

THE EDITORIAL THREE.

PROSE: In the stub of a Dixon, Well worn with time's Copy from sun to sun. I toil with creation; With'er a word; I'm the all important one.

VERSE: With a familiar clatter I've clipped the best matter That's come to this office for years. So when you have read it Please give me the credit: I'm the editorial shears.

ALL: Oh, I'm made of flour And used every hour, I'm so very important you see. That no editor's table Has ever seen able To prosper at all without me.

The events of this story occurred many years ago. A group of students stood in the shade of a gigantic oak, in the park of an eastern city. Just across the road from them the old college reared its friendly brown walls and looked as if it held a monopoly in the work of dispensing knowledge to mankind.

The students, with the exception of one, were the sons of wealthy parents. The exception was handsome, dark-eyed, Dick Wynn, whose courage and cheerfulness had become proverbial at college.

Dick was working his way unaided to secure an education that would fit him to fill some useful position in life, and he was as much respected as were his wealthy companions.

The close of the spring term was near at hand, and the young men had labored together so long over knotty problems had much to say to each other about how and where each would spend his summer vacation.

"Boys, I shall not make you a speech as to my plans, but since you take an interest in hearing them, I shall tell you. You know that I was not born with a silver spoon in my mouth. So while you are all having a good recreation hunting, fishing and reading in some shady nook of the forest, I shall be manipulating the golden sheaves in some farmer's harvest field.

"What a pity that we live in such practical, old-fogy days," said young Bertie Lang, who had listened in silent sympathy as his friend spoke. "In old times, Dick, you could have earned the 'needful' in an easier way. Don't you remember the story of the poor student who won a bet by kissing a noble lady in public, thus securing the means to educate himself, and eventually a wife? Your charming enough to be the hero of an affair like that, Dick—eh, Harry?"

"Confer hasn't eyes, and ears for anyone but Judge Mason's fair daughter," remarked one of the students. "Pretty badly struck, are you not, old boy?"

"I admit that I think Miss Mason a very attractive lady, and I enjoy an evening in her bright company very much," Corder replied, giving Dick a very peculiar glance. "She is a beauty."

"Her cheeks are like the peach, which languish on an upper branch beyond any other peach."

"Well done, Bertie!" cried Dick, looking admiringly at his girl's face, versifying friend. "You will certainly rival Fenyson in extolling female loveliness, if you keep on. But you are right in the simile, Bertie, for her cheeks are like the peach, and meaning no disrespect for the lady sweet enough to kiss."

"Boys, listen to me," here spoke Harry Corder. "An idea has popped into my head, but there by Bertie's song and verse, and partly by Wynn's rapturous remark, I make this proposition: If Dick Wynn will march up to Nina Mason, and there, before us all, kiss her, I'll give him a thousand dollars—I'll never miss it. What do you say?"

A chorus of animated voices burst forth into "capital!" "splendid!" "cleverly applied!" "He hasn't got the courage!"

tions which he raised. Suddenly, he faced his laughing tormentors and temptors, and with his dark eyes sparkling, said—"I am tempted to yield to this offer boys, for only God and my hard-working mother and sister know the good such an amount of money would do me."

"Kiss Miss Mason now, here before all the boys, and your mother and sister can rejoice over your success in being able to get back to them for the summer, instead of remaining in the east to get a job of harvesting," urged Corder, with a half sneer.

One moment Dick stood before his fellow students, his manly figure erect, then he said resolutely: "I accept your offer, Mr. Corder. He turned and joined Miss Mason, who was now walking slowly up and down the path. While the Judge rested on a rustic seat in the park, he addressed her in French in a few words he gave her a brief sketch of his life, dwelling longest on an account of his beloved mother and the pretty dark-eyed sister in the South, and closing with a recital of Corder's proposition, and how, for the sake of those near and dear to him, he needed the education he sought.

Nina Mason listened. Her sympathies were all aroused. She was not long in making a resolve. No false modesty, under the peculiar circumstances, should deter her from helping this worthy young student, whose sole thought seemed to be the happiness of his mother and sister.

So, with a smile on her perfect lips, a half-amused twinkle in her merry violet eyes, and a very becoming blush, she stationed herself directly in view of the watching students, and slightly inclining one peachy cheek, received Dick Wynn's kiss with beautiful grace.

Then, with a low bow, Dick left her and returned to the students, who had looked on with no stunted interest and amusement.

"I say, Dick," said Harry, after congratulations were over, "it was not in the bargain that you were to tell her about it, you know."

"How do you know I told her?" asked Dick. "I am sure that you could not have kissed her without, for Nina Mason is too spirited a girl."

"Well, you see, Harry, I knew all about the story, to which Bertie referred," replied Dick, with his good natured laugh, "and adhered to it strictly; and that is where I had a decided advantage over you."

Meanwhile Nina had turned to her father and signified her wish to go home. On their way from the park she gave him a full explanation of the strange scene which had been enacted before his eyes a short time before. The jovial old fellow laughed heartily over the episode.

"It's a capital joke on that young Corder," he remarked. "He should be held in his office in regard to the money."

Two days after the occurrence which took place in the park, Dick Wynn received a note from Judge Mason.

"Dear Sir: You will please call at my house on Thursday evening at eight o'clock."

Dick was prompt to the time appointed for the call. A servant ushered him into the parlor, where the judge sat waiting to receive him.

"Good evening, Mr. Wynn," he said. "He seated, and he pointed to a chair opposite his own, where he might obtain a good view of the young man's countenance."

"Well, sir, doubtless you are wondering what he is the object of my sending for you. The fact of the business is, I wish to have the acquaintance of the fellow who was so daring as to kiss my daughter in the park, before a crowd of college chaps."

"He then engaged Dick in a lively conversation. They discussed various subjects, and the interview ended Judge Mason had learned pretty clearly Dick's position and prospects for the future.

away his portfolio contained sonnets to dark eyes enough to flood the literary market for a year. Dick Wynn graduated with the highest honors of his class. Bertie Lang stood next.

To become a lawyer had long been the ruling thought of Dick's life. When Judge Mason offered to take him into his office to study his delight knew no limit. It was beyond his highest "air castle."

Dick educated his beautiful sister Belle, and the winters she passed with Nina Mason; she was a belle indeed, and she carried many a heart back to the "Sunny South" with her.

Dick became a prominent attorney, and when full success perched upon his banner he married Nina, whose heart had long been his. Corder consoled himself by taking a European trip. And Bertie? When Bell had tormented him to her merry little heart's content, she surrendered. She is proud of her poetic husband.

Naval officers at Washington believe that Chief Engineer George W. Hall of the United States steamer Nipisic, which was wrecked at Apia, was strangled to death on the island of Tutuila, of the Samoan group.

At least this is the story told by Commander Mullan of the Nipisic to his friends here, although it has been told to only a very select circle. Hall died at Tutuila on June 18th last. There was some talk at the time about the mysterious circumstances surrounding his death, but the truth did not come out then.

Naval officers would probably not have talked of it for publication had not John McCarthy, a Syracuse undertaker who went out to Samoa to get Hall's body, revealed some of the main facts.

From Mullan's story, obtained from his most intimate friends, it seems that Hall, who was ill, and who was going home to retire on pension, and Mullan, who had been ordered to Washington by Admiral Kimberly because of disagreement over the Nipisic, and who was also in poor health, went Tutuila after the storm, intending to take the first steamer passing there from Australia for San Francisco.

It was customary for the Australian steamers to stop at Leon bay on Tutuila island for mails that were delivered there from Apia. Hall and Mullan expected to be taken off at once, relying upon the steamer Zealandia that was due at Tutuila within a few days after their arrival there. They were not taken off by that steamer, although she was signaled to stop for them in the regular way. The vessel that took the two men to Tutuila left them there, apparently anticipating that the Australian steamer would stop as usual. Why supplies that would seem to have been required by two sick men were not left is not very clear.

The captain of the steamer claimed the heavy sea made landing difficult. At any rate the two men saw the steamer depart, taking with her all hope that at least one of them had of ever seeing home and friends again.

Lt. Eaton on the island they had nothing to eat save coconuts and a few roots on which the natives subsisted. Hall was very ill, and besides was a man much weaker in vitality than Mullan. He sank gradually. The food that was at hand offered him no nourishment.

He died slowly of starvation. The men were there one month. Hall died on June 18th and was buried on the island. Hall's friends wanted Commander Mullan to go out and bring the body back, as he knew where it was buried, but subsequently they made arrangements with Undertaker McCarthy to bring the remains to this country.

Advices from Managua, Nicaragua, are as follows: At the municipal elections held in Granada on Sunday there was more or less rioting, resulting in bloodshed. The fighting continued for several days after the election, during which the Government sent down troops to remove the arms stored there and to assist the order-loving elements to quell the disturbance.

The trouble was occasioned by the revival of the old feud between Granada and Leon. These have long been rival cities, each striving in successive elections to obtain control of the Government. A portion of the Government railway was torn up and other property destroyed.

The removal of the arms and ammunition stored in the arsenal during the riots enraged the citizens, and at a public meeting, held on Saturday evening last, \$350,000 was pledged for a supply of Remington rifles and ammunition, and the order was given, by the mail which leaves to-day. Inflammatory speeches were made by General Zavala, ex-President Guzman, Senator Santiago, Morales and other wealthy and prominent residents of Granada. The Government was bitterly denounced by the speakers, its action being considered an insult that could only be wiped out by a resort to arms.

The Government is keeping a sharp watch upon treasonable proceedings at Granada, and the leaders are likely to be arrested at any moment if they attempt to carry out the threats made at the recent gathering at the Hotel de Los Leones.

Thos. Brink has just received a fine lot of wicker chairs, wood baskets, music stands, and some fine parlor suites, etc. which will be sold at the very lowest price.

DEATH BY HANGING. A Sheriff Who Thinks it a Cruel Method of Execution.

James E. Morgan, sheriff of Sherman county, S. Dakota, is a native of this city, but has been in the west over thirty years. He is here on a visit to relatives on Staten Island, and he finds New York has undergone a mighty change since he left it in 1861 to go to the front.

"I find," said the sheriff, to me the other night, "that the question whether a man should be hanged or executed electrically has been settled. I am glad to find that electricity has carried the day, for I assure you that death by hanging is intensely painful."

"Why, sheriff," I said, "is it possible that you have been hanged?" "Quite so, and it was no joke. When the war closed I went west to seek my fortune, and had a pretty hard time before I found anything resembling it. One hard winter two others and myself went into Wyoming on a prospecting expedition, and had to maintain ourselves chiefly by hunting. Antelope were very scarce just then, and we suffered considerably from hunger."

One morning we separated, the better to scour the country, agreeing to meet on a distant hill at noon. My companions were hardly out of sight when I shot a steer, and was in the act of cutting it up when three fierce-looking cowboys swooped down upon me. I am, as you see, swarthy, and they took me for a Mexican. As they also were dirty looking, I made the same mistake, and saluted them in the little Spanish I had picked up. It happened that a tall cottonwood tree stood conveniently close, and without saying a word one of them threw his lariat around my neck, tossed the other end of the rope over a stout limb, his two companions pulled upon it and I was in the twinkling of an eye going through all the agonies of hanging. The pain was frightful. There was a tremendous rushing through my ears, the sky and everything else turned blood red, pins and needles seemed to be sticking into every part of my body, and at the same time the back of my head felt as if it were being sandbagged at the rate of forty strokes a second. How long it lasted I couldn't tell. To me it seemed hours. When I regained consciousness one of my friends was pouring whisky down my throat and the other was rubbing my chest with the same liquid. It appears that my comrades had returned in time to cut me down before life had fled, but just then I wished they had let me be. The process of resuscitation was, if possible, still more agonizing than the hanging, but as the man condemned by law does not suffer in that regard there is no use in dwelling upon it."

"But why did they hang you?" "They were driving a herd of cattle to Idaho, and it was one of their steers that I had shot. When my friends arrived and explained the cowboys cut me down, and when I was ready to receive them they were profuse in their apologies."

"That is how I know that hanging is one of the most cruel deaths you can put a man to."

People Who Are Afraid They Will Be Buried Alive.

Many people who come to us have a dreadful fear that they may be buried alive, and while there is a remote possibility that this might happen, I have not known a single instance of it in all my experience. These people insist on my promising to observe the utmost precaution, even so far as to run red-hot needles into their bodies, and other barbaric treatment, before they are finally consigned to the earth.

About four years ago a young man called upon me one morning in a terrible state of agitation. He had dreamed the night before that his sister, who had been buried, had come to life after being placed under the sod. I tried to prove to him the utter improbability of such an occurrence, but without avail. He insisted that her grave should be opened that he might be satisfied. I was actually horror-stricken at the suggestion, but that I had the remotest idea that his dream could prove true, but the thought flashed across my mind that if it should be so the shock would make him a raving maniac.

I tried to persuade him to defer the matter until the following day, but he positively refused. Finally, as there was no other way out of it I consented, and having obtained the necessary permit, the body was exhumed, and to my inexpressible relief the absurdity of the young man's dream was proven. The effect on the young man was magical. He looked sorrowfully on the face of his dead sister a moment, and then burst into a flood of tears and throwing his arm around my neck, he wept from pure excess of joy.

A Human Flesh Bath.

The circumstances of a deed as disgusting and revolting in some of its details as the story of the blood baths taken as an antidote to a certain poison, are brought to light in the Choya Shinbun. Recently, it states, a body was exhumed from the cemetery at Kamiyama, Nagasaura, Koga Gun, Shiga Ken and the head carried off. It was believed by many that a fox or some other animal had made away with the missing part, but the authorities saw that the deed was clearly that of human hands. Strict investigation was made, and while these were in progress, rumors were spread about that two men named Lamiyama Fusakiichi and Kamiyama Zintaro, had been speaking of the beneficial effects of human flesh for certain diseases. On the 16th the house of Fusakiichi

was entered by the police and there a horrible discovery was made. A bath had been prepared, from which a disagreeable stench arose. A close inspection was made and the police discovered in this "human flesh bath" a tooth and portions of hair from a human being. The two men concerned—ghouls would be a fitter appellation—have since been taken into custody.

The Bow and Arrow Still Used By Them.

You may not know, but it is a fact, nevertheless," says William Meredith, of the McCloud river, "that small tribes of Indians who have their homes near Mount Shasta, still hunt altogether with bows and arrows. These Indians are the Wintoons, the Modocs, Klamaths and Yreka. I think there is another tribe or two, also. They have always preferred the arrow to the rifle, because it is noiseless, and they are so unerring of aim that they shoot just as well as an expert white man with a rifle. Their arrow tips are flakes of obsidian obtained from the north side of Mount Shasta. This obsidian is high up and hard to get, and consequently, a couple of pounds of it are worth from \$20 to \$50. In the old days on this coast, before iron could be got, the Indians chipped off this obsidian in an artful way, by aid of the end of a split deer horn, which was driven against and partly into it by striking it with a stone. The deer horn was convex on one side and slightly concave on the other, and in this way they manage to chip off a piece of the right shape, and pointed on the end, for an arrow-head. These rough flakes of obsidian, when not immediately needed, would be buried in the ground. Occasionally a peck measure of them are yet found, the place of burial having been lost. The Indians now split this obsidian with telegraph wire fitted into the deerhorn.

A DAILY PAPER. Some Opinions on How It Should Be Managed.

The Chicago paper which has been interviewing prominent people as to how a daily newspaper should be managed has produced a sort of composite photograph of a daily paper. In other words, each person interviewed stated that he would exclude all matter which did not interest him. The result, says a writer in America, is that a paper produced to please all the people interviewed would resemble the average daily, as it would comprise various features. The fault with our daily papers lies not so much in the publishers as with the readers. If the majority of the readers desire a moral and instructive newspaper they can have it by bestowing their patronage upon such a sheet. But one of the gentlemen interviewed made a thorough and sensible reply. He was a banker, and when asked what policy he would pursue were he manager of a great daily newspaper, he replied that he would resign at once and let somebody who knew something about the business manage it.

Group Can Be Prevented. We want every mother to know that group can be prevented. There is no question about this; as it has been done in thousands of cases, and you may depend upon it that when a child takes the group it is wholly owing to the negligence of its parents. True group never appears without due and timely warning; a few hours or a day or two before the attack, the child becomes hoarse. This hoarseness is the first indication of group, and is a sure sign that group is to follow, unless promptly and properly treated. The free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy as directed with each bottle, under the heading "To prevent group," will dispel all symptoms of the disease. This first sign of group, hoarseness, may be overlooked by young mothers or those not familiar with the disease. Under such circumstances, or when not properly treated, the hoarseness becomes more marked, and the child shows symptoms of having taken cold, such as a peculiar, rough cough is developed. Even at this stage Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will prevent the group, but after the cough has developed the cure is liable to appear at any moment. The proper way is to keep a bottle of this remedy at hand, if cost is a consideration, and only a few doses, or at most not over a third of a bottle, is required to dispel all symptoms of the disease. Can you afford to risk so much for so little? There is not the least danger in giving this remedy in large and frequent doses, which are always required, as it contains no injurious substance. As proof of this fact we refer to John L. Olson, of Des Moines, whose 18-month-old boy drank the entire contents of a 50 cent bottle of Chamberlain's cough remedy without the least effect. (See advertisement in the baby vomit freely; but after taking a nap he would have been glad to have drunk another bottle of the remedy, as he liked it. A similar instance occurred near Valley Springs, Dakot. Mrs. Mattie Johnson's two-year-old daughter, Annie, drank a full bottle of the remedy without injury. This remedy has been the sole reliance of thousands of mothers for group, and especially as a preventive or many years, and has never been known to fail. It is also invaluable for colds and whooping-cough. For sale by Foshay & Mason.

California Cat-Cure. The only guaranteed cure for catarrh cold in the head, hay fever, rose cold, catarrhal deafness and sore eyes. Restore the sense of taste and unpleasant breath, resulting from catarrh. Easy and pleasant to use. Follow directions and a cure is warranted, by all druggists. Send for circular to Abietine Medical Company, Oroville, Cal. Six months' treatment for \$1; sent by mail, \$1.10. For sale by Foshay & Mason.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or hemorrhoids, if required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Foshay & Mason.

THE MARKETS.

ALBANY QUOTATIONS. Wheat—61 1/2. Oats—25 @ 30c. Flour—\$4.25 per bbl. Eggs—30c. Butter—25c. Lard—12 1/2 @ 15c. Hams—12 1/2 @ 15c. Shoulders—8 @ 10c. Bacon—10 @ 12c. Hay—Timothy, \$12, oats and cheat, \$8. Apples—Green, 6 @ 1.00 per bu. Plu. a—Dried, 4 @ 6c per lb. Apples dried—bleached 5c sundried @ 8c. Chickens—\$2.50 @ 5.00. Hides—Beef hides, green, 4c, 10c; deer skins, 20c; sheep pelts, 10 @ 75c, according to wool. Beef 2 @ 2 1/2c gross. Mutton—\$2.00 per head. Hogs—5 @ 6c, dressed. Lard—Kegs, or 5 gallon tins, 10c, pails 12c.

For the finest silver polish in the market go to H. Ewert's

Take Simmons Liver Regulator One Dose WORTH 100 Dollars!

DEAR S. L. K.: I consider one dose of Simmons Liver Regulator worth \$100. I was constipated, had headache, could not eat, and felt altogether out of sorts. I resorted to Blue Mass, Calomel, Quinine, and every remedy suggested, but only obtained temporary relief. One dose of S. L. K. did me more good than \$100 worth of doctors and doctoring. Rosp'y, J. C. MARTIN.

I have been a teacher for twenty years, and during that time have had repeated attacks of headache, produced by torpid Liver, and I have been entirely cured by Simmons Liver Regulator. I found it to be of so mild a character in its action, as not to interfere, in the least with my duties in the school room. To those similarly situated and subject to the same, I cannot too highly recommend Simmons Liver Regulator. E. E. CURRAN, Campbellville, Ky.

For your fine imported and Key West cigars, go to M. Baumgart cigar store, one door east of Black man's drug store.

I propose to have your finest and honest goods, low prices and good treatment will secure it. C. E. BROWELL.

Fresh oysters served every day at Hermann's restaurant.

Ladies prefer to trade at C. E. Brownell's because everything is neat and clean and in apple pie order.

When Baby was sick, We gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, She cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, She clung to Castoria. When she had Children, She gave them Castoria.

USE BEGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER IN THE WINTER. THE ORIGINAL ABIECTINE OINTMENT.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF ALBANY, OREGON! PRESIDENT, L. Flinn. VICE-PRESIDENT S. E. FOUNG. CASHIER, E. W. LANGDON.

WILL BROS. Dealers in all the latest improved pianos, organs, sewing machines, guns, so a full line of warranted razors, butcher and pocket knives. The best kind of sewing machine oils, needles and extras for all machines. All repairing in the above lines neatly and reasonably done.

E. G. BEARDSLEY, REAL ESTATE AGENT. Conveyancing of all kinds done in a reliable manner. All business will receive prompt attention. Office Broadbent street, near First, Albany, Oregon.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

The latest sheet music at Mrs. Hyman's. Buy your stoves and tinware at Smith & Washburn's. Try Sapollo for house cleaning. It is unequaled Brownell & Stannard. Builders should go to Smith & Washburn's for their carpenter tools and builders hardware.

No. 1 Star tomatoes and all kinds of fresh canned goods at a very low figure at Conrad Meyer's. Fahney's celebrated blood cleanser at Brownell & Stannard and at Deyoe & Robinson's. P. J. Baltimore general agent.

Lovers of good cheese should call on Conn Bros. They have just received a lot of full cream, fresh and sweet. Mexican Cactus Bitters is the best remedy in the world for liver and kidney diseases, indigestion, etc. For sale at M. Baumgart's.

A new line of fine wall-papers with borders to match have been opened at Formiller & Irving's. They are new and elegant designs. Call and see them.

It is no good to look at the thermometer this year to judge of winter. The only thing to guide you is Brownell & Stannard's prices, which are always down to zero.

For chilblain and frost-bites use Chamberlain's Pain Balm. When promptly applied to the frozen parts it will prevent the skin from turning black or peeling off. It turns the itching and smarting of chilblains and sores restores the parts to a healthy condition. For sale by Foshay & Mason.

Grand Army boys, as well as many others, will be interested in the following from Alex. B. Poie, Stewart, Tenn., who is A. D. C. Commodore Dep't Tenn. and Ga. He says: "We have had an epidemic of whooping cough here and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been the only thing that has done any good." There is no danger from whooping cough when this remedy is freely used. 50 cents bottles for sale by Foshay & Mason.

Have you heard what Mr. G. L. West, of Cambridge City, Ind., says of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy? If not, here it is: "During last summer I was troubled very much with severe pain in the stomach and bowels, and was induced by a friend to try this Remedy. I took one case, as per directions, and it gave me almost instant relief. I cheerfully recommend it to the afflicted." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Foshay & Mason.

Mr. F. J. Smith, Editor of the Ft. Abercrombie, Dakota, Herald, says: "The most wonderful medicine, I have ever met with, is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In case of cholera it gives speedy relief. On hunting trips I have found it indispensable. Put in alkali water, it imparts a pleasant taste and prevents the painful diarrhoea, which alkali water produces. I could not feel safe without it in my house." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Foshay & Mason.

FAIR DALE ADDITION. Burkhart & Malin offer for sale 108 city lots in this beautiful addition, which has just been platted. This addition is situated on the east of the city, and adjoining Abe Hackleman's land, and is the best addition to the city that is now offered for sale. These lots will now be sold for \$75 and corner lots \$100 each until January 1st, after which time all lots remaining will be raised to \$150 each. These lots will be sold on easy terms, and the first that call to see them will get the choice of all.

New Addition to Albany. J. R. Abbe's addition to Albany in the eastern suburbs of the city has been platted, and 54 choice lots are now on sale at \$50 to \$125 by Curran & Monteith. Apply at once and select your lots.

An Absolute Cure. The Original Abietine Ointment is only put up in large two-ounce tin boxes, and is an absolute cure for old sores, burns, wounds, chapped hands, and all skin eruptions. Will positively cure all kinds of piles. Ask for the Original Abietine Ointment. Sold by Foshay & Mason at 25 cents per box by mail, 30 cents.

You Cannot Afford. At this season of the year to be without a good reliable diarrhoea balsam in the house, as cramps, colic, diarrhoea and all inflammation of the stomach and bowels are exceedingly dangerous if not attended to at once. One bottle of BEGG'S DIARRHOEA BALSAM will do more good in cases of this kind than any other medicine on earth. We guarantee it. G. L. Blackman, druggist.

Why Is It? That people linger along always complaining about that tired feeling? The bottle of BEGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD MAKER will entirely remove this feeling, give them a good appetite and regulate digestion. G. L. Blackman, druggist. Don't forget that at Mrs. B. R. Hyman's is the place to get your sewing machines.

The Pride of Women. A clear, healthy and transparent skin is always a sign of pure blood, and all persons troubled with dark, crusty, yellow or blotched skin can rest assured that their blood is out of order. A few doses of BEGG'S BLOOD PURIFIER and BLOOD MAKER will remove the cause and the skin will become clear and transparent. Try it, and if satisfaction is not given it will cost you nothing, as it is fully warranted. G. L. Blackman, druggist.

Not a California Bear. At your job catch a cold this kind of cold resulting from a bear. Like the man who caught the bear. We advise our readers to purchase of Foshay & Mason a bottle of Santa Abie, the California King of Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs and Croup Cures, and keep it handy. The pleasure to the taste and death to the phlegm complaints. Sold at \$1.00 a bottle or 3 for \$2.50. California Cat-Cure gives immediate relief. The catarrhal virus is soon displaced by its healing and penetrative nature. Give it a trial. Six months treatment \$1.00, sent by mail \$1.10.

Important Advice to Gentlemen. Buy the celebrated Dent gloves at Barrows & Beardsley, exclusive agents for Albany.