THE RAT'S SANDWICH.

A Strictly True Story of Rodent Intelligence and Prudence.

If any one had related to us how he had seen a rat lunching upon sandwiches composed of crumbs and tadpoles, we can not doubt that his communication would have been listened to with more or less successfully-dissembled incredulity. Yet of that spectacle we were ourselves witnesses not many months ago. It had suggested itself to some members of the household during last spring to keep a large shoal of tadpoles in a deep earthenware milk-pan on a window-stool, for the purpose of watching their evolution into frogs. For some time that quaint process went on swimmingly, being apparently in no way impeded by the abnormal glaziness and rigidity of its subjects' environment, which, however, was judiciously mitigated at the bottom by a deposit of pebbles and mud. But, while the shrinking of tails and sprouting of legs were still in full progress, it began to be observed with pain that the number of tadpoles was rapidly and steadily decreasing. Day by day we had to notice a very perceptible decline in the population of our aquarium; there could be no doubt that in every four-and-twenty hours a certain contingent of tadpoles somehow vanished, melted into thin air, leaving not a wrack behind, any more than did one of the silvery bubbles which they were perpetually sending up to wink out of existence on the surface.

Many theories were started to account for this unhappy state of affairs, but it was pronounced to be impossible that, as some one suggested, batches of tadpoles, attaining to frogdom suddenly, should have thereupon overleaped the rim of their dwelling-place; for the drop of twenty feet, which was the only means of quitting the windowstool, would have been beyond the powers of even the maturest and most athletic frog, and the pavement underneath showed none of those mangled remains which must have resulted from any such reckless attempt. A suggestion that it might, perhaps, take two or three tadpoles to make the frog was dismissed as still more untenable; no plausible a priori explanation of these mysterious disappearances had been devised, when, one day, all hypotheses were rendered unnecessary by ocular demonstration.

We chanced to look out of the window; and, behold! sitting upon the rim of the pan, a brown rat, with a mild and intelligent cast of countenance, and unusually large bright eyes! Upon the surface of the water floated a large number of the bread crumbs with which our proteges were always kept liberally supplied. One of these fragments the newcomer secured with a rapid sweep of his left forepaw, while with the other, harrowing to relate, he deftly scooped up a wriggling and reluctant tadpole, and, having thus provided himself with the materials for his sandwich, he disposed of it in an incredibly short time, and immediately set about the capture and manufacture of a second. How many he ate thus at that sitting we are not in a position to state accurately, as his movements were bewilderingly rapid as well as marvelously dexterous, considering the slipperiness alike of the narrow ledge upon which he balanced himself and of the slithery prey for which he fished. But we can not doubt that when he slid down and glided unobtrusively away, descending the creeper up which he had climbed, the tadpoles, whom he left gyrating in violent perturbation round their troubled waters, must have lost at least a dozen of their comrades through the unerring sweep of that wily paw, which they had not the sense to evade by taking refuge in the inaccessible mud at the bottom of their dish. In fact, they betrayed upon this occasion so marked an absence of intelligence and presence of mind that our sympathies all inclined toward the angler; and we must own that we felt some chagrin when, on the morrow, he fell a victim to the snares of a trap set in readiness for him by the enraged proprietors of his fishing-grounds. For though, strictly speaking, he was, no doubt, not justified in devouring our tadpoles with privy paw, still, like Prospero's delicate Ariel, "a grace he had devouring;" and it was melancholy, further, to reflect that his accomplishment should, after our uncomfortable human fashion, have merely paved the way to his undoing.—London Illustrated News.

THE PEGU JAR TRAP.

Why the Burmese Are So Successful in Catching Rats.

Rats may readily be induced to jump or drop into any receptacle, especially as it affords them adequate concealment, and they do this without one lingering suspicion of their inability to reach the only existing outlet when the time for retreat approaches. Thus traps on this principle may readily be designed, and are obviously preferable to our rat-traps where the vermin are numerous. This method was thus explained by our correspondent, who spoke of the trap as being "most successfully used in Burmah, where the rats are a perfect pest. This jar trap was set for three nights. On the first occasion I saw seventy-two rats turned out. On the second night only nine rats were caught, and on the third night not one was caught. The trap was then put away for some weeks, when it was again successfully used, but I am unable to say to what extent it then succeeded. The common Pegu jar I used was about 1¼ or 2 feet deep and 14 or 15 inches broad, and a hole was punched in the shoulder just large enough for a rat to enter. There was about six or seven inches of paddy (rice in husk) in the jar, which was then buried to within about eight inches of the top. The mouth of the jar was then closed with a board and a stone. A quantity of old timber joists and straw were in the out-house, and no end of rat-holes everywhere around.

"I incline to the opinion that my blue-legged Burmah servant very 'judiciously' punched the hole with an old nail and a hammer, for, though it was by no means regular or quite round (it seemed at first sight too small), it just admitted a hungry rat. I do not think the rats, after they had eaten all the grain, could have gotten through the hole, they seemed so filled out; otherwise, with such a lot in the jar, some could have got to the hole and pulled through, I imagine. A moving mass of frightened, screaming rats is a bad 'taking off' for a jump, I admit, but an old fellow now and then might have hit the hole. I doubt if he could, however, have got through." It is important, however, in traps of this kind, to see that the inside of the vessel is so smooth as to afford no foothold for the rats, or they will readily escape by climbing the sides.—London Field.

CHINAMEN IN AMERICA.

Glimpse at a Boarding-House in Mott Street, New York.

In the Chinese boarding-houses of New York the thrift which is a national characteristic rules pre-eminent. In location every thing is sacrificed to economy. The cheapest floor in the cheapest house that can be found is selected. The proprietor, or, as is usually the case, the firm of two or three members who run the boarding-house, fence off a little room with boards for a private apartment for themselves, and often two or three small rooms will be made in the same way for boarders who are willing to pay a little extra for privacy, but the rest of the floor is one large room, which serves for sleeping, cooking and eating, and is used for a general-sitting-room as well. These rooms are furnished scantily. There are rows of bunks along the walls, a large table in the middle of the room, a cooking stove at one end, and a number of stools. On the table are two tea-pots, filled respectively with hot tea and cold. The bunks resemble those on shipboard, and are built in tiers. Little knees of wood on the upright posts form a sort of ladder for climbing to the upper rows. Instead of mattresses, each bunk is provided with a carpeting of Canton matting, and the pillows are of wood, either log-shaped or made of board like a footstool. The bed-clothing is sometimes of blankets but the Chinese who have not grown accustomed to American ways prefer a coverlet stuffed with cotton. They also take advantage of the fact, so well known and so seldom utilized by Americans, that paper is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and they frequently line their bed-clothes with it. Over each bunk is a small shelf, on which the boarder is expected to place his bed-clothes on arising. There the clothing remains during the day in a neat cylindrical roll. Some person of the household washes the matting and woodwork daily, for the Chinese are, as a rule, exceedingly cleanly. Three daily meals are prepared. For breakfast their favorite dishes are rice, tripe, fish and meat balls, but they may be said to live principally on rice. A Chinaman will eat, on an average, probably half a pound of this a day. Dinner consists of rice, pork, fish and usually some Chinese vegetable stewed with meat or poultry, and soup, which is served last. The pork is seasoned by being soaked in strong sauces like Worcestershire, and the fish is commonly dried. All food is cut into convenient morsels to be picked up on chop-sticks, for the Chinamen will not do at table the work of carving, which, he insists, belongs to the kitchen. The supper is very light, consisting of the inevitable rice and one or two small portions of meat. The Chinese are sociable and exceedingly hospitable, always inviting their friends to meals if they are around at meal-times, and are fond of social visiting outside of business hours. Their hospitality, indeed, is often lavish. It is a frequent occurrence for one of the boarders to provide for the whole household a special dish to supplement or take the place of the regular fare at some meal. They devote their evenings generally to social pleasures, visiting and playing games of dominoes or cards for trifling stakes. Nearly all are smokers either of tobacco or opium.—N. Y. World.

NIHILIST STEPNIAK.

A Very Hard Worker, But Not so Successful as He Deserves.

Stepniak the Russian Nihilist, who is spending some years of exile in London is not as prosperous as he might be, although he has recently been paid a big sum for his new work on Nihilism. He is one of the most industrious workers in London; he is always writing or studying. He spends hour after hour in the British Museum, accompanied by his charming wife. They ransack through the big books, make piles of notes, and then the great Socialist goes home and to work. He is possessed of a wonderful constitution, for frequently, after spending an entire day in the museum he dines very frugally, then goes into his little study and remains there until daybreak. But somehow, with all his hard work, he does not seem to make as much headway as he should. He is occasionally seen at the clubs and the theater, but he does not make a practice of going much into society. He writes English with ease, but in speaking often seems lost for the right word. He has a small army of friends who stick to him loyally, and in their society and that of his books he seems happy. He is perhaps the best informed man in England on the Russian question. He has been asked to come to America and take the lecture platform, but I doubt whether he would be a success here. He could hardly tell us any thing new, and his use of English is not such that our public would be pleased with. He seems to recognize this fact, and goes on plodding, studying and writing, hoping that the sun may break through the black clouds that obscure him, and that he may wake up some morning and find that the Russian dynasty is a thing of the past.—Philadelphia Times.

A Mystery Elucidated.

A Brooklyn lady recently elucidated a household mystery in a peculiar way. A stock of potatoes and apples in the cellar dwindled considerably in excess of consumption by the family, but no one about the house seemed responsible for it. An elderly darky was employed to look after the furnace, and it had frequently been the laugh of the servants that Moses should be so careful of his boots. He wore them into the house, but always changed for a pair of rubbers in which he done his cellar work. When he went away the boots were always carried and the rubbers still worn, although when he arrived at the house in the morning the boots were on his feet and the sandals in a parcel under his arm. The other day the lady chanced to be looking down from a second-story window when Moses went out, and it was then the mystery was elucidated—both boot-legs were two-thirds full of potatoes and apples.—N. Y. Sun.

—A faith cure is a trust affair which results in more loss than profit.

—A school boy's essay on the Father of His Country started out with: "George Washington licked the British, was elected President of the United States, and wore pants that didn't bag at the knees." That seems to cover nearly the whole ground.—Norristown Herald.

—The small boy may occasionally fail in other things, but you can depend upon it there is one thing he will always do, get to a show in time.—Atchison Globe.

—The serpent was the most subtle of all the beasts of the field, but the army trader is sutler.—Boston Transcript.

HE MADE NO SIGN.

How a Chicago Waiter Resented an Insult to His Dignity.

There is no hardened wretch of a poker sharp on earth who can carry in his countenance an expression of absent-minded gullelessness while his brain is hatching out devilish plots, more successfully than the average hotel waiter. Just as I was sitting down to breakfast in one of the popular hotels of Chicago a day or two ago, a man next to me asked the aristocratic looking waiter for a glass of milk.

"Yes, sir, in one moment," said the waiter, as he handed me the bill of fare and inclined his ear toward me.

I asked for some grapes. He brought them and waited for my order for breakfast.

"Bring me that milk, please," said my neighbor.

"Right away, sir," answered the waiter.

"Well, I want it, and I want it *now*."

I smiled inwardly then, for I knew what the result of that imperative demand would be.

The waiter got the milk without a word or the least change of countenance. Then he took our orders.

When he brought the food mine was all right. He placed butter, sugar, cream, salt and pepper within my reach and then stood behind the other man's chair.

"I ordered coffee, not tea," said that guest.

"I beg your pardon, sir, I'll change it," answered the waiter in an apologetic tone, and he hastened toward the kitchen with the tea. He was gone for some time and as the man had no fork he continued reading his newspaper until the waiter reappeared.

"Fork, please," he then said with a shade of annoyance.

The waiter handed him the fork and then had an errand which took him across the room for a moment.

My neighbor examined the dishes, dropped both hands to the table and stretched his neck around to get the waiter's attention, which he finally did.

"I ordered baked potatoes, not fried, and you've forgotten the breakfast bacon."

The only expression in the waiter's face as he started off to correct these errors was one of deep regret. He was gone longer than seemed absolutely necessary and my neighbor appeared to think so, too. He stuck his fork into the steak and withdrew it again; he broke a roll in two and then laid it down because he had no butter, he reached a sugar bowl, put two lumps into his coffee and then looked in vain for a cream jug. He waited in gloomy silence until the waiter returned; then he asked wearily for the cream and butter.

Considerable time had elapsed since his breakfast was first brought out. I had got well along with mine and was enjoying it, but he could'nt seem to enjoy his. I judged that his steak and coffee had cooled somewhat, for he tasted of one and sipped the other, ate a part of a roll and then laid down his knife and fork.

The waiter, ready to execute his slightest order, leaned forward and asked in a soft voice if he would like some nice wheat cakes

The man made no answer. He got up from the table, picked up his paper and left the room greatly dejected.

The waiter quickly gathered together the dishes without even glancing toward the departing guest, and the closest scrutiny failed to discover a gleam of the eye or a softening of the lines around the mouth to indicate the satisfaction which he felt at having deliberately spoiled the man's breakfast in return for the insult he had received in being asked to bring that milk "*now*" Detroit Free Press.

USING OLD SIGNS.

Tradesmen Prefer One Blistered and Battered to a Fine New One.

The latest trick of some tradesmen is shown in a desire to display old looking signs at their business places. "It's surprising," said a sign painter to a reporter the other day, "to note how anxious some newly established firms are to purchase signs that have seen service.

"A sign that is exposed to the elements of the four seasons for a number of years is bound to assume that weather-beaten front that is the pride and drawing card of the old and successful merchant. A sign that bears the blisters of a thousand suns, and the wash and marks of countless rain and snow storms, is a sure guarantee that the firm whose name it displays has been prosperous, else they and their sign would have faded long ago. Thus one can readily see the importance of producing a sign that, though newly constructed, will at the same time show the imprints of age, wear and time. I have had twenty odd year's experience at out-door advertising, and I never saw this old-sign craze so rampant as at the present time."

"To meet the demand I have worked hard of late months and I have hit upon a plan by which I can construct at a few days' notice a sign that will have all the appearances of having been through the water. Of course, inferior wood will have to be used in its construction, and a little mixture of my own thrown in, and then we have a sign of the old school, so old in appearance that the traces of the firm name are scarcely visible. The mixture which I use requires great care in forming, and its ingredients are very expensive, so that workmanship and material considered, a 'new-old' sign costs a great deal more than would a sign in fresh, bright gilt.

"Only questionable firms seek to impose upon the public with a false sign, but as there are a great many such institutions afloat at the present time, I have no trouble in finding ready and steady employment. The fad has just been born, in my opinion, and you'll see a pretty extensive trade in it within a few years."—N. Y. Mail and Express.

A Live Man Slowly Petrifying.

The medical men of Boston and New York have been puzzling their brains over a strange case of ossification or petrification of a live man by the name of Jonathan Bass. Bass is a man now sixty or sixty-five years of age and has been gradually becoming ossified into one solid mass for the past forty-five years. His body is now perfectly rigid in color and to touch almost exactly like a well-seasoned bone, with no more flexibility about it than there is about a stick of wood. While unable voluntarily to make the least move, Mr. Bass' intellect is keen and his digestion unimpaired. Hundreds of physicians and scientists, both of this country and of Europe, have examined this remarkable freak, all concurring in the opinion that the case of Jonathan Bass beats any thing now on record in the medical books.—St. Louis Republic.

MERIT DESERVES IT.

We are not in the habit of puffing up any patent medicine, but where merit deserves it we are always ready to notice the same particularly for the benefit of mankind. We have heard much of the fame of The Great Sierra Kidney and Liver Cure, but lately we have received positive proof of its healing qualities. A gentleman well known to us had suffered for years of kidney complaint. The Great Sierra Kidney and Liver Cure was recommended to him. He has given it a trial, and now assures us that a wonderful change has come over him, and that he is entirely cured. Thanks to your great and scientific vegetable remedy.—*Jewish Times and Observer*, San Francisco, Cal.

SAN FRANCISCO, January 7.

Sierra Chem. Co.

GENTLEMEN: I have used your Great Sierra Kidney and Liver Cure with wonderful satifaction, and can recommend it fully for kidney and liver disorders.

JOSEPH MAY,
Firm of Livingston & Co., 25 Fremont street.

Young Lady (hurriedly)—I want a novel—something popular. Book Clerk (briskly)—Yes, miss. What sort—wicked or vapid?

DON'T GO OFF BEFORE YOU ARE READY.

Particularly on a long journey. Be fully prepared. You cannot be, permit us to say, unless you are accompanied with the traveler's and tourist's *vade mecum*, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, most genial of appetizers, acclimatizers and promoters of digestion. Against sea sickness, malaria, cramps and colics begotten of badly cooked or unwholesome food and brackish water, nervousness, increased by travel, chronic biliousness and constipation, the Bitters is a sovereign preventive. It imparts a relish for food not altogether to your taste, and prevents it from disagreeing with you. Never was there such a capital thing for the unfortunate dyspeptic who stands in dread of the best cooked meal. Stomachic trouble caused by ill-prepared viands aboard ship, on steamboats, and rations hastily bolted at railway restaurants, is soon remedied by the Bitters, which gives a quietus also to rheumatism, kidney troubles and insomnia.

The trouble is that when a man lies out of one thing he lies into another.

OUR HANNAH JANE.

Our Hannah Jane was thin and weak,
And ashy white her lip and cheek,
We often thought—and thought with pain—
"We soon must lose our Hannah Jane."
With change of doctors, change of air,
She sought for healing every where,
And, when our hopes were almost past,
"Favorite Prescription" tried at last.
It gave us joy; it gave us hope;
She ceased to pine; she ceased to mope;
[Pierce's remedies are sure and true]
Now Hannah Jane is good as new.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists *under a positive guarantee* from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle wrapper and faithfully carried out for many years.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cleanse and regulate the stomach, bowels and system generally. One a dose; purely vegetable.

The things we think at night would be of great value next day if we could only remember them.

If success be the true test of merit, it is a settled fact that "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" have no equal for the prompt relief of coughs, colds and throat troubles.

"Elegant Queen Anne Cottage," *i. e.*, Delightful—if you could only live in the porch.

Six Novels Free will be sent by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., to any one in the U. S. or Canada postage paid, upon receipt of 25 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers. See list of novels on circulars around each bar. Soap for sale by all grocers.

'Tis, as you say, a first-rate match;
For beauty there are few to match her.
And she has made a splendid catch,
For she caught a baseball catcher.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post-office address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M. C.,
181 Pearl street, New York.

PILES! PILES!! PILES!!!

Dr. William's Indian Piles Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Piles Ointment gives immediate relief."

Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by Williamson's Manufacturing Company, proprietors, Cleveland, O.; 50 cents and $1.

Sold by L. Blumauer & Co., wholesale druggists, Portland, Or.

Purify Your Blood

The importance of thoroughly purifying the blood **This Spring** cannot be overestimated. The extraordinary epidemic of "the grip" and other diseases, the unhealthful winter, close confinement indoors and carelessness in diet have caused accumulation of impurities in the blood which must be expelled before you can feel well and strong again. The universal praise given Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it should certainly convince you that it is the ideal **Spring Medicine.** It acts especially and immediately upon the blood, overcomes physical weakness, revives the health tone and creates a good appetite. Try it this spring.

N. B.—If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to take any other.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists, $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Colds Coughs Crouph.

are surely cured by Perry Davis'

Pain Killer

read the directions carefully.

N. P. N. U. No. 335—S. F. N. U. No. 412

THE WIDESPREAD FAME OF THE HISTOGENETIC MEDICINES.

MODESTO, Cal., March 30, 1890.

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle Wash.

DEAR SIR: Your letter with prescription came some days ago. The medicines Miss Hall was taking were A., I., M., OO., L. She has been taking your prescription, and is taking it still, although she says she considers herself thoroughly cured. She commenced taking the medicine when she was first taken sick, and was immediately benefited. She was persuaded by her folks to go back to her old physician. She grew worse under his treatment, and finally took her case in her own hands and bought the five bottles of Histogenetic medicines referred to, and pronounces herself well. She is the happiest person I think I ever saw. I wouldn't attempt to tell you the many ways in which this young lady was afflicted—eight years an invalid; cured of everything! Just think," she remarked, "I can eat anything and everything I want to, and all I want to, and even have red cheeks."

Miss Hall's sister, a married lady of about 30, is as much of an enthuiast as myself over the Histogenetic medicines, and seriously thinks of applying to you to be received as a medical student. Yours truly,

MRS. PURVIS.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James, Seattle. Consultation and prescription 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.

Some men have no ambition beyond making enough to buy tobacco.

Old smokers prefer "Tansill's Punch."

When a man is up in the arts of knavery he isn't upright.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst case of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted.

Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, San Francisco.

MANLY PURITY AND BEAUTY

CUTICURA REMEDIES CURE SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES FROM PIMPLES TO SCROFULA.

NO PEN CAN DO JUSTICE TO THE ESTEEM in which the CUTICURA REMEDIES are held by the thousands upon thousands whose lives have been made happy by the cure of agonizing, humiliating, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great skin cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite skin beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; SOAP, 25c; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, BOSTON, MASS. Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

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Faber's Golden Female Pills.

For Female Irregularities; nothing like them on the market. *Never fail.* Successfully used by prominent ladies monthly. Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruation.

SURE! SAFE! CERTAIN!

Don't be humbugged. Save Time, Health, and money; take no other.

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STEINWAY. KRANICH, PEASE & BEACH, Sohler, Rosenish Pianos; Burdett Organs, Band Instruments. Largest stock of Sheet Music and Books. Bands supplied at Eastern Prices. MATTHIAS GRAY CO., 206 Post Street San Francisco.

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PORTLAND, OR.

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CHARLES E. LELAND.

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH
PENNYROYAL PILLS

RED CROSS DIAMOND BRAND. Safe and always reliable. Ladies, ask Druggist for *Diamond Brand*, in red, metallic boxes, sealed with blue ribbon. Take no other. All pills in pasteboard boxes, pink wrappers, are dangerous counterfeits. Send 4c. in stamps for particulars, testimonials and "Relief for Ladies," in letter, by return mail. Name Paper. Chichester Chem'l Co., Madison Sq., Phila., Pa.

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mfd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, O. U.S.A. Trade Mark.

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.

G. H. INGRAHAM, M. D.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.

D. R. DYCHE & CO.
Chicago, Ill.

$1.00. Sold by Druggists

The Wiley B. Allen Music Store.

The oldest and largest in the Northwest. Knabe, Steck and Behr Bros. Pianos. Farrand Mouse-proof Organs. Publishers of *The Musical Pastime*, a journal of music (16 pages reading matter and 16 pages music), issued monthly, 75c per year; sample copy, 10c. Send for catalogues. WILEY B. ALLEN, 211 First st., Portland, Or.

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It will be ready May 1, and sample copies are offered free to all who ask for it. We know you will be interested in it. Quotes many thousand articles at lowest price to consumers, and gives information how to order, how to buy, how to ship, how to live well and cheaply in any part of the world. Address **Smith's Cash Store, 118 Front St., San Francisco, Cal.**

AN ELEGANT PACKAGE OF FINE CARDS.

Including 15 rare novelties, shapes and artistic imported oleographic and chromatic cards. This large and beautiful collection sent by mail to any one who will do this: Buy a box of the genuine Dr. C. McLane's Celebrated Liver Pills from any druggist, price 25 cents, and mail us the outside wrapper with your address, plainly written, and 4 cents in stamps. The genuine McLane's Pills are prepared only by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa., and have been in constant use for over sixty years. They are superior to all others in purity and effectiveness. A certain cure for indigestion and sick headache. Address, Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Beware of imitations of the celebrated Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier is the best remedy for that dread disease, dyspepsia, for it regulates the lymphatic system and bad secretions.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

FULL WEIGHT PURE
DR. PRICE'S CREAM BAKING POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE

Its superior excellence proven in millions of homes for more than a quarter of a century. It is used by the United States Government. Endorsed by the heads of the Great Universities as the Strongest, Purest and most Healthful Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder does not contain Ammonia, Lime or Alum. Sold only in cans.

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Can be made easy by raising Chickens. A large 52-page Illustrated Catalogue describing Incubators, Brooders, Brooding Houses, How and What to Feed, How long to keep them in the Brooder, Drinking Fountains, Diseases and their Cure, in fact more information than is given in many 25-cent books. Sent to any address on receipt of 2c. stamp. Wire Netting, Bone Mills, Bone Meal and all kinds of Poultry Supplies.

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