Why not, indeed?

When the Royal Baking Powder makes finer and more wholesome food at a less cost, which every housekeeper familiar with it will affirm, why not discard altogether the old-fashioned methods of soda and sour milk, or home-made mixture of cream of tartar and soda, or the cheaper and inferior baking powders, and use it exclusively?

"Our Baby."

She was a tiny little girl, with dirty, sun tanned hair, a blue calico dress and bare feet. She carried in her arms a baby half as large as herself, and the baby was so heavy that it sagged down in the middle, giving the infant the appearance of being held by the feet and nape of the neck. There was some excitement around the corner of the next block on Wash street, and the children were hurrying forward like mad from all directions. The little girl tried to run, but the baby was too heavy, and her breath gave out. Said I, in a spirit of badinage.

"Drop the baby, sis, and go see what the trouble is."

She stopped and stared at me.

"I say, put the baby down on the sidewalk and run."

"Yer must take me fer a fool, mister."

"Why?"

"'Cos this is our baby."

"Well, suppose it is. I'll stay here and watch it for you."

"No, yer won't, mister. Yer might carry it off."

"What if I did! Ain't you tired carrying it around and making your back ache?"

"Naw, I ain't. Say, mister, this is the only little baby we've got, and if yer only knowed how she can crow and laugh yer wouldn't want me to do no such thing. This baby hain't got no ma 'cept me, and pa and me couldn't do 'thout her. She sets up in a high chair at the table and crows and kicks while me and pa eats, and at night I rock her to sleep like ma used to do. When ma died the baby didn't know no better, but just laughed and hollered, and I cried so I couldn't keep her still. Put her down on the sidewalk! Foolkiller 'll git you, mister, ef you stay around here long."—St. Louis Republic.

In the House of Commons.

"My dear sir," observed the great man to me as he lit another cigarette, "you must understand that nothing is as it used to be here. Times are changed; so are manners; so is the shape of people's hats. Look at that fellow, Milkpot, who is passing us now—observe that monstrosity he has on his head, a Mexican sombrero, fit for the pampas or the mountains—who would have dreamed of entering the house of commons wearing such a thing in Lord Palmerston's time? Look at the brim, sir. It spreads over the terrace like an awning. Milkpot might hold a tea party under it. That shows what is going on.

"We don't even dress like gentlemen any more. A man may do anything nowadays and no one will think the worse of him. It used to be an understood thing that divisions should not be sprung upon us in the dinner hour, or at other unseemly times, and consequently we could go away comfortably and dine without fear of coming back and finding the ship scuttled. But now we are obliged to be here all through a sitting—we dare not leave the place, even for ten minutes.

"Well, we cannot always be stuck on the treasury bench, like so many enchanted apes, and if we go into the library some body is sure to be after us with a question, or a deputation, or a request which is utterly irregular, not to say disgusting. So you see it has become necessary to provide each of us with a room. A lot of servants and clerks have been turned out of this part of the house, and here we are in their places. Come in, and I will show you mine."—Macmillan's Magazine.

Dogs are not the only animals emotionally affected by music. Cats sometimes show great fondness for playing and singing, though music does not appear to affect them to the point of howling.

A man falls on the icy pavement and breaks his leg; he carries a quart of milk in a tin pail without a cover; he does not lose a drop of it.

How to Come to a Stop.

SAINT JACOBS OIL TRY IT

When we least expect them, accidents will befall us, a verification of the old adage that the unexpected always happens. The following recites how an active business man was suddenly brought down.

THE TRAIN STOPS.

CINCIN., O.—" Recently while in the act of alighting from my car, I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground, with a severely sprained ankle.

THE MANAGER STOPS.

Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into my car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail.

A POINT TO STOP AT.

Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, two bottles of it were bought, and the application of it resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had well nigh become unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days."

W. W. PEABODY, Prest. & Genl. Man. O. & M. R. R.

THAT'S THE POINT

The Pain Stops.

"German Syrup"

My niece, Emeline Hawley, was, taken with spitting blood, and she became very much alarmed, fearing that dreaded disease, Consumption. She tried nearly all kinds of medicine but nothing did her any good. Finally she took German Syrup and she told me it did her more good than anything she ever tried. It stopped the blood, gave her strength and ease, and a good appetite. I had it from her own lips. Mrs. Mary A. Stacey, Trumbull, Conn. Honor to German Syrup. 6

N. P. N. U. No. 502—S. F. N. U. No. 579

MY CROWN.

"Let no man take my crown!" Oh, can it be
These gracious, royal words were meant for me?
My crown! And was I born a crown to wear?
Where is my kingdom, Lord, oh, tell me, where?

Stand forth, O mortal, and receive thy right!
Hath he not said it—he, the king of might?
Joint heir thou art with him, the prince who wins,
Thy reign that hath no end e'en here begins.

But not alone in Heaven regnant thou'll be.
On earth a radiant crown awaiteth thee.
'Twas made for thine own use, for thine alone,
Then see that no man else shalt thee dethrone.

Whatever talent thou canst claim as thine,
What illumined truth in thy soul doth shine,
This is thy crown, and this thine empire true,
Just where is thine appointed work to do.

It matters not how small thy kingdom be.
The crown thereof belongs to only thee.
If thou canst do in God's name one true thing,
It is thy right, with joy thine offering bring.
—Amelia W. King in Business Woman's Journal.

"HE WAS IN IT."

Judge Monroe So Decided in Favor of Kelly Kelly vs. Fenlow.

John J. Kelly vs. People's Bank et al. Plaintiff began this suit by seizing a lottery ticket, one-twentieth of a whole ticket, which had won $15,000 and had been forwarded to the People's Bank for collection, and in which he claimed one-fourth interest as owner. By consent the ticket was cashed, and the unclaimed three-quarters were withdrawn, leaving the contested one-quarter, which was also claimed by John W. Fenlow, under control of the court.

The parties live in St. Louis, and have been quite unfortunate. In 1891 Fenlow, Kelly, Norleman, O'Keefe and Connors formed a quasi club, and on three or four occasions purchased five fractions of lottery tickets, said fractions costing $1 each, and each member contributing his proportion of the price was equally interested in the winnings. Fenlow generally was charged with purchasing the tickets, and held them until the drawing.

The members usually paid their contributions before the drawings, and Fenlow paid the lottery ticket vendor.

In April, 1892, they invested (Connors had dropped out). All paid except Kelly, who had agreed to pay his dollar on the day preceding the drawing.

The tickets had been selected by Norleman. There was no further intercourse between the members of the club until after the drawing on Tuesday, April 12, when it was learned that one of the four tickets had won $15,000. The tickets have been paid for by Fenlow, and the question for the court to decide is whether Fenlow paid for account of Kelly $1, or whether it was for his own account.

The day after the drawing Kelly tendered his dollar, but was told that he was "too late" and that he was "not in it."

The court concludes that Fenlow gave Kelly to understand that he (Fenlow) would see that Kelly's interest in the ticket would be paid for.

It is therefore ordered, adjudged and decreed that there be judgement in favor of John J. Kelly and against John W. Fenlow, decreeing Kelly to have been the owner of an undivided one fourth interest in the lottery ticket, and that plaintiff receive and collect $3,750, representing the one-fourth of the proceeds of the lottery ticket now on deposit.—New Orleans (La.) City Item.

A Word for the Earthworm.

The earthworm is an animal which has not received that attention from zoologists which it deserves, in spite of the fact that its habits and structure formed the last of that magnificent series of volumes with which Darwin enriched scientific literature. And it has not only been neglected by naturalists, but has incurred the bitter enmity of gardeners and farmers. It is true that the gardener has some reason for his dislike when he sees his carefully rolled walks and smooth lawns rendered unsightly by the heaps of earth with which the worm diligently covers them.

But the farmer has no business to complain, for not only do earthworms form a large part of the food of many birds, which would, perhaps, in their absence direct their attention more closely to his crops and fruit trees, but they are of positive advantage in loosening the soil, and so making passages for the rain to trickle down to the lowest roots.

More than a hundred years ago Gilbert White devoted one of his letters to the subject of earthworms, and defended them from the accusation of uselessness and injuriousness in the economy of nature, remarking further, and so to a certain extent anticipating Darwin, that they are often responsible for the formation of new soils.—F. E. Beddard, M. A., in Chambers' Journal.

Fishes That Carry Batteries.

The "torpedo" or "cramp fish" has two complete electric batteries on either side of its head, constructed after the most approved scientific principles. Each of them consists of about 470 cells in the shape of six sided tubes placed side by side. The walls of these cells are lined with nerve tissue and each one is filled with a clear, trembling jelly. Precisely how many volts this duplex galvanic apparatus is capable of administering has never been determined, but frequent experience has shown the power to be sufficient to knock down and temporarily paralyze a man.

Natives in Central America are said to make a practice of driving wild horses into water where cramp fish are in order that the latter may stun the frightened quadrupeds and make them easy to capture. So that a shock shall be administered, the object must be brought into contact at two points with the torpedo, thus completing the electric circuit.

Scientific men regard this as one of the most interesting of natural phenomena. Two other kinds of animals possess galvanic batteries—a catfish and an eel. The two latter have the storage cells situated in their tails. In all three cases the electricity is merely transformed nervous energy.—Interview in Washington Star.

Marvelous Fecundity.

The reproductive powers of many bacteria is so marvelous as to be almost beyond belief. Professor Law has experimented with several different forms which were capable of doubling their number every hour. When in the best condition a single bacterium will give 16,777,200 individuals in the short space of twenty-four hours. In forty-eight hours the offspring from a germ not measuring more than one fifteen-thousandth of an inch will have increased until their bulk cannot be put in a half pint measure, the total number of individuals then exceeding 281,500,000,000! If these deductions are correct (and scientists have proved that they are, as near as such figures can possibly be from the very nature of the experiment), is it any wonder that bacterial diseases are so difficult to control?—St. Louis Republic.

A PARADOX OF ACTING.

EXPERIENCES OF A RESOURCEFUL MANAGER WITH A PLAY.

Looking for a Star Who Would Be Willing to Make Love to a Mummy—Marrying an Actress to Secure Her Services. Mummy Replaced by Dummy.

"The paradox of acting?" said the manager, thoughtfully, "I should say I'd seen something of what you'd call the paradox of acting. Yes, I should say I had. If it's come under my observation once it's come under it a hundred times, and in one case—look here, when did you last see 'A Dead Mash?'

"Why, 'A Dead Mash' has been the greatest success I ever handled, and I'm only taking it off the road this year because—. See here, perhaps the name of Miss Dotty Devoe, the leading lady, has never been brought to your attention? If you've heard of Miss Devoe you have heard of her as a charming soubrette, vivacious, piquant and original, in fact the most talented actress now on the farce-comedy boards. Exactly.

"About a year before 'A Dead Mash' was in rehearsal, the play was in my hands waiting for a star. There was nobody I knew I cared about giving it to. You recollect the time. A young girl falls in love with a mummy in the museum and coaxes him to life. Now, the responsibility of finding the right woman for it weighed on me.

A STAR DISCOVERED.

"One day I learned that a little girl, name and professional antecedents unknown to fame, had caught the town in Boston in a topical act in a rank comic opera. I went on to see her. House crowded, company guys, opera inexpressible! But the little girl! It was just the most per-fect-ly irresistible thing you ever imagined. She had a topical song, 'Teaching the Baby to Talk'—the one bright thing in the opera—and by a stroke of genius they gave her a parrot as well as a baby.

"You understand the idea. The parrot chipped in with the things she was trying to teach the baby, and the effect was out of sight. Of course it didn't take me a moment to see that, though the parrot was live enough, it was one of the dumb breed, and that the speaking was done from the flies. But it was billed as a trained bird, and the audience took it all in and was in ecstasies.

"I made up my mind on the spot I had found my star, and before I left town Miss Dotty Devoe had engaged with me for the ensuing season, and the paragraphs were being sent round to the papers. I filled up my company for 'A Dead Mash,' fixed August for rehearsals and arranged to meet Miss McPherson—real name—and her aunt a week or two beforehand, so as to get things quietly in shape between us.

GAINING A POINT.

"My dear sir, such was the personal charm and ingenuousness of the young lady that it took me and the author a week to discover that we had run into the deadest wall of our lives, and that she couldn't act at all—not a little bit! She was simply incompetent.

"If a man could go over Niagara falls and retain consciousness he would know how I felt. I talked to little Dotty as kindly as I could and tried to give her an idea or two, but it was no use. She was heartbroken—there it stopped.

"Finally, while I was telegraphing all over the country to try to rake up another star, I pressed her again about the topical song, and she whimpered out that she liked parrots and had always just loved babies, and she didn't like mummies, and that was all there was to it.

"I seemed to get hold of an idea here, but for the life of me I couldn't tell what it was.

"There was, say, ten days before rehearsals need begin. In those ten days—don't laugh, for I was serious—I made as good love to that girl as I knew how. There was no reason I shouldn't, except age; and there was good reason I should, when you looked at her. I will merely say that I'm younger than some other old bachelors, and that at the end of ten days she was ready to marry me.

"'Now,' said I, 'my dear, I want you to think of this play just once more. If you can love me you can love a mummy, I guess.'

"'John,' she said, 'you must be crazy.'

"'My love,' said I, 'I mean it. You are to go on the stage this afternoon for rehearsal, you are to make up your mind that that mummy is me, and you are to act to it. And if you don't, I vow I won't marry you.'

"It was an awful risk, but I took it. She gave me one look, turned on her heel and walked off. I held on to my courage like grim death till rehearsal came. She was there.

SUCCESS IN AN UNFAIR WAY.

"Her first lines went off pretty well. I had provided a property mummy as much like me in the general outfit as well as could be without calling attention. In her first scene with it it was behind a glass, in a case—and it was brought out and unwrapped, and all that. Hank Edwards, that's the author, and I were watching her all of a tremble. She was pale and had a red spot in each cheek. Still, she went on all right until the uncovering—and then, sir, she made a sudden dart at the object, dashed it down to the floor, kicked it like a little fury, and then sat down on it crying as if her heart would break.

"I threw up my hands. I was shaking with excitement so that I could hardly speak. I grabbed Edwards by the collar and jammed the stage copy of the play into his hand. 'Hank!' I gasped, 'take it—take it home with you, pull the whole thing to pieces and rewrite it up to this scene. Bring it back in the morning if you have to write your ears off.' Then I pushed half a dozen of the company out of the way, dropped down by Dotty on the mummy and laughed until the little Tartar turned round and hit me, sir, slapped me soundly in the face, and I don't blame her.

"And now, sir, if you will go to see 'A Dead Mash' the next time it is played here, and take particular notice of the scene in which Miss Devoe kicks the mummy in contempt, you will understand why I claim to understand the paradox of acting."

"It seems to me that method of education was a little unfair to Miss Devoe." I suggested soberly.

The manager looked at me a moment, and then said, quizzically: "Perhaps it was, because it resulted in her having to marry me. Come up and see us some day, and you'll find she's got a parrot. She's got a baby, too," he added reflectively.—New York Recorder.

How Tennyson Decided a Matter.

Here is Tennyson's own account to Mr. James Knowles, editor of The Nineteenth Century, of how he was offered and accepted the laureateship: "The night before I was asked to take the laureateship, which was offered to me through Prince Albert's liking for my 'In Memoriam,' I dreamed he came to me and kissed me on the cheek. I said in my dream, 'Very kind, but very German.' In the morning the letter about the laureateship was brought to me and laid upon my bed. I thought about it through the day, but could not make up my mind whether to take it or refuse it, and at the last I wrote two letters, one accepting and one declining, and threw them on the table and settled to decide which I would send after my dinner and bottle of port."

HE WOULD NOT LEAVE THE COLONY.

A Prisoner Who Climbed a Cocoanut Tree and Defied a Regiment.

It is the custom in the British army that whenever a regiment is transferred from one colony to another prisoners who may be in the jail are handed over to the outgoing corps and continue their sentences at the new station. In one case one of these jailbirds made up his mind that he would not leave the colony.

Private Johnson was one of the smartest men in the corps, and furthermore he was an excellent groom and almost a "cordon bleu." He had one sad failing. He was a thief. His peculations had, however, been generally small, and he had escaped serious punishment. One night a large store in the town was broken into and a considerable amount of money stolen. It was conclusively proved that Johnson was the thief, and he was sent to jail. When the regiment was leaving the colony, Johnson, with some other soldier prisoners, was to be handed over according to custom. When, however, his cell was visited, it was empty, and there was not a sign of Johnson anywhere.

A search was made in every direction, and at last a prisoner pointed to a cocoanut tree which grew in the middle of the prison yard, and there comfortably seated among the tuft of leaves was Johnson. The warden at first tried to get the man down by quiet persuasion, then he threatened, then stormed and swore. Johnson laughed contentedly at every mood, but did not move. The fact was reported to the colonial secretary, who recommended that the fire engine be called out and the man washed down. The chief of the fire department hardly thought it was consonant with his dignity to wash a prisoner out of a cocoanut tree and reported that there was not pressure of water enough to get a stream to the top of the tree. This was probably true, for the tree was a tall one.

The case was again referred to the colonial secretary, who took it before the governor. His excellency was having luncheon with some of the departing officers and their friends and was having a good time. He was vexed that at such a time he should be troubled with official work, as hastily glancing over the document he added the following instructions: "Cut the fellow down. I mean the tree."

This could only be done by the engineering department, so orderlies were sent out to find the chief engineer. While all this was going on, time was slipping away. Almost all the troops were on board the troopship, and as these vessels wait for no one the escort which had been sent to bring Johnson down to the ship had to hurry off, not to be late itself. Johnson bellowed a farewell, and despite the strong language of the warden still laughed and did not move. Before the engineer department had come to a conclusion as to how to cut down the tree and lower it gradually, the troopship had up anchor and was steaming out of the harbor.

Then Johnson climbed down the tree and finished his sentence on the island, to which he had taken a fancy. His conviction had carried with it his "discharge with ignominy." He settled in the island and was soon in easy circumstances. He had undoubtedly hidden his stolen property, and after his release dug it up and started in business. When Johnson was last seen, he was flourishing and had a large cocoanut grove around his cottage.

Business Enterprise.

"Talk about business enterprise," said Frank L. Perley, a circus man. "Away back in 1885 we had a young fellow with us who was getting $15 and his board. The night Jumbo was killed in St. Thomas this boy developed himself. We were all sympathizing with poor old Jumbo and wondering how we could replace him. The youngster was thinking of something else. You know the tail of an elephant has at the very tip a bunch of thick hair very much like a brush. This boy got under the fence and had pulled every hair out of Jumbo's tail. His business at the circus was to sell balloons to children. Well, there were 76 of those thick hairs, and at the show the next afternoon he was selling them for $1 apiece as relics of the great giant. He sold 75 of them and practically found $75. The other one he kept for himself and still wears it as his mascot."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Ruth Said Her Verse.

Little Ruth can read very nicely, and her mother is anxious that at an early age she shall become familiar with the Bible, so that when she was obliged to leave home to be gone five months she told Ruth she would bring her home a muff if she would say a Bible verse every night before she went to bed. Ruth promised that she would. Mamma came home at the end of the five months. Before presenting the muff she said: "How about the verses, Ruth?" "I said one every night, mamma." "That's mamma's nice girl. You must have learned a good many in five months, dear." "Why, I always said the very same one." "The same one all the time! What was that?" "Jesus wept," said Ruth. It wasn't just what mother expected, but Ruth got the muff.—Boston Globe.

Billiard Rooms In Houses.

Houses will soon be all top. Men will go up stairs to play billiards when they will not go down. Up stairs there is greater freedom of conversation. Fathers have discovered that if there is a well equipped billiard room near the roof, with good air, an unrestricted outlook, adequate privacy and satisfactory means of refreshment, their sons, after business hours, are much more apt to come home and bring their friends with them to play until dinner than to go to their clubs.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Money Easily Made.

Wall space for advertising purposes commands very high rentals in popular business thoroughfares in this city. There is one man who obtains an annual income of several thousand dollars out of one side of a house which is conspicuously exposed.—New York Herald.

Numb Spells, Chills

Rush of blood to the head, and other disagreeable symptoms afflicted Mrs. Annie W. Jordan, of 218 Tremont Street, Boston, caused by bad circulation of the blood. She could not take the physician's medicine, so began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon fully recovered and now enjoys perfect health.

Mrs. Jordan.

HOOD'S CURES

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Constipation.

The Victoria Cross.

The question has been asked, How many officers are entitled to wear the Victoria cross? I am able to answer the question. The mere statement of number reveals at once the exclusive character of this reward for valor. No less, however, than thirty-nine general officers are entitled to wear it—an indication of the fact that promotion to exalted military rank in England has in a great many cases been the reward of heroic merit. Thirty colonels and lieutenant colonels are entitled to wear the decoration, twenty-two majors, eleven captains, eight lieutenants and five quartermasters possess the same privilege.

Fifty-nine of the medals, however, are held by noncommissioned officers and privates, thirty-four being in possession of privates, five of lance corporals, three of corporals, seven of sergeants, six of color sergeants, two of quartermaster sergeants and two sergeant majors. One clergyman possesses the medal, the Rev. J. W. Adams, who was formerly attached to the Bengal ecclesiastical establishment.—Manchester Examiner.

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.

Mr. Oldbean (growing romantic)—Ah, how I wish I had lived in the knightly days of old! Miss Youngthing (growing weary)—Didn't you?

DECIDEDLY SHAKY.

A trembling hand, an uncertain step, fidgettiness, 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 restoring 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.

Wibbles—Was his death a case of accident or suicide? Wabbles—Deliberate suicide. He called for spring water in a Kentucky barroom.

ERUPTION OF THE SKIN CURED.

Ed Venney, Brockville, Ontario, Canada, says:

"I have used BRANDRETH'S PILLS for the past fifteen years, and think them the best cathartic and anti-bilious remedy known. For some five years I suffered with an eruption of the skin that gave me great pain and annoyance. I tried different blood remedies, but, although gaining strength, the itching was unrelieved. I finally concluded to take a thorough course of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. I took six each night for four nights, then five, four, three, two, lessening each time by one, and then for one month took one every night with the happy result that now my skin is perfectly clear and has been so ever since."

It is an effort in behalf of a retributive justice that is urging the attempt to freeze out the ice combine in Washington.

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 Dr. Porterfield & Losey, 858 Market street San Francisco.

The telephone girl, no matter how charming she may seem to be, is always quite distant in her conversation.

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 LONG PROCESSION

of diseases start from a torpid liver and impure blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures every one of them. It *prevents* them, too. Take it, as you ought, when you feel the first symptoms (languor, loss of appetite, dullness, depression) and you'll save yourself from something serious.

In building up needed flesh and strength, and to purify and enrich the blood, nothing can equal the "Discovery." It invigorates the liver and kidneys, promotes all the bodily functions, and brings back health and vigor. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," Biliousness, and all Scrofulous, Skin, and Scalp Diseases, it is the only remedy that's *guaranteed* to benefit or cure, in every case, or the money is refunded.

About Catarrh. No matter what you've tried and found wanting, you can be cured with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. The proprietors of this medicine agree to cure you, or they'll pay you $500 in cash.

S.S.S. CURES MALARIAL POISON

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so promptly, or so safely as Swift's Specific.

LIFE HAD NO CHARMS.

For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life lost all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then decided to try S.S.S. A few bottles of this wonderful medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever.

J. A. RICE, Ottawa, Kan.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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GAS ENGINE.

Run With Gas or Gasoline.

Your Wife can run it. Requires no licensed engineer. Makes no smell or dirt. No batteries or electric spark.

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SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. PORTLAND, OR.

BEATS STEAM POWER

Pise's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

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Write for prices and terms before buying elsewhere.

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.

Golden West Baking Powder

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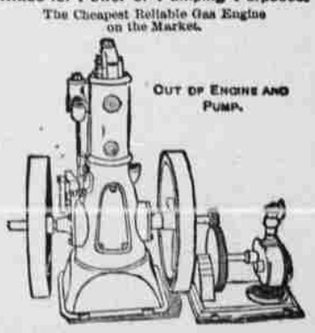

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