WHAT CURES?

Editorial Difference of Opinion on an Important Subject.

What is the force that ousts disease; and which is the most convenient apparatus for applying it? How far is the regular physician useful to us because we believe in him, and how far are his pills and powders and tonics only the material representatives of his personal influence on our health?

The regular doctors cure; the homeopathic doctors cure; the Hahnemannites cure; and so do the faith cures and the mind cures, and the so-called Christian scientists, and the four-dollar-and-a-half advertising itinerants, and the patent medicine men. They all hit, and they all miss, and the great difference—one great difference—in the result is that when the regular doctors lose a patient no one grumbles, and when the irregular doctors lose one the community stands on end and howls.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

Nature cures, but nature can be aided, hindered or defeated in the curative process. And the Commercial's contention is that it is the part of rational beings to seek and trust the advice of men of good character who have studied the human system and learned, as far as modern science lights the way, how far they can aid nature and how they can best avoid obstructing her.—Buffalo Commercial.

It is not our purpose to consider the evils that result from employing the unscrupulous, the ignorant, charlatans and quacks to prescribe for the maladies that afflict the human family. We simply declare that the physician who knows something is better than the physician who knows nothing, or very little indeed about the structure and the conditions of the human system. Of course "he does know it all."—Rochester Morning Herald.

I have used Warners's Safe Cure and but for its timely use would have been, I verily believe, in my grave from what the doctors termed Bright's Disease.—D. F. Shriner, senior editor Scioto Gazette, Chillicothe, Ohio, in a letter dated June 30, 1890.

In this little casket I have preserved all these years the dearest remembrance of my honeymoon. It is the hotel bill.

Do your clothes last as they used to? If not, you *must* be using a *soap* or *washing powder* that *rots* them. Try the good *old-fashioned* Dobbins' Electric Soap *perfectly pure* to-day as in 1865.

On Subject of Lies.—The nailed lie is no good. It is the lie which lies around loose which we like to play with.

Women are not slow to comprehend. They're quick. They're alive, and yet it was a man who discovered the *one* remedy for their *peculiar* ailments.

The man was Dr. Pierce.

The discovery was his "Favorite Prescription"—the boon to delicate women.

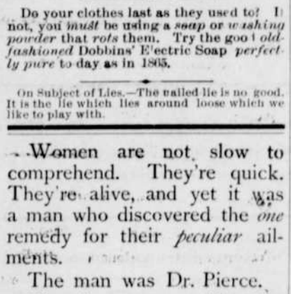
Why go round "with one foot in the grave," suffering in silence—misunderstood—when there's a remedy at hand that isn't an experiment, but which is sold under the *guarantee* that if you are disappointed in any way in it, you can get your money back by applying to its makers.

We can hardly imagine a woman's not trying it. Possibly it may be true of one or two—but we doubt it.

Women are ripe for it. They must have it. Think of a prescription and nine out of ten waiting for it. Carry the news to them!

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators.

WIDE-AWAKE TRADESMEN



have learned by experience that the only waterproof coat they can sell to a cowboy or hunter is the Pommel Slicker with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark on it. They are the best waterproof saddle coats ever made. They keep the saddle, the horse's back, and the rider thoroughly dry and warm. No saddle sores from the galling of a wet saddle. When used as a walking coat, the extension front buttons back, and the Slicker is changed at once to an ordinary coat. Just try one, they cost but little and, will prevent colds, fevers, rheumatism, and other results to exposure to the weather. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, - Boston, Mass.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda

is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK.*

Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

CIGARS THAT WERE CIGARS.

He Knew What They Were Because He Raised and Made Them Himself.

He was the conductor of a milk train on the Erie railroad, and he sat on a can at luncheon hour smoking in a reminiscent mood.

"Did you ever roll a cigar?" he asked the brakeman.

"Can't say I did," answered that worthy, spearing a piece of corned beef from his dinner pail with a case knife.

"I have," said the conductor. "I had a farm up country, and a man says to me, 'Hank, here's a little terbacker seed. See what you can do with it. And when it sprouts look out how you weed it, because terbacker looks terribly like mullein.' So I planted the seed, and when the plants got high enough I transplanted most of 'em, and every night I'd go out and spade around and water the plants and pile on the fertilizer. I never saw anything grow the way them terbacker plants did. I told the feller that gave me the seed how the plants was growin', and he came over to get some sprouts. He looked at the plants rather queer, felt the leaves and says he, 'Hank, yer terbacker 'll make fine mullein stalks.' And blamed if I hadn't been diggin' and waterin' a whole mullein patch.

"Well, sir, he give me some more seed, and I raised that terbacker and cut it. There was a woman lived near me that used to work in a cigar factory, so I got her to show me how to roll cigars, and then I went to work. I reckon the first cigar I made had enough terbacker in it to make five, and when I lit it I braced my feet again the mantelpiece and pulled till I thought I'd bust. I had to bore that cigar with a gimlet before it would go, but after a while I got the hang of rolling, and I'd make up a boxful at a time. I tell you they was men's cigars. I never see anything since like the strength of 'em. The way they'd burn, too, was a caution. The light would wind all around one of them cigars like a cowpath, and you never knew how much smoke you had left.

"I used to go out with a pocketful and give 'em away, but I never seed a feller try one but once. I was down at the station one Sunday afternoon. We was sittin' in a milk car smokin', and a young feller came along I knew. He had on a brand new suit, and he wouldn't sit down on a milk can for fear of a grease spot. I offered him one of my cigars, and he lit up. Just about the fifth puff that feller sat down on a milk can as slick as could be; didn't mind the grease at all, and when he finished half an inch blamed if he didn't throw that cigar away, forget all about his new clothes, and plump right down in a heap on the dirty floor, with a face on him as white as the milk in a can. Before that young feller went home we thought he'd throw up his feet.

"I tell you," said the conductor thoughtfully, "them cigars was humdingers."

"Didn't the smoke smell bad?" inquired the brakeman with much interest.

The conductor knocked the ashes out of his pipe and waved the engineer to start up. "Well," he replied diplomatically, "I didn't mind it."—New York Tribune.

Infection in Chewing Gum.

The practice of chewing gum has become very widespread. It is not a very elegant habit, to many it is positively repulsive, and there are sources of danger, too, that should not be overlooked. A case in point was related to us a few days ago. Diphtheria broke out in a family in East Des Moines. After the child had recovered, the clothing and all the exposed articles fully disinfected, the parents, with the convalescent child, visited some relatives in the country. The indispensable chewing gum, like Satan, went also—in the mouth of the little child. Prompted by generosity it allowed its country cousins—two children—to chew the gum previously chewed by the visiting child. In three or four days, without any other known source of infection than the chewing gum, the two children were simultaneously stricken down with diphtheria in a most serious form.—Exchange.

A Bull with Two Mouths.

A large number of persons visited Samuel Gugenheim's abattoir, at Forty-sixth street and First avenue, to see a natural curiosity in the shape of a full grown black and white bull having two separate mouths, each containing teeth. The animal is 4 years old, weighs about 700 pounds, and was raised on a farm near Yonkers by Mr. Robinson. The second mouth hangs from the dewlap, half way between the base of the jaw and the shoulder. It is pouch shaped, seven inches long, five inches wide, and has an opening or mouth in the bottom about four inches across. In this mouth are nostrils and several well developed teeth. The animal breathes and drinks through both mouths and eats with the upper one. The head is well shaped, and the only other peculiarities are a double right shoulder, with the shoulder blade extending to the line of the back bone, and a double jointed left fore leg. The bull is gentle and is in the best of condition.—New York Tribune.

Jamaica's Great Exhibition.

The Jamaica exhibition, which is to be opened by Prince George of Wales about Christmas, bids fair to be a very great success. Our North American squadron is then to be at Kingston, as well as a United States squadron, and also several ships of war belonging to France, Germany, Russia, Denmark and Italy. The Americans intend to be large exhibitors. This exhibition, of which Sir Henry Blake was the original promotor, is exciting enthusiastic interest in Jamaica, and it seems likely to be of great and lasting benefit to the island by encouraging the development of natural industries and natural resources, which have been comparatively neglected since the ruin of the old West India "interest" by the emancipation of the slaves.—London Truth.

The carpet product of Smyrna, says the French consul, reaches 4,000,000 francs or about $800,000. There are three centers of manufacture—Onchak, Koula and Ghiordes—where carpets of various dimensions are made, but the same processes are in vogue in them all.

A Kiss for a Blow.

"I took one of your pretty young ladies for a drive on Wednesday," said a traveling man at the Windsor. "The dust was blowing a cloud and covered us up completely. I noticed that her nose was twitching and that her eyes were full of dust, and she nervously felt in her pocket, but seemed not to find what she was after. After a while she sneezed a little birdie sneeze and said: 'Montague (that's me), will you kindly loan me your handkerchief? I find that I have lost mine in some stupid way.' Now I had just arrived from a week's trip, so my laundry was in a frightful state of decomposition and the one handkerchief that I had in my inside pocket was like a printer's towel—it would stand alone on one corner—so I blushed and told her I had lost mine. Things were getting rather serious for want of a kerchief, and she said, 'Dear me, I want to blow my nose awfully.'

"I bashfully informed her that perhaps I could offer a substitute, and she looked at me expectantly.

"'What?' she said.

"'A—a—kiss,' said I, desperately.

"'Sir! Take me home this instant.'

"I meekly turned my horse around. 'I was only offering to fulfill a biblical injunction, Miss Rapphyno.'

"She looked at me relentlessly and coldly said:

"'How so?'

"'A kiss for a blow,' I said, meaningly, trying to smile. She blossomed out again in a minute.

"'I guess we needn't go home,' she said."—Denver News.

"Hurrah!"

What was the origin of the exclamation "hurrah?" There are few words still in use which can boast such a remote and widely extended prevalence as this. It is one of those interjections in which sound so echoes sense that men seem to have adopted it almost instinctively. In India and Ceylon the mahouts and attendants of baggage elephants cheer them along by a perpetual repetition of "Hur-re-re! Hur-re-re!" The Arabs and camel drivers in Turkey, Palestine and Egypt encourage their animals to speed by shouting "Arre, ar-re!"

The Moors in Spain drive their mules and horses with cries of "Arre!" In France the sportsman excites his hounds by his shouts of "Har-re, har-re!" The herdsmen of Ireland and Scotland shout "Hurrish! Hurrish!" to the stock they are driving. It is evidently an exclamation common to many nations, and is probably a corruption of "Tur aie" (Thor aid), a battle cry of the ancient Norsemen, who called upon Thor, the god of thunder, to aid them in their strifes.—St. Louis Republic.

Forests of Europe and Africa.

"Since I have made my map," said Explorer Henry Stanley in an address to the Royal Geographical society, "I have taken the trouble to measure the extent of the area covered by this forest, and I find it to be something like 224,000,000 acres; and if we allow each tree thirty feet around for sufficient space, and only forty-eight trees to the acre, we have the colossal figure of 10,752,000,000 as the total number, and if we calculate the plants and saplings of the impenetrable undergrowth we shall be among the incalculable billions."

The forests of Europe, according to a recent report of one of the state foresters of Prussia, cover the following areas: Germany, 34,506,000 acres; Russia, 494,228,600 acres; Austria-Hungary, 46,951,700 acres; Sweden, 42,000,000 acres; France, 22,240,000 acres; Spain, 19,759,000 acres; Italy, 9,884,570 acres, and England, 2,471,000 acres.

Men Like to Give.

"Much obliged. Yes; don't care if I do," responded the close fisted man of our set as I asked him to help on a new wing to the orphan asylum where my wife was a directress. As I turned the corner I whipped the book out of my overcoat pocket, and stuck it under the nose of the most benevolent man in our crowd. "Well, well," he gasped. "I wouldn't have asked him, though. I should have expected to get a slap in the face, and I would rather have paid the $1,000 he has put down out of my own pocket than to have risked insult in asking him."

"Yes, and that is your constant mistake," I rejoined. "That is how you have earned your name for generosity. You give rather than ask. But I assure you that other men like to be asked. Men are better than they seem."—New York Weekly.

Anarchists in New York.

I attended the first meeting of the Radical club at Cooper institute the other evening. It is composed of Anarchists, Socialists, Nationalists and Henry George followers. It is founded for all liberal and advanced thinkers, and its members expect great things from it. I had always supposed that Anarchists and Socialists wore long hair, soiled linen and smelled horribly. I confess I was surprised to see the well dressed men and women who crowded the room.

Tall silk hats gave me a distinct shock, and rosebud boutonnieres in lapels of fashionably cut coats made my eyes open very wide. I was amazed when two dudish young men with pompadoured heads and waxen mustaches were pointed out to me as fiery and bloodthirsty Anarchists, and one heavy swell of the club window type nearly took my breath away when he walked up to the woman treasurer and, presenting his card with his best Fifth avenue bow, asked to be permitted to pay his entrance fee.

I noticed especially the presence of young men. There was row after row of young, intelligent, earnest faces. Eager, too, and interested. There was none of the vacuity of expression, the listlessness, the ennui which is to be seen on Fifth avenue. Whatever their doctrines, they believe in them thoroughly and are going to promulgate them though the heavens fall.—New York Cor. Chicago Herald.

The cars on the Jungfrau railway have movable flaps, which may be expanded by the guard until they nearly touch the tunnel lining. In this way the car becomes a kind of piston, acting in the tunnel as a cylinder, and the air acts as an automatic brake to check the speed of the descending car.

FUN OPENING SAFES

Some Incidents Showing How Troubles Arise from Little Causes.

"There are many amusing incidents connected with our business," said a safe manufacturer one day to a Boston reporter. "It is to be expected that in the ordinary course of events circumstances will arise when a safe will have to be opened by an expert. Locks, like any other piece of mechanism, are not infallible. The best of them are liable to fail at times through some slight defect in manufacturing, same as the mainspring of the most valuable watch may give out unexpectedly.

"Not long ago a firm wanted a man to fix their safe. It was open, but they could not shut the door far enough to throw the bolts. The man went to the place and after a brief examination saw a penny resting on one of the bottom flanges. Taking this off the door shut and locked all right. I forget how much it cost the firm to have the man go to their place and pick up that little coin, but it was enough to prevent its being repeated, no doubt. A similar case happened recently. We were sent for at about the close of business hours to see what was the trouble with one of our safes. The bolts would not throw far enough to turn the lock. The result was the finding of a cloth button from a lady's dress in the lower bolt hole.

"Some years ago we had delivered a new set of vault doors for a bank about two hundred miles away. Just before they were ready to occupy their new quarters we had a telegram to send a man at once. The bolts of the outer door would not throw far enough to lock it. Our man went, and this is what he found: The bank officers had fitted in a board for the tread of the vestibule, but had omitted to bore holes in it for the throw of the bolts. An auger and ten minutes' labor made everything all right, but made that piece of board a rather extravagant luxury.

"Epicurean like, we have reserved the best for the last. For fear that this may reach the eyes of the hero of the incident I will substitute for his correct address that of Calais, Me. It was not a thousand miles from there. The letter read to come at once and open a safe, as there were important documents wanted for immediate use. With his kit of tools a man took the next train and arrived on the following evening. It proved to be an old fashioned safe with a large key lock. 'There,' said the man, 'is the safe. The lock has been working harder and harder for weeks, until now I am locked out. I am in a hurry to have it opened. Never mind the damage if you will only break into it in short order.'

"Our expert took the key and tried it, but it refused to work. He then took a small wire and picked out half a thimbleful of dirt and lint from the key, tried it again and a better working lock was never seen. 'How much is your bill?' As this involved a trip to and from Calais of about 600 miles, and time and expense in proportion, he replied $40. Taking a roll of bills from his pocket he said: 'That is satisfactory on conditions. Does any one in the place know your business here?' The reply was, 'No one.' 'All right, then, get out by the next train and keep mum, for I would gladly pay $100 rather than have any of my friends know that I was fool enough to go to Boston for a man to pick the dirt out of my key.'"—Boston Courier.

An Electric Brake for Trains.

A new electric train brake works upon the inside face of the wheels, or rather upon an iron disk fitted to it. The disk or annular ring is a large plate of iron of considerable thickness and several inches in depth, and is securely bolted to the inner side of the wheel. Opposite this ring is another, which encircles the axle loosely and is fixed by stays in such a manner that it cannot revolve with the wheel, but can be removed laterally so as to come in contact with or recede from the ring attached to the wheel. It is attached to powerful magnetic coils and constitutes a large electro-magnet. When the electric current is applied to it it is powerfully attracted to the plate on the wheel, with the effect of arresting its revolution and so acting as a brake.—Chicago Herald.

A New Burgess Sloop.

The Gossoon is the name of a new sloop that is soon to slide over the ways from the yard of Messrs. Lawley & Sons, and take its place among the fast sloops designed by Mr. Burgess. She is about forty feet in length; the mast is thirty-five feet, and will carry a mainsail, forestaysail, jib, jibtopsail and gafftopsail, and when she is dead before the wind can add a spinnaker. The Gossoon is owned by the Messrs. Adams, and is being built to race against the Minerva.—Boston Traveller.

The "alternating mosquito bar" is said to be the name of the latest device for foiling the attempts of the mosquito to disturb one's sleep. It is simply a fine, flexible wire cloth or netting, which drapes the bed like a canopy. A small electric lamp, fed with power from a not too strong battery from beneath the bed, vitalizes the wires sufficiently to devitalize the unwary bird of Jersey foolish enough to connect with the netting in search for gore.

During the summer the new defenses at the "Needles," on the English coast, are to be tested by an elaborate series of experiments. It is proposed to find out whether the Brennan torpedo, for which England paid $500,000, can stop a vessel passing up at full speed, and also if hostile ships could escape the fire from the batteries by keeping close under the cliffs.

Stanislaus Litsevitch, a wealthy citizen of Liubartoff, Russia, who was severely bitten by a mad dog thirty years ago, has just died of hydrophobia after frightful torments. The doctors declare that there is no doubt that the original bite was the cause of the disease.

Determined to Succeed.

Wadley—You have had a good deal of trouble getting Miss Goldust to accept you, haven't you?

Dudely—Yes; but my last scheme can't fail to succeed. I sent her two photographs of myself, and you know two negatives always make an affirmative.—America.

ARE DR. DARRIN'S CURES PERMANENT?

This question is often asked, as many of the cures are done so quickly. That they are permanent no one will attempt to deny after reading the following list of names our reporter met at Dr. Darrin's office who had been cured two and three years ago.

Mr. William Parrott of Middleton, Or., was almost totally deaf for years; cured two years ago. Rev M. M. Bishop of Brooks, Or., cured of nasal and throat catarrh three years ago. Mrs. F. A. Morris, Newberg, Or., says she is cured of asthma and bronchitis of ten years' standing; she was cured three years ago. Wm. M. Colwell, Skamokawa Wash., sciatic rheumatism and liver complaint; restored to health; also his brother, Geo. L. Colwell, Skamokawa, Wash., was cured of a numbness of the arm two years since. Mrs. E. Ahlf, 160 North Fourteenth street, Portland, cured three years ago, after nine doctors had failed, of painful menstruation and womb trouble in every conceivable way, general debility, pain through the heart and lungs. Hundreds of other patients could be named had we space to publish them.

The Doctors are crowded with patients from 10 A. M. to 8 P. M. Drs. Darrin are no doubt the hardest-worked men in Portland. The Doctors have a large country practice, and send their electric remedies to any one desiring home treatment for any curable chronic, acute or private diseases, which are kept strictly confidential.

One of the Doctors is visiting different towns in the State to better accommodate those who find it impossible to come to Portland. One of the Doctors will be at the Washaner hotel, Baker City, November 7 to 22; the Umatilla house, The Dalles, November 23 and 24; the Oregon hotel, Ashland, November 26 to 30, and Eugene City, December 1 to 6.

The head office at 70½ Washington street, Portland, will run as usual. Consultation and examination free. All classes treated free from 10 to 11 A. M. daily.

Bronson.—They are trying very hard to beat the lottery down in Louisiana. Johnson.—Well, it can't be done. I know; I've tried it.

THE BUCCANEERS OF OLD

Flaunted the skull and cross bones, their ensign, defiantly at the masthead. Your modern pirate, not on the high seas, but upon the high reputation of standard remedies, skulks under various disguises. His hole and corner traffic has never to any degree affected Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, although that standard invigorant and corrective has long been the shining mark at which his shafts have been directed. Cheap local bitters, composed of fiery unrectified stimulants, with an infusion, or extract possibly, of some acrid bark, are still sometimes recommended as identical with, or similar to, or possessing virtues kindred to those of America's chosen family medicine. These perish speedily, while the great subduer and preventive of disease pursues its successful career, overcoming malaria, dyspepsia, nervousness, kidney troubles, constipation and rheumatic ailments, not only on this, but on many continents.

A Bull's Eye Shot.—The lastest piece of local slang is to describe a man who is cranky with having "fly-wheels in his head."

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Lacey 838 Market street, San Francisco.

Philosopher—What induces the men to marry? Cynic—The girls do.

WHY!

WHEREFORE. The virtues or merits of a remedy for pain do not consist in its being as good for relief as other remedies, but in the fact that it is better, in being more prompt and sure, and therefore the best for the specific purpose. It is not an idle catchline that strikes the eye thus:

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN, IS THE BEST.

It is the best cure for all aches and pains, and it holds

THE TRUE PROOF.

To this specific fact **Archbishops, Bishops, Clergymen, Lawyers, Doctors, Governors, Generals, Senators, Members of Congress and Legislatures, U. S. Consuls, Army and Navy Officers Mayors and Officials,** testify and unite in saying: "We suffered pain;

OTHER REMEDIES FAILED,

and St. Jacobs Oil cured promptly and permanently." For the same reason

THE POOR MAN

finds what he seeks and needs, is not deceived and will have it at any price.

FIGHTING DEATH.

An Awful Experience of Several Californians.

The saving of lives is the work undertaken by the new institution, the Cosmopolitan Dispensary of San Francisco. They have got together the greatest array of medical and surgical talent ever brought to the Pacific Coast, and the wonderful cures they have already accomplished are marvelous. Mr. A. Astorg, living in Marin county, California, near San Rafael, was taken to them on crutches, and two weeks later was able to walk. "They saved my life," he wrote to the San Francisco papers. Mrs. S. G. Smith of 1705 Market street, San Francisco, was dying when she was taken to them. She was given up by six physicians. She said to a reporter a month later: "If it had not been for the Cosmopolitan Dispensary I would have been in my grave to-day." Mr. Wm. P. Kane of 1713 Post street; Mrs. M. J. McManus, 814 Jessie street; Chas. Hempler, 502 Davis street; David Williams, 379 Shotwell street, Alex Wood, 5 5 Seventh street; P. A. Anderson, 1300½ Stockton street; I. M. D. Wright, 1324 Florida street, and any number of others of San Francisco have been cured by them.

There is not a disease under the sun that they cannot treat. Young, middle-aged, or old men who are suffering from the awful effects of follies and excesses have been restored to perfect health, manhood and vigor. The institution has proved a great boon to those unfortunates out of the city suffering from private diseases. They are treated successfully my mail, and the utmost secrecy is preserved. They diagnose, examine and give their opinion of cases free. Hundreds are being treated by mail successfully. A letter explaining a case may save many thousands of dollars and years of suffering, and perhaps a life. A letter to any of the ladies and gentlemen whose names are mentioned above would bring a reply substantiating their printed statements. Sufferers from Rheumatism, Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Scrofula, Female Weakness, Seminal Weakness, Cancer, Heart Disease, Bronchitis, Eruptions, Salt Rheum, Baldness, Tape Worms, Deafness, any Sexual Diseases, Lost Manhood, Malaria, Urinary Troubles, Piles, Bowel Troubles, or any other disease, should write and obtain their opinion and advice. It will cost nothing. It would be best to note the address, Cosmopolitan Dispensary, Stockton, Ellis and Market streets, San Francisco, Cal. They have a staff of the ablest physicians in the world, and if they can not effect a cure no power on earth can.

THE RESULT OF MERIT.

When anything stands a test of fifty years among a discriminating people like the Americans, it is pretty good evidence that there is merit somewhere. The value of a medicine is best proved by its continued use from year to year by the same persons and families, as well as by a steady increasing sale. Few, if any, medicines have met with such continued success and popularity as has marked the introduction and progress of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which after a trial of over fifty years, are conceded to be the safest and most effectual purgative introduced to the public.

That this is the result of merit, and that BRANDRETH'S PILLS actually perform all that is claimed for them, is conclusively proved by the fact that those who regard them with the greatest favor are those who have used them the longest.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store either plain or sugar coated.

Election is like a Christmas stocking. You never know what's in it, a dit's full of surprises.

A WONDERFUL PAPER.

When you were reading the large prospectus of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, published last week in our columns, did you stop to consider what a wealth of talent was engaged in producing this remarkable paper? Its success is phenomenal, and it is read in 450,000 families because it is the best of its kind. Now is the time to send your subscription. $1 75 sent at once will secure you the rest of this year free, including all the holiday numbers.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, Boston.

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

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder. Superior to every other known. Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

Delicious Cake and Pastry, Light Flaky Biscuit, Griddle Cakes, Palatable and Wholesome.

No other baking powder does such work.

PATENTS. How to Obtain a Patent. INVENTORS' GUIDE —OR— sent *free*. PATRICK O'FARRELL, Attorney-at-law, Washington, D. C.

FREE BOOK. PAINLESS child birth and home treatment for all chronic diseases—men and women. DR. COLE, Third and Alder, Portland, Or.

STEINWAY, Gabler and Pease Pianos Meaning the BEST PIANO MADE, and the favorite cheaper Pianos; all Musical Instruments; Bands Supplied; large stock of Sheet Music. STEINWAY HALL, 206 and 208 Post Street; MATTHIAS GRAY CO. Call and see our new rooms and new stock.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last fifteen years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Tol do, O. WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The sea has a net population of several thousand millions.

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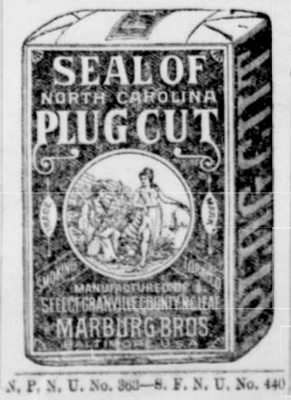

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