A Matter of Health

IT costs more to make Royal Bak ing Powder than any other, because its ingredients are more highly refined and expensive. But the Royal is correspondingly purer and higher in leavening strength, and of greater money value to the consumer. The difference in cost of Royal over the best of the others does not equal one cent a year. Not only is Royal of greater strength, nor make good the difference in leavening of the cheaper powders, but the inferior work impurities which such powders leave in the food.

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

Where the question of health is considered no baking powder but Royal can be used with safety. All others are shown by official analyses to contain lime, ammonia or alum.

Experimenting With Corn.

"I made a queer and a very interesting experiment with a growing cornstalk," said Harvey Samuels as he settled in one of the great rockers in the Lindell. "I had always heard a great deal about the effect of injecting medicines and food into human beings, the method being pronounced preferable and more beneficial in cases of extreme illness than that of feeding through the regular channels. My work with this corn plant was decidedly interesting. I secured a small glass syringe with a very fine point to it. After the corn was two weeks old and only a few inches tall I began to inject the unfermented juice of crushed apples. My first injection was not quite a drop. Three days later I repeated the dose, increasing it slightly. In a little while the injection was a daily occurrence and the dose increased proportionately. The cornstalk waxed fat and tall. All along it gave promise of great size and large fruit.

"Its height in July was fully 16 inches above the tallest stalk in the field. Its ears were much larger, while the silken tassel was much smaller and lacked the depth of color characteristic of the other plants. I took an ear home to steam and eat. I can tell you that the quality of that corn for eating purposes was excellent. It smacked a little of apple, just the slightest suggestion of it, and not at all disagreeable as one might suppose. The grains were large and juicy. In fact the quality of the corn was far superior to anything I had ever eaten in that line. I am going to repeat the experiment."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Several Coincidences.

While the belief in talismans and omens is confined to the less educated portion of our population, even the most skeptical read with interest coincidences that simpler minds regard as prophecies. President Garfield a few months before his death related to a friend the following incidents:

As General Garfield entered the convention the day of his nomination, a man distributing leaves of the New Testament handed one to him which the engrossed politician folded and put in his pocket. Long after the nomination he took down the suit he had worn that eventful day, and before putting it on proceeded to empty the pockets. He drew out a paper pressed into a narrow fold, one verse only being visible. It was this, "The stone which the builders rejected is become the head of the corner."

Again, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon the hour of the nomination in Chicago, an eagle, coming from no one knows where, lighted on General Garfield's house in Washington and sat there several minutes. This occurrence was witnessed by many persons in the capital.—Wide Awake.

A Naturalist and the Snake Charmer.

A story used to be told at Cairo of the late Sir Richard Owen during one of his sojourns in Egypt. The great naturalist was seated in the shade on the veranda at Shepperd's hotel, as is the postprandial wont of visitors to that famous hostelry, when the inevitable snake charmer came to him and produced from his bag a lively specimen of the horned asp—the deadly cerastes. The professor gazed, and nothing daunted stopped and plucked the horns from the head of the reptile wriggling at his feet, remarking to a bystander that the man would probably think twice before trying to palm off upon any one else a harmless snake as a cerastes by the aid of a couple of fish bones. With anybody else the charmer would probably have succeeded. He had tried it on the wrong man.—London Tit-Bits.

THE REASON.

Let us look into the force, meaning, reason of the oft-repeated line: Cures Promptly and Permanently.

Pains Endured for 30 Years,
25 Years,
20 Years,
10 Years,

Have been promptly Cured by

ST. JACOBS OIL.

By the use of:

A FEW APPLICATIONS
A HALF BOTTLE
ONE BOTTLE
TWO BOTTLES.

Correspondence with Sufferers shows entire permanence of cure up to this time, in some cases covering

5 Years,
7 Years,
8 Years,
10 Years,

and so on, and this proof we hold.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of Buildings and Grounds, beautifully illustrated, in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c. in postage stamps by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

N. P. N. U. No. 501—S. F. N. U. No. 578

The Heavens In the North.

From the last days of May to the end of July in the northern part of this land the sun shines day and night upon its mountains, fiords, rivers, lakes, forests, valleys, towns, villages, hamlets, fields and farms, and thus Sweden and Norway may be called the land of the midnight sun. During the period of continuous daylight the stars are never seen, the moon appears pale and sheds no light upon the earth. Summer is short, giving just time enough for the wild flowers to grow, to bloom and to fade away, and barely time for the husbandman to collect his harvest, which, however, is sometimes nipped by a summer frost.

A few weeks after the midnight sun has passed the hours of sunshine shorten rapidly, and by the middle of August the air becomes chilly and the nights colder, although during the day the sun is warm. Then the grass turns yellow, the leaves change their color, wither and fall; the swallows and other migrating birds fly toward the south; twilight comes once more; the stars, one by one, make their appearance, shining brightly in the pale blue sky; the moon shows itself again as the queen of the night and lights and cheers the long and dark days of the Scandinavian winter.

The time comes at last when the sun disappears entirely from sight; the heavens appear in a blaze of light and glory, and the stars and the moon pale before the aurora borealis.—"Land of the Midnight Sun."

Wanted to Brush Them Off.

Passing down a quiet street not long since I saw two beautifully dressed women approaching. They were clad in delicate colors, and spick and span from head to foot. Between them and me was a garbage wagon, and just as they came opposite about two tons of ashes was hoisted into it with a result to the women that was detrimental to their appearance to a marked degree.

"That mean old thing," said one.

"I know he did it on purpose," said the other.

"My eyes are so full of ashes I can't see a thing."

"And so is my mouth," said the other. But the climax was reached when the driver of the garbage wagon accosted them, saying:

"Wouldn't yees like me to brush yees off?"

These two women proved that warm hearts were beating beneath their dainty clothes, for they only thanked him kindly, but—refused.—New York Herald.

The Game Needed Editing.

Three newspaper men were playing alleged billiards in the spacious billiard room of the Palmer House the other afternoon, while two fellow workers in the business looked on and made remarks about the game. The game could not stand many remarks. It was weak and halting. When, after many efforts and sundry wild dabs with the cue, one of the trio would count, the quintet would indulge in wild hilarity. But this did not happen often.

The buttons were becoming fastened on the wire by rust. The play was bad. Shots were made with the best intentions in the world, but somehow the balls always rolled too far to one side or the other. Finally, after a period of futile shots, one of the onlookers said:

"You fellows ought to get some one to 'read copy' on that game you're playing."

"How is that?" asked the player who had missed last.

"Because there's so much bad English in it."—Chicago Herald.

A Thin Opening for Light.

Experiments made in Hartford show that light can be seen through a clean cut opening of not more than one forty-thousandth of an inch. This fact was determined by taking two thoroughly clean, straight edges, placing a piece of paper between the surfaces at one end, the opposite end being allowed to come together. The straight edges being placed between the eye and a strong light in a dark room, a wedge of light was perceived from the ends between which the paper was placed and the opposite, which were brought together. The thickness of the paper being known, the distance apart of the two edges of the small end of the wedge of light was easily calculated, and the result was shown as above.—Exchange.

Seasoning Timber.

Oak timber loses about one-fifth of its weight in seasoning and about one-third of its weight in becoming dry. Gradual drying and seasoning are considered the most favorable to the durability and strength of timber. Kiln drying is particularly serviceable for boards and pieces of small dimensions, and unless performed slowly is apt to cause cracks and impair the strength of the wood. If timber of large dimensions be immersed in water for some weeks it is improved, and is less liable to warp and crack in seasoning.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt sometimes rides in a high French carriage of striking design that is remarked by thousands in Central park, New York, as a very fine and unique vehicle. It is lined throughout with satin, and sets so high at the springs that it is provided with a flight of steps like the family coaches of olden time.

A DAMASCUS BLADE.

This crescent shaped and flexible blade,
With time dulled, tawny gold inlaid,
'Neath skies that knew the eastern star
Was found within an old bazaar.
I mind me well, now, passing by,
We caught the merchant's gleaming eye.
Where in his dim recess he sat
Upon his precious Persian mat,
Urbane he was and grave of mien,
This patriarchal Damascene;
He lured us to his small divan;
A serving boy for coffee ran,
And, while we sipped, he laid before
Our widening eyes his wondrous store.

There from worn sheaths, once bright with gilt,
We saw protrude the jeweled hilt;
There ivory from Bengal brought
With Saracenic art was wrought;
And there keen steel was looked upon
That like moon-burnished water shone.
But most of all on me laid hold
This blade, with letters strangely scrolled—
Some curious Koran text, no doubt,
Bidding the warrior's heart be stout—
And, when we took our way afar,
I bore it from the old bazaar.

He had a deadly supple wrist
Who wielded it of yore, I wist,
And oft, mayhap, in goodly stead,
He flashed it o'er his turbaned head
When some Crusader, huge and grim,
In the thick press confronted him.
Perchance his zealous soul now roves
In peaceful paradisial groves;
His blade—I wonder does he know?
Is nothing but a curio!
Ah! what a fate its fate has been—
The blade that cleft for Saladin!

—Clinton Scollard in Lippincott's.

DEFINITIONS OF HOME.

Some Beautiful Sentiments About That Place Which Is Loved by All.

The London Tit-Bits offered a prize for the best definition of home. Here are some of the best of 5,000 answers sent in.

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

A ship upon the ocean of life, where the captain is assisted by a first class mate, whose name of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

Home is a place that a married man loves before his mother-in-law comes to stay there.

Home is a person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without disquietude; a place where time is spent without repentance, and which is ruled by justice, mercy and love.

A grand old mirror, through which both sides of us are seen.

That source of comfort which youth does not fully appreciate, which the young men and maidens lovingly desire, which the middle aged generally possess, which the old rightly value.

A hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon.

The place where the cook spoils the dinner, where the baby spoils the night's rest, and where a late breakfast for an early train spoils the digestion.

A place easily left but not so easily forgotten.

The place where the great are sometimes small and the small often great.

The divinely appointed school for mankind, where husband and wife, parents and children mutually educate one another.

When good, a man's kingdom and haven of refuge; when indifferent, a parade ground of duty; when bad, the torturer's cage in which of old the victim could neither move nor rest nor stand nor lie.

The kingdom of love whose queen is 'mother."

The world's workshop for the manufacture of character.

A mint, in which our characters (the coins of life) are stamped and impressed.

A junction on love's railway.

The best place for a married man after business hours.

Home is the coslest, kindliest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

A place the clubman retires to when weary of his club.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of fallen humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

Where mother lives.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

The jewel casket containing the most precious of all jewels—domestic happiness.

The place at which the bread winner looks to obtain some little rest and quietness after a day of toil, and the favorite sojourning place of one's offspring while there is aught to be got out of it, and the place just as studiously avoided by them when their pecuniary position would warrant something being got out of them.

Where you are treated best and you grumble most.

Home is a central telegraph office of human love into which run innumerable wires of affection, many of which, though extending thousands of miles, are never disconnected from the one great terminus.

The center of our affections, around which our hearts' best wishes twine.

A little hollow scooped out of the windy hill of the world where we can be shielded from its cares and annoyances.

A popular but paradoxical institution, in which woman works in the absence of man and man rests in the presence of woman.

A working model of heaven, with real angels in the form of mothers and wives.

The place where all husbands should be at night.

The place in which you live till you are old enough to get away from it, and to which you never fail to return when there is nowhere else to go.

The antipodes of bad lodgings.

The place dearest to those who have lost it.

An abode on which the inmate, the "superior being called man," can pay back at night with 50 per cent. interest every annoyance that has met him in business during the day.

The only place on earth where a man is seen as he truly is.

A place that is either made or marred by a woman.

A place we are always unhappy away from and never contented in.

An oasis in the desert of life where one can find a shady retreat from the sun of toil and drink from the well of happiness.

A seat of bliss where naught's amiss.

A universal lodestone.

A school wherein we are taught the most important lessons of life, for they constitute the basis upon which we build the whole superstructure of our characters.

There are in Illinois many extinct lakes, which can easily be transformed into sheets of water by the simplest means. All the enormous "Lake Plain," as it is known to geologists, comprising Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan, north of the Ohio river, is dotted with countless sheets of water, conditions being favorable for creating many more by such inexpensive artifices as the damming of streams.

The young Prince of Naples, heir to the throne of Italy, is said to be a model prince, intellectually and morally. He is an only child, idolized by his parents, and a scholar and a gentleman in every sense of the word.

Jasmine is an Indian shrub. Its starry, wax white blossoms are indescribably sweet. All the burning pain and passion and pathos and mystery of the Hindoo race seem to rise up to you in its breath.

An expert electrician asserts that an electric train making 125 miles an hour would require 7,000 feet in which to come to a standstill.

A NARROW ESCAPE IN RUSSIA.

How the Vigilant Officers of the Czar Were Cleverly Outwitted.

On the second day after our arrival in Krasnoyarsk we narrowly escaped getting into what might have been serious trouble as the result of an unexpected perquisition in the house of the acquaintance with whom Shamarin and Peterson were staying. This acquaintance, it seemed, was under suspicion, and late in the evening, during the absence of the two young men from their quarters, the police suddenly appeared with orders to make a house search. The search was duly made, but nothing of a suspicious nature was found except the two locked trunks of Shamarin and Peterson.

In reply to a question as to what was in them the proprietor of the house said that he did not know, that they were the property of two of his acquaintances who had stopped for a few days with him on their way from Irkutsk to St. Petersburg. Upon being asked where these acquaintances were, he replied that he did not know; that they usually went out after dinner and returned between 11 and 12 o'clock. After a brief consultation the police officers decided that as they had no orders to search the personal baggage of the houseowner's guests they would not force the locks of the trunks, but would merely cord and seal them, so that the contents could not be tampered with, and leave them until morning.

When Shamarin and Peterson returned to their quarters about midnight they found their trunks corded and sealed so that they could not be opened. In one of them were many letters from political exiles and convicts in eastern Siberia and friends and relatives in European Russia—letters describing my investigations and the nature of the material that I was collecting, and asking the friends and relatives in European Russia to co-operate with me—and a photograph of myself that I had given to Shamarin with a dedication inscription on the back that would [illegible] any intelligent police officer the [illegible] of a political convict.

What was to be done? To break a police seal under such circumstances would be a penal offense, and would probably lead to imprisonment and an investigation. To leave the letters and photograph in the trunk would be to insure their discovery and confiscation on the following morning, and that might create a very embarrassing situation for me, as well as for the authors of the letters and their friends. The two young men finally concluded to make an attempt to get the trunk open without removing the cords or breaking the seals, and as the letters and photograph were near the bottom, and as the lid could not be raised even if the trunk were unlocked, they decided to take out a part of the bottom and afterward replace it.

By working all the rest of the night they succeeded in getting out one of the bottom boards, obtained the dangerous letters and the photograph, but the board back without disturbing any of the seals, and when the police came in the morning stood by with unruffled serenity and saw the trunks searched. Of course nothing more dangerous than a hairbrush and nothing more incriminating than a hotel bill could be found.—George Kennan in Century.

Strangers' Cold at St. Kilda.

One of the most curious facts given by Dr. Parsons in his report on influenza relates to what is called "strangers' cold," an epidemic from which the little community living at St. Kilda, in the broad waters of the north Atlantic, suffers every time a vessel from any other part of the world arrives. Indeed, so surely does this outbreak follow the arrival of a boat that it is called by the islanders "boat cough." In other oceanic islands the same odd effects have been observed.

In an island 480 miles east of New Zealand a similar epidemic attacks both Europeans and Maoris on the arrival of a ship. So regular is the occurrence that when murri-murri, as the cold is called, appears, the good folk are so sure that a ship is in the port that they ride straight off to the harbor "to fetch their letters." Strangers' cold and influenza are remarkably alike in their symptoms.

The cause of the former is attributed to the organisms of disease that people in populous lands carry about with them, and to which they themselves are inured. If that be so, whence comes our influenza?—London Tit-Bits.

Brilliant Repartee.

A certain famous English general, the hero of two eastern wars, found his health beginning to give way beneath the strain of long and arduous service, and was ordered home by his doctors. On the day of his embarkation for England he was accompanied by a vast crowd of friends, to whom he began to distribute various small tokens of his regard.

"Well, general," asked the bishop of Calcutta, who was one of the party, "have you no memento to leave to an old friend like me?"

"Oh, I have not forgotten you, my lord," cried the general. "On the contrary, I have bequeathed to you my entire stock of impudence."

"Ten thousand thanks, my dear general," replied the undaunted bishop. "You have given me by far the largest and most valuable part of your property."

And then the bishop's wife turned to her husband and said sweetly, "My dear, I am glad to see that you have come into your legacy so soon."—David Ker in Harper's.

The Corean Umbrella.

The desideratum at present is a portable umbrella. There is a fortune for the man who invents a really good umbrella which can be stowed in a valise or trunk. There is an unpatented Corean umbrella that may fill the bill. When it begins to rain the picturesque and stately Corean swell reaches into his sleeve and produces a folded, oiled paper affair resembling a fan. This is spread and set over the hat like an extinguisher, and is kept in place by two strings held under the chin. It is not very large, but anything that will cover a Corean hat will keep the rain from a Corean.—Irish Times.

A Military Novelty.

A vegetable cartridge shell, which is entirely consumed in firing, is now coming into general use in the French army. The cartridge has scarcely half the weight of one with a metal shell; the cost is considerable less, besides the inconvenience of removing the shell after each shot is avoided. At present the composition of this military novelty is kept a secret.—St. Louis Republic.

Learning by Experience.

Tramp—Please, mum, I'd like some cold vittles fer my dog.

Housekeeper—Dog! Why do you go tramping through the country with a big brute like that at your heels?

Tramp—To perfect my heels from other dogs, mum.—Good News.

Life and Strength

Are given to weak and frail children in wonderful measure by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Mr. Edward Hilbert, Lawrence, Mass., says: "Our daughter, Ella, had little strength when a baby. When two and one half years old she had frequent **fainting spells.** We gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla. Her general health improved until she became healthy and rugged. We give her occasionally now, whenever she complains of that tired feeling.

Ella Hilbert.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

The Coyote and the Crows.

Once on a time many crows lived in the edge of some woods. A little out into the plain stood a very large tree, with much sand under it. One day a coyote was passing and heard the crows singing and dancing under this tree, and came up to watch them. They were dancing in a circle, and each crow had upon his back a large bag.

"Crow friends, what are you doing?" asked the coyote, who was much interested.

"Oh, we are dancing with our mothers," said the crows.

"How pretty! And will you let me dance too?" asked the coyote of the too-whit-lah-widdeh crow (captain of the dance).

"Oh, yes," replied the crow. "Go and put your mother in a bag and come to the dance."

The coyote went running home. There his old mother was sitting in the corner of the fireplace. The stupid coyote picked up a stick and struck her on the head and put her in a bag, and hurried back to the dance with her.

The crows were dancing merrily and singing:

"Ai nana, que-ee-rah, que-ee-rah." (Alas, Mama! you are shaking, you are shaking!) The coyote joined the dance, with the bag on his back, and sang as the crows did:

"Ai nana, que-ee-rah, que-ee-rah." [Ai nana is an exclamation always used by mourners.]

But at last the crows burst out laughing, and said, "What do you bring in your bag?"

"My mother, as you told me," replied the coyote, showing them.

Then the crows emptied their bags, which were filled with nothing but sand, and flew up into the tree, laughing.

The coyote then saw that they had played him a trick, and started home, crying "Ai nana!" When he got home he took his mother from the bag and tried to set her up in the chimney corner, always crying, "Ai nani, why don't you sit up as before?" But she could not, for she was dead. When he found that she could not sit up any more he vowed to follow the crows and eat them all the [illegible] life, and from that day to this he has been hunting them, and they are always at war.—C. F. Lummis in St. Nicholas.

HOITT'S OAK GROVE SCHOOL.

Hoitt's Oak Grove School, Millbrae, San Mateo county, Cal. A first class home school for boys. Beautiful surroundings. Superior instruction. The best of care. Its graduates for 1893 are admitted to the State University or Stanford University without examination. Number of pupils limited. Fall term commences August 1. Send for catalogue, and mention this paper. Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master, ex-State Superintendent Public Instruction.

"Did you see that shocking straw hat De Slips is wearing?" "Yes; another Panama scandal."

DECIDEDLY SHAKY.

A trembling hand, an uncertain step, fidgetiness, indicated by restless shifting from one place or posture to another, usually mental annoyance at unexpected noises, are among the indications of extreme nervousness. These seem trifling, but the health of men and women in this condition is "decidedly shaky," liable to be overthrown disastrously by causes which the vigorous might defy. To fortify the nervous system general vigor must, through the medium of reinforced digestion and a renewal of an impaired power of sleeping at night, be raised to a healthful standard. A guarantee of this is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which reestablishes digestion, bile secretion and the habit of body on a permanently regular basis, thus renewing that body equilibrium, which is followed by a gain of strength and nerve tranquillity. For kidney complaint, rheumatism, neuralgia, and as a preventive of the first attack or subsequent return of malarial disorders, this medicine is without a peer. Thrice daily take a wineglassful.

"But, my dear, why should we be extravagant and keep horses?" "Extravagant? Why, John, it would be economy. We'd save all our livery bills."

EXPERIENCE OF AN EX-CHAMPION.

Athletes and men who take ordinary outdoor exercise, such as walking, running, bicycle riding, jumping, swimming, tennis, etc., are often the subjects of acute troubles. The experience of an ex-champion walker will be of interest to all who are afflicted. HARRY BROOKS writes:

"No. 324 EAST NINETEENTH ST.,
NEW YORK, April 2, 1886.

"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."

News comes from Chicago that whisky has gone down a cent. It never went down without a scent.

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. Fortenfield & Loney, 828 Market street, San Francisco.

The man who delights to get up with the lark is never seen out upon one after dark.

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 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.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

A DISTURBANCE

isn't what you want, if your stomach and bowels are irregular. That's about all you get, though, with the ordinary pill. It may relieve you for the moment, but you're usually in a worse state afterward than before.

This is just where Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do most good. They act in an easy and natural way, very different from the huge, old-fashioned pills. They're not only pleasanter, but there's no reaction afterward, and their help *lasts*. One little sugar-coated pellet for a gentle laxative or corrective—three for a cathartic. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Dizziness, Sick and Bilious Headaches, are promptly relieved and cured.

They're the smallest, the easiest to take—and the *cheapest* pill you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You pay only *for* the *good* you get.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

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.

PRINTERS AND PUBLISHERS

—WILL FIND A FULL LINE OF—

TYPE, PRESSES,

Printing Material and Machinery

For sale at lowest prices and most advantageous terms at

PALMER & REY TYPE FOUNDRY,

Corner Front and Alder Streets,

PORTLAND, OR.

Write for prices and terms before buying elsewhere.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

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

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE instantly stops the worst cough, 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.

"August Flower"

"One of my neighbors, Mr. John Gilbert, has been sick for a long time. All thought him past recovery. He was horribly emaciated from the inaction of his liver and kidneys. It is difficult to describe his appearance and the miserable state of his health at that time. Help from any source seemed impossible. He tried your August Flower and the effect upon him was magical. It restored him to perfect health to the great astonishment of his family and friends." John Quibell, Holt, Ont.

Golden West Baking Powder

Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED.

CASH PRIZES

To Introduce our Powder, we have determined to distribute among the consumers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person or club returning us the largest number of certificates on or before June 1, 1894, we will give a cash prize of $100, and to the next largest, numerous other prizes ranging from $5 to $75 IN CASH.

CLOSSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, Or.

SOCIETY BADGES.

A. FELDENHEIMER, Leading Jeweler of the Pacific Northwest, keeps a large stock of all SECRET SOCIETY BADGES on hand. Best goods at lowest figures. Badges made to order.

$75.00 to **$250.00** can be made monthly working for B. F. JOHNSON & Co., RICHMOND, VA

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

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