

MOUNTAIN WHEELING.

From Gales Creek to Tillamook on a Bicycle.

[F. H. COOK, of THE HAZARD, of BOSTON.] And here is Gales Creek, stream and village, the two contrasting markedly as to beauty. This is the last place at which we need expect to find any warm estates until we reach the halfway house, so we will do well to get coffee at the hotel. We can tell which of the few houses is the hotel, because it has a large sign over the front door. In like manner we are informed that the postoffice is in a new two-story building, unoccupied and as yet unoccupied; but we are concerned only with our coffee.

It is raining lightly. A former experience bids us beware of the combination of mountain roads and rain. Shall we go on or turn back? The clouds might be darker. Let us at least start ahead and cover a little more of the road before we give it up.

Here is another sign: "Ranney's Wilson River Road. To Tillamook forty-eight miles." This is ours, and fifteen minutes in the new direction brings us to the timber line and the beginning of the climb. After a few spurts up modest grade we conclude we shall need all our spare energy, so we dismount and trundle our wheels up all the incline of any consequence. It is remarkable how fallible is the human eye in judging the topography of the road—or our eyes, at any rate. What seems barely an ascent as we glance ahead, very likely needs only to be tried under the pedals to be proved a mean rise; looking back after a little stretch has been passed we appreciate the difference.

Hello, here's a fork! We were told there was but one road after we got into the hills. Certainly two here, and the one to the left is planked and leads down, while the other goes up and to the right. Quite probably the newer plank road follows an easier grade, the two running to gether again ultimately, of course. So we'll take the one that is planked. It is rather precipitous, isn't it? Seems to lead into a canyon. Just glance over the bluff there and calculate how long it would take you to touch bottom, and then come over here and hug the wall. What now? A lumber mill, surely, and our road passes directly through the yard; and where does it come out? Can you see where it starts again?

"This road leads across the mountains, doesn't it?" we ask of a man shaving at an open window in a board shanty.

"Now," he replies, in a tone of disdain, "this road ends here. You passed the Tillamook road back up the hill."

"We can't get out to the road again without going away back?"

"Nope, less you want to climb that skid road up the hill yonder, and its about all a man wants to do to get up that there alone."

We face about and trudge up the long incline, with less admiration for its smoothness than when we rode down. At the fork again we take a fresh start over the less inviting dirt road. A few minutes more of easy climb and we have reached the toll gate—for all these mountain roads represent large outlay for construction and maintenance and are controlled by private parties. Footmen and wheelmen pass free, however, and with a word to the tollkeeper about the weather, which has brightened a little, we start on the four miles of serious climb which will bring us to the summit. And now, fellows, throw back your shoulders and fill your lungs well. You will need all the breath you can get, and your hearts must do double-quick duty for the next hour and more. The road winds in and out through the timber and along the open mountain side, now running nearly straight, now zigzagging, now making a long loop, but always rising. Pause occasionally to look back and out through the openings in the trees at the far-famed Willamette valley, which unfolds in regal dress; a block of yellow, next a square of brown, next a strip of black or green, with wooded Gales Creek in the foreground and an abundance of timber scattered about to relieve the stretches of fields. For miles up and down, and as far across as the low-hanging clouds permit, spreads the beautiful vision, now concealed from view by the brush or a turn in the road, now brought out suddenly in all its freshness. Can you find anything on the valley roads my fatigued friends to compare? Isn't it worth hours of headfired climbing to take this in?

"Walt Smith's place, nineteen miles." What, the summit so soon? It must be, for here we start down ward. Only 10.25 a. m., and most of the climbing done. No need to rush ourselves the rest of the day. We'll drop down at the next spring or stream and eat a bite of our cold lunch and then jog along. It is amazing what an appetite this sort of thing gives a fellow. The ordinary three meals a day make only a framework, to be filled out with sundry lunches and bowls of milk and draughts of water. A delightful feature of mountain climbing is this pure, cold water; little streams of it run along or across the road at frequent intervals, and to a hot, thirsty man it is wonderfully refreshing.

Now our way is up and down, across gulches and around the sides of hills, all in the primeval forest, except that here and there is a deserted cabin, occupied long enough for the owner to make proof to his

claim,—with a bit of clearinggrown up to rank, tall fern. To wheel down with set brakes, and to trundle up again is the order for a mile or two, when we strike a grade much more pronounced, forming a letter "u" down the mountain side, sections of which we can see from the top-most line. We'll try this—brake gripped tight and all weight on pedals. A fellow must sit well back to avoid the feeling that he is going to take a header. And if he should lose control of his mount here, he would need to throw himself quickly, as the only possible, but not certain, way of escaping a wreck. I have a wonderfully good tire, but my brake was never made for this, and I opine it would be less work to walk. You fellows with spoon brakes can make it, if you have requisite strength in the fingers of those good right hands. I'd like to know how long this zigzag is; can't be far from a mile. Speaking of distance, in this country, there are miles and miles. From our starting point to Gales Creek we were first informed was seven miles; later the same day it had grown to twelve; when we reached Gales Creek the distance back was eight miles. But here is the bottom and a little stream which we can cross dry shod on the high stones. While we're going over let me warn you to never be misled into trying to ride through one of these mountain streams of any size whatever, as I heard some one suggest. The large slippery rocks will bring sure disaster.

And now the grades are many but light, and we make fair time. The number of empty cabins increases. We have struck the South fork of Wilson river, which we are following—a beautiful, swift, clear, typical mountain brook, with a few accessible spots suggestive of two-pound trout. We have flies and lures in our luggage, too, but we will not stop until our return.

Does the unusual activity begin to tell on your muscles, fellows? Pretty tired? Well, you wouldn't half appreciate Walt Smith's place if you were not tired when you reached it. It can't be very far off either. The last bulletin was nine miles.

Here we encounter a party of campers on the way to the coast, the whole family, from grandma down to baby, stopping to pick blackberries. Until one has made this trip in the season, he has no idea of the number of people from the farms and small towns, as well as the cities, who go to the beach for a few weeks' camp. Oregon weather is unexcelled for such purposes, as there is a goodly portion of the summer when one may be absolutely certain in most localities, of no rain—or at most but a few light showers. Getting deluged and contracting ill from exposure are unknown experiences.

Now we strike "Camp Hungry Point," where, very appropriately, dinner is just cooking over the open fire. Perhaps we can buy some coffee; it would touch the right spot. No, they will not sell it, but kindly offer to divide with us when it is ready. It takes so long to make, that we burn our tongues in our haste to swallow it and get started again; but it is good. Farther along, "Starvation Camp," deserted, is suggestive of a tale of woe while "Camp Nix"—no fish," tells of disappointed anglers.

There is a house away off the road, to the right; not deserted either; an addition is being built; and this is the largest clearing we have struck yet. Can this be Smith's? And now, fellows, throw back your shoulders and fill your lungs well. You will need all the breath you can get, and your hearts must do double-quick duty for the next hour and more. The road winds in and out through the timber and along the open mountain side, now running nearly straight, now zigzagging, now making a long loop, but always rising. Pause occasionally to look back and out through the openings in the trees at the far-famed Willamette valley, which unfolds in regal dress; a block of yellow, next a square of brown, next a strip of black or green, with wooded Gales Creek in the foreground and an abundance of timber scattered about to relieve the stretches of fields. For miles up and down, and as far across as the low-hanging clouds permit, spreads the beautiful vision, now concealed from view by the brush or a turn in the road, now brought out suddenly in all its freshness. Can you find anything on the valley roads my fatigued friends to compare? Isn't it worth hours of headfired climbing to take this in?

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up and get our heads out of the wind, and eventually shake out to lose consciousness. The household is astir before six. We climb into our clothes, with just a little persuasion accorded some of our joints and tendons, and in turn perform our morning ablutions on the side porch—making use of the weekly towel—and soon are seated at breakfast. Fairly good food and enough of it is always to be found at the mountain houses; but one must forego his morning bath; too much can not be expected for a dollar a day.

A glance over our wheels, the application of a little oil and the readjustment of our luggage, and we are off at seven for the prettier half of the trip, and thirty-six miles to the beach. We are still following the south fork of Wilson river, which has now become a fair-sized stream. About four miles bring us to a house where we each get a big bowl of cold milk for a nickel, and shortly afterward we reach the junction of the Jordan and Wilson rivers, where the Jordan must be forded. The approach to the ford from each side is precipitous, but this concerns us not so much as that the bottom of the river is covered with large red rocks, making an ugly place to wade barefooted and guide a wheel. Time is all we need to bring us through, and we sit on the rocks putting on our shoes, and thinking that "Jordan is a hard road to travel," when a crackling is heard and we look up just in time to see a huge log from a clearing above roll across the road we have just passed and into the river with a great splash. Reflections as to what might have been if we had chanced to be a few minutes later are not pleasant, and we gaily push up the bank and mount.

The road rises now, leaving the river far below at our right. We cross many ravines and little streams on corduroy bridges, none of which fortunately are of great length. These little canyons are filled with a rank and luxuriant growth which completely hides the brooks that run along at the bottom, but miniature falls can be heard making music with the roar of the river. Here we pass between two giants of the forest with just wagon room from one to the other, and now our attention is called to some old-timer of eight or ten feet in diameter rising straight up to a dizzy height; and here we catch a charming view through an opening in the heavy foliage. The ever-saucy squirrels scream and laugh at us as we pass, and the noisy bluejays fly up with their discordant cries, resenting our intrusion. Here we cross to the other bank on a substantial bridge with a smooth plank roadway, and beyond here is a dab of mud where the output of a little spring is not properly conducted across the road.

The morning is nearly spent when the western tollgate looms up across our path, marking nineteen miles from Smith's. Here we stop for bread and milk and a few minutes rest! We consult the signboard, showing rates of toll, and we're off again to make Tillamook in time for luncheon. We go only a few rods when we are confronted by the river at a wide and shallow bend, on the other side of which the road proceeds. Now we understand the "Footmen, 25 cents" on the toll sign, for a rowboat shows that we may be ferried across at this rate. We are not so pressed for time, however, that we cannot afford to save two bits each by wading, and we shed our footgear and splash through, not without remarking that small sharp stones hurt bare feet.

Another little strip of timber and we emerge on the firm, black road of Tillamook prairie, thickly settled by thrifty farmers and dairymen. The remaining four miles pass quickly, but they call for downright fighting in driving against a stiff sea breeze. At Tillamook we get a square meal and look about town for an hour or so, preparatory to the last twelve miles of our run. There are interesting features about Tillamook—but it takes little time to exhaust them. The name is Indian for "five rivers," and is derived from the location of the town near the mouth of five mountain streams emptying in the bay of the same name. The greatest interest lies in observing the humanity that drifts about; and of the various types, perhaps the most striking is the unshaven, unwashed, uncleanly mountaineer, whose wants are few and easily satisfied. Given a cabin, some bacon and meat, coffee, a pipe and tobacco, with a gun and dog, and whether the country has free silver or none is a matter of the utmost unconcern to him.

The first four miles out of Tillamook, along the Trask River, another pretty mountain stream, gives us the choicest bit of road of the trip. Level and made of fine gravel, packed hard, tired limbs are forgotten, and we scorch over it in a manner to astonish the natives. Another mile or more of "patch-work" and we skirt the hilliest strip known to man on this Pacific coast—as we firmly believe. No sooner is a little ascent made than we ride down into a gully and have another climb ahead. The road seems to lead us go off the trail and down out of sight. Although Walt advertises to accommodate the traveling public, we do not remember that he claims his accommodations are first-class. Each of us gets a bed to himself, however, and while it has no spring mattress and there are five beds in the one room, and half of the side of the room is open in a gable of the unfinished addition, we pull the blankets

up and get our heads out of the wind, and eventually shake out to lose consciousness. The household is astir before six. We climb into our clothes, with just a little persuasion accorded some of our joints and tendons, and in turn perform our morning ablutions on the side porch—making use of the weekly towel—and soon are seated at breakfast. Fairly good food and enough of it is always to be found at the mountain houses; but one must forego his morning bath; too much can not be expected for a dollar a day.

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Isn't possible that it's going to give out on me, is it—my good wheel that has stood so much hard work with never a protest before? There it goes again, sure! And—well that fixes it!

I pick my pedal out of the dust and strap it on with my luggage. Regrets, expostulations, bad language—all in vain. It's fortunate there are not more than five or six miles left, for I find I never was built for a one-legged man and can make but little headway with one pedal on this kind of road. But the walking isn't very bad.

The forest ahead breaks away somewhat; we are nearing the beach. Here is a long hill, and then—you fellows who've never seen the grand old Pacific, breathe lightly. Now, look on this, and say that you ever saw anything more beautiful. At our feet the bluff runs down to the edge of Nearts Bay, a bright sheet of water almost shut in by a long, narrow, white sandspit, on the other shore of which the breakers are dashing in ceaseless measure, while as far as the eye can reach North, West, and South the placid ocean sparkles and shines in the afternoon sun, bidding us a joyous welcome to her shores.

HOW COTTLES CATCH GEASE.

Appropos of a story relative to the good generalship of coyotes catching jack rabbits, which appeared in the Chronicle a few days ago, Mr. Wheelton tells for truth how they catch wild geese, which indicates even greater cunning, and places them on a par with the fox, if not superior to them in reasoning power and knowledge of the habits of their victims. He says two of them will set their heads to catch a goose, and this is the way they do it. They will separate so as to come up on both sides of a flock of geese. One of them, the one on the side against the wind from the geese or geese, for they figure on scent as well, will approach the flock very stealthily, getting as near as possible without being seen. The other approaches from the windward side, and takes no pains to conceal himself. Approaching to within about fifty yards, he will deliberately set himself on his haunches and eye the flock. The geese are amused at his hungry expression of countenance, but knowing their security is assured by their power of flight, pay no attention to the sitting quadruped, only to return his stare. In the meantime coyote No. 2 is creeping up on them from the other side, and he often gets within a very few feet before they hear the soft footfall of his padded feet. Then they rise. It is a habit of geese when rising to fly close to the ground for quite a distance before mounting to a higher elevation, and the fleet-footed coyote has only to run under his goose, spring upward and catch him by the legs. When this is done his pal in the sitting posture leisurely comes forward and together they enjoy their meal, and no quarreling either about who has the breast or a drum stick. It will thus be seen that the coyote is a good general. He plans a ruse, allows for the wind giving him away, and takes cognizance of the habit of the goose in flying low, which enables him to jump and catch it. If this is not reason, instinct is not very far removed from it.—Dallas Chronicle.

In the description of the Waltham Watch Company's world's fair exhibit, published in the Scientific American, this mention is made of a primitive sun dial: "This is of solid silver and was made by Le Maire, of Paris, before the year 1700. The workmanship is very perfect, and the dial is elaborately engraved and in good condition today. On the face and elsewhere are the names of Paris, Rouen, Marseilles and other cities, with the declination of each. The arm is marked with the declinations, so that the proper angle for the dial to rest against this arm can readily be made. The instrument is so made that it can be folded up and carried in the pocket. It was brought to this country by a Frenchman who went to Oregon to live. On his decease, among his effects was this sun dial. Recently it came into the possession of Mr. H. E. Dunton, of the Waltham Watch Company." What would satisfy the curious of Oregon, is to know who of our citizens owned this old timepiece.

The Clackamas County Horticultural Society met last week at Milwaukie. After comparing notes it was found that fruit raising the past year was unprofitable. It was furthermore found that the expenses of putting green fruit in the Chicago market is 4 cents per pound, and unless 5 cents can be realized, there is no profit to the grower.

Read Courtesy. "I saw the other day," said a citizen, "a driver who had a heavy load on a one-horse truck get stuck on a grade in a down-town street. It was loaded with something in bags, which were piled up high and which projected beyond the tail of his truck. He had a good horse, but the load was too much; he just couldn't pull it. Coming up behind was a man driving a big truck, empty, with a pair of big horses. The driver set his pole against the projecting load of the one-horse truck and spoke to his horses; they just lifted the one-horse truck into motion. The single horse spread himself and kept his load going. The man with the double truck turned off at the next corner without a word; he had simply performed an ordinary courtesy of the road."—N. Y. Sun.

THE SWINE AND THE FLOWER.

I shrank to meet a mud-smeared swine. And then he seemed to grunt, in accents rude, "Huh! I'm not proud, for in this fat of mine, I hold it's course of richness for your food."

I said, and saw a bill that seemed, at first, One giant mass of ruse pure and white. With downy buds 'mid dark green foliage spread, And, as I lingered o'er this lovely sight, The swine bellowed, that cooled that southern scene, "Behold the source of Cottolene!"

—M. E. Wilmer.

We should be named the "Comedy of Errors." This is the way our last trouble came about: We were talking to a young lady about the numerous marriages that were daily occurring among the young folks, and we remarked that we thought our chances very good, and she said she was still hopeful. At this instance her brightness moved her to make a proposition, and looking us straight in the eye with a devotion warm enough to cook a pot of turnips, she said: "Mr. C.—let's you and I get married." "Is this leap year?" We managed to ask, for our heart was in our mouth. "No," she said, "but that doesn't matter." "Well," we replied, thinking that we would get ourselves out of any impending trouble, "the thing that troubles us, we haven't the money to buy the license." "Oh," she quietly replied, "I will pick blackberries and buy the license." "There now," we murmured to ourselves, "the last plank to which we clung has been swerved from us. Oh Mercury, what shall we do?"—Rome Argus.

In the selection of men to command stations in savage countries great care should be exercised, for upon the fairness and self-control of those in charge depends largely the success of exploring expeditions and colonization schemes. Stanley's rear guard in his last great African trip was rendered perfectly useless by the ill-temper and lack of executive ability of Major Bartlett, who finally fell a victim to his own cruelty. The recent mutiny of the garrison in the Cameroons is now ascribed to the harshness of the German lieutenant in charge. If this be true, it affords an excellent opportunity for the German government to lay down the law that the military martinet shall not be tolerated in colonial positions.

The Capital Journal reports that there will be suffering among the dwellers of Mill City, on the Santiam, in Marion county. The people liable to become destitute are homesteaders, settlers, who live on rented places, miners, newcomers, loggers, hunters,—people formerly employed in the sawmills and lumber camps there, now idle. They have no cattle or supplies, nothing to sell, nothing to earn and "no help from nowhere in sight." Supplies will have to be donated.

WASECA, Minn., Nov. 25, 1890.

Mr. Norman Lichty, Des Moines, Ia. DEAR SIR:—Please send us the latest one carton Krause's Headache Capsules. We can't run the machine without. Send at once, as we are out, and oblige. Yours, truly, SUDETH & PRESTON.

For sale by Hillsboro Pharmacy.

La Grippe. During the prevalence of the grippé the past seasons it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after effects of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of la grippe, but in all diseases of throat, chest and lungs, and has cured cases of asthma and hay fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free trial bottles at Hillsboro Pharmacy.

Krause's Headache Capsules—warranted.

For sale by Hillsboro Pharmacy.

A rainy day club has been organized in Salem by a number of that city's society women. They have invented a skirt to be donned for street appearance that is about eight inches shorter than the conventional garment. A gaiter is worn that meets the storm rubber on the shoe and extends to the knee. The fashion is a sensible one for our wet climate.

\$500 Reward.

For any trace of antipyrine, morphine, chloral, or any other injurious compound in Krause's Headache Capsules. Price 25 cents.

For sale by Hillsboro Pharmacy.

A Sure Cure for Piles.

Itching Piles are known by moisture the perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Bleeding or Protruding, yields at once to Dr. Hancock's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on parts affected, cures itching, swelling and effects a permanent cure. Sold by Dr. Hancock, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Lewis & S. S.

Red Cross Tansy Pills.

ARE PERFECTLY HARMLESS.

PURELY VEGETABLE.

(excepting the tonic from they contain) safe and sure as a monthly regulator. The most eminent physicians of this age do not hesitate to recommend these pills when they are advised of the female. Many things might be said of their many virtues, many valuable testimonials might be published, but this liberty will not be taken. Many grateful ladies have written us letters without even naming them "confidential." We do not solicit testimonials, nor do we care for them, as we cannot make them. Sold by Hillsboro Pharmacy.

The Question

Is a simple one—daily decided by reason and common sense.

COTTOLENE

—the new scientifically prepared shortening—is made from pure lard, and highly refined vegetable oil. Lard is made, in the majority of cases, in the packing-house, and not as of old, from the pure leaf of the hog. Which is likely to be the most healthful? Decide for yourself. It must be

COTTOLENE

Sold three cents in stamps to N. K. Fairbank & Co., Chicago, and in bulk to the trade. Cottolene is sold by all grocers. Refuse all substitutes.

Made only by N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., ST. LOUIS AND CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BOSTON.

Don't Lose Heart.

PLANT FERRY'S REMEDY FOR THE CURE OF THE HEART. This is a simple one—daily decided by reason and common sense. It is a simple one—daily decided by reason and common sense. It is a simple one—daily decided by reason and common sense.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guile.

It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.

Castoria allays Feverishness.

Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.

Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.

Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.

Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.

Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-ounce bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.

Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The favorable signature of Dr. A. H. Ritchie is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

FOR SALE BY HILLSBORO PHARMACY.

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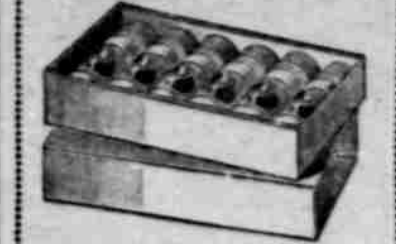
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Ripans Tabules.

Ripans Tabules are compounded from a prescription widely used by the best medical authorities and are presented in a form that is becoming the fashion everywhere.



Ripans Tabules act gently but promptly upon the liver, stomach and intestines; cure dyspepsia