AWAKENING.

I think I could do without you.
Perhaps, while the sky is fair;
And the infinite smile of summer
Glows in the golden air.
When earth with its myriad whispers
Breathes in the ear of day
The secret of that great glory
That awaits her far away.

For, indeed, there are fairer faces
That shine more bright in the sun;
And voices whose tone, it may be,
More smoothly and sweetly run,
And when over vale and meadow
Peace like a mantle flows—
Who dreams of the distant battle?
Who doubts the heart of the rose?

But when to a night of sorrow
Raises a day of scorn;
When out of the smile comes treason,
And out of the rose a thorn;
When the soul is sick with thinking
Of the plots and wiles of men,
Of life and life's long travail—
Could I do without you then?

O, heart! more true and tender,
Than ever was heart before;
O, hand! whose faithful clasping
Holds fast forever more;
O, sweet, pure soul! unchanging
Through doubt, and love, and pain,
Shall I, so slow to know you,
Now know at last in vain?

Behold I come and whisper,
Weary, and bruised, and hurt;
I plead for grace, not honor,
For mercy, not desert.
Will you stretch your hand and lift me
Out of my own unworth?
For I know I can do without you—
Never again on earth!

HOOD ON THE HALF-SHELL.

In one of the topgallant flats,
At a rickety sewing machine,
A worn woman sat, embroidering cats,
In red and yellow and green.
Working for daily bread,
Through pleasant weather and rough,
Till the tender grace of the days that are dead
Seemed old and baldheaded and tough.

Work! stitch! snip!
With thread and needle and shears,
With aching and quivering lip,
And eyes that are cloudy with tears,
Work! snip! stitch!
From the dawn till the sunlight fails,
Trying her level best to get rich
On blue cats with cardinal tails.

Making Artificial Ivory.

[Exchange.]

A French paper gives the following description of a new process for making artifical ivory from the bones of sheep and goats and the waste of white skins, such as kid, deer, etc. The bones are macerated for ten or fifteen hours in a solution of chloride of lime and afterward washed in clean water and allowed to dry. Then they are put with all the scraps of hide, etc., into a specially constructed boiler and dissolved by steam so as to form a fluid mass, to which is added 2½ per cent. of alum. The foam is skimmed off as it rises until the mass is clear and transparent.

Any convenient coloring material is then added, and while the mass is still warm it is strained through cloth of appropriate coarseness and received in a cooler, and allowed to cool until it has acquired a certain consistence so that it can be spread out on a canvas without passing through it. It is dried on frames in the air, and forms sheets of convenient thickness. It is then necessary to harden it, which is accomplished by keeping it for eight or ten hours in an alum bath that has not been used before. The quantity of alum necessary for this operation amounts to 50 per cent. by weight of the gelatine sheets. When they have acquired sufficient hardness they are washed in cold water and let dry on frames as at first. This material works more easily and takes as fine a polish as real ivory.

Didn't Know Who It Was.

[Croffut's New York Letter.]

At a dinner last week a New York physician of eminence whom I sat near told an interesting story of an English dinner. "It was some years ago. I had come too late to make the acquaintance of the other guests. To me was assigned to take to the table a lady whom I did not know, and whose name I did not distinctly hear. She had a shy face, and a gentle, sweet voice, and deprecating manner, as if she were bashful and sought to escape observation. To encourage her I plunged at once into the topic I had just been discussing with a friend—George Eliot's last novel, 'Middlemarch.' Finding that my companion listened intelligently and knew what I was talking about, I said I had been pained to discover a technical error in my favorite author's last book. I referred to the hospital scene, and showed that the doctor took a position quite untenable and unprofessional. I was much in earnest, but I quieted down when I found that she agreed with me. After dinner my demure companion took a gentleman by the button and said: 'See here, dear, I want you to know this physician from America; doctor, this is my husband, Mr. Lewes.' It was George Eliot to whom I had been explaining the incongruities of 'Middlemarch'!"

Sought to Reach the Reason.

[Inter Ocean.]

On one occasion Wendell Phillips said to a friend: "I remember that after making an abolition speech in Boston one evening, I took a car for home. Next to me sat a man who asked me if I had been to hear Phillips. I told him I had. He then asked what I thought of the speech. I answered that I was pretty well satisfied with it. Slapping me on the knee he said excitedly: 'That fellow can make you believe black is white.' This set me thinking. I knew I was capable of exerting a great influence over my audiences. In those old days I often stirred them up to such a pitch of excitement that it would only have been necessary for me to suggest that they should go out and burn a barn, mob a pro-slavery meeting, or do some other illegal act, and they would have done it. But I reflected that this was not, after all, a very desirable influence. It would not be of any permanent value, for the next day they would repent them of their folly and be anxious to mob me for leading them into it. From that time I sought to reach the reason rather than the passions of an audience, and I know that the results were better, and my influence greater and more lasting."

Intellectual.

[Arkansaw Traveler.]

"Let me see," said a young graduate to a highly intellectual friend, "was it Pope who wrote the Iliad, or was it the Iliad who wrote Pope?"

"Neither," replied the intellectual friend. "It was blind Homer who translated the Iliad."

"Oh, yes, now I remember. I would give anything for your cleverness, but please tell me what is the Iliad anyway?"

"Why it is a poem telling all about an old fellow who lived in a tub of water."

"I don't believe that a man could live in a tub of water, do you?"

"Oh, no, but then we must not question ancient mythology."

THOSE THREE ACES.

Commotion Caused in a Game of Draw Poker by a Double-Decked Beer Table.

[New York Sun.]

It was a wretched night. The steadily falling rain was changing into sleet. Colder and and colder the raw wind was growing. Only four members of the lodge—Paul De Spotte, R. F. Bellchambers, John Dougall and Mr. Siccardi—entered the meeting-room over Col. Schilling's wet goods store. Eight o'clock came and passed. Clearly there would be no session that evening. Some one, reluctant to go out in the storm, proposed to kill the time with draw poker. The table upon which they played was one of the German double-decker style, the lower deck intended to support glasses. Early in the game the happy thought occurred to Bellchambers of utilizing that lower deck for a different purpose. Gradually he accumulated three aces there, but not without De Spotte's eagle eye noting the process.

Bellchambers got a pair of kings and three worthless cards. He took three cards on the draw, but neatly stowed them away on the lower deck and replaced them in his hand with his accumulated "sure thing." De Spotte received a pair of queens in the deal and in the draw took three cards. Bellchambers, before the draw, had made it "cost a little more to come in," and when betting began he was almost ferocious in his demonstrations of confidence in his hand. The previously sufficient half-dollar limit disgusted him by its inadequacy. Dougall and Siccardi said that as far as they were concerned he might make it anything he liked, as they proposed taking a rest. De Spotte did not want to rest just then, but had no objection to dropping the limit. Bellchambers was happy. At length all the chips were up in the middle of the table, and De Spotte, resisting sternly Bellchamber's tearful appeals to be allowed to bet his store and a coming invoice of goods, and other valuables, in a succession of raises, called. From the time of the draw, Bellchambers had not once looked at his hand. Why should he when he knew so well what was in it? On the call he turned them over. The expression on his countenance was frightful to look at. He had only a pair of kings and seven, nine and ten! De Spotte placidly turned his hand—three aces and a pair of queens!

"Where did you get those aces?" Bellchambers shouted, aghast and purple.

"Under the table, where you put them," De Spotte answered, with an exasperating smile.

Dougall and Siccardi yelled with unhallowed glee, while Bellchambers, rising in indignation, proclaimed, "I won't play where such unfair advantages are taken," and went forth into the storm that was calm compared with the raging in his anguished breast.

Characteristics of the Ex-Slaves.

[Hamilton Jay in Detroit Free Press.]

The principal reason why papers edited and conducted exclusively by colored men and exclusively for the so-called benefit of the colored race have generally met with bad luck, and been so short lived, is that the negro has no need of a newspaper.

He is a born gossip, a natural newsgatherer, and whatever he may chance to see or hear is at once scattered to the four winds of heaven, through the medium of such of his own race as he may happen to meet.

A hasty telling, a picturesque embellishment, and away go the self-appointed couriers, happy in the possession of a piece of news that insures them a hearty welcome everywhere, and invests them with a dignity they could not otherwise hope to obtain.

Nothing pleases the negro better than a chance to talk, whether it be in the pulpit, cornfield, street corner, or any other place where two or three of his race are gathered together.

Tell him something important, and in less than twenty-four hours his neighbors for forty miles around have heard all about it, decorated with weird brilliancy of meaning the various passages it has traversed. No matter where the negro may be or in what occupation engaged, if he can have some one to talk to he is perfectly happy, and evolves a quantity of wisdom, ludicrous and otherwise, that would make old Col. Plato, of the Athenian cavalry, turn pale with envy.

The negro is a gregarious animal also, and for him solitude has absolutely not a single charm.

He will at any time walk ten miles for company's sake, and a chance to air his social, political or religious opinions is considered by him a greater favor than a glass of whisky with white sugar thrown in.

He don't like to be forced to commune with himself, at least not until he gets to be 100 years old; prefers stewed rabbit to a reverie and religiously believes that in the multitude of counselors there is safety.

Of the ten measures of talk that are supposed to have been thrown down from heaven the negro got nine, and he makes constant use of them on each and every possible occasion.

Jeff Davis' Marriage.

["W. L. C." in Inter Ocean.]

The second frame house erected in Prairie du Chien was built by James H. Lockwood. This house was used for the garrison of Fort Crawford, and was the residence of various army officers, among whom was "Zach" Taylor, then a colonel in the United States army and commander of this post for about sixteen years. Also Jefferson Davis, afterward president of the Southern Confederacy, was then a lieutenant in the regular army at this point. It was here that "Jeff" wooed and won Miss Noxie, a daughter of "Zach" Taylor, concerning which episode no little of romance and fiction has been from time to time written. But the plain facts in the case we find to be these: Taylor was strongly opposed to his daughter marrying Mr. Davis, but the girl being of age repaired to Galena, Ills., where she had friends, and Davis met and married her there, which greatly enraged Taylor, who carried this enmity in his breast till the battle of Buena Vista, in the Mexican war, upon which occasion Lieut. Davis proved himself a gallant soldier and a true friend to his father-in-law, Taylor, by coming in from an unexpected quarter as a reserve to fill up the gaps made by his falling soldiers. This "coal of fire" softened Taylor's enmity toward "Jeff," and they then and there shook hands over the past and were ever afterward the best of friends."

Chinese and Chickens.

[Portland Oregonian.]

It will probably astonish many to know that three-fourths of all the chickens brought to this market are consumed by the Chinese, and that nine-tenths of all the tame ducks share the same fate. The longer a man lives the more he finds out, and, instead of Chinamen feasting on rat pie, as he is popularly supposed to do, he has just three times as much chicken pie on his bill of fare as the white man, and nine times as much stewed duck.

American Journalist: The life of a reporter is beset with temptations everywhere, more than that of any other man.

Honesty the Best Policy.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"I wouldn't think of asking for help if I hadn't lost my arm in the war," he added, as he leaned against the wall and gazed into vacancy as if calling up an old battle scene.

"I see," mused the pedestrian. "Was it an accident in a saw-mill or on some railroad? I always come down with a quarter for such accidents."

The other seemed to struggle with his feelings for a moment before replying:

"Well, it was in a saw mill, if you must know, but I have been followed by hard luck. I 'ost my all by fire in Buffalo."

"At what date, and on what street?"

The chap scratched his ear and rubbed the chilblain on his heel, but couldn't say.

"I am not in a hurry," quietly observed the pedestrian. "Take your time to think and give me all possible particulars."

"See here," said the one-armed, "don't you believe my wife robbed me and ran away?"

"No, sir—no, sir! What could you have had of any value? And, indeed, how did you come by a wife?"

"I asked you for a little assistance."

"Certainly. Now please state your groun 's."

"I want to get to Chicago."

"Nonsense! You intend to stay right here! That's no excuse."

"Well, I'm hungry. I haven't tasted food for two days."

"Bosh! Let me feel of your pulse. The pulse indicates the condition of the stomach. Hold out your hand."

"Say!" said the vag, in a desperate way, "may be you don't believe I'm dead broke?"

"Oh, yes, I do."

"And that I'm most dead for a drink of whisky?"

"Ah! Here's 10 cents! go and buy your fluid. Next time you want anything toe the mark and speak the truth. You'll find a saloon around the corner."

How He Captured the Old Man.

[Philadelphia Call.]

"Sir," said a young man entering an office in which was seated an old gentleman, "I am a stranger to you, though well acquainted with your daughter. But before demanding her hand in marriage I would like to ask you a few questions."

"Certainly, sir; proceed."

"About how much are you worth?"

"Well, I should say my fortune would cover $3,000,000 at least."

"Quite a respectable amount. How is it invested?"

"United States bonds."

"Ah, yes; safe investment; and the entire amount will go to your daughter at your death?"

"Every cent of it."

"Quite right. Well, I have had some little conversation with the young lady with regard to our forthcoming marriage, and she suggested that I had better mention the matter to you."

"You are both very kind," replied the old gentleman, meekly. "Would it be presumptuous on my part if I were to ask you who you are?"

"Certainly not, sir. You possess that right undoubtedly. I am one of the directors of the New York Coaching club and will drive third in line in our Fifth avenue parade next May."

The old man struggled with his emotion for a moment and then, in a broken voice, said: "She is yours, sir; she is yours."

Barnum's Latest.

[London Truth.]

I went on Saturday to see the elephant. He is a well-proportioned beast, but he can only be called white by those who are in the habit of calling black white. The only difference between him and other elephants is that he has a cream-colored patch with spots on his trunk, and one or two others on his chest, and that the tips of his ears are of the same hue and look like a sort of lacework. I have no reason to doubt that he is a holy animal; but, alas! his presence in the flesh among us dispels one more illusion—the sacred white elephants which the Siamese worship are, so far as color is concerned, pious frauds. In Mexico there is a race of Indians with light patches on their skins. These mottled savages go by the name of Pintos. "Young Toloung" is a Pinto; he looks like an elephant with a slight touch of leprosy, with a coating of whitewash, however, and with a few priests in gorgeous eastern rament to minister to him, I should think that he is likely to prove remunerative as a show beast.

A Disappointed Patient.

[Philadelphia Call.]

He had sworn off drinking the first of the year, and not feeling very well, applied to a physician for advice.

"Your system," said the doctor, "needs quinine. I would advise you to take say two ounces about four times a day."

"The very thing, I do believe!" exclaimed the patient. "I wonder quinine did not occur to me. And how much whisky did you say I should take with each dose?"

"I didn't say you should take any whisky with each dose. Take the quinine in the form of pills."

Why He Swore Off.

[Chicago Times.]

Tippleton has sworn off. It came about in this way: Visiting the sample-room, as usual, for his poison with free-lunch accompaniment, he recognized the same sausage that he refused to eat at breakfast at home that very morning. His wife had given it to a beggar, and the beggar had parted with it in the course of trade. Tippleton doesn't know how many times his free lunch has been made up from the refuse of his own table.

Volcanic Dust in the Snow.

[Chicago Herald.]

It is reported that snow obtained in Scotland, Holland and northern Germany has been subjected to careful microscopical examination, and there has resulted the detection of minute particles of volcanic dust. Similar results in various sections of this country would prove almost beyond question the accuracy of the Java theory of the afterglows, which have been noticed in the skies for months past.

She Sang So Sweetly.

[Chicago Tribune.]

An attache of this office recently heard a skilled vocalist sing "Wait Till the Clou ls Roll By." She rendered it:

"Wah tah the claw raw baw Jawy,
Wah tah the claw raw baw,
Jawy, maw aw traw law wah,
Wah tah the claw raw baw."

And then she smiled so sweetly and broadly over the well-merited applause that the corners of her mouth held a sociable on the back of her neck.

What the Soudan Is Worth.

[Pall Mall Gazette.]

There are said to be 15,000 Christians and 40,000 Egyptians in the province; there are no less than 1,000 commercial houses owned by Europeans and 3,000 by Egyptians, and the import and export trade is valued at £13,000,000 annually

Burke: It can not be too often repeated, until it comes into the currency of a proverb, "To innovate is not to reform."

Mush and milk sociables are the rage in San Antonio.

FROM HEAD TO FOOT.

The postmaster at North Buffalo, Pa., Mr. M. J. Green, says St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-conqueror, cured him of pains in the head, and also of frosted feet.

CATARRH.

A clergyman in Newbern, Ala., who had suffered with Nasal Catarrh for nearly twenty years, after using Compound Oxygen for four months, reports himself cured. He says:

"My Catarrh, *which was in the form of an ulcer* in my head, and on which dark green scabs constantly formed, and *which had existed for eighteen or twenty years, is gone.* No scabs form, and the disagreeable sensation has passed away. *My vocal organs are much strengthened. I preach now three times a week, and feel stronger and better in every way.*"

Another clergyman residing in Massachusetts, has used the treatment for Catarrh, and gives the following statements of benefits received:

"I have now used your Oxygen Treatment three months and will state results. After I had used it six weeks my Catarrh was much better. The gathering of mucus abated considerably, so much so that 'hawking' and spitting rarely occurred. I lost largely the sense of the presence of mucus in the nasal cavities. With the decrease of the mucus my voice improved, and my enunciation became more easy and distinct. *I can now preach an hour without throat irritation, and enunciate distinctly and with ease.*"

Mr. W. S. Sweet, of Taunton, Mass., publisher of the *Family Journal*, gives the following testimony to the value of Compound Oxygen in *Catarrh and Bronchitis*?

"I would like to say a few words in favor of Compound Oxygen. Having given it a trial for *Catarrh and Bronchial troubles, I was surprised with its wonderful curative properties. It has done more for me than any of the so-called Catarrh and throat remedies I have ever used*, and I can say I am now almost entirely free from either of the above affections."

Our "*Treatise on Compound Oxygen*," containing a history of the discovery and mode of action of this remarkable curative agent, and a large record of surprising cures in Consumption, Catarrh, Neuralgia, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc., and a wide range of chronic diseases, will be *sent free*. Address DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard street, Philadelphia.

All orders for the Compound Oxygen Home Treatment directed to H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, will be filled on the same terms as if sent directly to us in Philadelphia.

A Montana dealer advertises "rope of the latest pattern adopted by Judge Lynch."

Headache is immediately relieved by the use of Piso's Remedy for Catarrh.

Edmond About has earned $2,000,000 with his pen.

C. MONEY—MONEY.

There is money in my line of Goods, they will pass in any community. Agents wanted to dispose of them in connection with other business. No risk. Goods first-class. For particulars address with stamp W. H. Martin, Gold Hill, N. C.

"ROUGH ON COUGHS." 15c, 25c, 50c, at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

Offensive Breath, Bad taste in Mouth, Coated Tongue, show torpid liver and disordered stomach. Allen's Bilious Physic, vegetable remedy, quickly relieves all. 25 cents. At all Druggists. Redington, Woodard & Co., Agents.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, etc., should try Brown's Bronchial Troches. Sold only in boxes.

Your druggist keeps Vita Oil. If he does not, suggest that he sell out to somebody that will, for the people must have it.

"ROUGH ON CORNS." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Dr. Pierce's Magnetic Elastic Truss" is advertised in another column of this paper. This establishment is well known on the Pacific Coast as reliable and square in all its dealings. Their goods have gained an enviable reputation.

CATARRH—A New Treatment whereby a permanent cure is effected in from one to three applications. Particulars and treatise free on receipt of stamp. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King street west, Toronto, Can.

"BUCHU-PAIBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying kidney and urinary diseases. $1.

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK

26
THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,
Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises,
Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites,
AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle.
Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO.
(Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

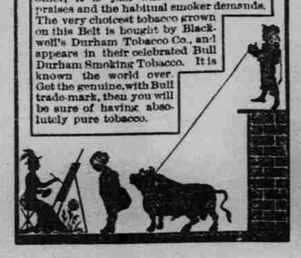
HOSTETTER'S
CELEBRATED

STOMACH
BITTERS

Regeneration for enfeebled systems, suffering from a general want of tone, and its usual concomitants, dyspepsia and nervousness, is seldom derivable from the use of a nourishing diet and stimuli of appetite, unaided. A medicine that will effect a removal of the specific obstacle to renewed health and vigor, that is a genuine corrective, is the real need. It is the possession of this grand requirement which makes Hostetter's Stomach Bitters so effective as an invorant. For sale by Druggists and Dealers generally.

When you come to think of it, it is not odd that literary people prefer a pipe to a cheer. It is handier to smoke when they are writing, and ever so much cleaner. And then it gives them the true essence and flavor of the tobacco.

The most fastidious smokers among all nations and all classes of men agree that the tobacco grown on the Golden Tobacco Belt of North Carolina is the most delicious and refined in the world. Lighter than Turkish, more fragrant than Havana, freer from nitrates and nicotine than any other, it is just what the connoisseur praises and the habitual smoker demands. The very choicest tobacco grown on this Belt is bought by Blackwell's Durham Tobacco Co., and appears in their celebrated Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco. It is known the world over. Get the genuine, with Bull trade-mark, then you will be sure of having absolutely pure tobacco.



HEREDITARY TAINTS.

Some Revelations on a Subject Which Concerns the Welfare of the Race and the Happiness of All.

(Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.)

To any one who has studied the laws of life, and especially those which relate to reproduction, an experience such as we are about to relate, will come with special force and interest. The transmission of certain mental traits of prominence and of certain physical traits of equal prominence, are facts which all acknowledge, but which none can understand. The father may be distinguished,—the son, an imbecile; or, the parent may be decrepit and unknown, and the child achieve the highest place possible to humanity. But through it all, there will be certain characteristics, which mark the individual as descending from certain ancestors. Too often, indeed, these characteristics are infirmities and often of a physical nature.

These facts were strikingly brought out during a conversation which a representative of this paper recently had with Mrs. Carrie D. T. Swift, who is the wife of one of our most prominent citizens. The lady related that she inherited from her parents certain tendencies, over which she had no control, and which were in the nature of blood difficulties, assuming the form of rheumatism. Her experience can best be described in her own words. To the writer she said:

"I felt the beginning of this hereditary taint many years ago, in vague pains, which seemed to come unaccountably and at uncalled for times. They were annoying, exhausting, and interfered not only with my duties, but also totally destroyed my happiness. At first, they would be only transient, appearing for a day or two, and then disappearing; then again they would come in such violent forms, that it was impossible for me to lift a cup to my mouth. Afterwards, my feet and hands swelled so that it was impossible for me to draw on my shoes or gloves without the greatest effort, I realized what the difficulty was, but seemed powerless to avert it. I finally became so bad that I was confined to the house and to my bed most of the time. My joints pained me continuously and my feet swelled to enormous proportions. Knowing that I inherited this tendency, I had about abandoned hope, when I began the use of a remedy, which was recommended to me as a friend as being specially efficient in cases of a similar kind. To my great gratitude, I found that it relieved me, restored my appetite, and I am able to say that now I have gained forty pounds in weight, feel perfectly well and am in the best possible condition, owing, wholly, to Warner's Safe Rheumatic cure, which was the remedy I used."

"No one would ever suspect you had suffered so, Mrs. Swift, to see you now," remarked the reporter.

"That is what all my friends say. Only yesterday an acquaintance of mine, whom I had not seen for some time, hesitated, before speaking, and apologized by saying, "Why, I really did not know you, you have changed so for the better since I last met you, how well you do look."

"Have you any objection to giving the name of the party who first mentioned this remedy to you?"

"Not the slightest. It was Mr. R. H. Furman, the photographer."

The newspaper man, after bidding Mrs. Swift good-bye, repaired to the photographic rooms of Mr. Furman, when the following conversation ensued:

"Have you been a sufferer from rheumatism, Mr. Furman?"

"Well, I should think I had."

"For how many years?"

"Twelve or fifteen."

"Did you try to cure it?"

"Yes, I tried everything, and, at last, went to the Hot Springs of Arkansas and nothing seemed to do me any good until I tried Warner's Safe Rheumatic Cure."

"And it cured you, did it?"

"Yes, completely."

"And you can cordially recommend it?"

"Yes, indeed, more cordially than anything I have ever known of. It is simply a wonderful medicine. I believe that two-thirds of all cases, both acute and chronic, could be cured as I was cured by the use of this remedy. In fact I know a number of persons who have been in the worst possible condition, and are now completely well wholly through its use."

The statements above made are from sources, the authority of which cannot be questioned. They conclusively prove the value of the preparation named and show that even hereditary traits can be removed by the use of the proper means.

GIANT
BAKING
POWDER

The Strongest and Best!

THOMAS PRICE, Analytic Chemist, pronounces the GIANT BAKING POWDER nearly one-third stronger than any sold on the Pacific Coast.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 24, 1883.

H. E. BOTHIN, President Bothin M'f'g Co.:

DEAR SIR:—After careful and complete chemical analysis of a can of Giant Baking Powder, purchased by us in open market, we find that it does not contain alum, acid phosphate, terra alba, or any injurious substances, but is a pure, healthful Cream Tartar Baking Powder, and as such can recommend it to consumers. WM. T. WENZELL & CO., Analytic Chemists.

We concur:
R. BEVERLY COLE, M. D.,
J. L. MEARS, M. D., Health Officer.
ALFRED W. PERRY, M.D.,
W. A. DOUGLASS, M. D.,
AUG. ALERS, M. D.,
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POTASH

Iodide of Potassium is one of the strongest of the minerals use in medicine, and has produced much suffering in the world. Taken for a long time and in large doses, it dries up the gastric juices, impairs digestion, the stomach refuses food, and the patient declines in health and weight. Persons with Blood or Skin Diseases should be careful how they take these mineral poisons, as in most instances the effect of them is to almost permanently impair the constitution. To take the place of these poisons we offer you a safe, sure, prompt, and permanent relief from your troubles. Swift's Specific is entirely a vegetable preparation, and it is easy to convince you of its merit.

I have cured permanently Blood Taint in the third generation by the use of Swift's Specific, after I had most signally failed with Mercury and Potash.
F. A. TOOMER, M. D., Perry, Ga.

A young man requests me to thank you for his cure of Blood Poison by the use of your Specific after all other treatment had failed.
JOS. JACOBS, Druggists, Athens, Ga.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
N. Y. Office; 159 W. 23d St., bet. 6th and 7th Avenues.

WILBOR'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER
OIL AND LIME.

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DON'T SMOKE PLUG!
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It is Better, Cleaner and Cheaper.

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This old and favorite house, as usual, comes forward at the end of the fiscal year with a brilliant showing, which is as gratifying to its stockholders as creditable to its sound and able management. Great as has been its success in the former years, the year just closed has exceeded them all in this respect, making this the safest, best and most prosperous bank in San Francisco, Cal. With agencies and correspondents in all the leading cities in the world, facilities for accomodating the farmer, merchant, manufacturer and others, to any extent with letters of credit loans, for dealing in exchange and conducting every branch of legitimate banking business, and with ample resources, and, above all, the fullest measure of public confidence, the bank is sure of even greater prosperity than it has enjoyed in the past.

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PILLS
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DISORDERED LIVER,
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A positive cure for Salt Rheum, Eczema, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Scaldhead, Tetter, Hives, Dandruff, Pimples, Plant-Poisoning, Ringworm, Sunburn, and all diseases of the cutaneous system by external application. Inordinate itching of the skin is allayed at once by bathing the parts. For Piles, Cuts, Ulcers or Sores, no remedy is so prompt in soothing and healing. It does not smart or burn. Is absolutely vegetable, therefor perfectly harmless. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.

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Cures all diseases of the nasal organs, by insufflation, injection or by spraying, cleanses the nostrils and permits natural breathing. It is a specific cure for Cold in the Head, Snuffles, Sneezing, Watery Eyes, and Pain in the Head, Bronchial Catarrh, Acute or Chronic Catarrh. Rose Cold and Hay Fever, this remedy will permanently cure, as many testimonials certify. The application is soothing, not irritating. It does not smart. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.

PAPILLON COUGH CURE

can be administered to infants without the slightest danger. It is a harmless vegetable syrup, very delicious to the taste, that relieves and positively cures Whooping Cough at once. It is a permanent cure for Bronchial or Winter Cough, Bronchitis and Pulmonary Catarrh. The many testimonials received by us, almost permit us to warrant a cure. It is wonderful how promptly it relieves a hacking cough in children or adults. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.

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A specific cure for all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Stomach, Bowels and Kidneys. It is the prescription of an eminent physician, who has used it in his practice for thirty years. For all diseases of the blood, as Anæmia, Sick Headache, Nervousness, Female Weaknesses, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Jaundice, Biliousness, and Kidney Diseases, this medicine is absolutely sure. Restores the blood to a healthy condition, and prevents disease. Directions in ten languages accompany every bottle.

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Capital Stock
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Surplus $ 450,000.00.
Resources $ 3,778,077.80.
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All matters intrusted to our care will be attended to with promptness, fidelity, and in strict confidence.

The following statement shows the condition of this Bank to date.

Assets.	
Loans and Discounts	$2,509,721 25
Real Estate-Bank'g house	150,000 00
Other Real Estate	14,996 00
Gov. bonds, bnk st'ks &c	111,923 65
Due from Banks	358,205 64
Money on hand	633,169 16
Total Assets	$3,778,077 80
Liabilities.	
Capital Stock	$1,000,000 00
Surplus Fund	450,000 00
Undivided Profits	6,129 25
Due Depositors	2,167,252 87
Due Banks	114,394 88
Due Dividend No. 69	40,000 00
Total Liabilities	$3,778,077 80

Our connections are complete for the transaction of all kinds of banking business.

Firms, corporations, and individuals, desiring to open an account, or make any change in their present banking arrangements will do well to communicate with us.

R. H. McDONALD, President.

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