Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Rapid.

There are some books which require particular attention from the reader, but there is a young man in a New England city who, to judge from his own statements, finds nothing to check the speed with which he reads, even in the most difficult books.

"Everything is easy reading to me," he remarked cheerfully to a friend. "Now, people call 'Euclid's Elements' a hard book. I've heard 'em say so. But I don't. I read it through from beginning to end, sir, yesterday in a piece of the afternoon between dinner and supper."

"Read all Euclid in one afternoon!" exclaimed his friend. "How was that possible?"

"Upon my honor, I did it," returned the young man, with a broad smile of self satisfaction, "and I never read smoother reading in my life."

"Did you master all the demonstrations and solve all the problems as you went?" inquired the other, with natural incredulity.

"Demonstrations and problems?" queried the young man. "Oh, I suppose you mean the a's and b's and c's and 1's and 2's and the pictures of scratches and scrawls. No, I skipped all those. I read just Euclid himself, and I read all of him in one piece of the afternoon too!"—Youth's Companion.

Some Copy Might Affect Him Thus.

"Drunk again," she sarcastically remarked as he stumbled into the room. "What's gone wrong now?"

"Nussin, m' dear," stammered the editor, "I jus' dizzy—head swim f'm readin 'n c'rectin s'much copy."

"Well," she muttered, as he carefully placed his boots on the bed and threw himself under it, "I've often heard that reading makes a full man, but I never saw it verified before."—Atlanta Constitution.

Thwarting a Hoodoo.

All actors are secretly unhappy if they meet a cross eyed man or woman on the way to the theater, and the only method of throwing off the "hoodoo" is to cross the two forefingers and make the motion of "spitting" over them. This is a very dreadful thing to see accomplished by a fair soubrette, or "ingenue," but she will usually be guilty of pursing up her pretty mouth and simulating the offensive act in case the necessity arise.—Chicago Post.

AN UNSEEN ENEMY

Is more to be dreaded than an open and visible one. That subtile and lurking foe, which under the generic name of malaria manifests itself, when it clutches us in its tenacious grasp, in the various forms of chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague or ague cake, cannot be effectually guarded against by fortifying the system against its insidious attacks with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a thorough antidote to the poison of miasma in the system and a safeguard against it thoroughly to be relied upon. In the event of a malarious attack avoid poisoning your system with quinine, and use instead this wholesome remedy, unobjectionable in taste and far more efficacious than any drug. Use the Bitters for dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, kidney complaints and rheumatism.

Though neither beautiful nor young,
The swans on her who call
Worship the ground she walks upon,
Because she owns it all.

For coughs, colds and throat disorders "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years. *Sold only in boxes.*

Any man who ever owned a balky horse will tell you that he found the animal exceedingly hard to get along with.

The man or woman who is profitably employed is generally happy. If you are not happy, it may be because you have not found your proper work. We earnestly urge all such persons to write to B. F. Johnson & Co. of Richmond, Va., and they can show you a work in which you can be happily and profitably employed.

She—Mr. Baldeau has a very clear head, has he not? He—Very clear—on top.

A POTTER PRESS.

Size, 33x48 inside bearers; table distribution; bed springs; will print nine-column folio or six-column quarto; a splendid all-round press for country office; for sale cheap; guaranteed in order. Address
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Portland, Or.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

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TYPEWRITER,
THE MUNSON.
Price $65; superior to $100 machines. Agents wanted in every town. Good chance for live men. Write for particulars. Mention this paper. Typewriter Supplies. PACIFIC TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, Portland, Or.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
WHEELER'S CARBON BISULPHIDE,
—FOR EXTERMINATING—
Ground Squirrels and Gophers.
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Goodyear Rubber Co.,
73 and 75 First St., Portland, Or.
Write for catalogue—FREE.

If you are going to have a party, be sure to make the cake with GOLDEN WEST Baking Powder.

Natives Disappearing.

From the administrative report of the Andaman Islands for the past official year, which has recently been issued in Calcutta, it appears that the aborigines of the archipelago are disappearing so rapidly that Mr. Portman states the present generation may be considered as the last of the great Andaman tribe. All the people of Rutland Island and Port Campbell are now dead and very few remain in the South Andamans. Apart from the mortality from infectious diseases, it is said that the few children who are now born do not survive.

Mr. Portman is endeavoring to keep the tribe alive as long as possible, and he is collecting all the children at his house, where they are well fed and cared for; but this can only postpone for a short time the extinction of the race. For many centuries the people lived completely isolated from the rest of the world, but, like the Pacific Islanders, they seem unable to withstand contact with external civilization.—Galignani's Messenger.

Kept General Grant's Horses.

Sixty long years, with their sunshine and shadow, have passed since Mr. John T. Price, the well known liveryman, first saw the light of day, and all day Monday he was kept busy receiving congratulations on his golden jubilee. Mr. Price was born in Alexandria on April 11, 1839.

Having been in business at his present stand for twenty-seven years he is full of reminiscences of great Americans who patronized his fliers. Among these was General Grant, who came in one day and said: "Price, I want to take a spin over the road today. Let me have one of your fastest trotters." When the general returned he was profuse in his praise of the horse he had driven, and said:

"Price, that fellow was chain lightning itself."

General Grant's Arabian steeds, presented to him by the sultan of Turkey, were placed in Mr. Price's care when they first came here.—Washington Post.

Imperative.

It was in the conservatory. At last he had the chance of a tete-a-tete with the fair one who had enslaved him. She seemed rather cold, but of course that might be due to the cooler atmosphere after the warmth of the ballroom. This is how he attempted to break the ice, "I suppose you are extremely fond of dancing, Miss Triptoe?"

"Well, not passionately. I sometimes prefer 'sitting out,' especially with an interesting partner."

Then the band struck up again.

"Let me see—I have you down for this waltz, I think. Shall we miss it?"

"Oh, dear, no! Not on any account!"

And somehow he didn't seem to half enjoy that dance.—Tit-Bits.

The Proper Thing.

Mother—How are you and Mr. Caller getting along? Has he proposed yet?

Daughter—No. He is just like this corn we are preparing for the Christmas tree.

Mother—How so?

Daughter—Don't pop easily.

Mother—Then I'd shake him.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Stuffing a Visitor.

"When that man came to Chicago, sir, he couldn't write his name. And now he's worth millions."

"I suppose he has learned to write by this time?"

"Write? That man, sir, wields the finest cattle pen in Chicago."—Chicago Tribune.

A Cold Ride.

She—Did you put the hot water bottle in the sleigh under the Boston girl's feet?

He—Oh, yes, and when we got back the water was frozen solid.—Life.

An Electric Launch.

A fine electric launch has just been built for the Earl of Dysart, which measures 55 feet in length and 8 feet 6 inches in beam. With her full equipment on board she will draw 2 feet 6 inches of water, and her speed will be 8½ to 9 miles an hour for seven hours. She is built of mahogany and teak, with omnibus seating on the roof of her capacious saloon.—New York Telegram.

Melbourne is just emerging from the overwhelming effects of a land boom. All trades are stagnant and the unemployed are clamoring for work.

Sunset
Collections of
Garden
15 Packets Choice Flower Seeds
WE WILL PAY THE POSTAGE
Either Collection for 50 cents
15 Packets Desirable Vegetable Seeds
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Any Two for 75 cents
15 Flowering Bulbs—Begonias, Tuberoses, etc.
All Three for $1.00
SUNSET SEED & PLANT CO.
(Sherwood Hall Nursery Co.)
427-9 Sansome St., San Francisco

Through Santa Clara Wheat

By FRANCIS BRET HARTE

The rapidity of motion which kept them both with heads bent forward, and seemed to force back any utterance that rose to their lips, spared Rose the obligation of conversation, and her companion was equally reticent. But it was evident to her that he half suspected she was running away from the Randolphs, and that she wished to avoid the embarrassment of being overtaken even in persuasive pursuit. It was not possible that he knew the cause of her flight, and yet she could not account for his evident desire to befriend her, nor above all for his apparently humorous enjoyment of the situation.

Had he taken it gravely she might have been tempted to partly confide in him and ask his advice. Was she doing right, after all? Ought she not to have stayed long enough to speak her mind to Mrs. Randolph and demand to be sent home? No! She had not only shrunk from repeating the infamous slander she had overheard, but she had a terrible fear that if she had done so Mrs. Randolph was capable of denying it, or even charging her with being still under the influence of the earthquake shock and of walking in her sleep. No! She could not trust her—she could trust no one there. Had not even the major listened to those infamous lies? Had she not seen that he was helpless in the hands of this cabal in his own household—a cabal that she herself had thoughtlessly joined against him?

They had reached the first slight ascent. Her companion drew out his watch, looked at it with satisfaction and changed the position of his hands on the reins. Without being able to detect the difference she felt they were slackening speed. She turned inquiringly toward him. He nodded his head with a half smile and a gesture to her to look ahead. The spires of San Jose were already faintly uplifting from the distant fringe of oaks.

So soon! In half an hour she would be there, and then! She remembered suddenly she had not yet determined what to do. Should she go on at once to San Francisco, or telegraph to her father and await him at San Jose. In either case a new fear of the precipitancy of her action and the inadequacy of her reasons had sprung up in her mind. Would her father understand her? Would he underrate the cause and be mortified at the insult she had given the family of his old friend, or, more dreadful still, would he exaggerate her wrongs and seek a personal quarrel with the major. He was a man of quick temper and had the western ideas of redress. Perhaps even now she was precipitating a duel between them! Her cheeks grew wan again, her breath came quickly; tears gathered in her eyes. Oh, she was a dreadful girl, she knew it! She was an utterly miserable one, and she knew that too!

The reins were tightened, the pace lessened and at last fell to a walk. Conscious of her telltale eyes and troubled face she dared not turn to her companion to ask him why, but glanced across the fields.

"When you first came I didn't get to know your name, Miss Mallory, but I reckon I know your father."

Her father! What made him say that? She wanted to speak but she felt she could not. In another moment, if he went on, she must do something—she would cry!

"I reckon you'll be wanting to go to the hotel first anyway?"

There! she knew it! He would keep on! And now she had burst into tears.

The mare was still walking slowly; the man was lazily bending over the shafts as if nothing had occurred. Then suddenly, illogically, and without a moment's warning, the pride that had sustained her crumbled, and became as the dust in the road. She burst out and told him—this stranger! this man she had disliked!—all and everything. How she had felt, how she had been deceived, and what she had overheard.

"I thought as much," said her companion quietly, "and that's why I sent for your father."

"You sent for my father? When—where?" said Rose in astonishment.

"Yesterday. He was to come today, and if we don't find him at the hotel it will be because he has already started to come here by the upper and longer road. But you leave it to me, and don't you say anything to him of this now. If he's at the hotel I'll say I drove you down to show off the mare. Sabe? If he isn't I'll leave you there and come back here to find him. I've got something to tell him that will set you all right." He smiled grimly, lifted the reins, the mare started forward again, and the vehicle and its occupants disappeared in a vanishing dust cloud.

CHAPTER VI.

"He couldn't change your blood."

It was nearly noon when Mr. Dawson finished rubbing down his sweating mare in the little stable shed among the wheat. He had left Rose at the hotel, for they found that Mr. Mallory had previously started by a circuitous route for the wheat ranch. He had resumed not only his working clothes but his working expression. He was now superintending the unloading of a wain of stores and implements when the light carryall of the Randolphs rolled into the field. It contained only Mrs. Randolph and the driver. A slight look of intelligence passed between the latter and the nearest one of Dawson's companions, succeeded, however, by a dull look of stupid vacancy on the face of all the others, including Dawson. Mrs. Randolph noticed it and was forewarned. She reflected that no human beings ever looked naturally as stupid as that and were able to work. She smiled sarcastically and then began with dry distinctness and narrowing lips.

"Miss Mallory, a young lady visiting us, went out for an early walk this morning and has not returned. It is possible she may have lost her way among your wheat. Have you seen anything of her?"

Dawson raised his eyes from his work and glanced slowly around at his companions as if taking the heavy scene of the assembly. One or two shook their heads mechanically, and returned to their suspended labor. He said coolly:

"Nobody here seems to."

She felt that they were lying. She was only a woman against five men; she was only a petty domestic tyrant. She might have been a larger one, but she had all the courage of that possibility.

"Maj. Randolph and my son are away," she went on, drawing herself erect. "But I know that the major will pay liberally if these men will search the field, besides making it all right with your employers for the loss of time."

Dawson uttered a single word in a low voice to the man nearest him, who apparently communicated it to the others, for the four men stopped unloading and moved away one after the other, even the driver joining in the exodus. Mrs. Randolph smiled sarcastically; it was plain that these people with all their boasted independence were quite amenable to pecuniary considerations. Nevertheless, as Dawson remained looking quietly at her, she said:

"Then I suppose they've concluded to go and see?"

"No, I've sent them away so that they couldn't hear."

"Hear what?"

"What I've got to say to you."

She looked at him suddenly. Then she said with a disdainful glance around her: "I see I am helpless here, and, thanks to your trickery, alone. Have a care, sir. I warn you that you will have to answer to Maj. Randolph for any insolence."

"I reckon you won't tell Maj. Randolph what I have to say to you," he returned coolly.

Her lips were nearly a grayish hue, but she said scornfully: "And why not? Do you know who you are talking to?"

The man came lazily forward to the carryall, carelessly brushed aside the slack reins, and resting his elbows on the horse's back laid his chin on his hands as he looked up in the woman's face.

"Yes, I know who I'm talking to," he said coolly. "But as the major don't, I reckon you won't tell him."

"Stand away from that horse," she said, her whole face taking the grayish color of her lips, but her black eyes growing smaller and brighter. "Hand me those reins and let me pass. What canaille are you to stop me!"

"I thought so," returned the man, without altering his position. "You don't know me. You never saw me before. Well, I'm Jim Dawson, the nephew of L'Hommadieu, your old master!"

She gripped the iron rail of the seat as if to leap from it, but checked herself suddenly and leaned back with a set smile on her mouth that seemed stamped there. It was remarkable that with that smile she flung away her old affectation of superciliousness for an older and ruder audacity, and that not only the expression but the type of her face appeared to have changed.

"I don't say," continued the man quietly, "that he didn't marry you before he died. But you know as well as I do that the laws of his state didn't recognize the marriage of a master with his octoroon slave. And you know as well as I do that even if he had freed you he couldn't change your blood. Why, if I'd been willing to stay at Avoyelles to be a nigger driver like him the plantation of "De Fontages," whose name you have taken, would have been left to me. If you had staid there you might have been my property instead of your owning a square man like Randolph. You didn't think of that when you came here, did you?" he added composedly.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Elevated Railroad Sights.

I saw while riding in a Third avenue elevated car from the City hall station to Twenty-third street, among other interesting things, a mother spanking her boy; any number of people making up beds; room after room of cheap lodging houses in which men were smoking, reading, talking, chewing tobacco; a woman scraping the scales from a fish; a young man kissing a young woman, and presumably a young woman kissing a young man; a squirrel turning his wheel with tremendous rapidity; a spitz dog, a bulldog, a skye terrier and a parrot with a green and yellow tail; any number of men sitting in their shirt sleeves and smoking at the windows; boys blowing "spit balls" upon the passers below; young women waving handkerchiefs to the engineers and brakemen; any number of unmade beds; a little boy taking a bath; girls and men working sewing machines; a little chap blowing soap bubbles and the editor of a well known evening paper taking a drink.—Joe Howard in New York Recorder.

Italian Etiquette.

If the woman who visits Rome wishes to follow tradition and "do as the Romans do," she will be careful never to take an escort's arm in a Catholic church. Indeed, the guides instruct those who stroll innocently arm in arm about St. Peter's looking at the pictures, frescoes and altars of that wonderful cathedral that they are committing an impropriety.

Italians are very particular about the etiquette of kissing the hand. A man kisses the right hand of his mother, aunt or elderly friend and the left hand of his sweetheart. It is not permitted him to kiss the palm of the hand except in great and affectionate intimacy. It is regarded as a token that he is very much in love. Upon arriving at a formal dinner a gentleman takes the hand of his hostess and bends low over it as if about to kiss it, but does not do so. After dinner etiquette demands that he take her hand again and kiss it.

French dandies are now going about with a novel scarfpin under their chins. The ornament consists of a gayly plumaged singing bird connected by means of a tiny rubber pipe with a bulb in the wearer's pocket. Press the bulb, and the bird squeaks and waggles his head and tail.

The assayer who examined the aerolite that fell on the farm of Lawrence Freeman near Bath, S. D., on the afternoon of Aug. 29, 1892, reports that the principal minerals it contains are gold, silver, nickel and cobalt.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.

A TRUE AND INTERESTING NARRATIVE FROM CASPAR,

California—The Remarkable Experience of a Railroad Man—How He Was Saved.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.]

Away up on the California coast, 140 miles north of San Francisco, in the beautiful little seaside town of Caspar, lives a man upon whom a modern miracle has been wrought. The man is Charles L. Hubbard, well known all over the coast for his faithfulness and integrity. His word in a dozen towns along California's coast is as good as a bond, according to what leading citizens say. Mr. Hubbard has worked for the Mendocino Lumber Company for the last thirteen years. He is working for the company now as a locomotive engineer, and a more conscientious and industrious man in a more trying and exhaustive occupation could hardly be found.

Mr. Hubbard was found, after diligent questioning, in the cab of his locomotive. His hands and face were covered with engine grease and perspiration, betokening his hard labor, but his clear, blue eyes were those of a happy, honest man. The Chronicle man climbed into the cab and said: "Mr. Hubbard, I've come all the way from San Francisco to hear the story of your suffering and how you were cured."

"Well, I'm glad to see you," said Mr. Hubbard. "I've half been expecting to see some newspaper man from there about it, for my case has attracted widespread attention. I've had rheumatism—that's what my trouble has been—for years. I get it in this hot cab when the cold wind and fog from the ocean blow in here.

"But, to begin at the beginning, I must tell you that I have been working here for this company for thirteen years. I have had rheumatism all the time, and I think I first contracted it at the Chickahominy swamp in the war of the rebellion. I suffered terribly with it, especially of late years. Why, some nights I went home all doubled over and hardly able to walk. I don't know how I kept at work, but suppose it was because I had to. I suffered a great deal in my bed. Some nights I have waked up and found my arm outside of the covers. At such times I could not put it back in bed, but had to lift it with the other hand and get it under the clothes very slowly. Of course, I was trying everything. I spent money for all sorts of patent medicines, paid doctors here and in San Francisco for treatment, and bought a lot of electric belts. I paid over $70 for electric belts, got the most powerful I could find, but they did no good. Well, sir, my wife's sister in St. John, New Brunswick, sent us a lot of papers from time to time, and nearly all of them had remarkable stories of cures by a medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Finally my wife got at me to try some of the pills. I got some, and there was such an improvement in me after taking two or three boxes that now I wouldn't think of trying to get along without them in the house. My wife, too, has had much nervous trouble, and she began to take the pills with wonderful effect. They proved the best thing in the world for me, and my wife thinks there is nothing like them for nervous trouble. Our faith in them is so great that we recommend them to every one. People laughed at me at first and I laughed myself, but they turned out to be the thing, and I wouldn't take lots of money for the good they have done me. As for the neighbors, I have purchased $15 worth of the pills for them, and they are doing them good for all sorts of ailments. I can give the pills the strongest recommendation, as I tried everything before without any good effect, and these have done wonders for me."

Mrs. Hubbard, the wife of the engineer, was found in her pretty little home, which is fairly embowered in flowers. She was most cordial, and corroborated all her husband had said.

The neighbors and fellow-workmen of Mr. Hubbard were most warm in their praises of the engineer, and also confirmed the story of the improvement in his health.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, and all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post-paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

MERCURIAL

Mr. J. C. Jones, of Fulton, Ark., says of S.S.S. "About ten years ago I contracted a severe case of blood poison. Leading physicians prescribed medicine after medicine, which I took without any relief. I also tried mercurial and potash remedies, with unsuccessful results, but which brought on an attack of mercurial rheumatism that made my life one of agony. After suffering four years I gave up all remedies and commenced using S. S. S. After taking several bottles, I was entirely cured and able to resume work.

RHEUMATISM

S.S.S. is the greatest medicine for blood poisoning to-day on the market."

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

SAFE, QUICK AND EFFECTIVE.

The valuable curative properties of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are due to the employment of the highest medical and chemical skill. They are purely vegetable, and in ingredients and method have never been equaled; safe, quick and effective in their action; they do not burn or blister, but soothe and revive while curing, and can be worn without causing inconvenience.

All other so-called porous plasters are imitations, made to sell on the reputation of ALLCOCK'S.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS, the safest purgative known.

"De trouble wid too many ob you niggers," says Uncle Mose, "is dat you wants to lib sinners an' die Christians."

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
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WATER MOTOR.

One Tierk Water Motor, new, that will develop from 10 to 15-horse power; can be had at a sacrifice by addressing
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KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and $1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

Flesh

means strength to withstand chronic ailments, coughs, colds and disease. Sound flesh is essential to health.

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the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, enriches the blood, builds up flesh and fortifies the system against sickness and chronic ailments. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

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On receipt of ONE DOLLAR
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HAVE YOU GOT PILES
ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO
DR. BO-SAN-KO'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.

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FOR CHILDREN TEETHING
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Heart Palpitation
Indigestion, Impure Blood Cured by Hood's.

Mr. D. W. Bridges

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.:
"Dear Sirs:—During the winter and spring I have used a dozen bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla in my family, and I am quite sure we have been greatly benefitted by it. For years I have been troubled with indigestion, accompanied by sympathetic heart trouble, and Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me very much good. We have also given it to the children for impure blood and ringworms with very good results."
D. W. BRIDGES, Pleasant Hill, Oregon.
N. B. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache. 25c.

Don't Lose Heart.
PLANT FERRY'S SEEDS
this year, and make up for lost time. Ferry's Seed Annual for 1894 will give you many valuable hints about what to raise and how to raise it. It contains information to be had from no other source. Free to all.
D. M. Ferry & Co.
Detroit, Mich.

CLIP SAVE AND SEND TO US

The following cut shows the outfit which caused such a bitter contest among the windmill exhibitors at the World's Fair.

Chief Buchanan of the Dept. of Agriculture wished it put up to cut and grind feed for the stock on exhibition and urged other Windmill Co.'s to put up outfits. They would not, and tried to prevent us. They had a regular organization for fighting us, held meetings, and appointed committees and for weeks occupied a great deal of their own time and that of the World's Fair Officials trying to prevent us from erecting one, and our outfit was actually torn down and wrecked one evening after dark, before it was completed, by parties who pulled it over with a rope. Mr. Buchanan sent Chief of Staff, J. A. Green, with a committee of the kickers to see us, and in his presence, the Pres. of the Aermotor Co. offered to pay freight, or expressage on Geared outfits that any other windmill exhibitors would put up and to furnish skilled erectors to erect them in order to have something with which to compare the Aermotor in practical work. This they would not do for the reason that the steel geared mills other than Aermotors on exhibition were experimental and it was well known that the 12-ft. Aermotor would do more work than any 16-ft. wooden wheel. As it was, the outfit here represented was the only power mill put up for public use, and it never got out of order in the slightest particular, though operated by unfamiliar hands.

If buying tools are used to ridge of barn the tools and must can be bought down at one side.

In this model outfit no horizontal shaft was used. We belted direct to other machines from the pulley, which is always a part of the Aermotor Grinder, thus greatly economizing in first cost, in power, and in space. It cut feed as rapidly as two men could get it to the cutter and ground 15 to 20 bushels an hour. A great many outfits were sold to those who saw it work. It was a 12-ft. Geared Aermotor on a 40-ft. steel tower, put up on a light frame barn, and in a 65 mile wind one could hardly feel the barn shake. The feet of the Steel Tower rested upon two 4x4 timbers laid on the roof. Through these feet and timbers long bolts passed through the roof and were secured down in the 4x4 braces which pass from each foot of the tower to where they were securely bolted to the 10x10 mast, 34 ft. long, which extended from the peak of the roof to the floor, so that the entire weight of the tower was transmitted through the mast to the floor. This shows how a high steel tower can be put on a light frame structure. In this case the wheel was far enough above the buildings to be unaffected by the eddies and currents caused by them. The shaft in the Tower is supported by Block Rods and Braces.

Why buy a Horse Power with which to apply horse power when for the same money you can get a Geared Aermotor which supplies perpetual power and is always harnessed?

MODEL POWER OUTFIT AT WORLD'S FAIR.

The third advertisement in this series will show a Steel Circular Saw and Frame, for farm and sawyers' use. It is a Perfect Pole Saw, with Perfect Safety Guards, and runs with very much less power than ordinary buzz saws and has a better saw. The $10 Saw and Frame will be given for $15 and five copies of this advertisement, (which is No. 2 in the series) if sent immediately after the appearance in this paper of the Saw adv., (No. 3,) but only one saw will be furnished to any one person. For the extra four copies call on neighboring subscribers to this paper, or induce others to subscribe, because we will not accept these advertisements unless taken from papers mailed to regular subscribers whose names and addresses must be given, together with the date of the paper from which they are clipped. Our Irrigation Pump may be substituted for the Saw. Either f.o.b. Chicago.

Where we can, we shall make liberal offers to accept copies of these advertisements in part payment for Windmills. If you have any thought of using a windmill this year write us at once, stating what you will need, whether Pumping or Geared, and if possible we will make you a liberal offer.

The Aermotor Co. proposes to distribute $500. CASH, IN PRIZES for the best essays written by the wife, son or daughter of a farmer or user of a windmill, answering the question, "WHY SHOULD I USE AN AERMOTOR?" For conditions of competition and amounts and numbers of prizes send for particulars to the Aermotor Co., Chicago, or to its branches, at San Francisco, Kansas City, Lincoln, Neb., Sioux City, Iowa, Minneapolis, Buffalo, or 65 Park Place, New York City. Aermotors, Pumping and Geared same price, All Steel, all Galvanized—After Completion, delivered free on cars at Chicago and shipped to any one, anywhere, at the following prices:
8-ft. $25. 12-ft. $50. 16-ft. $125.

DR. GUNN'S IMPROVED LIVER PILLS
A MILD PHYSIC
ONE PILL FOR A DOSE.
A movement of the bowels each day is necessary for health. These pills supply what the system lacks to make it regular. They cure Headache, brighten the Eyes and clear the Complexion better than cosmetics. They act mildly, neither gripe nor sicken as other pills do. To convince you of their merits we will mail samples free, or a full box for 25 cents. Sold everywhere. Bosanko Med. Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE equals custom work, costing from $4 to $6, best value for the money in the world. Name and price stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitute. See local papers for full description of our complete lines for ladies and gentlemen or send for *Illustrated Catalogue* giving instructions how to order by mail. Postage free. You can get the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

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for Catarrh, Deafness, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Headache, Fetid, Sickening Breath; Restores the Voice, Sense of Smell, etc. Price 50c., all druggists or mail. A. P. EVORY & CO., Propts., 362 17th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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