

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A WEALTHY BAREFOOT BOY.

A Physician's Son Who Goes Stockingless Summer and Winter.

The indignation of the passengers on a western Maryland railroad train was somewhat unnecessarily excited near Baltimore by the unusual spectacle of a richly clad boy of five or six years, whose legs and feet were perfectly bare, although the winter morning was a cold one. The child was accompanied by his mother and sister, both of whom were richly dressed, and the sudden conclusion was formed by the passengers that the family had spent so much money in wraps, dresses and coverings for the bodies and shoulders of the elders that nothing had been left over with which to provide a protection for the extremities of the child.

The appearance and conduct of the three, which indicated culture, wealth and, on the part of the mother, parental solicitude for the welfare of her offspring, and on the part of the boy, perfect content and comfort and apparent obliviousness to the fact that his feet and ankles were bare, hardly seemed to accord with the hastily formed suspicion of the curious spectators. On inquiry it was ascertained that the boy was the son of a prominent physician who had lost one child after another with throat diseases until he hit upon the idea of turning his children out barefooted, as children went before stockings and shoes which retain the moisture of the foot and the moisture of the ground, were invented.

The physician's experiment proved to be a perfect success. The barefooted boy was the picture of health. At Union station he ran up the cold boards and ice covered bricks laughing and singing and totally unaware of any discomfort. By adopting the barefoot method the Maryland physician has succeeded in raising a family of healthy boys and girls. Winter and summer his children of both sexes have gone shoeless and stockingless. People look on with curiosity and amusement, but the doctor is perfectly satisfied with the results.

Indian mothers made their babies huddle by plunging them in the ice covered streams. Physicians of today say that the best remedy for cold feet is to plunge them into cold water. The warmth, comfort and exhilaration which come from the attraction of the blood to the extremities exceed any physical delight to be extracted from toasting one's toes at the open fire, the register or the steam radiator. It seems to be Mother Nature's way of teaching us that we must endure before we enjoy and that the greatest joy comes through endurance.—Baltimore American.

A Mechanical Mathematician.
An attempt has been made in a new mechanical calculator to provide a means of saving time for contractors, engineers, machinists, surveyors and accountants—in fact, for all who have occasion to solve numerical problems.

This device is a kind of slide rule, which has, however, all its figures in a single plane. It consists of a wooden base about nine inches square and a quarter of an inch thick, bound with nickel plated metal.

Within a circle eight inches in diameter are a series of circular scales on the face of two metal plates, the inner plate revolving on a central hub. The inner circle is provided with two nickel plated knobs, by which it is revolved, while on the under side of the board is a metal point by which the revolving of the outer plate or the table or disk is facilitated.

Pivoted at the center is a lens which magnifies the fine lines. The base of the frame of the lens forms a notched edge by which the required figures into line. A removable thumb screw regulates the set of the frame.

The inner set of scales, called the slide, is on a white ground, and the outer set, called a rule, is on a green ground. Problems are set and their solution effected by bringing a mark of value on the scale of one part to a line with a mark of value on the scale of the other part, the revolution of the slide within the rule rendering this possible.

The inventor claims that the device shows at a glance the squares, cubes, the reciprocals of any numbers, obtains proportions, directly and inversely, also roots and powers, and when used in connection with tables of natural sines, tangents, etc., effects the solution of trigonometrical equations.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Sarah Bernhardt Is Disturbed.
Sarah Bernhardt is in a great state of mind just at present. Her reckless son Maurice, has squandered all of his own fortune and not a little of hers at baccarat, and as his independent little wife refuses to support him any longer they have quarreled and separated. Then business has not been exactly successful of late with the actress. Several of her ventures have not been rich in results. Finally they have quarreled her Cleopatra, and represent the divine as mildly dancing and singing "Ta-ra Boom-de-ay," and Sarah doesn't like it a bit. One can fancy the choice but untranslatable variety of French profanity with which the great tragedienne discusses this succession of misfortunes.—Exchange.

About the Spelling of Words.
The Springfield Republican has adopted the disagreeable trick of spelling certain familiar words ending in "gue" without their full complement of letters. In reviewing a new book a few days ago it says, for instance, "The author excels in bright and amusing dialog." etc. It is wearying to see such vulgar letter tinkering with our native tongue, and we think it as much of a crime for a literate man to cut off the end of a word as for a roger to cut off the end of a pig's tail, for instance. Form is to all printed language what brog is to the speech of the Irishman, and a pig, we say, be on the man who would deprive either of its natural charms.—Charleston News and Courier.

Dentistry and Diplomacy.
We notice that the United States legation is doing duty as a dentist's office and consoling general's court. This no doubt is another good stroke of business which kills two birds with one stone. But what if the White House were let out in part to a publican? The American legation is national property and ought not to be converted into a dentist's office. A sense of the fitness of things or the dignity of the flag is evidently unknown at the American legation.—Siam Free Press.

HERE'S YOUR SNAKE STORY.

A Bicyclist's Daring Ride With Two Reptiles Attached to His Wheel.

A most peculiar and interesting snake story is told by a bicyclist who rode one of the relays in the race across Ohio from Sandusky to Portsmouth recently. It will be remembered that the entire distance of 214 miles was covered in 12 1/2 hours, and from this it will be seen that at no time could the speed have been slow.

The rider declares that while wheeling at a good gallop he reached the top of a long slope which gradually dropped to the bed of a stream. When near the bottom of the hill, his speed must have been nearly a 35 mile gallop. While going at this speed he discovered what he took to be a limit lying across the road. As he came closer and when too late to turn or to discover that the supposed limb was a snake about 10 feet long, and just beyond was a second reptile of nearly equal length.

His wheel struck the nearer snake and he was overcast, but the reptile in some way raised its head and struck savagely at the shimmering spokes. The snake's head passed between the spokes near the hub, and the snake fastened its fangs on the spokes at the opposite side of the wheel.

The effect of this was to slacken the speed of the bicycle, and the rider was almost thrown from his wheel by the sudden stop, but maintained his seat and kept his machine going straight ahead. It was remarkable that the knife-like revolutions of the spokes did not cut the snake in two, but the long body of the snake was spread, but the head and the trifling force throw it close to the felly, where it lay curled around the circumference of the wheel and quite safe.

The rider dared not stop for fear of being bitten and was afraid of increasing his speed lest the snake should slip from the wheel, and becoming entangled throw him to the ground. He noticed, however, that his speed was becoming gradually less, but attributed this to the fact that he was now going up hill and to the weight of the reptile. But as he reached the top of the hill he heard a scraping and hissing noise behind him, and turned to ascertain the cause. He was horrified to see that the second and larger snake was also caught in his bicycle and was holding on by its tail.

The wheelman now decided to increase his speed in order to shake his second enemy and strained every muscle to attain a higher speed, but the dead weight of the snake dragging in the dust behind proved too much for his already tired muscles. With two miles to go before he met the next relay he was in a quandary as to how he would escape, but glancing back he saw that the snake had twisted its tail around the little spoke by which a rider mounts a bicycle.

The step was of the pattern called the "rattap" because of its sharp teeth on the upper side. The wheelman, taking in the situation, reached back with his left foot and brought the heel of his shoe down forcibly upon the snake's tail, completely severing it and causing the snake to drop off.

The reptile hissed and started in pursuit, but the bicycle was easily kept in the lead. A farmer came along, and being attacked by the snake killed it. The bicyclist a short distance farther on finished his ride, and having secured a club, he examined his wheel and found that the other snake was dead, and not only that, but it was literally cut into small bits. The centrifugal force had been so great that it had forced the body of the snake deeper and deeper into the spokes, and the reptile was cut into chunks and had to be removed bit by bit.

To Look for Symmes' Hole.
In response to an advertisement in a Cincinnati newspaper asking for volunteers to leave next June on an arctic expedition Lieutenant W. H. Bradbury, of the Champion City Guards, Springfield, O., received a note from A. Symmes, of Louisville, a relative of the late John Cleves Symmes, of Symmes' hole fame, stating that the expedition would be absent two years. "A vessel," Mr. Symmes says, "will take us to Greenland, and then we are to go in sleds with dogs as far as the snow lasts, and then on foot. We go with no other purpose than to follow the wild animals back to Symmesia, whence they come every spring and return every fall. No one has ever before loved them to their home, but we will. Where they go we can follow, and a new world is to be found that will immortalize the finders."—Cor. Chicago Times.

Two Passengers on the Ocean.
On a recent trip of the City of Paris a demure little person stitched on some plain sewing the way over. In another part of the ship a quiet gentlemanly young man occupied himself with "Little Dorrit." The seamstress was Miss Maud Branscombe, whose photograph first revealed the possibility of photographic distinction. The gentlemanly reader was Burge, the lightweight prize fighter, who has come over here to try conclusions with Mr. McAniff.—New York Evening Sun.

Only a Few of Them Left.
The sloop Wasp, now receiving repairs on Morgan's ways at New London, Conn., is probably one of the oldest boats afloat. In 1812 she gained a decisive victory over the British brig Frolic, and later in the war she captured the sloop-of-war Reindeer. There is some talk of exhibiting the Wasp at the World's fair.

Residents of the State of Washington are protesting against the use of Wash. as an abbreviation for the name of the state. Wn. is suggested as more dignified and satisfactory.

At a recent New York reception the wedding cake of the bride's mother was served. It had been kept for that purpose, wrapped in brandied paper in a tin box.

GOLD NEW JERSEY.

By J. H. CONNELLY.

The sound of a plate falling and smashing upon the dining room floor reached their ears.
"My gracious!" exclaimed Mr. Kropf, starting. "Lieschen is at it again! Ven her young man comes her mind into she impulsively opens her hands, and if she got a dish in them, down it goes. By chimini! ve got to eat out of troughs ven she don't get married pooty kvick."

But he wronged Lieschen that time. It was her mother who dropped the plate. When Messrs. Cate and Sharp were seated at the table, with Lieschen waiting upon them, and dinner enough for a dozen men set out before them, Herr Kropf settled himself to resume his interrupted siesta, and was already drowsy when his reluctant attention was compelled by a suppressed but still sharp voice calling, "Heinrich! Heinrich!"

Away out in the orchard stood Mrs. Kropf, making vigorous signs with her arms, summoning him. Unwillingly and slowly he arose from his chair.

"An afforage of a dozen garter snakes every summer for twenty-five years," he grumbled, "unt yet she vill not by herself either kill one or let it alone. She must gail me to smash its head. The three hundred unt first has no doubt appeared to her."

But when he reached her he found that a harmless but offending garter snake was not the vital question.

"Um gottes willen!" she fairly panted in her combined eagerness and anxiety to repress her voice. "Vy you did not yoomp on a proposition like lot? Ten thousand dollars!"

"I was not thinking that I would sell my farm."

"No! You would sit there like an old fool ven a man offer you more as two times so much as the place been worth."

"How you know vat it is worth?"

"It cannot be so much worth. Heinrich, it was no estimation by me ven you die mit the boorshoes, you got for business so little head. Don't you ever think vat vill become of our poor boy, Jacob, ven ve are gone?"

"Yes! I think he vill go in jail."

"Ach, himmel! How you, his vatter, can abuse dot poor boy. You got no love vor dot boy—you yoomp look on him like ve was your sohn by another vatter unt mutter."

"Herr Gott! Vooman, how you make that out?"

"Vell, like he was adopted."

"I did not think you, any more than me, would like that ve should go vay from this old place. Anna, ve were young yet ven ve came here together. Lieschen unt Jacob have been born here. Unt the leedle one that has slept so many years under the elm tree—all she knew of earth was here. Habit makes the old place dear to me, unt love unt death make it sacred. I feel as if my gate to another world was right here."

"Narrigkeit! Ven ve got to die ve die yoomp so vell one place as some other places. You talk sentimentalish, like you was yam in Deutschland. You forget here in America everybody he got to speculate unt be sharp if he vant that he shall get along."

"Then you vill that I shall sell the farm?"

"I gif you no peace of your life ven you don't."

"You vill not anyway."

"You can buy another place yoomp so got for five thousand, unt put five thousand in the bank for Jacob."

"Jacob! Zo! Unt Lieschen? Eh?"

"Ven she marry George Stirling she got enough for her."

"Is dot zo? Vell now, look a-her. You can make your old jaw greak zo much as you like, but I got something to say about that myself."

"Vell, vill you sell the farm, you old fool?"

"I vill see. Maybe Lieschen got more chance that vay ven I been gone."

Turning his back upon her, heedless of her continued clack, he slowly returned to the porch. He heard her cry after him that she had more to say. Of course she had, she always had. But he had heard enough. Too well he understood that the Angel of Peace had her gripepack packed, metaphorically speaking, and was only waiting to hear his final refusal to sell the farm as her signal for instant flight. It was quite true, as he admitted to himself, that his opposition was purely sentimental, that the sum offered was more than the value of the farm; still, the thought of selling made his heart sore.

When the visitors came out from dinner Mr. Sharp stood for several minutes in silence gazing upon the pleasing prospect of orchard, meadow, fields and forest outspread before him. Then he sighed and murmured abstractedly:

"Yes, I like the place. I think I could get well here. I would willingly give ten thousand dollars."

Before any phrase of acceptance could be forced up to Farmer Kropf's reluctant lips Mr. Sharp stepped from the porch and strolled into the orchard, where he drew down an apple tree bough and buried his nose in its clustered wealth of fragrant blossoms.

have no idea how it will please him and how much real good it will do him."
"Aber—you do not think he vill truly vant that he shall buy the farm?"
"No, I'm sure he vill not. He always holds options on half a dozen places, and never buys any except city property."

"All right. Go ahead."

Mr. Cate went down to the orchard and brought back his friend, who was unfeignedly delighted with the arrangements that had been made. Within half an hour the option had been carefully written out and signed in legal form, the two hundred dollars in good crisp five dollar notes had been paid over, and the New Yorkers took their departure.

CHAPTER III.

"Do the tramps in this part of the country, your letters, introduction like these?"

Erna Kropf quivered with a great speculative joy, for which she took all credit to herself. Her mind did not readily entertain a realizing sense of a sum of money beyond about fifty dollars—an amount for which she had a standard of approximation in the ordinary value of a cow. She talked of thousands as she heard others talked, but comprehended them no more than metaphysicians grasp the conceptions of unbounded space and limitless time, about which they prate so glibly. Even the tangible pile of forty five dollar notes dazed her with a sense of vastness that seemed to include ample provision for Jacob's happy future. Farmer Kropf listened to her in grim silence until about dusk, when, feeling that she made him tired, he strolled out to the gate and stood there meditating.

Reuben Chase, a bright eyed, quick witted fifteen-year-old lad, son of a neighbor, came trudging along the lane whistling merrily and swinging a small string of trout.

"You was not having good luck mit the feeshes today, Reuben," remarked the farmer, good naturedly accosting the boy.

"No! Well, maybe not; but it was the best day's fishing I ever did in my life, Mr. Kropf," replied Reuben laughingly.

"How was that?"

"Why, I got five dollars from a couple of city swells for the first string I caught—about twice as many as I've got here!"

"They were the chaps that stopped here. I saw them come in for dinner and drive away afterward."

"Chimni! gracious! They give you five dollars for them feeshes unt you give them feeshes to me! That was most extraordinary! I spose they think I laugh at them ven they don't got some feeshes."

"They didn't seem to care much about fishing when I saw them."

"No! The tall one was tired, I guess. He is sickly."

"What! the lean one? Why, he was doing more work than the other."

"Doing more work! Vat do you mean?"

"Why, they were both down in the bed of the creek, shoveling up sand into iron pans, and then filling them with water and shaking them around and flinging the water out again in a funny way. I watched them a good while."

In vain the worthy old man puzzled himself to find an explanation of the strange things told him by the boy. No hypothesis could he discover compatible with a belief in the sanity of the New Yorkers, and if they were crazy would he have any moral right to retain those two hundred dollars? Certainly not. In his perplexity he had the weakness to take his wife into consultation, a step that he bitterly regretted before the night was over.

About midnight she bored among his ribs with one of her sharp elbows until, to his thorough disgust, he was fully awakened, and then, in a tone of triumphant command, addressed him:

"Heinrich! I see it all now!"

"Then, my dear, I wish you would contemplate it in admiring silence, vatter it is, unt let me sleep," he protested.

"I have been thinking, Heinrich."

"I am very sorry to hear it. Always mischief comes ven you do that."

"Vill you be still unt listen to me?"

"I would not if I could help it."

"Heinrich, I am sorry for you that you been so dumm."

"Surely you are not half so sorry for me that I am dumm as I am sorry that you are not dumm."

"Ach! ya. You vant to sleep there like a fat pig vill ve all by the boorshouse, but you shall not. You must listen to me."

"I am accustomed to that. Vell, go ahead. Get it off your mind, unt then maybe you vill go to sleep again."

"I know vat for them fellers was diggin' the creek."

"Zo!"

"They was lookin' for mineral waters like the springs in Germany."

SHE HAS A LOGICAL MIND.

Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi Is Therefore an Effective Champion of Woman's Rights.

"A small, dark, unobtrusive woman of 52 years, always robed in funeral black and with manners more brusque than those of a doctor, she is the description of a close observer gives of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi, the famous woman physician. She has long been a woman's best known representative in the medical world, and not long ago she made a masterful plea for the woman's suffrage."

Dr. MARY P. JACOBI.

fringe that was without doubt one of the most remarkable speeches ever made by a woman.

This great speech was delivered before the constitutional convention of the state of New York and attracted widespread attention. It was an erudite, logical and dignified argument. There was nothing hysterical about it, and one of its principal charms was the fact that it was not a decided fault of many plans for woman suffrage.

Mary Putnam Jacobi was born in London Aug. 21, 1842, and is a daughter of George P. Putnam, the American publisher. Early in life she came to the United States, studied in the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia and later was the first woman graduate of the New York College of Pharmacy. But her ambition was by no means satisfied. She went to Paris in 1868, applied to the dean of the Medical College of France for permission to take the examination and was refused on the ground that such a thing was unprecedented in the history of the institution.

To Mary Putnam, however, the fact that a thing had never been done was no argument why it should not be done, and with the aid of United States Minister Washburne she was admitted to the college, from which she was graduated with high honors in 1871, receiving for her valdictory thesis a silver medal. During the siege of Paris she became acquainted with the horrors of war and corresponded for the New York Medical Journal.

In 1873 she married Dr. Abraham Jacobi, a German political refugee, who had located in New York and soon high rank in the medical fraternity. Three children were the fruit of their union. Dr. A. Jacobi headed the American delegation to the recent international medical congress in Rome. His talented wife is the author of several valuable medical works, has a large practice of her own in New York and is one of the foremost champions of equal rights for women among her sex.

Falling Eyes.
"I think the eye power of the present generation of civilized men must have deteriorated a good deal," said an oculist to me the other day. "I am called upon to examine so many young persons nowadays whose eyes show no symptoms of disease or strabismus, but are simply unable to do the ordinary amount of work required of schoolboys, schoolgirls, college students or moderate readers without showing symptoms of overwork."

"This weakness seems to be constitutional, and glasses are required which lessen the muscular strain on the eyes. In spite of the invention of the typewriter, which has relieved the eye of so much work, the state of things is almost equally as prevalent in business circles as among students."—New York Herald.

BRACE THE NERVES.
Sedatives and opiates won't do it. The nerves do not make the nerves strong, and failing to do this, fall short of producing the essential of the sedatives—sleep. 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 soothing, soothing 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 healthy impulse to the digestive and assimilating functions promotes the health of the whole system in which the nerves come in for a large share. Use the Bitters in malaria, constipation, bilious and kidney trouble.

The boy who eats all the melons he sees, whether they are green or old, is what we call a palatable man.

ABSOLUTE MERIT.
No other plaster has been produced which gains so many testimonials of high value as those continuously accorded to ALCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and the only motive for these exceptional commendations is the fact that it is a medicinal and pharmaceutical preparation of superior value. Beware of imitations. Ask for and insist upon ALCOCK'S.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are a good corrective. Experience teaches the agriculturist the hardest thing to raise on the farm is the money to run it.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is a cure for the 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, setting 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. It cures in a few days so much of 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.

SEVERE EXPOSURE.
Often results in colds, fevers, rheumatism, neuralgia and kindred derangements. We do not catch cold if we are in good condition. If the liver is active, and the system in consequence doing its duty, we live in full health and enjoy life "rain or shine." To break up a cold there's nothing so valuable as Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They keep the whole system regulated in a perfectly natural way. If we do not feel happy, if we worry and grow, if we are in a bad mood, if the days seem dreary and long, if the weather is bad, if things go awry, it is the liver which is at fault. It is generally "torpid." A common sense way to get rid of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are so comfortable, you are comfortable when you are well. You'll be well when you have taken "Pleasant Pellets."

No Constipation follows their use. Put up sealed in glass—always fresh and reliable.

"Unt the first thing you vill know they vill build a big hotel here, unt pay some doctors to tell the people that the waters cures everything, unt sell that vatter in bottles, unt make more money as you never saw; unt you are a fool if you sell that farm for ten thousand dollars."

"Zo!"

"Yes, that is zo; unt you must make them pay ten times so much."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUSTLY REWARDED.

The California Midwinter International Exposition has given first award, Gold Medal, for Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, and Horticultural Requisites; first award, Gold Medal, for Sweet Pea Blossoms; first award, Gold Medal, for Ornamental and Decorative Plants (in all cases the highest awards in these departments) to the Sunset Seed and Plant Co. of San Francisco.

This house also received a Gold Medal from the World's Columbian Exposition of 1893 at Chicago. Although in business for less than three years, they are now the representative and leading depot on the Pacific Coast for the supply of everything required for the Farm, Garden or Orchard, and have justly earned the awards granted them.

The quoting of Shakespeare in the Senate reminds the country that there is a great deal done in Congress for theatrical effect.

Use Kaffeeine above Poisin; no dust, no parasite. Try GREENEA for breakfast.

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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.

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IT GIVES FRESHNESS AND CLEAR SKIN. CURES CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, Eruptions on the skin, BEAUTIFIES COMPLEXION. 150 FOR A CASE IT WILL NOT CURE.

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