WARNER'S
# TIPPECANOE
THE BEST

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H. H. WARNER & CO., Rochester, N.Y.

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ASK THE OLD FOLKS WHAT IT MEANS.

FOR
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WITHOUT AN EQUAL.
**$1.00 A BOTTLE.**

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MRS. R. C. BATTELLE, Waterloo, N. Y., Sufferer for many years from severe stomach disorder, depression of spirits, prostration and sleeplessness, but was restored to health by Warner's TIPPECANOE, The Best.

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# TUTT'S PILLS
"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age!
Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A
**TORPID LIVER.**
Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder-blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL SOON BE DEVELOPED.
TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.
They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

## TUTT'S HAIR DYE.
GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.
Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

HALL'S SARSAPARILLA
YELLOW DOCK AND IODIDE OF POTASS

The best Blood Purifier and Tonic Alterative in use. It quickly cures all Diseases originating from a disordered state of the Blood or Liver. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Scrofula, Tumors, Salt Rheum and Mercurial Pains readily yield to its purifying properties. It leaves the Blood Pure, the Liver and Kidneys healthy, the complexion bright and clear.
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
J. R. GATES & CO., PROP'RS.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

All Sorts of
hurts and many sorts of ails of man and beast need a cooling lotion. Mustang Liniment.

PINKEYE.

A Remarkable Cure of a Horse.
In the fall of 1883 I had a valuable horse taken with the pinkeye, resulting in blood poison. After nine months of doctoring with all the remedies to be found in horse books, I despaired of a cure. His right hind leg was as large as a man's body, and had on it over forty running sores. He was a most pitiable looking object. At last I thought of Swift's Specific, and commenced to use it. I used fifteen bottles. In August last all symptoms of the disease disappeared. There have been no signs of a return, and the horse has done a mule's work on my farm ever since.
JAMES L. FLEMING, Augusta, Ga.
January 9, 1885.
Swift's Specific is entirely vegetable. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga., or 150 W. 23d St., N. Y.

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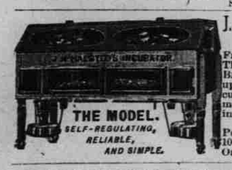


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From $20 up. The MODEL Brooder from $5 up. Send for circular containing much valuable information. Thoroughbred Poultry & Eggs. 1011 Broadway, Oakland, Cal.

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Handle on commission—Wheat, Wool, Hops, Seeds, Furs, Hides, Chickens, Eggs, Lumber, Hoop-poles, Salmon, Mill Feed, Oats, Barley, Onions, Potatoes, Bacon, Lard, etc. Account sales rendered on day of sale. Send for our market report. Correspondence and consignments solicited.


## THE MASAI.

**A Curious Tribe Whose Habitat Is in Central Africa.**

A more remarkable or unique race does not exist on the continent of Africa—indeed, I might safely say in the two hemispheres. In their physique, manners, customs and religious beliefs they are distinct alike from the true negroes and from the Galla and Somali. They are the most magnificent modelled savages I have seen or read of. Beautifully proportioned, they are characterized by the smooth and rounded outline of the Apollo type, rarely showing the knotty and brawny muscles of the true athlete. The women are very decently dressed in bullock's hide. They wear, by way of ornament, from twenty to thirty pounds of thick iron wire coiled round the limbs, arms, and neck, besides a great assortment of beads and iron chains. The men wear only a small kid-skin garment round the shoulders and breast, that being of somewhat more ample dimensions among the married men. The most remarkable distinctions characterize the various epochs in the life-history of the Masai. The boys and girls up to a certain age live with their parents, and feed upon curdled milk, meat and grain. At the age of twelve with the girls, and from twelve to fourteen years with the boys, they are sent from the married men's kraal to one in which there are only young unmarried men and women. There they live until they are married. At this stage the men are warriors, and their sole occupation is cattle-lifting abroad and amusing themselves at home. The young women attend to the cattle, build the huts, and perform other necessary household duties. Both sexes are on the strictest diet. Absolutely nothing but meat and milk passes their lips. Spirits and beer, tobacco, or vegetable food are alike eschewed. So peculiar indeed are they in their notions, that they will not even eat the meat of any wild animal. Moreover, the meat and milk are never taken together. For several days the one is their sole diet, to be followed by the other after partaking of a powerful purgative. On killing a bullock they drink the blood raw, which doubtless supplies them with the necessary salts. In eating meat they always retire to the forest in small parties, accompanied by a young woman. So pleasant does the Masai warrior find this life that he seldom marries until he has passed the prime of life and begins to find his strength decline. The great war-spear and heavy buffalo-hide shield, the sword and the knobkerry, are then laid aside. For a month he dons the dress of an unmarried woman, and then becomes a staid and respectable member of Masai society. He goes no more to war, but devotes himself to the rearing of a brood of young warriors. His diet changes with his mode of life, and he may indulge in vegetable food, drink beer or spirits, and smoke or chew tobacco. At death the body is simply thrown out to the hyenas and the vultures.—*From a Lecture by Joseph Thomson.*

## ABOUT BILIOUSNESS.

**Some Hints Which May Interest Those Who Are Unhappy About Their Liver.**

It has been estimated that five persons go to the physicians of this city every minute in the day complaining of biliousness. By this reckoning it will appear that there is here a small army of sufferers from this complaint, therefore it may be profitable to consider briefly the causes and cure of this apparently common trouble.

Liver disorders ought naturally to be at the foundation of all biliary derangements, and as organic diseases of this organ are essentially chronic and often progress steadily from bad to worse, it is plain that only a small proportion of bilious persons are so affected, for the reason that this class of patients very usually get well. This refers mainly to male patients. Women never get well from liver troubles. At all events, if a woman is once told by the doctor that her liver is affected, she will believe him and persistently suffer therefrom until another doctor comes along, who declares point blank, and perhaps truthfully, that nothing ails that organ.

The furred tongue, loss of appetite and "wish I were dead" feeling of those who think they are bilious are well known, and to make a long story short the best way to explain these matters is to attribute them to a derangement of the circulation of the blood affecting every organ in the body, including the liver.

This much is probable because measures calculated to re-establish the circulation are of great service to these quasi invalids. By this is meant brief abstinence from food; general baths, followed by friction of the surface of the body; the use, if indicated, of laxative articles of food; occasional draughts of hot water, sweetened and flavored, if desired, and regularly washing the mouth on rising with hot salt water, using the index finger in preference to a brush.

Abstinence is useful in many cases, because indigestion is the real trouble. Baths, followed by frictions, are very grateful to the disturbed circulatory apparatus. Laxative articles of food are often agreeable and are preferable to medicine when they will effect the same end. Hot draughts are now popular. They can do no harm and will certainly do good in the cases prone to chill.

Washing the mouth is of great service to those who suffer persistently with a coated tongue and ugly taste in the mouth. Change of air, scene and diet are also valuable measures for those who are said to be bilious, and in these days of cheap and convenient railroading are easily applied.—*Philadelphia Times.*

## HUMOROUS.

—Brutal husbands appear to be having their day. A fashion journal says that "a small bang at the back of the neck is now worn by many ladies."

—Carlyle says "laughter is sympathy." If this is so, the fellow who straddles painfully across the skating-rink floor, and then sits down so suddenly that he telescopes his spine up into the back of the head, gets all the sympathy the occasion calls for.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Yes, this is a very old dog," said a spinster to a man who took an active part in the canine harvest, "and we should hate very much to have him caught on the street and locked up. I am very much attached to him, for I used to carry him in my arms when he was a little puppy." "Do you say, miss, that he is a very old dog and that you carried——?" "O!" she broke in, recollecting that she had compromised herself, "I mean that he—he used to be old when I was a little—I mean that mother used—go on away from here or I'll set the dog on you!"—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

## THE AWFUL TORPEDO.

**What the Naval Engagement of the Future May Be—Description of a Battle Between an Iron-Clad and a Tropedo Boat—An Uncertain Fight of One Against a Hundred.**

The role of the torpedo-boat is terrible; and those who direct its movements are exposed to the greatest dangers. A single heave shot may shatter it to atoms, and when it approaches the enemy a hail of balls from the mitrailleuses and rifles will do terrible execution on board. Therefore the mere fact of embarking on a torpedo-boat is a guarantee of bravery. Figure to yourself the situation of the officer in command of such a torpedo-boat who is ordered to sink a ship of the enemy's squadron. All his surroundings constitute one vast danger. The very sea that hides and protects him during the first part of his expedition may in another moment toss his corpse hither and thither upon its waves. His adversary will seek to riddle the boat with a rain of steel, cast-iron and lead. The torpedo itself, which carries such terror with it, might be touched with a missile and explode, bursting the torpedo-boat into atoms.

The combat commences. The vessels of the fleet have opened fire. Shells rain in all directions. One of our cruisers, cannonaded heavily on the starboard side by a fort mounting twelve Krupp cannon, is simultaneously attacked on the larboard side by one of the enemy's iron-clads. She has already suffered severely, and her position becomes critical. A mast-signal from the Admiral's ship is given; and a torpedo-boat starts. The watchful enemy has observed the signal. He knows the danger, and at once concentrates all his fire upon the little gray speck which is shooting rapidly towards him. Three miles separate them; and the torpedo-boat must make that three miles in ten minutes. If it is not sunk before it has traveled that distance, the iron-clad is lost. Therefore, the cannoniers point their guns with the most scrupulous care. The first shells pass wide of the mark; but the aim is rectified, and soon the shells fall so near the torpedo-boat that they throw the water over it. Now one has fallen right at its prow. A geyser jet of water thirty feet high conceals the torpedo-boat; the enemy believes it has been sunk, and utter a tremendous cheer. But the projectile has only ricochetted and passed over it. The water falls back in rain, and the brave little vessel reappears all streaming with brine, as though it had emerged from the sea-deeps, and rushing on at full steam in the face of death.

There are only nine men on the little vessel, and they are going to attack a sort of leviathan carrying an immense crew. It is not the fight of one against ten, but of one against a hundred.

Not a single word is uttered beyond the necessary orders. Those men whom death already touches with his fingers are silent and grave. And do not suppose for a moment that they do not think of the danger. On the contrary, they think of nothing else. But it is not of their own danger they are thinking, but of the danger of failure. It is not a question of their lives, but of the success of the enterprise. It is essential that the torpedo boat shall reach the enemy's flank and rescue our cruiser. After that, if the torpedo-boat sinks, so much the worse.

Every nerve is strained, every eye is directed toward the object in view. Now the boat is only five hundred yards away from the ironclad. The fire of the mitrailleuses mingles with the showers of shells and sweeps the deck; everything wooden is splintered to atoms with grapeshot. An incessant fire of repeating rifles from the mast-tops of the ironclad plays over the torpedo-boat; and the balls, entering through the few openings in the decks, have already disabled three men. They lie in a corner to which they were able to drag themselves, for there is no time now to attend to them. They may be thought of in two minutes more—after the fate of all shall have been decided.

The torpedo-boat has almost reached its enemy. The success of the expedition is now assured, for the shell batteries are powerless to harm the torpedo-boat at such short range. The rifle fire, terrible as it is, can not sink her. It can only kill some of her crew; but that is of no great consequence! Now is the time when the Captain needs all his surety of eye and coolness of will, now is the time when his men must execute orders with the rapidity of lightning, for if the torpedo be fired a second too soon it will fail to do its terrible duty, and yet if there be a delay of a moment the torpedo-boat must dash itself to pieces against the sides of its mighty adversary.

Now the boat seems almost ready to touch the enemy's vessel. Hand-grenades flung upon her deck rebound and burst; one man is killed; the Captain has received a terrible wound in the face; but, summoning all his strength, he supports himself erect against the iron wall by a sublime effort of will. Livid, drenched with blood, but terrible in his calm resolve and bravery, he keeps his eye still upon the enemy.

"Ready! Let her go!"

The awful missile is launched. An enormous surge appears in the water, and a frightful, crackling noise is heard, followed by a terrible cry of distress. The pigmy has conquered the giant.

"Hard a starboard!"

And the little vessel, suddenly wheeling around, steams away at full speed while the enemys iron-clad sinks to the bottom.

Ten minutes afterward the torpedo-boat has returned to its post beside the Admiral's vessel—the Admiral sends for the Captain in order to congratulate him. He is carried to him upon a bier. Meanwhile the fight goes on. A new expedition may prove necessary. A provisory Captain is at once appointed, and four men to complete the decimated crew; and the torpedo-boat is ready to fulfill another mission; it has another band of heroes to direct it.—*Paris Figaro.*

—A frog fell into a pail of milk in a Connecticut town recently, and in the morning was found sitting upon a roll of butter. A local paper says that "the sole explanation is that in trying to extricate himself, he had, by diligent and continuous strokes of his hind legs, churned the milk into butter." If George Washington was editor of that paper no such item would have appeared.—*Exchange.*

—It was a very honest old Dutch Judge who listened for several hours to the arguments of counsel and then said: "Dis case has been ferry ably argued on both sides, and dere have been some ferry nice points of law brought up. I shall take dree days to gonsider these points, but I shall ewentually tecide for de plaintiff."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—California has an estimated colored population of 7,500.

## SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—The treasury of the Baptist Home Missionary Society is in such a depleted condition that appointments have been only made for six months, fears being felt that money enough may not be contributed to pay a full year's salaries.—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

—There were 600 Frenchmen at Oxford the past term—quite an unprecedented number. The general style of living demands less expense than formerly, and no man finds it now incumbent on him to give wine parties as of yore.

—At a Sunday-school convention, objection having been raised to the unhealthful influence of many of the books in the libraries, a superintendent rose and suggested that they should be weeded out and sent to the poor children out West.—*Harper's Bazar.*

—Miss Mary Caldwell, a wealthy Catholic lady of Baltimore, has given $300,000 to be used for the establishment of a Catholic university for the better education of the priesthood, on the plan proposed by Bishop Spaulding. The Plenary Council has accepted the gift.—*Baltimore Sun.*

—Mr. John Scott, who recently closed a ten weeks' term of free high school in the town of Holden, Me., says that in all that time he had no occasion to speak reprovingly to any one of his scholars. He says he has taught fourteen years and never before had such an experience as this, and he asks his fellow-teachers of this country to tell him whether any one of them can say as much for any school taught by them.—*Troy Times.*

—The new catalogue of Dartmouth College, New Hampshire, shows that there are now 42 members of the faculty and 402 students, the latter being divided as follows: Collegiate Department, 244; Chandler Scientific School, 74; Agricultural College, 28; Medical College, 44; Thayer School of Engineering, 12. In the Academic Department 19 are from Maine, 98 from New Hampshire, 54 from Vermont, and 33 from Massachusetts. Outside of New England nineteen States and Territories are represented.

—The Rochester *Post-Express* is doing a commendable work in showing up the defects of country school sanitation. The yards and surroundings of many school-houses in the country are indescribably filthy. Some of the details can not be referred to in a public journal, and are sickening to contemplate. There may be some excuse for faulty sanitation in crowded cities, but there is none in the country. It is high time that attention was called to this evil. If the cholera were to come to this country it would make short work with the people who live in such neighborhoods.—*Chicago Journal.*

## PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—In London a "pony" is a five-pound note, in this country a glass of beer, and in the dictionary a small horse.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—An experienced housewife in a long article tells "how to save your dishes from being broken." It is unnecessary. All you have to do is to put them away and eat off of tin dishes.

—My dear sir, you cannot always reason correctly from analogy. Because, for example, red-skinned apples make the best jelly, it does not follow that a red-faced man makes the best husband.—*Chicago Journal.*

—"What is economy?" asks the Philadelphia *North American.* We'll tell you. It is paying ten cents for a cigar and compelling your wife to turn her last season's dress to make it do another winter. The country is fairly bulging with such economy.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A girl who had become tired of single blessedness, thus wrote to her intended: "Dear Jim, come right off if you are coming at all; Edward Keiderman is insistin' that I shall have him; and he hugs and kisses me so continually that I can't hold out much longer."—*Boston Post.*

—A festive dude came into our sanctum. He had a poem; we kindly thanktum. With the office club we gently planktum over the top of his phizaranktum. He swore an oath which sounded like blanktum, and gazed at us like a dinged old cranktum, and then there was a vacancy in our sanctum.—*Evansville Argus.*

—"Well, Dobkins, are you going to the club to-night?" "I haven't made up my mind yet." "Haven't? Why it's time to be there now." "I know, but my wife hasn't got back from the woman's meeting yet." "Ah, I see. You can't make up your mind till your wife brings it home."—*Chicago Tribune.*

—She had named Friday of the following week as the day for the wedding. "But Friday is an unlucky day," said George. "O, so it is!" she exclaimed; "I had forgotten that. No, it wouldn't do to be married on Friday." "How would Saturday or Monday do?" suggested George, tenderly. The girl hesitated and blushed a little. Then she said: "I—I think Thursday would be better, George."—*Detroit Post.*

—"Does you know John Jackson?" asked Jim Webster of Pete Simpson. "I should say I does know him. He is an awful sly cuss." "What has he ever done that was so berry smart?" "The other day I seed him walking along on the opposite side of Austin Avenue. I called out 'John!' two or free times. De niggah made out as if he didn't heah me. I overtuck him and cotched him by de arm, and dang by buttons if he wasn't anudder niggah entirely. You bet he am a sly one."—*Texas Siftings.*

### The Ostrich as a Kicker.

Dr. Sketchly, who has charge of the ostrich farm at Anahlem, was plucking one of the things one day. When they pluck them a stocking is kept on the head to blind the bird. While he can not see he is quiet, but if his blinkers get uncovered then he "goes for" the plucker. The doctor moved his arm so as to disturb the stocking, and instantly he saw what was done and went head first out of the pen, not caring for any more plumes just then. As he tumbled head first over the fence the bird let fly a kick which, striking a fence-board, made toothpicks of a whole panel length. The mule's occupation as a kicker is gone in this country since the ostrich came.—*Los Angeles Express.*

—"Curious, isn't it?" remarked Mrs. Bascom. "Here I've been reading these 'Notes on Husbandry,' regularly ever since we subscribed to the *Farmer*, and they haven't said one word, so far as I can see 'about husbands' or matrimony either."—*Burlington Free Press.*


**ALL FOR 50 CENTS.**
Mr. E. C. Walker, Editor "Track and Road," *The Spirit of the Times*, New York, after an exhaustive interview with all leading horsemen, stablemen, sportsmen, drivers and breeders of horses of the country, states that St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, will do all that is claimed for it in the cure of aches, pains and suffering in man and beast.

**A SECOND EMPHATIC ENDORSEMENT.**
Mr. Wm. B. Mitchell, editor of the *Journal-Press*, St. Cloud, Minn., wrote to Mr. Wm. Penn Nixon, asking if a card with his signature, recommending Compound Oxygen, was genuine. Mr. Mitchell writes: "The following letter from Mr. Wm. Penn Nixon, the well-known editor of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, explains itself, and will be read with interest:

"THE INTER-OCEAN,
Chicago, Jan. 16, 1883.

"Mr. W. B. Mitchell, St. Cloud, Minn.:
"DEAR SIR:—I am always happy to bear testimony to the great value of Compound Oxygen, as manufactured by Drs. Starkey & Palen, Philadelphia. *I think it the most important remedy for throat and lung troubles that was ever discovered. I feel that it saved my life*, and am always glad to recommend it to those suffering from such troubles. *The card was not only genuine, but I endorse the remedy now as fully as I did in the card.*
"Very truly yours,
"WM. P. NIXON."

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.


The largest quantity of maple sugar made in any one State is made in Vermont.


**ESPECIALLY TO WOMEN.**
"Sweet is revenge especially to women," said the gifted, but naughty, Lord Byron. Surely he was in bad humor when he wrote such words. But there are complaints that only women suffer, that are carrying numbers of them down to early graves. There is hope for those who suffer, no matter how sorely, or severely, in Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Safe in its action it is a blessing, *especially to women* and to men, too, for when women suffer, the household is askew.


It is now thought that no further trouble need be expected on the Isthmus of Panama.


CATARRH—A New Treatment has been discovered 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 St. west, Toronto, Canada.


The value of the shipbuilding industry of New England for 1884 reached $6,000,000.


* * * * Organic weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Enclose three letter stamps for book of particulars. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.


Peanut flour is becoming an important product of the South.


TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

PILES! PILES! PILES!
A SURE CURE FOUND AT LAST
NO ONE NEED SUFFER.
A sure cure for Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Ulcerated Piles has been discovered by Dr. William (an Indian Remedy) called Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. William's Indian Pile Ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching (particularly at night after getting warm in bed), acts as a poultice, gives instant relief, and is prepared only for Piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.
Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry, of Cleveland, says about Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment: "I have used scores of Pile Cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment." For sale by all druggists and mailed on receipt of price, $1. C. F. Richards & Co., 427 and 429 Sansome street, corner Clay, San Francisco.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
WILL CURE
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
MALARIA
CHILLS AND FEVERS
TIRED FEELING
GENERAL DEBILITY
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES
IMPURE BLOOD
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FEMALE INFIRMITIES
RHEUMATISM
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KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red Lines on wrapper.
TAKE NO OTHER.
SNELL, HEITSHU & WOODARD,
Wholesale Agents, Portland, Or.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS
all Druggists and Dealers generally.


—In the past thirty years the average of man's life has improved 5 per cent.—from 41.9 to 43.9 years; and of woman's life 8 per cent.—from 41.9 to 45.2. Of every thousand males born at the present day, twenty-four more will attain the age of 35 than used to be the case previous to 1871, and every thousand persons born since 1870 will live 2,700 years longer that before. This is due to civilization, and especially to improved sanitary methods, which are adding to the average of human life at the rate of nearly ten years in every century.—*Chicago Journal.*

—A stupid young man, supposed to be crack-brained, who was slighted by the girls, very modestly asked a young lady "if she would let him spend the evening with her." "No," she angrily replied, "that's what I won't." "Why," replied he, "you needn't be so fussy. I didn't mean this evening, but some stormy one, when I can't go anywhere else."—*N. Y. News.*


The Mirror
is no flatterer. Would you make it tell a sweeter tale? Magnolia Balm is the charmer that almost cheats the looking-glass.

**DON'T EAT IN A HURRY.**
A health journal says that people ought to take three-quarters of an hour for dinner. This is well if there is enough dinner to hold out so long. The penalty for hurrying meals, as most people do, is a grievous attack of dyspepsia. In such a case you will have to resort to Brown's Iron Bitters for cure, as did Mr. J. R. Pinkston, Shorter's Depot, Ala., who writes, "I found relief in Brown's Iron Bitters after years of suffering from dyspepsia."

The loss by the destruction of Aspinwall is put at from $10,000,000 to $12,000,000.

**AN OFFENSIVE BREATH**
Is most distressing, not only to the person afflicted if he have any pride, but to those with whom he comes in contact. It is a delicate matter to speak of, but has parted not only friends but lovers. Bad breath and catarrh are inseparable. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases as thousands can testify.

Chinese forces in Tonquin have received orders to cease hostilities.

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

For Throat Diseases and Coughs, use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Price 25 cts. *Sold only in boxes.*

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.
This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall street, N. Y.

THE HARDEN STAR

HAND GRENADE
Fire Extinguisher,
The simplest and most powerful extinguisher ever produced. Adopted by Wells, Fargo & Co., the O. R. & N., the "Oregonian," and over 3,000 leading institutions of the Coast. They have saved hundreds of lives and millions of dollars' worth of property.
Beware of worthless imitations!
None genuine except in blue bottle with star.
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