

### MY LADY'S HEART.

There is a tuneless instrument  
Of a mellifluous concert,  
The secret of whose harmony  
Is understood alone by me.  
My master, Love—'tis safe to say  
That four and twenty hours a day  
Of practice should the skill impart  
Of playing on my lady's heart.

Responsive to my lightest touch,  
Our mutual accord is such  
With equal ease I make a cry  
Or sentimental sympathy.  
A song of love, a merry air,  
A wail of anguish or despair,  
Such are my themes whenever I start  
The music of my lady's heart.

Happily I strike a note of woe  
And find it sweet, too, for I know  
The hand that stirred the mournful strain  
Can turn it unto joy again.  
But biding well this power to wield  
Too often to its spell I yield.  
And twang, I fear, with cruel art  
The strings upon my lady's heart.

#### EXEQUY.

Yet, O my sweetheart! chide me not!  
Today's distress is soon forgot.  
My solace and my joy is art,  
O sensitive, O tender heart.

—Clara Green.

### MY ONLY ARREST.

A few years ago I had a great desire to enter the United States service. I didn't care in what capacity, just so long as I got my living from Uncle Sam. Mentioning my desire to the United States marshal for the northern district of Florida, it was gratified. I was at once ushered into the presence of the United States judge, held up my right hand, and, with a heroism worthy of a better cause, swore to support the Constitution of the United States, though at the time I was hardly able to support my own constitution. Taking my formidable commission and a supply of official stationery, I went back to the village of Dead Pine to await orders.

Dead Pine is a small town so named because there is a large live oak in front of the principal saloon. Dead Pine is not an imposing place. At that time it had a little depot, some stores, some mortgaged farmers and three saloons. It also had a malarial back country, with plenty of "bad men" living in it, a couple of half-starved churches, and some Christians loaning money at from 2 to any per cent. monthly to their struggling neighbors. It was also the center of a lumber and turpentine district, where prominent citizens steal state and government timber and call it business.

In a few days my troubles began. I received a portentous document from headquarters at Jacksonville. It had four impressive and sinister looking official stamps on the envelope, and ordered me to come seize the body of Thomas Perkins, supposed to be lurking somewhere in the county, and bring said body before the United States court, then in session at Jacksonville. By a careful reading of the somewhat diffusive warrant, I discovered that Thomas had been guilty of perjury in violation of the statutes in such cases made and provided.

An hour later the following dispatch was handed to me:

OFFICE OF THE UNITED STATES MARSHAL,  
JACKSONVILLE, Fla.  
To United States Deputy Marshal, Dead Pine, Fla.  
Understand Perkins' desperate character; get help necessary; take him dead or alive.

That dispatch made me very indignant. Get help, indeed! Not I! I was 6 feet 1 inch in height, weighed 185 pounds. If I couldn't alone arrest one man I was unworthy to wear the bright red ribbon on the lapel of my vest labeled "United States marshal."

Besides, if I got help, there would not be enough glory to go around. I wanted it all for myself, and determined to bring in the prisoner-elect by my own unaided efforts, or occupy one of the misfit coffins at the village undertaker's.

The first thing was to locate the gentleman, who, suffering from some affection of the intellectual liver, had resorted to perjury. I located him. Six miles from town, in a veritable wilderness, two miles from any other house, lived, moved and had his being, Mr. Thomas Perkins, in whom this great government of ours was so intensely interested.

The next thing was to make the necessary preparations. I made them. In the morning by the bright light of a beautiful winter's day, a stout wagon, drawn by two sturdy and reflective mules, was drawn up in front of the village hotel, which was very inappropriately named "The Delmonico." On the front seat was my negro driver and pilot, Bill. On the rear seat sat the writer. Under a blanket at my feet was a Winchester rifle and a double barreled shot gun well loaded with buckshot, although I was oppressed with a harrowing doubt as to whether I hadn't put the buckshot in first. In the pocket of my overcoat was a Smith & Wesson double action six-eight, and in the breast pocket of my innercoat a bowie knife that had once belonged to a Texas evangelist.

A curious crowd had gathered to see me off. They knew my mission, though none of them knew who I was after. They cheered me with novel suggestions and well meant advice. "I say, Cap," said one, "you'd better take a bottle of whisky along with you. There ain't no barroom whar you're goin'."

My driver looked approvingly at this speaker.

"He won't look very pretty comin' back here with a furrer driv' e'ar through his chest, will he?" said another.

"T'wouldn't do for him to go out bar huntin' at night with that red nose shinin' world lit!"

That last remark hurt my vanity. My nose was rather red, but it came from an undue partiality for stewed tomatoes, not from any other cause.

"When you fire at him, Cap, watch that off mule's hind leg, for he's goin' ter kick," said a long, lank feller on the outskirts of the crowd.

Even the negroes had something to say. Approaching me with deference, one of them whispered to me confidentially:

"Boss, ye'd best tie dat fool nigger whar's drivin' ter the seat, for soon's he hears a cap pop he's gwine ter jump out an' run like de debil."

Bill gave the mules a stimulating touch of the whip and away we went. For two miles out we had good roads. After that, the roughest and worst that I had ever

seen. Stumps, tangled roots, hills, gullies, swamp, corduroy, and the county commissioners know what else, made a regular panacea for the twin evils of dyspepsia and love, according to the jolting up theorists. Now we were in the wilderness, a solemn, awful silence, broken only by the tramping of the mules, the creaking of the wagon and the hiccoughs of the driver, who was about half drunk when we started. It was a pine wilderness, with the underbrush all gone, no song of bird, no scent of flower, no flutter of insect life, a strange, dreary desert of forest. Here were majestic trees aged with a century of growth. Gazing at their stately tops, one could well imagine that in days ago, perhaps under the very trees we were passing, "Lo, the poor Indian," had once assembled to shake dice to see who should pay for the beer.

I was absorbed in these meditations when the wagon ran into a huge stump and away I went sailing out into space. The shot gun about this time decided that it was tired of riding and came along also. Neither of us were hurt, and we resumed our seats in the wagon, the gun rather unwillingly I thought.

We were now getting near the camp of the enemy and a rather curious sensation took possession of me. Of course it was not fear, but my heart evinced a curious disposition to desert its pericardium and homestead the lower portion of my throat. I cocked both the rifle and the shot gun, placing them sideways in the wagon to satisfy the manifest uneasiness of the driver. The revolver I took out and placed on the seat by me, covering it with a superabundance of coat tail. The knife I loosened in its sheath. About half a mile further on I saw approaching one of the most villainous looking men I had ever seen. He was of negro blood, nearly white, of herculean frame, and if not a born criminal and assassin, should have had his face indicted for malicious libel. He carried a glittering ax on his shoulder and eyed me insolently.

The driver turned around with a whisper. "Dat's him, boss."

My knees now partook of the general excitement; my hand trembled as if my best girl was about to refuse me, and my blood seemed determined to go into the cold storage business. At the same time an overwhelming conviction reached me that this was not the man I was looking for, and that it would be impolite to risk a suite for false imprisonment.

As he came opposite the wagon, my driver drew up and assumed the initiative.

"Is your name Perkins?"

"Naw," was the surly reply.

My thermometer immediately resumed its normal condition of 72 in the shade.

"My good man," said I, carefully concealing all weapons, "I am looking for one Perkins, can you inform me where that most esteemed gentleman lives?"

"In that house over yonder," he said, pointing about a quarter of a mile distant, where a thin spire of smoke emphasized a tumble down log house.

When about 100 yards from the house I halted the team and gave a few brief directions to the driver.

With the rifle at full cock I cautiously approached the house. It was of rough logs, very rickety, with the usual brick and mud chimney. Outside of the smoke from that there was no sign of life about the place. Silently I came up to the back door, with a vigorous kick sent it off the leather hinges, and covered with the rifle a figure dimly seen in the semi-darkness of the room.

"Throw up your hands!" I commanded.

"If you stir I'll shoot."

From the figure, in shrill, frightened accents, came:

"For de Lawd's sake, wacher mean white man. I ain't no nuffin."

The gun dropped from my nervous hands.

Thomas Perkins, alleged desperado, was an old crippled negro, about 178 years old, half paralyzed and wholly stupid.

Three hours afterward I drove into Dead Pine with my prisoner, to be greeted with ironical comment and uproarious laughter.

"Did he kick much, Cap?" said one big fellow, while another, after eyeing Perkins a moment in silence, said, as he moved off:

"Yes, the thing is alive, I saw its tongue wiggle."

Four hours later I was in Jacksonville, and delivered my prisoner to the United States marshal. As the major audited my accounts and drew a check for my expenses he was shaking with ill suppressed laughter.

"What do you see so funny about this?" I inquired, rather tartly.

"I was wondering what the judge will say when he sees him," was the reply.

Just then the judge strolled in. He gave a look at the prisoner, then at me, and inquired mildly, but with a merry twinkle in his handsome eyes:

"Did you have much trouble in securing this desperado, Mr. Officer?"

The major fairly roared.

I took my check and left the room. I have not seen prisoner, United States marshal, or Jacksonville since that eventful day, and Dead Pine shall know me no more forever.—Hamilton Jay in Detroit Free Press.

Dainty Dish of the Samoans.

The Samoans have a dish called "palolo," which rises from the bottom of the sea to the surface. It is composed of countless thousands of worms allied to the Nereid family. They vary in length from an inch to a yard and exhibit every conceivable color as they wriggle and twist on the waves. Whole villages of Samoans go out in boats to collect this native dainty and the feast that follows is one of the great festivities. "Palolo" is wrapped in breadfruit leaves and cooked in ovens. It makes its appearance from the sea so regularly that the inhabitants of the Fiji group call November and October little and great Palolo, it being first seen during the first named month, but reaches its plenitude in November.—Philadelphia Times.

Substitute for Cream.

Certain creameries in New England have discovered that buttermilk and soda make a substitute for cream, and that consumers will use it about three months before beginning to kick.—Detroit Free Press.

### Indian Horsemanship.

Given a horse, a man animated by the reckless daring likely to come of a wild, free life, and the Centaur of ancient fable may be fairly realized. A correspondent of the Omaha Herald, having visited an Apache camp, gives the following account of an Indian drill, ordered for his amusement:

Fifty time looking young men, mounted upon ponies, drew up before the tents. At a signal from the chief they began their evolutions, with a loud yell.

In a moment they disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then there suddenly rose a mighty tramping of horse's feet, and they swept past again, so compact that only saw a ball made of horses and men.

Splitting in two, one body swept to the right and another to the left, and again they disappeared. Presently they charged each other in solid lines, and while the spectator waited breathlessly for the shock of collision, the files skillfully opened to the right and left, and the lines passed through the intervals without touching.

Now came the moment for displaying individual horsemanship. Some of the riders approached, each lying so close to his pony's back that nothing but the horse could be seen. Others stood erect upon their animal's backs. Some hung to the horse by one foot and one hand, so that their bodies were completely protected by those of the ponies.

These young warriors also threw objects upon the ground, and picked them up at full gallop, and drew bows and shot arrows from beneath the horses' necks. Some of the men exchanged horses while riding.

Again, a man would fall from his horse, as if wounded, and two others, riding up beside him, would take him by an arm and a leg, swing him between their horses, and carry him off.

This exhibition lasted nearly two hours, and, at its close, men and horses were completely exhausted. All that evening the human performers lay in their lodges, while the Indian women brought them food, bathed their limbs and combed their hair.

Marvels of the Connecticut River.

Perhaps as curious and delightful a book as we could select to read is this "History of Connecticut," which lies before me. It is a little calf bound volume, printed anonymously about a century ago, and generally ascribed to the Rev. Samuel Peters, a clergyman of Hebron, Conn. Mr. Peters lived in a credulous age, and some of the facts which he gravely relates seem a little startling to our modern skepticism. Here is his description of the Connecticut river: "The middle river is named Connecticut, after the great sachem to whom the province belongs. It takes its rise from the White Hills in the north of New England, where also springs the river Kennebec. Two hundred miles from the Sound is a narrow of five miles only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which in the time of the floods bury the northern country.

"People who can bear the sight, the groans, the tremblings and surly motion of water, tread and see through this awful passage, view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomena in nature. Here water is consolidated, without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration that an iron crowbar floats smoothly down its current; here iron, lead and cork have one common weight; here, steady as time and harder than marble, the stream passes, irresistible, if not swift, as lightning." Quite a remarkable phenomenon! And yet not many years have passed since the good people of Connecticut believed such things. My grandfather was a boy when this book was written.—A. M. Cummings in Boston Transcript.

Why the Leaves Turn.

"Probably not one person in a thousand knows why leaves change their color in the fall," remarked an eminent botanist the other day. "The common and old fashioned idea is, that all this red and golden glory we see now is caused by frosts. A true and scientific explanation of the causes of the coloring of leaves would necessitate a long and intricate discussion. Stated briefly and in proper language, those causes are these: The green matter in the tissue of a leaf is composed of two colors, red and blue. When the sap ceases to flow in the autumn, and the natural growth of the tree ceases, oxidation of the tissue takes place. Under certain conditions the green of the leaf changes to red; under different conditions it takes on a yellow or brown tint.

"This difference in color is due to the difference in combination of the original constituents of the green tissue, and to the varying conditions of climate, exposure and soil. A dry, cold climate produces more brilliant foliage than one that is damp and warm. This is the reason that our American autumns are so much more gorgeous than those of England. There are several things about leaves that even science cannot explain. For instance, why one of two trees growing side by side, of the same age and having the same exposure, should take on a brilliant red in the fall and the other should turn yellow, or why one branch of a tree should be highly colored, and the rest of the tree have only a yellow tint, are questions that are as impossible to answer as why one member of a family should be perfectly healthy and another sickly. Maples and oaks have brightest colors."—Field and Park.

Why Oklahoma is Coveted.

"I was down in that Oklahoma country three years ago," said an officer of Gen. Miles' staff, at the Cafe Royal. "It is certainly a beautiful region for the agriculturist, and it is no wonder the lands are coveted. The soil is rich and well watered, the country is a rolling prairie, the climate is mild and equable, the grass in summer is 'belly deep,' and two railroads are now built through the heart of the vast, unoccupied domain. Any thing can be grown there that will grow in Missouri or Arkansas. It would be the finest fruit country in the world. At Fort Reno peaches, pears and plums are raised which cannot be equaled anywhere outside of California. The most magnificent corn I ever saw is raised in Oklahoma by the few half breeds allowed to till the soil. There are splendid streams, the Canadian river and its north fork, which course through the land. There is no snow, very little frost, and never a sign of a blizzard. It does seem a pity that such a superb agricultural region should be shut out from settlement and given over in perpetuity to a worthless lot of Indians, who cannot use it even as a hunting ground."—San Francisco Examiner.

### AN ILLUSTRATION.

Of the value of extensive and judicious advertising of any article of undoubted merit is found in the remarkable success of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co., in this sort of great enterprises.

Organized a few years ago to manufacture a new and more perfect remedy than had ever been produced, a laxative with original and attractive features, prepared from delicious fruits and health giving plants, one which would be pleasant and refreshing to the taste, as well as really beneficial to the system, the management very wisely concluded to select the leading newspapers throughout the United States to make known to the public the merits of the new remedy, Syrup of Figs. As happens with every valuable remedy, cheap substitutes are being offered to the public, but with the general diffusion of knowledge it is becoming more difficult each day to impose on the public. Health is too important to be trifled with, and reputable druggists will not attempt to deceive the public, as they all know that Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., Louisville, Ky., New York, N. Y. Do not accept any cheap, non-advertised imitations if offered.

A philosopher is a man who can feel as easy over his own troubles as he does over his neighbor's. There are no philosophers.

HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT For the Miserable Failures Under the "Old" Practice of Medicine? Because It is All Guesswork.

FRIDAY HARBOR, March 18, 1890.  
Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: I wish to hold my testimony to the many other miraculous cures which you have performed with your Histogenetic System of Medicine. I was very sick with pneumonia—sick unto death they said—when your agent, Capt. J. Edwards of Lopez Island, who was stopping at my hotel, came to see me and told me that he could cure me. I commenced to take your medicine, which the agent always carries with him, and can truthfully say that I commenced to recover right away. I also had a very high fever, which when I took your medicine, and the fever left me the first night, and your agent, who waited on me and gave me your medicine every half hour according to your directions, stated to me that it only took 25 cents worth of medicine to break the fever. The next day, after taking your medicine I could get out of bed and walk about the house, and have been steadily improving ever since. The sixth day I was able to get out of doors, and I think another week of your treatment will make a new man of me.

I desire print this to let all sufferers know that they need not suffer any longer if they only take your Histogenetic Medicine. With a feeling of thankfulness that by your valuable discovery of the science of medicine you are able to relieve much suffering and for the unremitting care of your agent, Capt. Edwards, I remain, sir, very truly yours,  
JAMES ROSS, Proprietor San Juan Hotel, Friday Harbor, San Juan county, Wash.  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of March, 1890.  
J. L. FARNSWORTH, Justice of the Peace.

DR. JORDAN'S office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yeeler, Third and James.

Consultation and prescriptions absolutely FREE.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.  
CAUTION: The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

Hoax! (to his wife)—If you're waking, call me early. Mrs. Hoax: If I'm no waking, I suppose I can call you Tom, as usual.

Dr. Wallace Ely has removed his offices to 215 Powell street, San Francisco, Cal., where he continues to give special attention to Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland and all ailments arising from these organs. Dr. Ely's Bile Beans are prepared according to the latest approved method. Most cases can be treated successfully by correspondence. Consultations daily from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. WALLACE ELY, M. D., 215 Powell street, four doors from Geary street, San Francisco, Cal.

Why is a pretty girl like a bank note? Because they both have a face value.

DISORDERS WHICH AFFECT THE KIDNEYS

Are among the most formidable known. Diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel and other complaints of the urinary organs are ordinarily cured by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's stomachic Bitters, a medicine which not only affords the requisite stimulus when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretory power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder this medicine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impurities which it is the peculiar office of these organs to eliminate and pass off. The Bitters is also a purifier and strengthener of the bowels, an invigorant of the stomach, and a matchless remedy for biliousness and fever, and after counteracting a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

The Chicagoans are complaining of cold street cars. They ought to insure hot passengers.

Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so, you know what material they make soap of. Dobbins' Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once, and ask your grocer for it. I take no limitation.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25 cents.



ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, head-aches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all druggists.  
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.  
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.  
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.

### VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his New Treatment for the cure of all diseases of the Eye—Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation, etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 215 Powell St., fourth door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal. Office hours—11 till 3.

FILES! FILES! FILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and \$1 per box.  
WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, O.

With "No Trade Secrets to Keep" came "Fruits and Fruit Trees," which full of just the information one wants. The title does not give a notion of its real value—send to Stark Ross, Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo., for the book. Price, 25c.

Dr. Prices' Cream Baking Powder  
A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard  
Delicious Cakes and Pastry. Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.  
No other baking powder.

Are You Fortified?

Your health is a citadel. The winter's storms are the coming enemy. You know that this enemy will sit down for five long months outside this citadel, and do its best to break in and destroy. Is this citadel garrisoned and provisioned? The garrison is your constitution. Is it vigorous or depleted? How long can it fight without help? Have you made provision for the garrison by furnishing a supply of SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda? It restores the flagging energies, increases the resisting powers against disease; cures Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility, and all Anemic and Wasting Diseases (especially in Children), keeps coughs and colds out, and so enables the constitution to hold the fort of health. Palatable as Milk.

SPECIAL.—Scott's Emulsion is non-secret, and is prescribed by the Medical Profession all over the world, because its ingredients are scientifically combined in such a manner as to greatly increase their remedial value.  
CAUTION.—Scott's Emulsion is put up in salmon-colored wrappers. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared only by Scott & Bowne, Manufacturing Chemists, New York. Sold by all Druggists.

CURE Biliousness, Sick Headache, Malaria. BILE BEANS.

New Store. Gymnasium and Athletic Goods. New Goods. WILLIAM C. BECK ARMS CO., Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Goods and Fishing Tackle, Winchester, Remington, Parker Bros., Marlin, Colt's, L. C. Smith, Repeating Rifles, Colt's Shotguns.

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will commend themselves at once to out-of-town consumers, who have not the facilities of visiting our establishment and making a personal selection of anything wanted.

SPRING GOODS NOW READY.

100 samples, with rules of self-measurement, will be sent on application.

A. B. STEINBACH & CO., POPULAR ONE-PRICE CLOTHIERS AND HATTERS, BOX 436, PORTLAND, OREGON.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Best Cough Medicine. Recommended by Physicians. Cures where all else fails. Pleasant and agreeable to the taste. Children take it without objection. By druggists.

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EVERY SKIN AND SCALP DISEASE

Itching, burning, disfiguring, humiliated, pimply or blotchy, with loss of hair, from pimples to the most distressing eczemas, and every humor of the blood, whether simple, scrofulous or hereditary, is speedily, permanently and economically cured by the CUTICURA Remedies, consisting of CUTICURA, the great skin cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin purifier and beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humors remedies. When the best physicians and all other remedies fail. This is strong language, but true. Thousands of grateful testimonials from infancy to age attest their wonderful, unfailing and insuperable efficacy.

Sold every where. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, 50c. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Disease."

With "No Trade Secrets to Keep" came "Fruits and Fruit Trees," which full of just the information one wants. The title does not give a notion of its real value—send to Stark Ross, Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo., for the book. Price, 25c.

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