

Be on your Guard.

If some grocers urge another baking powder upon you in place of the "Royal," it is because of the greater profit upon it. This of itself is evidence of the superiority of the "Royal." To give greater profit the other must be a lower cost powder, and to cost less it must be made with cheaper and inferior materials, and thus, though selling for the same, give less value to the consumer.

To insure the finest cake, the most wholesome food, be sure that no substitute for Royal Baking Powder is accepted by you.

Nothing can be substituted for the Royal Baking Powder and give as good results.

How Tippeco Sahib Died.

H. G. Keene has found in the diary of his late father an interesting description of the storming of Seringapatam, at which he was present on May 4, 1799. Captain Keene, who was a nephew of General Harris, then commander in chief, seems to have gathered from prisoners full details of the last moments of our once redoubtable enemy, Tippeco Sahib. In his entries, which have been forwarded for publication to the Calcutta Review, he says:

"Tippeco sat at his dinner till one of his servants told him that the English were coming, and they presently appeared. This was the last of the left hand column. He sent off a servant to the place to bring up the troops, seized his rifle and shot one of the first three who came on in front. Another was killed by a shot from the bastion behind. The third still advancing, Tippeco cried out, 'These are devils; they are killed and the third comes on.' He fled, only to find himself hemmed in between two columns. He fought bravely. When he fell, wounded an officer was about to say who he was, Tippeco frowned and put his finger to his lips. He then made a blow at a sergeant and cut into the barrel of his firelock. The sergeant killed him with his bayonet, and the body was soon covered by the slain."

It has been said that the success of the assault was necessary to the existence of the besieging army under General Baird, and Captain Keene's diary confirms this.

Making Balloons Safe.

Two melancholy accidents through balloons becoming ruptured in midair have led to experiments being made with a view to save life under such conditions. One aeronaut in France fitted his balloon with a parachute which overrode the upper part of the gaseous envelope. He then made an ascent, and, with marvelous confidence in the value of his improvement, purposely cut the fabric of the balloon and let the gas escape. The parachute then expanded, and the occupants of the car sank slowly and safely to earth.

In another experiment, conducted in this country, to show that, if the neck line of a balloon were left untied the silk envelope would itself form an umbrella-like parachute, the car had no occupants, but was weighted so as to represent a crew of three persons. By means of a fuse and a weight the fabric was automatically slit from top to bottom when the balloon was at a height of 3,000 feet, upon which the material assumed the form of an inverted basin and came down gently. It is argued from the result of this experiment that the occupants of a burst balloon could make safely to the ground if they only had the presence of mind to cut the neck line.—Chambers' Journal.

Tasmania Silver.

The richness of some of the ores found in Tasmania is marvelous. Recently some Zeehan chloride was twice tested by private analyses and found to assay nearly 20,000 ounces of silver to the ton. The accuracy of these tests being doubted, two specimens were submitted to the government analyst for trial in his laboratory, with the result that in both samples he found over 20,000 ounces to the ton. From another mine native silver and antimonial ore assayed 3,000 ounces to the ton. A soft clay found in one claim gave 1,800 ounces to the ton, and from another Fallgater ore yielded 367 ounces of silver to the ton.

By the latest mail advices I hear of samples from some tons of ore taken from a Whyte river claim yielding as follows: Galena No. 1 specimen, 451 ounces silver and 42 per cent. lead; galena No. 2, 521 ounces silver and 17 per cent. lead; "black pug" 330 ounces silver and 11 per cent. lead, the formation being described as galena slugs imbedded in very wet black pug.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Nobody

need have Consumption. It is not inherited. The inherited tendencies toward it are overcome by

Scott's

Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil, which makes children robust and healthy, and stimulates the development of the lungs in old and young alike. Physicians, the world over, endorse it.

Don't be deceived by Substitutes!

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All Druggists.

A STRANGE INCIDENT.

How a Locomotive Engineer Won His Bride.

A WILD RIDE IN THE NIGHT.

A Rival Lover and Another Engine Were in Hot Pursuit, but They Were Distanced by a Clever Ruse—Old Time Railroading in the South.

"Railroading in the south ain't what it used to be," said the engineer, wiping his hands upon a bunch of waste and taking a piece of tobacco from his overalls pocket. "Give me the good old days when we had wood burnin' engines, easy schedules with long stops and no telegraph to be devil us. We could run pretty much to suit ourselves then, and it goes without sayin' we had lots of enjoyment."

"Take, for instance, the fun Jim Larkins and me had one night about 13 years ago. You see, Jim and me were both courtin' the same girl, both been engineers on the Wilmington, Columbia and Augusta road. Jim was a Columbia and Char- lotte, and I was a Columbia and Charlotte. Old man Smith—that's Mollie's father—didn't like me near as well as he did Jim, but he said that Mollie preferred me. I wasn't carlin' much about her dad's opinion. It wasn't no use for us to try to get spliced in Columbia, for everybody knew that her father had ordered her not to be seen with me. So the only thing for us to do was to watch our chance and go off on the quiet to some place along the line. I thought it over for several days and got the whole thing in shape. I told Mollie to come down to the roundhouse about 7 o'clock one night and I would take her a little ride on my engine. She said, 'Well, I guess you don't know her. Why, she had run the machine herself many a time.'"

"I had given the hint to Jack, my fireman, and he was on hand when I backed out on the main track, leaving Jim's engine in the roundhouse. Mollie was waitin', and she jumped on the tank like an engine's sweetheart ought to do. Just as we were pullin' out Jim came around the corner. His eyes opened, I tell you."

"Where we goin', Billie, he shouted."

"Just out for a little ride," I remarked, puttin' Mollie up on the box in front of me so I had to put my arms around her to reach the levers. I saw Jim gasp and start on toward Mollie's house."

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Feeling Wretched.

"Women are accused of being inclined to meanness in the matter of leaving waiters," commented a woman recently, "but I think perhaps those who are take their cue from a womanly inclined husband or brother. On a dining car recently a man sat opposite me who ate stolidly through the courses of the dinner, and a bottle of apollinaris opened for him and left five cents by his plate when he had done. The waiter pointedly allowed the nickel to remain until every dish had been removed, undoubtedly hoping that the persons at the adjacent tables would see the small coin before, with an indescribable flip, he pocketed it."

"Not long ago I saw a man in a New York restaurant tuck a five dollar bill in the waiter's hand at the beginning of a luncheon he was ordering for his party of two ladies and himself. This seemed to me as bad in its way as the five cent piece. We Americans do not take kindly to the fee system. It is contrary to the principle of our institutions, but it is apparently beyond control, and we wonder with the rest must accept, if in moderation. Among my women friends I find no general rule in regard to the matter. One woman whom I consider rather fast doesn't fee because it's vulgar; another who is proverbially extravagant, because she can't afford it; still another, because the waiter would expect it from a woman, and so on. I've seen a rich woman leave five cents and a poor one leave fifty cents. A favorite practice when several women are luncheon together is to divide the fee, each contributing an equal part. Men, I believe, never do this, though I don't see why it isn't a sensible notion."—Her Point of View in New York Times.

The Belle Coscie Band.

A bandit in Corsica never robs any one, but if he wants money he gets it by plundering rich tourists, he gets it by stopping a diligence—this would be a thiefing, and altogether beneath his dignity. He writes a strongly worded letter to some person with whom he has family or friends at feud and bids him send a certain sum by a given date, or take the consequence. The Belle Coscie band, especially during the last twenty years, have acted as if the country around belonged to them. They have almost always insisted on sharing in the profits of any undertaking which they may have seen going forward.

Some few years ago the maire of obtained a concession of the right to fell a certain number of trees in the forest of Vizzavona. The Belle Coscie heard of this and demanded a share in the profit. The maire indignantly refused, but the two bandits said, "Then we will show you a thing or two." They went to the forest and cut down a tree. They would do it that the trees were left standing. At length the maire began to think that half a loaf was better than no bread and yielded. That has always been the way. Every one has yielded, and though expedition after expedition of armed men has been sent to the mountains to capture the two Belle Coscie, and though the gendarmes have been eager for the honor and reward attendant on success, there has been no success. Antoine Coscie has waited until the time during which the law prosecutes for murder is passed; Jacques will do the same, and a governing family in Corsica will have been founded.—London Saturday Review.

No Business in That Country.

"I once came near starving to death in a land of plenty," said J. Goodrich Jones, addressing the experience meeting assembled in the corridors of the Lindell. "I was traveling through Arkansas by wagon selling patent rights. I got into a section where hotels were unknown, and had to put up at the cabins of the squatters. For an entire week the bill of fare was baked possum, butter milk and corn bread for breakfast, corn bread, butter milk and baked possum for dinner, and butter milk, baked possum and corn bread for supper. Laborer baked possum, corn bread is my abomination, and I would starve to death in an ocean of butter milk. At last I expostulated. My host was thunderstruck."

"He got up, motioned me to follow him outside and said impressively: 'Look a-hyar, stranger; yer too scrumptious for Arkansas; yer too scrumptious for Arkansas; yer too scrumptious for Arkansas. I'll never forget that night. A man who can't go possum on a corn pone ain't got no kinder business a-foolin round in Arkansas.'—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

How Some Old Trees Sustain Themselves.

Many trees exhibit an economical utilization of the products of their own decay. These include swamp maples, a Norway maple, a willow and a white mulberry. In an English paper appeared not long ago an account of an oak which had "sustained itself for years by a mass of roots grown into its own trunk."

In one of the swamp maples observed by L. M. Stabler, at Great Neck, Long Island, the primary injury apparently resulted from a storm which split and twisted the trunk. One of the adventitious roots, at least two inches in diameter, started as high as ten feet above the base of the trunk and passed down through the decayed portion to the ground.—F. L. Sargent in Popular Science Monthly.

The Bicycle as a Remedy.

A physician pays the following tribute to the bicycle: "I have sent patients to the cycle riding school, and they have come back saying that it made them dizzy. They were drunk on oxygen, and I made them keep at it until they overcame the queer intoxication. Properly used I will say that the bicycle is one of the efficient remedies of the times."

Deterioration of India Rubber.

In an investigation of the decay of rubber W. Thompson has found that serious decay, which are sometimes even used for selling rubber goods black, have a very injurious effect. Metallic copper causes oxidation and hardening of rubber in contact with it. Oils containing traces of copper quickly destroy rubber, and linseed oil contains an acid that rots rubber cloth. Only castor oil, in fact, is harmless. Volatile substances are emitted during the oxidation and hardening of rubber, as is shown by the odor and by the discoloration of clothing when placed over rubber that is decaying.—New Orleans Picayune.

Mark Twain's Way.

The Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, says the Kansas City Times, relates the following story: When I was living with my brother in Buffalo, Mark Twain occupied a cottage across the street. We didn't see very much of him, but one morning as we were enjoying our cigars on the veranda after breakfast we saw Mark come to his door, in his dressing gown and slippers, and look over at us. He stood at his door and smoked for a minute as if musing on his mind about something and then he came across the street and came lounging across the street. There was an unoccupied rocking chair on the veranda, and when my brother offered it to him he dropped into it with a sigh of relief. He smoked for a few moments and said:

"Nice morning."

"Yes, very pleasant."

"Shouldn't wonder if we had rain by and by."

"Well, we could stand a little."

"This is a nice house you have here."

"Yes, we rather like it."

"How's your family?"

"Quite well—and yours?"

"Oh, we're all comfortable."

There was another impressive silence, and finally Mark Twain crossed his legs, blew a puff of smoke into the air and in his lazy drawl remarked: "I suppose you are a bit surprised to see me here so early. Fact is, I haven't been so neighborly perhaps as I ought to be. We must mend that state of things. But this morning I came over because I thought you might be interested in knowing that your good idea of 'Fact is' had been a good idea indeed."

But at the mention of the whole family dived up stairs, trailing language all the way up. When we had put the fire out and returned to the veranda, Mark wasn't there.

The Children.

Teacher (to botany class)—After a bean is planted a little shoot appears above the ground, and this soon bursts into two leaves. Now, what comes next? Bright Boy—The bean pole.—New York Telegram.

Mamma—What did you do to entertain the little girl that came to play with you? Lottie—We looked at pictures and told stories. Mamma—Why didn't you play at keeping house and visiting? Lottie—We did try, but she didn't know anything about the neighbors, and she didn't have anything to talk about.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Tottie (aged 5)—I wonder why babies are always born in the night time. Lottie (aged 7, a little wiser)—Don't you know? It's cos' they wants to make sure of findin their mothers at home.—Parson's Weekly.

A Mean Fellow.

A vivacious young lady is wondering why she lost her best fellow, and this is his side of the story: "That girl just giggled all the time, and I had to keep my face in a broad grin to prevent to be interested in what she said. I stood it until my face got tired being stretched, and then I had to quit to rest my face. Honest, she doesn't do a thing but giggle." But his friends say it is a case of she-gin on the part of the young man.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Mid Pleasures and Pains.

Mr. Flatnose—Well, how is the last new girl going to suit?

Mr. Flatnose—I don't know at all, dear. She is a Norwegian.

Mr. Flatnose—Great Scott! Can't you stick to one nationality? You've had a Swede, a Frenchwoman, a German and an Irish girl, all within two weeks. It makes a man think he is living in a sort of Midway pleasure.—Puck.

Looking For a Precedent.

"Wow! Murder!" said the young lady from her best fellow, and this is his side of the story: "That girl just giggled all the time, and I had to keep my face in a broad grin to prevent to be interested in what she said. I stood it until my face got tired being stretched, and then I had to quit to rest my face. Honest, she doesn't do a thing but giggle." But his friends say it is a case of she-gin on the part of the young man.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

Easy to Laugh.

Mrs. Brickwork—It does a body good to have Dr. Grinn when one is sick. He is always so jolly.

Mr. Brickwork—You'd be jolly, too, if you were gettin' \$3 for a 10 minute call.—New York Weekly.

NEARING THE GRAVE.

In old age infirmities and weakness hasten to the end of the road, and the grave. Happily scientific research and pharmacy have allied themelves in furnishing us a reliable means of alleviating the ailments incident to declining years and of renewing the physical energy. Its name is Hostetter's Stomach Bitter, a wisely compounded remedy, made of an insect made by nature to the older, the feeble and the convalescent. Rheumatic ailments, troubles with the kidneys and bladder, are among the more common ailments of the aged. These are effectively counteracted by the Bitter, which is likewise a preventive and curative of malarial complaints, dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness. It is highly promotive of appetite, sleep and the acquisition of vigor.

If Abdul Aziz, the young Sultan of Morocco,

doesn't keep a mighty sharp lookout, his name will soon be Abdul Azzur.

There is more catarrh in this section of the

country than all our 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 could do nothing but by constantly failing to cure with local treatment pronounced it incurable. Science, however, has shown that catarrh is a constitutional condition 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 cleanses the surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

THE SCHOOL BOY

Is often a sufferer from headache. The seat of headache is not in the brain, for if you regulate the stomach and bowels you'll cure it. Too much brain-work and brain-feeding, the brain is not a muscle, it is a gland, and it needs blood to the head with headache, dizziness or "nose bleed."

Miss Bertha Wolpe, of Dayton, Ohio, writes: "I suffered from loss of appetite, constipation, neuralgia, and great weakness, and had terrible attacks of sick headache very frequently; all these things were cured by your medicine. My health was so poor that I was unable to go to school for two years. I took Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and in a short time I was strong and well. Many friends are taking your medicines, saying what they have done for me."

ELY'S CREAM BALM
WORTH—\$500 TO ANY
Man, Woman or Child
SUFFERING FROM CATARRH.
Apply into the nostrils. Druggists.

"A FAIR FACE MAY PROVE A FOUL BARGAIN." MARRY A PLAIN GIRL IF SHE USES

SAPOLLO

CURED

APOLLO

HOITT'S OAK GROVE SCHOOL.

Millbrae, San Mateo Co., Cal., is a first-class home school for boys, with beautiful surroundings. The best of care, superior instruction. Prepares boys for any university or for business. Fall term commences Aug. 8. Catalogue and all particulars can be had by addressing Ira G. Hoitt, Ph. D., Master (Ex State Supt. Public Instruction).

REMOVE STIFFNESS.

None are so quick to see the advantage of a remedy as those who may be called on at any time to avail themselves of it. In witness of this J. E. Sullivan, Secretary of the Amateur Athletic Club and Athletic Editor of The Sporting Times, writes:

"For years I have been actively connected with athletic sports. I always found it to my advantage to use ALCOCK'S PAIN EXPELLER while in training, as they quickly remove soreness and stiffness; and when attacked with any kind of pains, the result of slight colds, I always used ALCOCK'S with beneficial results. I have noticed that most athletes of the present day use nothing else but ALCOCK'S PLASTER."

BRANDRETH'S PILLS remove all impurities.

American Little Girl (to her mamma)—What is a dead letter, please? Mamma—one that has been given to your father to post.

For throat troubles and coughs use "Brown's Bronchial Troches." They possess real merit.

"There's a friend downstairs waiting for you; says he wants you on for a minute." Mr. Catehon—Here, James; take this 10 and keep it until I come back.

Use Kummelme Store Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

CURE THAT BEST
COUGH
WITH
SHILOH'S
CURE

YOUR SAFETY

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 SHOE

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Mrs. W. J. Roach

Hood's is Good

"I have been troubled with that tired feeling, also loss of appetite. I could not sleep at night, my face broke out in pimples, and I had head-

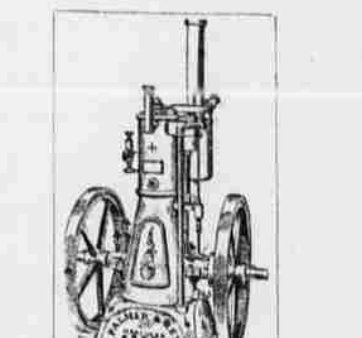
ache almost continually. Last April I commenced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and now my troubles are all gone. I gave Hood's Sarsaparilla to my baby, not yet eight months old, for sores on his body, and it cured him." Mrs. W. J. Roach, Kilmorie, Illinois.

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c. per box.

Hood's Cures

HERCULES

CAS and GASOLINE ENGINES



NOTED FOR—

SIMPLICITY,

STRENGTH,

ECONOMY

SUPERIOR

WORKMANSHIP

In Every Detail.

These engines are acknowledged by expert engineers to be worthy of highest commendation for simplicity, high-grade material and superior workmanship. They develop the full actual horse power, and run without an Electric Spark. In test, the system of ignition is simple, inexpensive and reliable.

For pumping out on this for irrigating purposes no better engine can be found on the Pacific Coast.

For hoisting outfits for mines they have met with highest approval.

For industrial power their economy is unquestioned.

STATIONARY

MARINE

ENGINES

—MANUFACTURED BY—

PALMER & REY TYPE FOUNDRY,

405-407 Sansome Street, San Francisco,

—AND—

Cor. Front and Alder Sts., Portland, Or.

Send for catalogue.

THE ERICKSON PATENT SQUIRREL BOMB

Is sure death to Ground Squirrels, Pocket Gophers, Rabbits and all animals that burrow in the ground. Simple, safe and certain. Price, \$3 per 100 bombs, boxed for shipment. Sample application, with directions for using sent free on application. For sale by SHIELDS EXTERMINATOR CO., Moscow, Idaho.

FRUIT PRESERVED!

LABOR SAVED!

Antifermentine

PRESERVES FRUIT WITHOUT HEAT.

ANTIFERMENTINE preserves CIDER, MILK, BUTTER, CATSUP, PICKLES, etc., and does it successfully by preventing fermentation. The use of this wonderful preservative assures success in canning and preserving fruits and vegetables of all kinds. SO MUCH ON TOP OF FRUIT. A few times and labor, and is in every way a decided success.

Antifermentine

is sold by all druggists and grocers, and is guaranteed to do what we say it will.

SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD,

Portland, Or.

PISO'S CURE FOR</