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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Indefinite Sentences For Criminals.

"The transformation of the criminal into a serviceable member of society," says Professor Charles A. Collin, "is the only effective protection of society against him. The mere temporary caging of the criminal as a wild beast is a protection to society for the time being, it is true. But if, when he is let out of his cage, he is worse than when he went in he may be more wary and cunning thereafter, but he will be more dangerous to society than before he was caged."

Under the present system the convict is discharged at the end of a fixed term, with a new suit of clothes and a few dollars in his pocket.

"How many graduates of Harvard university," Professor Collin asks, "dropped upon the world in such a fashion, with all the benefits in character, ability and reputation which Harvard can give them, with no friends except such as beckon them to haunts of vice and criminal ways of earning a living—how many Harvard graduates under such circumstances would get through the next two years without being compelled to beg, borrow or steal?

"How then can you expect the discharged prison convict, with the firmest of good resolutions (as many at that moment have), but with no satisfactory references to previous employment, with no friends of whom he can borrow, intoxicated with the sudden sense of freedom, to avoid the commission of new crimes before he can earn an honest living?"—Boston Commonwealth.

Hetty Green's Closeness.

Old Wall street men tell innumerable stories about Hetty Green's closeness and about her wonderful success on the street. She was in Philadelphia one day when the market suddenly changed, and she found that unless she reached New York before the close of the Stock Exchange she would miss a chance to make several thousand dollars. No train would bring her here in time, and she opened negotiations for a special engine. A price was named for an engine and one car, and after haggling some few minutes Mrs. Green made this final proposition:

"Take off the car and make it $5 less. I'll ride in the locomotive cab." She had a dusty but a speedy ride to this city, and she reached Wall street in time to make a successful turn. At another time she had a large amount of Reading securities which she had ordered her brokers to transfer to Philadelphia for her. When she learned that they would have to pay the express company a rate in proportion to the value of the securities, she was horrified.

"What, pay $100 for taking that bundle to Philadelphia! I can go there myself and back for $4 and save $96." She gathered up the securities in her black bag and carried them over to Philadelphia herself.—New York World.

An Idiotic Genius.

"Idiots are sometimes wonderful in their genius," said Professor C. L. Milliken of Chicago. "Of course the case of Blind Tom, the remarkable musical prodigy, is well known, but the person of whom I was thinking never became so famous, although well known in the region about where he lived in eastern Ohio.

"When I was a boy, I lived in Harrison county, O., and in an adjoining county, Tuscarawas, I think, there was an idiot boy about 12 years old. He could neither read nor write and was incapable of learning, but could instinctively give the true answer to any problem involving figures only. He could not penetrate the mysteries of algebra, geometry or calculus, but no combination of figures would confuse him. He had no rules and could not explain his methods, but his answers were given at once and always correctly. He was exhibited throughout that section of the country, and I remember that the theory advanced by physicians was that every other faculty of his brain had been completely absorbed by this one, and his mind was really a great mathematical machine."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Vowels In the Hawaiian Tongue.

The Hawaiian language is composed mainly of vowels and a few consonants put in to vary the monotony. And the beauty of the system is that there is no waste. Every vowel is pronounced. For instance, when the American eye winks at the appearance of the simple word "naauao," the glib native rolls out the five syllables with neatness and dispatch. This means "enlighten." Double vowels are very frequent, but never a diphthong. Three vowels are not uncommon, and, as above, four and sometimes more are found unseparated by consonants. In the mouth of the uneducated native the language is apt to be explosive, but the higher classes speak it with a fluent grace that surpasses the French or the Italian. In sound it somewhat resembles the general flow of the continental European languages, for the vowels all have the French quality, and the accents are not dissimilar.—Washington Star.

No Chances.

Featherstone (nervously)—Whose overcoat is that in the hall, Willie, your father's or your brother's?

Willie—It isn't my brother's. Sister told him you were coming, and he said he wouldn't trust it there.—Clothier and Furnisher.

A Crank's Fate.

Friend—That old crank Whitehair, who always refused to have a doctor, died last night.

Dr. Dosem—I knew it. I knew it would happen. I prophesied 40 years ago that he would die some time.—New York Weekly.

MIRACLE IN MISSOURI

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF MEDICAL SCIENCE FAR MORE WONDERFUL THAN THE MAGIC OF THE EAST.

The Remarkable Experience of Postmaster Woodson of Panama, Mo.—For Ten Years a Cripple—To-day a Well and Hearty Man.

From the Kansas City Times.]

The people of Rich Hill, Mo., and vicinity have recently been startled by a seeming miracle of healing. For years one of the best known men in Bates and Vernon counties has been Mark M. Woodson, now Postmaster at Panama and brother of ex-State Inspector of Mines C. C. Woodson of this city. The people of Rich Hill, where he formerly resided, and of his present home remember well the bent form, misshapen almost from the semblance of man, which has painfully bowed its head half to earth and labored snail-like across the walks season after season, and when one day last month it straightened to its full height, threw away the heavy butt of cane which for years had been its only support from total helplessness, and walked erect, firmly, unhesitatingly about the two cities, people looked and wondered. The story of the remarkable case has become the marvel of the two counties. Exactly as Mr. Woodson told it to a *Times* reporter, it is here published:

"For ten years I have suffered the torments of the damned and have been a useless invalid; to-day I am a well and hearty man, free from almost every touch of pain. I don't think man ever suffered more acute and constant agony than I have since 1884. The rheumatism started then in my right knee, and after weeks of suffering in bed I was at last relieved sufficiently to arise, but it was only to get about on crutches for five years, the ailment having settled in the joint. Despite constant treatment of the most eminent physicians the rheumatism grew worse, and for the last four years I have been compelled to go about bent half toward the ground. In the winter of 1890-91, after the rheumatism had settled into its most chronic form, I went to Kansas City upon advice of my brother, and for six weeks I was treated in one of the largest and best known dispensaries of that city, but without the slightest improvement. Before I came home I secured a strong galvanic battery; this I used for months with the same result. In August, 1892, I went to St. Louis, and there conferred with the widely known Dr. Mudd of hospital practice fame and Dr. Kale of the city hospital. None of them would take my case with any hope of affording me more than temporary relief, and so I came home, weak, doubled with pain, helpless and despondent.

"About this time my attention was called to the account of a remarkable cure by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People of locomotor ataxia, rheumatism and paralysis. I ordered some of the pills as an experiment. When I began to take them the rheumatism had developed into a phase of paralysis; my leg from the thigh down was cold all the time and could not be kept warm. In a short time the pills were gone, and so was the cane. I was able to attend to the duties of my office, to get about as a well and strong man. I was free from pain and I could enjoy a sound and restful night's sleep, something I had not known for ten years. To-day am practically, and I firmly believe, permanently cured of my terrible and agonizing ailment. No magician of the Far East ever wrought the miracle with his wand that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me."

To verify the story beyond all question of doubt Mr. Woodson made the following affidavit:

STATE OF MISSOURI, } ss.
COUNTY OF BATES, }

I, M. M. Woodson, being duly sworn on my oath, state that the following statements are true and correct as I verily believe. M. M. WOODSON.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 3d day of March, 1894.

JOHN D. MOORE, *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

Didn't Need Washing.

The Aino, an uncivilized tribe on the island of Yesso, are not at all fond of bathing. Indeed they share the Chinese idea that it is only dirty people who need continual washing. They do not regard themselves as dirty and therefore dispense with the uncleanly habit.

"You white people must be very dirty," said an Aino to a traveler as the latter was preparing to take a plunge into a limpid river, "as you tell me you bathe in the river every day."

"And what about yourself?" was the question in turn.

"Oh," replied he, with an air of contempt, "I am very clean and have never needed washing."—Youth's Companion.

Chosen by Her Feet.

A "Longfellow toe" is a new feature of church festivals. Each girl brings a basket, which is numbered, with chicken, pie and cake enough for two. Each young man pays a quarter. He is allowed to look at the contents of the baskets and chooses one by its number. Then he goes to a curtain behind which the girls are seated, with their feet protruding. He picks out a desirable foot, writes the number on it, and then eats out of the basket bearing the number and in company with the owner of the pedal extremity which has the duplicate on it.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

GOLD IN NEW JERSEY.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

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CHAPTER I.

"Objections! No, Feesh all you got a mind to. Feeshes vas made to be catched."

"Objections! Me! I baet you no. Feesh all you got a mind to. Feeshes vas made to be catched. Offen im Deutschland, ven I vas a leedle boy, I vant to go feeshin' so bad I gan feel it yet, unt mein vater zay, 'Heinrich Kropff! you bleib by your vork.' I vas not zo gruel. Ven I haf my vay, I vish efferybody feesh zo much he got desire for alretty. Jacob vill put your horse in the barn. Jacob, my boy! Gome here."

A stout, sullen looking young man, chewing a straw and with his hands in his pantaloons pockets, lounged out of the barn and toward the porch upon which his father and two visitors were standing.

"Take the zhentlemen's horse, Jacob, unt bring him by the barn, und feed him."

While Jacob was stolidly obeying orders one of the strangers replied:

"I'm sure we are infinitely obliged to you, sir, for your courtesy. The fact is that so many landowners play dog-in-the-manger now it is not easy to find places where one can take a few trout without liability of arrest for trespass. What flies are most killing at present up here?"

"Vell, mister"— He hesitated, looked at a card in his hand and continued "Mister Cute, or Mister Sharp, vor mineselluf I think the vorst been them mosquitoes, but ve don't got many here. There vas a leedle vly mit a green head vat bite like a schmall Satan, but maybe you don't see one of him in a veek."

"I do not mean the most annoying insects," replied Mr. Cute, smilingly, "but those most tempting to the trout; those they bite best at."

"Ah! Zo! Vell, for that, Mr. Cute, or Mr. Sharp, I should alvays say the vorms."

Mr. Cute and Mr. Sharp laughed, and tackle in hand strolled away toward the trout brook among the hills. Herr Kropff looked after them, and as he retook his place in the big rocking chair on the porch soliloquized sympathetically:

"Pore young vellers! How thin unt dried up they look. They got a hard time vorkin' in some office in New York, I suppose; by the gaslights all the time, maybe. Ach! Lieber Himmel! That vas not a place that a man he shall live, in the city; vere is vild birds, unt flowers, unt trees not ever to be seen, nor even a leedle bumblebee that shall make a man think how the free nature is lovely. Zo I did feel ven I was gome journeyman forty years ago, unt I say, 'No, I vill not shtay im Germany unt been gabinet maker; I vill go by America unt been farmer.' I vould not live today, maybe, if I did shtay in the city unt vork at the bench, unt I know I should not vant to. Here I been strong unt goutent unt happy—unt mein Lieschen! Sure she vould not so pretty be in the city."

That final supposition was probably erroneous, for the old man's daughter was really so good looking that her prettiness would most likely have resisted the adverse influences of urban surroundings quite as well as the charms of many more girls who somehow succeed in being very lovely even in the cities. But such a delicious picture as she presented just now she certainly never would have made as a town dweller. Just her head and bust were shown above and beyond a clump of snowdrop bushes, in which the waxen fruit lay among the foliage like pearls set in green enamel. Over her spread an apple tree's boughs, thickly studded with blossoms, and through a rift among the branches a ray of sunshine seemed refracted into an aureole about her golden curls. Her red lips were parted in a smile and the light of happiness sparkled in her bright blue eyes. One plump white hand was raised to a level with her face, its palm turned outward, in the gesture of wafting a kiss.

George Stirling, driving by through the lane, was quite right in thinking, as he responded to that gesture, that Lieschen, his betrothed wife, was one of the prettiest girls in the country—or perhaps anywhere.

"That is a fine young chap, that George Stirling," the old man reflected, "unt I guess he think pretty much of Lieschen like Lieschen think of him. Vell, that is all right. I vish that fool unlucky boy Jacob was shpry like him."

"Vater! Vater! That dominic hen vas settin' again," broke in a shrill female voice upon his meditations, and an elderly woman, his wife Anna, appeared coming around a corner of the house, carrying the recalcitrant and vociferous hen by the legs. "I yoost catch her sittin' on an old door knob and a schmall bottle. You got to fix her nose."

"That door knob vas hopeless, but a bolitical party haf been hatched out from a bottle by sdrict attention to business. Gif me that hen."

Pulling a long feather from one of the fowl's wings he thrust it through her nostrils, so that it protruded on each side at right angles with the line of her beak, an arrangement which seemed to inflict no pain, but to fascinate her bewildered mind and engross her attention. Her eyes came out and stood on her cheeks in an effort to see both ends of the feather, and she went off toward the barnyard slowly, stopping occasionally to utter a whoop of surprise and to claw vainly at the strange thing.

"That breaks her all up on that settin' notion," commented the farmer. "It beats all how much a hen vas like a voman. Either of them only gan of one thing at a time think. It vas a vise dispensation of Providence that schmall minds shall not be sgattered. Jacob vas an eggseption. He gannot goncentrate on anything but eatin' unt shleepin'."

One of the farm hands came in to know if Mr. Kropff had made up his mind whether he would have the old field broken up for corn or left fallow to seed down for wheat in the fall. That question entailed some discussion. Jacob languidly drifted over from the barn, and stood leaning against a pillar of the porch listening with an air of weary indifference until the matter was settled, and then lounged on into the house to learn if dinner was not nearly ready.

After dinner the old man retook his accustomed seat on the porch, lighted his long pipe and fancied he was thinking, while his thoughts entangled themselves into a kaleidoscopic jumble of good-for-nothing Jacob, obstinate hen, shrewish wife, old field—all in strange and fantastic relations to each other and to him. But gradually all sense of care and annoyance floated away, and only the humming of the bees at their hives, the bluebird's musical carol from the hollow stump, the melodious call of the robin jumping in the orchard, the faint, sweet scent of the apple blossoms and the warmth of the glad sunshine remained, in a blended impression of delight that made Herr Kropff young again in a happy dream.

About the middle of the afternoon the anglers returned, with but one meager little troutlet as the result of their day's endeavors, but quite cheerful nevertheless. The water, they said, was too high and roiled from recent rains to favor sport. Another time, they did not doubt, they would do better.

"Yes," assented Farmer Kropff oracularly, "ven you use worms. Feathers unt bristles gannot be depended upon te seduce the abbetite of a feesh."

He would not consent that they should take their leave without partaking of "at least a gup of goffee," which developed into an excellent meal by the time that the willing but habitually grumbling good wife Anna had it placed upon the table. Then Jacob was awakened from his nap in the haymow to get out their horse. Mr. Sharp wished to pay the farmer for their dinner and the care of their horse, but the offer was firmly and almost indignantly repelled.

"I do not geep a hotel," the old man replied, "unt for him who gan afford it, as I gan, there is yoost as much pleasure in eggstending hospitality as in receiving it."

But Jacob gladly pocketed the two dollar bill that Mr. Cute slipped into his hand, and mumbled "Thank ye."

CHAPTER II.

"Vy you did not yoomp on a bropositton like dott Ten thousand dollars!"

Three days later Messrs. Cute and Sharp reappeared at Herr Kropff's on another fishing excursion, and were heartily welcomed. When they went off to the brook they took with them a big and clumsy, but apparently light package, the contents of which they did not expose, and a spade. The farmer inferred that they had come prepared to dig bait, and that the package contained a bait box, the size of which, however, surprised him. Neither of those things did they bring back in the afternoon, but they had a fine string of trout, which they insisted upon presenting to Herr Kropff.

"No, no," he protested, "you shall take your fishes along with you, or your friends will not believe that you catch some."

But they declared that they would not be bothered with them; that all they wanted was the sport of catching the gamy little fellows, and that the health and pleasant memory of their day's outing was all they cared to take back to the city. So Mrs. Kropff added the trout to the elaborate dinner she was preparing for them. While it was being made ready the anglers sat upon the porch chatting with the old man.

"You have a handsome farm here, Mr. Kropff," remarked Mr. Cute.

"Vell, pooty goot," responded the farmer deliberately. "It might have more meadow land; but it might be vorse."

"How many acres have you?"

"One hundred and twenty, goot unt strong."

"What is land worth about here?" interpolated Mr. Sharp.

"Vell, that depends on how much one man shall vant to sell or another man to buy. Maybe about fifty dollars an acre ven there vas no fluctuative influences."

"Do you know of any farm in this neighborhood for sale?"

"No, sir, I don't."

"My friend," interposed Mr. Cute, again taking up the thread of conversation, "has a notion that he would get well if he could come up and live in this pure air."

"Zo! You been seek?" asked the old farmer, turning with compassionate interest to Mr. Sharp.

"Yes. The doctors say that I cannot last more than six or eight months, probably, if I do not give up Wall street and get out to some healthy place in the country. I suppose I shall have to do so if I can find the place."

"Vell, vot is the matter that you shall not come up here unt live vile you get vell?"

"You are very kind, but that would hardly be practicable. I must have a home of my own. I have a family and require a place. You don't think you would care to sell, do you?"

"No. Of such a thing I would not think. My children here were born and here I shall die. I did knock around the world enough ven I a young man vas. Now I vill take my rest. Every place in the vorld vould be strange to me ven I should go from here out."

"You are right. It is a great thing to be settled down. I would willingly give forty thousand dollars for a place like this."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

INTERESTING TO LADIES.

It has been generally remarked that no class of articles at the Midwinter Exposition received more attention than the various indispensible, and to the masculine mind, mysterious adjuncts to the toilettes of our fair ladies. Manufacturers from every part of the globe were represented, and the products of America, France, England and Germany competed for the honor of the first award at the great Exposition. The points of competition were: freedom from all injurious or deleterious substances, efficiency in producing the desired results expected in a preservative of the complexion, chemical skill in preparing and compounding, and finally, elegance of appearance and general style. Upon all these points "Camelline" was awarded highest position, and received the unusual distinction of a special honorary diploma of merit, a result not only eminently gratifying to the manufacturers, Messrs. Wakelee & Co., the manufacturing chemists of San Francisco, but an indorsement of the good judgment of the ladies of the Pacific Coast, who, long ago, pronounced in favor of the superior excellence of "Camelline," which may be obtained at any drug store upon the Pacific Coast.

Both Mistaken.

"Did you speak to me, sir?" said the passenger on the seat in front, turning stiffly to stare at the passenger who had leaned forward to remark that it looked like rain.

"No, sir," replied the other pleasantly. "I spoke to a gentleman I thought you resembled. I see I was mistaken."—Chicago Tribune.

A Dangerous Exploit.

M. Fermain (one of the seconds)—My principal, the count, refuses to consent to a duel in the woods at dawn.

M. le Comte—Why not?

M. Fermain—Morbleu! Think of the risks! Both of the gentlemen might catch cold!—Chicago Record.

He (in a spirit of investigation)—Why don't you marry? She (softly)—Nobody ever asked me to. He—O.

BRACE THE NERVES.

Sedatives and opiates won't do it. These nervines do not make the nerves strong, and failing to do this, fall short of producing the essential of their quietude—vigor. And while in extreme cases—and these only—of nervous irritation such drugs may be advisable, their frequent use is highly prejudicial to the delicate organism upon which they act, and in order to renew their quieting effect increased and dangerous doses eventually become necessary. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an efficient substitute for such pernicious drugs. It quiets the nerves by bracing, toning, strengthening them. The connection between weakness of the nervous system and that of the organs of digestion is a strong and sympathetic link. The Bitters by imparting a healthful impulse to the digestive and assimilating functions promotes throughout the whole system a vigor in which the nerves come in for a large share. Use the Bitters in malaria, constipation, bilious and kidney trouble.

Minnie—Young Sapley tried to kiss me last night. Mamie—Did he succeed? Minnie—No; he didn't know how.

THE NURSE'S DELIGHT.

Every experienced nurse knows the value of a remedy which, without being an anodyne, will relieve soreness of the limbs or stiffness of the joints and enable a patient to sleep quietly and naturally.

Just such a remedy are ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. Placed on the chest or on the back, if necessary cut into strips and placed over the muscles of the limbs, they work marvels in the way of soothing and quieting restlessness. Being perfectly simple and harmless in their composition, they can be used freely, and many a sufferer has thanked them for a night of quiet rest, grateful both to him and those who care for him.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS do not weaken the bowels.

"Cholly pursued a number of studies at college, didn't he?" "Yes. But I don't think he ever caught up with any."

Anæmia

is depleted blood. The blood lacks richness and the cheeks lack color. The whole system lacks the nourishment of

Scott's Emulsion

the Cream of Cod-liver Oil. This nourishing, palatable food restores a healthy color, enriches the blood and tones up the whole system. *Physicians*, the world over, endorse it.

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KARL'S CLOVER ROOT PURIFIES THE BLOOD THREE DAYS. IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION INDIGESTION DIZZINESS ERUPTIONS ON THE SKIN. BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION. $1.00 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

Anagreeable Laxative and NERVE TONIC. Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 25c., 50c., and $1.00 per package. Samples free.

KO NO The Favorite TOOTH POWDER for the Teeth and Breath, 25c.

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$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of 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.

MADE LIFE A BURDEN.

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MISS G. F. CRAWFORD, of *Limestone, Me.*, writes: "For years I suffered monthly from periodic pains which at times were so acute as to render life a burden. I began using Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I used seven bottles in as many months and derived so much benefit from it and the home-treatment recommended in his Treatise on Diseases of Women, that I wish every woman throughout our land, suffering in the same way, may be induced to give your medicines and treatment a fair trial."

"Favorite Prescription" is a powerful, invigorating tonic and a soothing and strengthening nervine, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and vigor. For every "female complaint," it is the only remedy so sure that it can be *guaranteed*. If it doesn't cure, you have your money back.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. NO SQUEAKING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF. $4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO. $3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES. $2.50 $2. WORKINGMENS EXTRA FINE. $2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES. LADIES $3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA. SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas $3.00 Shoe.

Because, we are the largest manufacturers of this grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protect you against high prices and the middleman's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We have them sold everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

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PILES Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared for Piles and Itching of the private parts. Every box is warranted. By druggists, by mail on receipt of price, 50 cents and $1.00. WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, Ohio.

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S. F. Mechanics' Institute Medal.

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Manifests itself in hot weather in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause great annoyance. The cure is found in Hood's Sarsaparilla which makes the blood pure and removes all such disfigurations.

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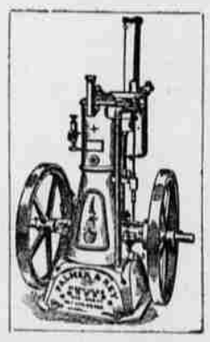

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