THE NEWS

Is the oldest newspaper between The Dalles and Winnemucca; the largest circulation, therefore is the best for advertising.

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS.

THE NEWS

Is a newspaper for the people, laboring for the people and voicing the sentiments of the people of its own Grant County.

Volume XII. *CANYON CITY, GRANT COUNTY, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1890.* *Number 28.*

THE GRANT COUNTY NEWS,

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING

—BY—

D. L. ASBURY

Editor and Proprietor.

COUNTY OFFICIAL PAPER

Subscription 1 year in advance	$2 50
If not paid within 3 months	$3 00
Six Months	1 50
Three Months	75

ADVERTISING RATES.

1 inch	3 mo	$4.50	1 year	$15.00
3 inch	3 mo	$9.00	1 year	$32.00
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—WE ARE PREPARED TO EXECUTE—

Fine Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, CHEAPLY

Posters, Dodgers, Billheads, Letterheads, Noteheads, Statements, Invitations, Tickets, Cards Etc, etc.

PRINTED TO ORDER.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY:

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Treasurer ..... N. H. Boley.
Commissioners { W. H. Johnson. H. H. Davis.
Surveyor ..... J. W. Mack.
Sheriff ..... O. P. Cresap.
Assessor ..... Chas. Timms.
School Supt ..... M. N. Bonham.
Stock Inspector .... W. W. Hinton

Dist. Judges { .....M. D. Clinord ..... James A. Fee
Dist. Attorney ..... C. F. Hyde.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

AF & AM—Canyon City Lodge No. 34 meets Saturday on or before each new moon.

IOOF—Hobah Lodge No. 22, Canyon City, regular meeting Thursday evening of each week.

Mountain View Lodge No. 33, Prairie City, Saturday evenings.

AOUW—Homer Lodge No. 78, Canyon City, Monday evenings.

IOGT—John Day Lodge No. 80, Canyon City, Saturday evening.

G —Gen. Hancock Post No. John Day, Tuesday evening on or before each full moon.

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE

Tickets ON SALE TO DENVER, Omaha, Kansas City, Chicago, ST PAUL, ST. LOUIS. AND ALL POINTS East, North & South, —AT— BAKER CITY.

H C BOWERS - - Ticket Agent.

DEPUTY STOCK INSPECTORS.

Notice is hereby given that I have this day appointed the following persons deputy stock inspectors for Grant county, Oregon;

NAMES.	POSTOFFICE.
L. H. Johnson	Dayville
John H. Buker	Caleb.
John C. Luce	John Day.
John Blackwell	Long Creek.
Woods Carter	Fox.
Wm. Hall	Prairie City.
R. S. Blackwell	Hamilton.
L. M. Johnson	Shoofly.
Benj. Hunsaker	Wagner.
Love Bailey	Stewart
Wm Gillis	Ritter

W. W. HINTON.
Stock Inspector for Grant Co., Or.
May 7th, 1890.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE

BEST IN THE WORLD.

Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. ☞GET THE GENUINE.

FOR SALE BY DEALERS GENERALLY. tyr

THE CRY OF MILLIONS!

OH, MY BACK!

STOP IT NOW.

SOON IT WILL BE TOO LATE.

I have been troubled many years with disease of the kidneys and have tried many different remedies and have sought aid from different physicians without relief. About the 6th of April I was suffering from a very violent attack that almost prostrated me in such a manner that I was helpless. When I sat down it was almost impossible for me to get up alone, or to put on my clothes, when Lind Pressdorf, sent Dr. Henley, with the OREGON KIDNEY TEA, to my hotel. I immediately commenced using the tea. It had an almost miraculous effect, and to the astonishment of all the guests at the hotel, in a few days I am happy to state that I was a new man. I will recommend the tea to all afflicted as I have been.

G. A. TUPPER.
Proprietor Occidental Hotel
Seattle, W. T.

NO MORE BACKACHE!

The Road to Wealth

Cannot be successfully traveled without good health. To reach wealth or any coveted position in life requires the full possession and operation of all the faculties kind nature has endowed us with. These conditions cannot exist unless the physical being is in perfect working order, and this is impossible when the liver and spleen are torpid, thus obstructing the secretions, causing indigestion and dyspepsia, with all of their accompanying horrors.

DR. HENLEY'S English Dandelion Tonic

exerts a specific influence over the liver, excites it to healthy action, resolves its chronic engorgements, and promotes the secretions; cures indigestion and constipation, sharpens the appetite, tones up the entire system, and makes life worth living.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

G. W. BARBER, M. D.
Physician & Surgeon.
CANYON CITY - - Oregon.

Office next door to Co. Treasurer's office, Main Street.

S. ORR, M. D.
Canyon City, Ogn.

Office on Main Street in Rosina Infinerly now occupied by Dr. Howard.

G. I. HAZELTINE.
Photographer
CANYON CITY, OREGON

S S. DENNING.
Attorney-at-Law.
LONG CREEK - - OREGON

PARRISH & COZAD.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW
CANYON CITY, - - OREGON.

E. A. KNIGHT,
DENTIST.
CANYON CITY - - - OREGON.
Office over John Schmidt's cabinet shop; office hours from 9 a m to 4 p m
ALL WORK WARRANTED.

J. OLLIVER.
Proprietor of the
John Day Milk Ranch
Fresh milk delivered daily to my customers in John Day and Canyon cities. Give me your orders.

F C HORSLEY, M D.
GRADUATE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA, April 8, 1848.
Canyon City, Oregon.
Office in his Drug Store, Main Street
Orders for Drugs promptly filled
No professional patronage solicited unless directions are strictly followed.

J. W. Mack.
Attorney-at-Law
AND
Notary Public.
PRAIRIE CITY - - - - OREGON.
Also Agent for the sale of School Lands.

N. H. BOLEY,
DENTIST.

(Office opposite Masonic Hall)
Canyon City - - - - Oregon.
☞ *All Work Warranted.*

AN UNCONSCIOUS SPY.

How a Woman's Kindness Nearly Led to Her Death.

During the late civil war Mrs. Wheeler, the Engineer's wife, served as a nurse in the U. S. service. She had many thrilling experiences and among them the following, which she has heard of the Engineer's friend has heard of the following, she was present at the battle of [illegible]. At the commencement of the battle a Union officer rode up to her and handed her a package of papers with the request that she should keep them carefully until the battle was over, and then if he (the officer) should not live to call for them, to deliver the package at headquarters.

In the confusion of the fight a flank was turned and Mrs. Wheeler and the rest of the hospital nurses captured by the rebels. There was quite a person of some [illegible] who had been [illegible] and proved to be a lady spy of a Chicago city, who had been [illegible] rebel lines. She was at once arraigned before a court martial [illegible] and sentenced to be hanged at sunrise the next morning. She was locked up by a guard of three soldiers and confined in a small guard house which had but one small aperture admitting light and air, and through the night [illegible] the erection of the gallows on which she was to perish. While [illegible]

Inside the guard house there was a [illegible] of earth and two desperate men standing against a wall [illegible] muskets.

Toward midnight one of the guards entered the guard house with a pewter corn bread and a tin cup of water for her supper.

Mrs. Wheeler spoke.

The guard stopped.

He then turned and locked the door upon her again. Later on in the night she heard a voice at the aperture say: "Move the small box!" She moved the box and discovered an aperture, which proved to be a tunnel. Through this tunnel she worked her way on her hands and knees for about one fourth of a mile, when she emerged from its mouth and found a man and two saddled horses standing there.

Mrs. Wheeler mounted one horse, and the man, who was disguised, the other. For six miles they rode on in darkness without speaking, but at the end of that time the man spoke and said: "You are now safe in the Union lines; ride on," and the man disappeared in the darkness like a shadow.

Mrs. Wheeler rode on until she came across a picket, who took her to General Hunter's headquarters.

Some days after, while taking a little outing at Anderson's on the McKenzie river, Mrs. Wheeler and her preserver met and recognized each other after a lapse of twenty years. Her preserver was known to history as Dr. B. F. Reynolds, now postmaster at Thurston. He was one of the three guards. He was the disguised horseman.

W. P. DUNCAN,
John Day - - - Or

DEALER IN
Hardware, Miners' Supplies, Etc, Etc

Hydraulic Pipe and all kinds of Tinware manufactured to order.

The only Tin-shop in Grant county, and equipped for all manner of work.

☞ REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

JOHN DAY HOTEL
Chas. COBB Prop.
John Day, Grant Co., Oreg.

To stop at this popular house once is a sign that you will come again. The best of accommodations for guests, and rates of board and lodging reasonable.

A. HUPPRICH,

CANYON CITY - - - OREGON.

Boots or shoes made to order, or neatly repaired
All Work Warranted First-class

DR. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
TRADE MARK.
DO NOT GRIPE, SICKEN OR CONSTIPATE.
SURE CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE, and all troubles arising from Indigestion or Constipation.
They cleanse the Complexion by purifying the Blood.
The dose can be closely adjusted to suit the case, as one pill can never be too large a dose. Easy to take as an much sugar. 42 pills put up in a strong vial which can be carried in vest pocket. A Great Improvement to Travelers and Business Men. None Genuine without "Harter" Trade Mark and Engraved Wrapper, Etc. a bottle Sample Box and Dream Book for 2c. in stamps.
DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.
PURIFIES THE BLOOD, REGULATES THE LIVER and KIDNEYS and RESTORES the PERFECT HEALTH and VIGOROUS STRENGTH of youth.
THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO. ST. LOUIS, MO.

AMONG THE PERUVIANS.

The South American Nation Described by a Wisconsin Girl.

When Hon. John Hicks was appointed United States Minister to Peru he chose as Secretary of Legation a bright American girl, Miss Elizabeth L. Banks. Since being domiciled at Lima, the capital of Peru, Miss Banks has kept her eyes open, and, with instinct sharpened by her connection with various Northwestern newspapers, she has proved a good news-gatherer. Writing to a friend in this city, Miss Banks says:

"Procrastination is the ruling habit of Peru. Ask a Peruvian when he will do any thing and he replies 'Manana,' which being translated means 'tomorrow.' Nothing is ever done to-day, all things take place on the 'manana,' which never comes. This 'manana' habit is, I suppose, breathed in with every breath of the air that one takes in Peru, and I am afraid I have drawn a good deal of it into my system.

"This is a very interesting old city, and yet the people and the government are very much behind the times, their ideas being those of one hundred years ago. The city of Lima has been called 'the heaven of women, the purgatory of men and the hell of asses' and to the last proposition I will heartily assent. The city is full of donkeys, and the men and women who drive and ride them always carry a big chunk of wood with them, which they continually apply to the ribs of the poor animals. Some enthusiastic writer has called the women of Lima the most beautiful in the world. There are some pretty Peruvian girls to be met on the streets or saying their beads in some of the many churches. Their dark eyes are the kind that would make a man jump off Niagara bridge into the river Rimac if his suit happened to go wrong. The Peruvian men pay a great deal of attention to their personal appearance and pass away much of their time in dress suits and tooth-pick shoes. They are very pallid, but are not half so nice as American men from any point of view.—Washington Capital.

SPEED VS. QUALITY.

Never Consider Fast Doing of More Importance Than Well-Doing.

Many persons seem to think that speed in work is a higher accomplishment than quality of work. If speed is of the first importance, then it may be an apology for poor quality. If quality is of the first importance, then it may be an apology for want of speed. One says: "I want to learn to write fast." Another says: "I write this very hurriedly; please excuse errors." Would such writers or workers rather be thought quick than accurate? Do they place the writing above the written? Even a shorthand writer ought not to write faster than he can write well. Speed follows quality; quality never follows speed. It is a good thing to do good work fast. But it is a bad thing to do fast work badly; and that is the way it generally is done when the fast doing is held above the well-doing. Bad work had better be done so slowly that it never gets done at all. The only way to attain to high speed is to work for something better than speed.—S. S. Times.

JENKS' DREAM.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize-fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all in fun, for that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or tiny Sugar-coated Granules, really "knock out" and beat all the big pills hollow! They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are Little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. One a Dose.

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Stomach and Bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They are gently laxative, or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

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W. S. SOUTHWORTH,

—PROPRIETOR OF—

Steam Sash & Door Factory

Canyon City, Or.

Sash, Doors, Windows, Glass, Putty, Moulding, and Dressed Lumber Etc., constantly on Hand.

Furniture Made to Order.

CHICAGO'S NIGHT COOKS.

Queer Characters Who Furnish Food for Street Prowlers.

Peripatetic Restaurants Which Do a Good Business From Ten P. M. Until Dawn—A Pretty Fair Lunch for Five Cents—Walking Cafes.

Acting on the facts given him, a Chicago News reporter selected Detective William Thomas, of the Harrison street station, and at eleven o'clock started out to explore this paradise of intinerant cooks and restaurants on wheels. At the hour when the West and North sides were silent in sleep the levee was a lively scene. The usual throng of painted women, white and black, alleged gambling men, with barber-pole pants, bill-poster shirt-fronts, and dance-house neckties, were to be seen.

"There comes one of the cafes," said Thomas.

Around the corner of Polk street and Custom avenue appeared a swarthy little man. He carried a small folding table beneath one arm, and in the other hand he held what looked like a hotel consommé boiler. It was made of copper and it shone like a full moon. He cried in a sing-song voice: "Hash and wienerwurst."

"This class is the most common," said the detective. "See, he sells hash, bread and frankfort sausage, red hot."

"All de gentlemen haf some red hots out heer?" asked the cook, as he placed his copper kettle on the curb. In a twinkling the table was set up. His wares were good. Hot, home-made hash with good bread and butter, made excellent sandwiches for a hungry traveler or policeman. The red-hots were generally cut in two longitudinally and smothered in mustard. The merchant willingly told how he made his living.

"You see, frents, I sleeps me in de day time, vacan de beddlers what vants mine stock dey be sleepin, too. Mine woman, she cooks de hash efery afternoon and I cook de red hots vile I vanies dem. Lots of fellows make money mit dis business. See, in dis pock I keeps de hash, and here are de red hots. Under is de lamp what keeps de blare hot. In dis box I carries de bread and mustard. I shout vat mine voice and de peoples what is hungry de things. Dey be besides what only work enough nights. Some be thieves, some gamblers, some policemen and some things. On yes! I make more money als sprinkle in a restaurant."

"He is only a sample," said the detective, as the gay fellow picked up his paraphernalia and departed shouting his weird sing-song cry.

The waffle man was also encountered, but merchants of his kind are too numerous in the daytime to merit much comment. A little farther on the popcorn man held forth his little court, gasoline torch and supply of buttered popcorn balls done up in pretty paper bags. During the warm autumn evenings every good cook displays a nocturnal sweet corn peak. He gives you a big, fresh-boiled ear of corn with plenty of butter, salt and pepper, and seasoning for a nickel.

It was not until the negro quarters were reached that the night cook was seen in all his glory, with his little movable stall, where he displays appetizing roasted titbits of chicken, opossum, corn and sweet potatoes. Who could resist stepping to see the white-clothed fellows who assume grotesque shapes flitting about their ovens in the darkness, now and then crying: "Come on, brethren, an' partake olde feast. Choice eats heah. All yoh wants for two bits."

A great many well-dressed white men stopped to get a lunch of chicken or sweet potatoes. These cooks are patronized all night long. Not a sign of their tackle is left by daylight, for as dawn appears they pack up and go home.

"These fellows just making a meal of chicken legs, toast and sweet-potato are fashion are actors," said the officer.

"These lunches save them time and money. On their way to their rooms they take a bite and satisfy the inner man with choice dainties at a small cost."

Leaving the darker portions of the levee, and upon reaching State street, the itinerant nightcook is supplanted by the all-night restaurant. These little cart movements do not like the light of streets, because their customers are found only in the darker streets.

"Speaking about variety actors as than for song-and-dance artists," said a theatrical manager, "I think the man who destroyed them by that name must have come from about midnight on the levee getting away with a plate of eggs and bacon just prepared by one of these night cooks."

These cooks know every touch and hold character in the locality, and very often nimbly such men with the only means the latter get when in hiding from the police, so they are very often used to aid a fugitive by the police-scented pigeons. They are a necessity in the locality, and if they were prohibited from doing business every reminder would shake.

The Extremity of Politeness.

It does beat all, as the good country people say, how polite some people are. A Boston lady tells of a gentleman, so called, who asked permission to smoke a cigar in her presence. She does not at all dislike the odor of a good cigar, and readily granted permission. But on second thought, he would not smoke; it was not polite to smoke in the presence of a lady, and he would not be so rude. He didn't smoke, but within five minutes after the passage of his good resolve he took out a huge cigar very unceremoniously and bitten off with a square bite of the weed, puffed so much as "the poor I care." As I remember, some time before, all kinds of people [illegible] and to make up the bite [illegible]

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Dick—"Bess, I have three millions and I love you." Bess—"No mistake about the three millions, is there?"—Epoch.

—Cumso—"Is Mr. Sinneral a member of your church, Jazzam?" Jazzam—"Yes." Cumso—"One of the pillars, I suppose?" Jazzam—"No; one of the sleepers."—Munsey's Weekly.

—Passenger—"Why do you wear those mittens on your ears? Afraid you'll catch cold?" Conductor—"No, but I was well brought up, and I don't want to hear the driver swear at the horses."—Munsey's Weekly.

—Mr. Prettyboy—"Miriam, if you will be mine our lives will know no alloy." Miriam Spoilt (whose father is a gold refiner)—"No, Mr. Prettyboy, papa assures me that any thing above eighteen carats fine doesn't wear well."—Jewelers' Weekly.

—Overheard in the Kitchen.—"What did you wear last night?" asked the celery. "A lovely mayonnaise," replied the lettuce. "And you?" "I never was so mortified in my life! I wasn't dressed at all," said the celery; and the beet blushed.—Life.

—Pensently (somewhat boastfully)—"Clara say, Miss Blotterwick, that I am quite an adept at athletics. I can row, take either horse or bike—swim, spar, jump and run." Miss Blotterwick (musingly)—"Here comes papa. Do let me see you jump and run."—Time.

—What is coming—First Female—"I suppose you will attend the primary tonight?" Second Female—"No, I guess not. You see, I promised my husband I would take him to the theater, and if I go back on my word I know I won't get a decent meal for a week."—Terre Haute Express.

Mr. Centpercent—"Business is so brisk and correspondence accumulates so that I fear I shall be obliged to employ an amanuensis." Mrs. Centpercent—"Very well, my dear, get a manuensis if you must; but I do dislike to hear having a manuensis in the office."—Answers.

—"Horatio," remarked Hamlet on the occasion of the visit on that memorable Christmas, "if Ophelia hangeth not upon stocking she gets no gift from me." "Good Hamlet, economical forever!" chuckled his friend; "thou savest the price of the gift, for thou knowest stockings have not been invented yet."—Judge.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the professor, "I find that I can not perform the experiment of inflation, as the wind machine is out of order." There was a great groan of disappointment. "However," added the professor, suddenly, "I may be able to provide a substitute. Is there a gentleman from Chicago in the audience?"—Drake's Magazine.

AN EXTRAORDINARY BET.

Two Cowboys Wager Even Money on a Match Between Clerks.

Along thirty miles of the port of Honolulu, as we were bound for San Francisco, a big shark suddenly appeared on the steamer's port quarter, and only a biscuit thrown away, and for a time he was the observed of all observers. He was estimated to be fifteen feet long, and the sailors were agreed that they had never seen a larger one. He kept a baleful eye on the people crowding to the rail to see him, and although pork and other stuff were thrown over he paid no attention to the feed. It looked as if he had lately gorged himself or was bound to have one of the passengers. He appeared at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and had not moved an inch when night came. Daylight found him still there, and when night came and that wicked starboard eye of his continued to glare at us word went round the ship that some one was doomed. We had with us two English cockneys who were making a tour of the world, and as the question turned upon who would fall a victim one of them drawled lazily:

"I say, Fustus, hit's a your bloomin' chance to make or lose ten pun's if yo dares."

"What's that?" asked the other.

"H'I wagers a ten that the fish gets you h'over I. If one of h'us h'is to be got h'it's you."

"Done, Tommy," replied the other, without looking up from his book.

Night came and the shark still hung on. Daylight came again and he was still there. Some of the passengers pooh-poohed, but I think all were somewhat affected by the monster's persistency. At about ten o'clock we sighted a waterlogged vessel and ran close to her. All the passengers had crowded to the port rail, when some movement precipitated both cockneys into the sea. They made a great splash as they fell, and disappeared for only three or four seconds. When they came to the surface the steamer was already checking speed, and as they began to tread water to keep afloat we heard one of them say:

"Fustus, old boy, I'm going to win that ten."

"Not h'if I knows yourself, Tommy," replied the other. "I'm a bloomin'—"

We had forgotten the shark in the excitement. All eyes were on the two men, who were taking matters very coolly, when the one called Fustus threw up his arms with a scream and disappeared. Next moment the other was picked up by a boat. He came aboard, changed his clothes, and as he came out to enjoy a promenade and a smoke he calmly remarked to me: "I told 'im I'd win h'it, h'and I've [illegible] to you, [illegible] h'ad-[illegible]."

Electric Fire Detector.

The latest electric device is for detecting fires. When the temperature of a room reaches a dangerous point the mercury of the thermometer starts the bell to ringing and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] the temperature [illegible] up until that temperature [illegible] is reduced to below the [illegible]

THE WORM TURNED.

An Incident Which Happened in the Palmy Days of Cheyenne.

Any one who knew Cheyenne when it was the terminus of the Union Pacific railroad will admit that it was a hard town, says the New York Sun. There was more cutting and shooting there in a given time than any other Western town could even dream of, and no doubt most of the killing was a good thing for the community.

In the palmy days of the town I had a business there, and sent to me was a Jew clothing. He came on fresh from New York, knowing nothing of Western ways, and he had a lot of goods in before he was half waked to death. But for the fact that the boys would have bursted in his shanty he would have kept the door locked half the time. The toughs soon caught on to the fact that he was a greenhorn, and one after another went in and bulldozed him and had great fun at his expense. I privately advised him to get a gun and wing some of them, but he raised his hands in holy horror and exclaimed:

"Great heaven! But I never handle nothings but clothings! I kill ten tousand dollar to be cuilt of dis!"

His guardian was pained to behold, but a citizen was nearby. One afternoon a tough called Apache Joe entered the store, having drawn more toughs with him and had the usual routine. The Jew sprang for an old muzzled fire revolver which he had [illegible] and pointed on the [illegible] shots fired in [illegible] ing in. I found [illegible] his chinin [illegible] other [illegible] three of [illegible] violence. [illegible] come a tiger [illegible] he bought a horse of [illegible] practice shooting and in [illegible] known for fifty miles around as Dangerous Joe." The next [illegible] I stored at his place [illegible] and inside of a month he had [illegible] three two clerks and [illegible] It was the making of him socially, financially and all other ways, and I believe that his action assured [illegible] to help the law abiders put the upper hand and drive the lawless [illegible] further on.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength. —U. S. Government Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Tutt's Pills

stimulates the torpid liver, strengthens the digestive organs, regulates the bowels, and are unequaled as an

ANTI-BILIOUS MEDICINE.

In malarial districts they are widely recognized as possessing peculiar properties in ridding the system from that poison. Universally sugar coated. Dose small. Price, 25 cts.

Sold Everywhere.

Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

If You Have

CONSUMPTION | COUGH or COLD
BRONCHITIS | Throat Affection
SCROFULA | Wasting of Flesh

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Tissue Wasted or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL.

With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion and let no explanation or substitution induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

PIONEER HEROES OF DARING DEEDS

AGENTS WANTED