls short of bein' fully informed of this yere man myself."

"Well, I don't anyhow like him none," said Rosewood Jim reflectively. "Of course, he ain't earned no word from me either way, an' what I says needn't go to his loss, but I shorely takes a notion agin' him, jest the same."

This appeared to represent the Cinnabar feeling. Still it is probable that Cinnabar would have thought and said no further were it not for subsequent happenings at the O. K. hotel.

Cinnabar was at its vesper drink when the rapid reports of a pistol coming from the hotel aforesaid aroused that mild interest which Cinnabar had grown to be stow on such phenomena.

"I wonder whoever gets it now?" said Bill Tutt as he replaced his drained glass on the Gold Mine bar.

Curiosity, however, was soon made easy when word came over from the O. K. hotel that it was simply Texas Thomson, and that no one had bled.

"He's jest shootin' up the dinin' room some, on account of the stranger," said the courier who bore the news, "an' ain't meanin' nuthin' whatever."

The trouble came thus: The O. K. hotel was in conduct of a wide and liberal management, and its spirit was amply shown in its motto, "There's Nuthin' Too Rich for Cinnabar." But nevertheless its menu was under the grinding control of circumstances. Just following those jocund days which marked the advent of the freighters from Tucson the O. K. table d'hote became a feast of richness.

After the freighters had departed in return, and as days went by, the richness dwindled. It was on the day which sorrowfully marked the freighters as being absent some three weeks that the stranger signed the dogeared account book, which served as a register and claimed the attention of the O. K. hotel as its guest, and the table had pined to beans and coffee. Cinnabar could be depended on never to complain. It realized the exigencies of trade conditions, and fully exonerated the O. K. hotel from any attempt to put it to death by starving. Not so the stranger. He knew nothing of the freighters to Tucson and was a-hungered.

"I don't like beans, and I don't want any coffee," said the stranger, with a petulant snap, as the viands described were placed in his reach by Widow Briggs. "You can bring me a beefsteak and eggs, and a cup of tea, with toast."

"Beans an' coffee," said the Widow Briggs, regarding the stranger with a cold and stony eye, "is the last two chickens on the roost, an' you eats 'em or lets 'em alone, jest as you all please." The widow then made a majestic exit from the room in dignified dismissal of the whole matter.

Thereupon the stranger railed.

"Whatever is the matter with you all anyhow?" asked Texas Thomson, addressing the petulant stranger in a wronged and injured tone. "What you all a-tryin' to pull on trouble with them thar frijoles for? Frijoles is mighty succulent food an' your stomach is a heap too ladylike when it gets to layin' back its years that away at frijoles."

"But I don't like beans," said the stranger.

"Oh, you like 'em well enough," responded Thomson confidently. "You jest thinks you don't like 'em. What you all aims at in your proud an' sperited way is to sorter lay back scornful of the grub yere, an' put it all over Cinnabar. You jest seizes on these yere frijoles as a mere excuse."

"Who are you?" asked the stranger in a mixture of wrath and uneasiness.

"Who be I?" repeated Thomson, in tones of scoff. "Who be I? Partner, you hoomiliates me. I'm the man who killed Bronco McGee; that's who I be. An' say, stranger, I'll just confide in you, 'cause thar's something about you that drors me. If you don't crawl outside them beans," and here Mr. Thomson's tones grew low and confidential, "this yere pertic'lar minute we all is exchanging' our views in, I'll shorely leave you on both sides of the street." Here Mr. Thomson slowly drew his large, impresive six shooter and laying it beside his plate contemplated the horror stricken stranger with great interest.

The latter at once, but reluctantly, proceeded with his consumption of the distasteful vegetable. To his comfort and assistance the ardent Mr. Thomson also caused to be purveyed an allowance of whisky.

"An' bring it in a tin cup too," said Mr. Thomson.

This was received by the stranger and quaffed in silence and sorrow, after which Mr. Thomson fired his pistol a few times through the thin board walls of the room in a vague and desultory manner and came away, leaving the stranger to meditate on the exuberant character of his entertainment.

"Oh, I wasn't aimin' to hit him none," said Texas Thomson, as Armstrong rebuked him gently when they met a moment later in the Gold Mine saloon. "I was jest runnin' a little blazer onto him, and sorter bangs away with my gun as an evidence of good faith."

"Oh! the blazer was all right," said Armstrong critically. "This yere stranger takes to puttin' on dog an' of course something's got to be done for the credit of Cinnabar. But when it wins—when you don't get called on to make good, you shorely oughter stop thar. This yere shootin' 'round the diniu' room was frivolous, an' annoyin' to other men as sets thar ca'mly eatin' an' who ain't in it. It's disturbin' to 'em. What do you think, yourse'f, Rosewood?"

"That's whatever," said Rosewood Jim, as he riffled a deck and snapped it in the deal box. "It sorter takes them boarders' minds offen their wittles that away, an' is bad for the digestion."

"Whoever is this yere strange female?" interrupted Bill Tutt, who stood looking from the door.

It was growing dusk now, and a slight, strange figure in skirts could be just seen as it entered the office of the hotel across the way.

"Some she Mexican, over from Chilili," said Armstrong. Chilili was that portion of Cinnabar in which the Mexicans most did congregate, and Armstrong's ready explanation seemed the likely one.

"Do you know," said Rosewood Jim as he sat at his faro table caressing a stack of blues, "do you know I don't feel all right about this yere bean eater of Thomson's? I ain't sopoerstitious, but I'd shorely like to know what ever this yer shorthorn comes a-canterin' into camp for, anyhow."

"You jest takes a notion agin him," said Tutt, "same as you says a while back; that's all."

"No, it ain't no notion neither," persisted Rosewood Jim, still fumbling the stack of blues. "It gist sorter weighs down on me thar's goin' to be some queer play made 'round yere."

"Do you all know," said Jack Moore, who had been lending his ear in silence, "that's the way it hits me the minute I sees this yere stranger. That's why I makes that talk about rewards. It strikes me somehow he's bein' trailed for something."

"I don't know what you all feel's comin'," said Texas Thomson sourly," but you can gamble he eats them beans three times a day while he stays. I sees to that personal."

"I was playin' poker in the Full Blown Rose last night an' I sees jacks on eights out three times," continued Rosewood, still assisting his musings with the soft clatter of the chips as he sorted them between his experienced thumb and fore finger. "That's the hand the dead man held an' is allers a warnin'."

The morning dawned on a ripple of excitement at the O. K. hotel. The stranger lay white and dead. By his side, with an arm across his face, was the beautiful life abandoned body of a woman. It was the stranger in the dusk of the night before. Her hair was jet, and her dark skin, in the pallor of death, took the hue of cream. The stranger had met death by the stiletto, and the slender blade which wended him, thin as paper, keen as biting frost, had then been sheathed in the dark beauty's torrid heart.

"This yere is murder," said Armstrong thoughtfully, as he gazed at the pair, "an' the first as Cinnabar sees. We has had killin's here before, but no murders, which is different a whole lot."

"I shore hopes whar he now is the grub beats beans a point," said Texas Thomson.—Dan Quin in St. Louis Republic.

Irish Moss.

Among the many useful things which absolute privation has been the means of making known to the world is carrageen or Irish moss. The virtues of this seaweed, now so largely used as a basis for mucilaginous drinks and cough emulsions, were for many years known only to the very poorest of the poor inhabitants of the Irish seacoast, who were driven to its use by the pangs of hunger.

Finding that when boiled it produced a thick, nourishing and not unpalatable jelly, they for a long time used it as food before becoming gradually aware of its beneficial effects in diseases of the throat and lungs. After a time this discovery led to its medicinal use in other and richer lands.

Boiled with milk, or even with water and carefully strained, it forms a most nutritious and soothing diet for invalids, especially for those who suffer from chronic diarrhea or other complaints which are attended with great irritability of the mucous membrane lining stomach and intestines. The jelly may be sweetened or flavored in various ways, fruit juices, either canned or in a natural state, and coffee or chocolate, prepared as for the table, being preferable to any of the flavoring extracts, both for taste and healthfulness. For invalids it is always best to use the least amount of sugar which will make it palatable.—Harper's Bazar.

Night Rains.

The skeptic Condorest ventures the remark that if the world had really been created for the benefit of man the weather clerk ought to have arranged matters in a way to let rains and storms come off in night time and reserve the daylight hours for soul cheering sunshine. A close approach to that ideal is, however, actually found on the table lands of Peru, where the sun is hardly ever veiled by clouds, and where vegetation is nevertheless kept alive by heavy night dews. As much as a three gallon pailful of water has been wrung from a poncho, or small Spanish shawl, dragged repeatedly across the dew-drenched grass of a half-acre meadow. Breezes from the snow covered Sierras help to mitigate the heat of summer, and the glens of the cloudless foothill region abound with springs.—Philadelphia Times.

Capital Punishment Among Jews.

Decapitation was performed by the Jews after the fashion of the surrounding nations. It was considered the most humiliating, the most ignominious and degrading death that any man could suffer. It was the penalty in cases of assassination and deliberate murder. It was incurred by those who willfully and wantonly slew a man with a stone or with an implement of stone or iron. It was likewise the punishment meted out to all persons who resided in a town the inhabitants of which had allowed themselves to be seduced to idolatry and paganism.—American Notes and Queries.

Etiquette in the Country.

"They have different etiquette in the country than they do here," said a man from out of town. "In Java, Wyoming county, the young men when they come out of church keep their hats off until their sweethearts come out. I saw a young fellow stand bareheaded in the hot sun for fully five minutes. I requested him to don his hat, fearing he would be sunstruck, but it was no use. He stuck it out, and was rewarded finally by the appearance of his coveted angel."—Buffalo Enquirer.

Melons Better Than Emancipation.

The day before the anniversary of emancipation a farmer unloaded a load of watermelons at Johnson's store to have them cared for until the following day. An old darky stepped into the store late in the evening and stood looking at the fine melons. Frank Johnson asked him if he was going to have a fine time on emancipation day. "I don't care much 'bout 'mancipation, boss," he said, "but I would like to have one o' dem milyuns awful well."—San Marcos (Tex.) Free Press.

Rome's Baths Eclipsed.

Some of the wealthy men of New York have spent small fortunes in fitting up their private bathrooms. Mr. Marquand is reported to be the owner of the handsomest one in the metropolis. It has been described as uniquely magnificent. The bath tank is faced with old Saracenic jewels brought from Spain. The angles of the tank are cushioned with polished metal. Above is a barrel arch. The water flows through the throats of carved dolphins.—New York Sun.

Settled at Last.

Mr. Hayforke (reading The Weekly Welcome)—A Second Adventist out west proves conclusively by the Bible that the world will come to an end on the 23d of next month.

Mrs. Hayforke (dropping her knitting)—Land sakes! Then what's the use o' me finishin' these stockings? Maybe it won't even be cold by that time. Iky, look in The Farmer's Almanac an' see what the weather is goin' to be.

Iky (after a moment)—It's goin' to be moderate, mother; moderate an' fair.

Mrs. Hayforke—Does the almanac stop on the 23d?

Iky—No; it goes right on to the end o' the year.

Mrs. Hayforke—Don't it say anything about th' world comin' to an end?

Iky—Not a word.

Mrs. Hayforke (resuming her knitting)—The Bible is wrong.—Good News.

The Ruling Passion.

They were teaching the swell little New York girl to count.

"Three hundred and ninety-seven, three hundred and ninety-eight, three hundred and ninety-nine, four hundred," said the mother.

And the child followed correctly.

"Four hundred and one," continued the mother.

"Go on," said the mother, "you were doing very nicely."

"No, mamma," she said with dignity, "I can't go beyond the 400."

And there she stuck.—Washington Star.

A new system of protection for gunners in exposed places on men-of-war in action is to be adopted by the navy department—a wire webbing made of intertwining spirals remarkably flexible and strong. It resembles somewhat the old fashioned chain armor of the Crusaders' time, and curtains of this material will be used to protect gunners behind shields from fragments of exploding shells.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Parents looking for a school in which to place their boys are advised to put them in Hoitt's Oak Grove School. The master, Dr. Ira G. Hoitt, is well known as an educator. The school is limited to fifty pupils, and special attention is given to each one. The location near Millorae in San Mateo county, Cal., is charming.

Taken as a hole, the Mammoth cave is fully entitled to rank with the wonders of the world.

OF INTEREST TO ATHLETES.

James Robinson, the athletic trainer at Princeton College, Princeton, N. J., says: "I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. Shortly after entering upon my profession I discovered such a remedy in Allcock's Porous Plasters. I tried othe plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating. Allcock's Porous Plasters give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back, and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In 'sprints' and 'distance' races and jumping the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected.

Mayor Harrison, the Rajah of Chicago, will make his old friend, the Rajah of Johore, feel perfectly at home.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Also all Private diseases. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Posey, 826 Market street San Francisco.

"What is your favorite style of fire escape?" said one department clerk to another. "Civil-service rules," was the reply.

A cough, cold or sore throat requires immediate attention, as neglect results in some incurable lung disease or chronic throat trouble. "Brown's Bronchial Troches" will invariably give relief.

"Have you a good cook?" "She's very good; goes to church four times a week. She can't cook, though."

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.

Use Enamaline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell

Profoundly Grateful

For Help Derived From Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I am profoundly impressed with the medical virtues of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was threatened with cancer, and disagreeable eruptions on my back and other places. The cancer was appearing on my lip. Providentially I obtained a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and by the time it was gone, the bad symptoms had nearly all disappeared. I have used four bottles, and I believe it has Saved Me From Premature Death. I am now almost 73 years of age, and I work like a tiger." And I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has had much to do with my vigor and strength." Rev. O. H. Power, 234 Hanover Street, Chicago, Ill.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

YOUNG MEN! The Specific A No. 1. Cures, without fail, all cases of Gonorrhœa and Gleet, no matter of how long standing. Prevents stricture. It being an internal remedy. Cures when everything else has failed. Sold by all Druggists. Manufactured by The A. Schoenhut Medicine Co., San Jose, Cal. Price, $2.00.

N. P. N. U. No. 495—S. F. N. U. No. 572

COMPLETELY UPROOTED.

How many remedies there are which merely relieve without uprooting disease. The contrast with sterling medicines which such palliatives afford not only enhances the dignity of the former, but serves to emphasize the folly of employing half-way measures when thorough ones are available. A marked instance of this is the effect, on the one hand, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of chills and fever and bilious remittent, and on the other of ordinary remedies in maladies of this type. By the Bitters malarial complaint in every stage and of the most malignant type are completely conquered and lose their hold upon the system. They are rarely, if ever, dislodged by the ordinary resources of medicine, although their symptoms may unquestionably be mitigated through such means. The same holds good of indigestion, biliousness, kidney complaint, rheumatism, nervousness and debility. By the Bitters they are cured when many remedies fail.

He—Did you tell her I would be there bright and early? She—I told her you would be there early.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier is the best remedy for cleansing your system.

The Best Cure is that which truly cures Promptly and Permanently, and St. Jacobs Oil Shows a Thousand Proofs of the worst cases of Pain It Has Cured.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

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

This Great Cough Cure promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will cure you if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use Shiloh's Belladonna Plaster. 25c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50cts. Injector free.

A Weak Digestion

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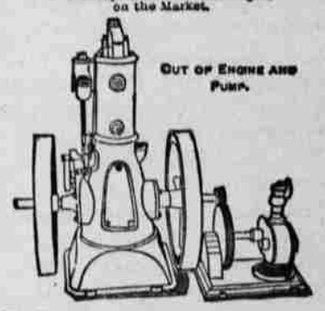

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