HOW TO GET RID OF SIDEACHE.

Who has not suffered from sideache? We all had it when we ran races at school—we have it when we overwork ourselves at any age It comes on, as everybody knows, suddenly. By using one of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS it goes away nearly as quickly. F. Roessner of No. 556 West Fifty-eighth street, New York, says:

"It is with pleasure I write these lines in testimony to the powers of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I have been somewhat annoyed with serious pains in my sides, for which several medicines have been prescribed, but to no avail, and through the advice of a friend I tried two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, and the relief they have given me is both satisfactory and astonishing. To any one annoyed with pains these plasters are a certain remedy."

Bibbs—I wonder why my tailor failed? Fibbs—Pure politeness. His customers wouldn't come down; so he went up.

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 tonic bark, are still sometimes recommended as identical with, or similar to, or possessing virtues kindred to those of America's own 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.

Being conceited is the only satisfaction some men find in life.

Are any of the new-fangled washing compounds as good as the old-fashioned soap? Dobbins' Electric Soap has been sold every day for 24 *years*, and is now just as good as ever. Ask your grocer for it, and take no other.

Plausible.—"Papa, what mean Latin a dead language?" "It was talked to death, my son."

"Brown's Bronchial Troches" will relieve bronchities, asthma and throat diseases.

"Do you believe in dreams?" "Yes. In dreams I believe all sorts of things."

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 & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

It is the man who receives who insists most strenuously on the truth of the text: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

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All on one side—the offer that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's $500 reward for an incurable case of Catarrh, no matter how bad, or of how long standing. They mean what they say; they're responsible, and the offer has been made for years. It's all on *your* side—you lose your catarrh, or you're paid $500 for keeping it. But it's safe for them, too—they know you'll be cured.

Dr. Sage's Remedy produces perfect and permanent cures of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, as thousands can testify. "Cold in the Head" is cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache is relieved and cured as if by magic. It removes offensive breath, loss or impairment of the sense of taste, smell or hearing, watering or weak eyes, and impaired memory, when caused by the violence of Catarrh, as they all frequently are. Remedy sold by druggists, 50 cents.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda.

There are emulsions and emulsions, and there is still much skimmed milk which masquerades as cream. Try as they will many manufacturers cannot so disguise their cod liver oil as to make it palatable to sensitive stomachs. Scott's Emulsion of PURE NORWEGIAN COD LIVER OIL, combined with Hypophosphites is almost as palatable as milk. For this reason as well as for the fact of the stimulating qualities of the Hypophosphites, Physicians frequently prescribe it in cases of

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS and CHRONIC COUGH or SEVERE COLD.

All Druggists sell it, but be sure you get the genuine, as there are poor imitations.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND. This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat In the world. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Mss. A. J. Tower, Boston.

SEVEN SEVENTEEN SEVENTY

To cure Biliousness, Sick Headache, Constipation, Malaria, Liver Complaints, take the safe and certain remedy. SMITH'S

BILE BEANS

Use the SMALL SIZE (40 little beans to the bottle). They are the most convenient; suit all ages. Price of either size, 25 cents per bottle.

KISSING at 7, 17, 70. Photo-gravure, panel size of this picture for 4 cents (coppers or stamps).

J. F. SMITH & CO. Makers of "Bile Beans." St. Louis, Mo.

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

N. P. N. U. No. 364—S. F. N. U. No. 441

HOW HE WON HER.

A Novel Swimming Match at a California Seaside Resort.

It is a rare exception to find a California girl who cannot swim. The most expert ones are those who visit Monterey, where the swimming baths are located. The crowd has come earlier this year. The beach is crowded all the morning and spectators line the shore. Among the more expert swimmers is a Miss Price, of Santa Clara county. She is a blonde, quite plump in figure, weighing 130 pounds, three or four inches over five feet in height, stylish in dress and a great favorite in her set. This is her fourth season at Del Monte. Among her admirers is an eastern gentleman by the name of Goodman. He has wooed without success for two years.

Young Goodman is a Yale graduate, and while not particularly good looking has a fine address and pleasant manners. Miss Price has not been averse to his attentions, and yet his popularity with other young ladies excited no jealousy on her part. It appears that on Thursday evening, while promenading after the hop, young Goodman told her he was to return east on June 1 unless she accepted him. Miss Price replied that he could have her on one condition—beat her swimming to the raft and back. The raft is anchored several rods from the shore, and at high tide is at good swimming distance. The challenge was accepted at once, and the next day at 11, high tide, set for the trial. Word went around among their friends and many wagers of boxes of candy, gloves, etc., were made on Miss Price winning.

Excitement ran high when the hour of contest came. Miss Price looked very pretty with blue and white striped bathing suit. Goodman came out with a regular Yale blue suit on and escorted his fair adversary to the edge of the water. Mr. Beeler acted as referee. The signal given, both rushed into the water and struck out, Miss Price using the overhand stroke and Goodman the frog style. As Miss Price climbed up on the raft first the large crowd of friends yelled lustily and waved their hats and handkerchiefs. Miss Price rested until Goodman reached the raft, when she was seen to stand erect, place her hands together in front and dive. As she came up she was seen to turn on her back and raise one hand. Goodman immediately sprang into the water and towed her back to the raft.

Their friends on shore became greatly worried lest she had met with an accident. She was seen to remove the stocking from her left foot, which Goodman rubbed vigorously for twenty minutes. She had a cramp. Again they both entered the water, Miss Price swimming with one hand while she kept hold with the other of Goodman's collar. Their friends crowded around as they reached the shore, and the matter of the cramp in the foot being explained all bets were declared off. Goodman claimed the race, although it was patent to everyone that Miss Price could beat him swimming. Goodman says that heaven smiled on him that time. They were married June 24.—Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Story of a Werewolf.

A noble gentleman of Brittany, in high favor with the king married a lovely lady. There would have been no limit to their happiness but that three days out of every week the gentleman mysteriously disappeared. When pressed by his wife for an explanation he confessed that he was a Bisclaveret or werewolf, and for three days in the week was condemned to assume a wolf's shape. The lady was sore troubled and determined to rid herself of so objectionable a husband. Learning that if the lord's clothes were stolen after the metamorphosis was effected he could not resume his human shape, she and a false cavalier who loved her watched him and got possession of the castoff garments. As from that day the husband was no more seen she married the cavalier.

One day the king was out hunting when a wolf that had been sore pressed by the hounds made its way to him and looked at him with so pitiful and human an expression that the king's heart was touched. He spared it and brought it home to his court. The animal proved gentle and tractable and became a great favorite. But one day when the false cavalier came to court it jumped upon him with a wild cry and bit him severely. And when some days later the wife claimed an audience with the king the wolf flew at her, too, and bit off her nose. Swords were drawn and the wolf would have been killed, but that a wise man counseled the prince to find out first what could be the reason of the wolf's grudge to the lady and her husband. And, being threatened with imprisonment, the lady, terrified, confessed all she knew, and when the clothes of her former husband were given to the wolf he was transformed into human shape and the king rejoiced to recognize his old favorite. The guilty pair were ignominiously banished. They lived several years and had many children, all the girls being born without noses.—American Notes and Queries.

Wanamaker's Pretty Daughter.

Miss Wanamaker, the daughter of the postmaster general, is of more than average personal attractions. She has the roundness and freshness of youth and a fair complexion that would bear any test. She is a well educated young woman, possessing a well bred manner. Were her father but half as rich as he is, Miss Wanamaker would have some chance to be estimated as she deserves. As it is, however, her father's money overshadows her. In the general mind she is forever associated with the power of money, and she does not get the credit her own worth and beauty entitle her to receive. Every young man paying her any attention is regarded as a fortune hunter, and envious young women, while flattering and courting her hospitality, declare privately that she owes everything to money. But the truth is, were Miss Wanamaker moderately poor her beauty and accomplishments would be appreciated, and she would shine as a superior young woman.—Washington Letter.

Here's a Mother in Israel.

Perhaps the most remarkable family and the largest in the country is that of Mrs. Annie Rousch, of Letart, O. On Thursday Mrs. Rousch celebrated her one hundred and third birthday at her old home with eleven of her brothers and sisters, their husbands or wives and their children and grandchildren around her. Mrs. Rousch enjoys excellent health, and may live for many years. Her living descendants number 2,000 persons. She takes long walks daily, is of cheerful disposition and very fond of children. She is probably the oldest woman in Ohio.—Parkersburg (W. Va.) Special.

LIFE IN THE AZORES.

Farms of St. Michael's Island—Carrying Off Islanders—The Risks.

St. Michaels is so densely populated that the government has been compelled to limit the amount of property obtainable by one person. This in a measure equalizes and controls the financial interests of the islanders. Viewed from the quarterdeck the farms all appear of the same size, as marked off by the well trimmed hedge rows or lines of tropical plants that serve to define the limits. The care bestowed upon these farms—if really they can be called farms—is equal to that usually given to a bed of plants or one of rare flowers. A ride in the country affords one most pleasant surprises, for never have I seen such beautiful gardens as those surrounding the different private residences. The islanders are very hospitable to strangers and especially to Americans.

The country is so limited that none but the wealthy can afford to purchase, and as a result many a young man burns with the desire to leave it and seek his fortune in America. But every one who leaves the island is required to have a passport. This passport states that the individual is no longer subject to military duty, is free of debt and of crime. To both men and women these passports are furnished, but the fee charged is so high that the purse of the peasants will not enable them to buy, or if they do buy they usually step aboard the American bound packet in a penniless condition. Boys commence as soon as they are able to work to save money—not as American lads do, for Fourth of July firecrackers, but to pay the price exacted by the government—the price demanded for their rights, their privileges, for their freedom, the right to go forth a free man. This is Europe. This is tyranny, but tyranny is represented by only one small mouth of the monster, whose arms and creepers have so long held down in ignorance, in penury and in want the masses of the continent.

To evade if possible the passport laws many attempt to board the packets by stealth. It is a most hazardous undertaking, and to be caught in the act entails no end of future surveillance if not imprisonment. Nevertheless, many do succeed in thus getting off, and some of the incidents connected with the carrying off of islanders are full of adventure and excitement.

The method usually resorted to by the captains of the packet ships which touch in here every month or so is to make some secret arrangement with one or more persons acting for the rest. The captains must needs be wary and cautious. Should they be caught by a Portuguese man of war or gunboat their vessels will be confiscated, and they themselves liable to fine or imprisonment or both. It is arranged that the people be at a certain isolated spot on the beach at an agreed upon hour. Accordingly the captain of the packet vessel "clears" from port with only those passengers who are provided with passports. A government officer accompanies the vessel until the latter is well clear of the land, and then leaves her to pursue her course. She continues to stand out to sea, until, night coming on, the captain heads the vessel in for shore toward the agreed upon locality, lowers a boat with a good, strong crew, well armed, and again stands out to sea. The boat pulls cautiously in under the gloom of the shore, and ere long is hauled up in the dark shade of huge overhanging rocks. The boat's crew stand by their oars while the one in charge scrutinizes carefully all about him, then lands, and stealthily approaches the agreed upon spot.

Here in a cave, or among the recesses of large, towering cliffs with the sea roaring about them as it breaks against the rocks, are huddled together a score of men and women, parents and children, mothers with babes in their arms, and girls whose pretty faces are trickling with tears from the excitement, the fear, the something they know not what. The sailor's presence is soon made known; not a moment is to be lost. Quickly and carefully the women are first put in, and with them their little bundles. As many of the men are got in as will not endanger the safety of the boat. The eagerness of the latter can hardly be restrained, for it may be that a father or mother must remain, as it is rare that a boat will risk a second return. Allowing the boat an hour or two in which to make the shore the captain again "stands in." But he does not dare take too many risks, and if the boat is not clear of the shadow of the land, he does not hesitate to leave it and pull away. Many Portuguese reach the states by this means, and one line plying between the United States and the western islands carries off great numbers at each trip. It is quite a remunerative business—carrying of "rock fish" (islanders), as the sea captains style it.

The Negroes of the Woods.

The most interesting scientific labors of Prince Roland Bonaparte have hardly been mentioned by the newspapers. His study of the Negroes of the Woods in Dutch Guinea, South America, is perhaps the most unique contribution that has been made to anthropology in recent years. There are about 8,000 of these creatures, living far from the abode of white men. They are full blooded negroes, the descendants of escaped slaves, who in the depths of American forests have reproduced the habitations and many of the customs of their fatherland. It is interesting to trace the resemblance between some of the Guinea coast natives and these Negroes of the Woods, whose common ancestors lived in west Africa two centuries ago. About three years ago Prince Roland Bonaparte embodied the result of his studies of those people in an entertaining volume, and his account of their history, customs and rude arts is all the more interesting because they furnish, perhaps, the only instance of savage people who have been torn from their homes and taken thousands of miles over the sea to perpetuate their particular phases of savage life for centuries in a new land.—New York Sun.

Garfield's Sons.

James A. Garfield has been spending a few days in this city, having come upon a triple mission. He grows to resemble his father physically, as he is said to do intellectually, more than any of the other children. The resemblance, however, is not so apparent when he is obliged to use his eyes closely, because he has been compelled to wear spectacles. With his brother Harry he has established a law business in Cleveland, and if the clients are all of them men and corporations of such consequence as those whose interests compelled him in part to visit this city the Garfield boys have certainly done amazingly well.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

An Au Sable thief went to a widow's barn the other night and milked the widow's cow. Next morning that poor widow found a pocket book containing $1.17 in the stall and advertises for the loser to come forward, prove property, return the milk and get his cash.

A Maine Fish Yarn.

A good fish story is told regarding a recent party while at Moosehead. "It was 'high 12,' the sun was darting its rays upon the clouds above them, while the condensed vapor was dropping down as they angled from the steamer's sides, rocked by the billows of the lake. A sudden jerk upon the line of one of the party told him that business had begun. The guide was standing near, and with a stentorian voice exclaimed: 'Hold him! don't lose him! he is actually a five footer, (meaning the fish). As soon as hooked this monster (with spots) darted for somewhere known only to those dwelling beneath the surface of the lake, and whether he ever arrived there is still clouded in mystery.

"One thing is positive, he reeled off 300 feet of line, tore it from the rod and left the fisherman with only a portion of the tackle. Others in the boat were anxious spectators, and as the line parted company with rod and man they caught him in their arms, gently bore him to the cabin and headed the boat for shore. By good nursing he in a few moments regained consciousness and expressed himself as very grateful to his rescuers for saving him from a cold bath in the waters of this beautiful lake. It is evident that larger boats, stouter lines and more expensive apparatus must be used to handle these monsters of the deep."—Lewiston Journal.

An Enchanted House.

A house in the Avenue de Saxe at Lyons is just now exercising the minds of the more superstitious section of the inhabitants to an extraordinary extent. Every evening large crowds take up a position in front of the building, which they contemplate with curiosity not unmingled with awe, and its tenants are leading anything but a happy life. The house is acquiring rapidly a reputation for being haunted, or, as the people call it, "enchanted," since at intervals the sounds of mysterious rappings and tappings—which at last grow so strong as to cause the very planks and windows to quake and shake—penetrate even to the ears of the outside public.

The police have overhauled the place, peeped into all the cupboards, tried the ceilings and walls and put the furniture into a general state of confusion without arriving at any solution of the mystery, though there was some method in the antics of the "ghost," who treated himself to a spell of rest while the inspector was on the spot. Nothing daunted, however, the police are continuing their efforts actively, and as they are determined to detect the author of this grim joke it is probable that the worthy Lyonnaise will soon be initiated into the mysteries of the maison enchantee.—Paris Letter.

Her Duel with the Doctor.

An extraordinary duel is reported to have taken place in Vienna. A few days ago a girl, aged 19, challenged a young doctor who had offended one of her friends and refused to apologize. He was challenged in the usual way by two seconds, a student and an officer of reserves, and when he ridiculed the idea the girl threatened to horsewhip him publicly.

The challenge was then accepted and a meeting, with seconds and doctors, took place in a hired room in a Vienna suburb. All the rules for a duel with swords were strictly observed. The doctor first acted on the defensive, but was soon obliged to fight in earnest, and left off after the second round with a wound in the left side, which was declared not to be dangerous. The girl, a Croatian educated in South America, is said by the seconds to be the best fencer they ever saw. After wounding her adversary she left the place without casting another look at him.—Wiener Tagblatt.

Plain Lectures on Health.

If the women's colleges would add to their course of study a series of very plain lectures on the care of health, it would be worth any amount of Anglo Saxon literature on political economy. Nothing would make a school more popular than to supplement such lectures with strict personal care of the habits of each pupil. It would become a "beauty school" in the full sense of the word, as celebrated for sending out young ladies with brilliant complexions as Harvard for its athletics. And why is it not as necessary for young ladies to have their faces chased as to have their manners and their grammar corrected? Now, the most high minded and fastidious of Lady Sylvias has a slender body, which worked over daily not less than seven pounds of food and drink, or ought to, and throws out no less than five pounds of waste by its great ducts, the bowels and kidneys and its millions of needle ducts in the skin. Really this is very terrible for discussion, and I warmly agree with her majesty Victoria in thinking stomachs entirely unfit for mention to ears polite. But thousands of women are losing beauty and dying of painful disease for want of knowing the full significance of their internal economy and the care they owe it.—Shirley Dare.

Painting the Baby's Face.

A letter from Paris informs us that the doctors are again at war with silly mothers belonging to the fashionable circles. The latest fanaticism of La Mode is to apply the horrors of face painting to little children. In the public gardens babies of 3 years old may now be seen whose eyebrows have been blacked or dyed by their senseless mothers. Other anxious parents, distressed at the vulgarly ruddy and rustic hue of their children's cheeks, carefully powder them before sending them forth to meet the gaze and criticism of the world. Little coquettes of 10 years are not permitted to go abroad until the regulation black stroke has been painted beneath their eyes. The doctors warn the mothers that when the children thus barbarously treated reach the age of 16 they will have a colorless and ruined complexion, to say nothing of the injury to health, which is an argument less likely to produce much effect.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Who Are the Lucky Ones?

After all, what is luck? She is the handmaiden of every man at one time or another, and in one form or another. She is ever by one's side, ready to give a helping hand. The blind do not see her, the timid or irresolute decline to take her outstretched hand. The unlucky man is the man who forgets to strike when the iron is hot. The lucky man is the one who takes advantage of proffered fortune. Circumstances, it is to be confessed, throw more of such proffers in the way of one than another. But if one will follow the footprints of the lucky men of the world it will be found that at the points where they seized fortune at the flood there are tracks which show that there were many faltering and hesitating ones near by, any one of whom had within his reach the same opportunities as the fortunate one had.—Chicago Times.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine, and Advises the Reporter Not To.

"Humbug? Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug, and has been since the time of Hippocrates to the present. Why, the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo Courier. "Very cozy was his office, too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture and its many lounges and easy chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar and went on."

"Take the prescriptions laid down in the books, and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This can not be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Some time ago, you remember, the Boston Globe sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians, and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons every year write as does H. J. Gardiner of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 189:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport, and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles, and I truthfully state that it cured me."

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

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

A man who has practiced medicine for forty years ought to know salt from sugar; read what he says:

TOLEDO, O., January 10, 1887.

Messrs. F. J. Cheney & Co.—GENTLEMEN: I have been in the general practice of medicine for most forty years, and would say that in all my practice and experience have never seen a preparation that I could prescribe with as much confidence of success as I can Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by you. Have prescribed it a great many times, and its effect is wonderful; and would say in conclusion that I have yet to find a case of catarrh that it would not cure, if they would take it according to directions. Yours truly,

L. L. GORSUCH, M. D.
Office, 215 Summit street.

We will give $100 for any case of catarrh that can not be cured with Hall's Catarrh Cure. Taken internally.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75c.

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.

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.

DESIGNS. Send stamps 25c for our book "BEAUTIFUL HOMES." Address the National Builder Co., Adams Express building, Chicago, Ill.

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.

DR. LIEBIG'S WONDERFUL German Invigorator

To Prove its Wonderful Power and Superiority, A $1 Bottle will be given or Sent Free on application, personally or by letter.

Every one knows that Brown-Sequard's Veritable Elixir of Life was a failure, and that Dr. Liebig's Invigorator is the original and only genuine Vital Elixir.

THE REASON THOUSANDS CANNOT GET CURED of Chronic, Private, Special Complaints, Nervous Debility, Unnatural Waste, Loss of Memory and Manhood, Liver, Lung, Bladder, Kidney and Stomach Troubles, Impurities of the Blood, Pimples, Sores and other Skin Diseases, is owing to a complication call'd Prostatorrhœa with Hypersthesia, which requires special treatment.

DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR No. 1 is the only positive cure on above diseases uncomplicated with Prostatorrhœa. No. 2 cures Prostatorrhœa. Price of Invigorator, $1; case of six bottles, $10, including bottles, half price. Books to men free.

DR. LIEBIG & CO. for nearly a quarter of a century have made a specialty of Diseases of Men. Disease, however induced, speedily, thoroughly cured; recent cases in a few days; inveterate cases skillfully treated; charges moderate.

Consultation Free. Call or address, 400 Geary Street, San Francisco, Cal. Private entrance, 405 Mason Street.

CAUTION. Avoid packages of poisonous nostrums, whose makers are so unscrupulous, unprincipled and unskillful as they are unscrupulous, guarantee to cure in 5, or offering to refund. Don't be deceived—get DR. LIEBIG'S INVIGORATOR.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

PAINLESS. EFFECTUAL. WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For BILIOUS & NERVOUS DISORDERS SUCH AS Sick Headache, Weak Stomach, Impaired Digestion, Constipation, Disordered Liver, etc.,

ACTING LIKE MAGIC on the vital organs, strengthening the muscular system, and arousing with the rosebud of health The Whole Physical Energy of the Human Frame.

Beecham's Pills, taken as directed, will quickly RESTORE FEMALES to complete health.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price, 25 cents per Box.

Prepared only by THOS. BEECHAM, St. Helens, Lancashire, England.

B. F. ALLEN CO., Sole Agents for United States, 365 & 367 Canal St., New York, who (if your druggist does not keep them) will mail Beecham's Pills on receipt of price—but inquire first. (Mention this paper.)

"What force cannot do, ingenuity can." Weak women can PERFORM MIRACLES with the aid of SAPOLIO

Try it in your next house-cleaning and see.

A STRUGGLE WITH DIRT

Goes on in civilized society from the cradle to the grave. Dirt is degradation—and degradation is destruction. Women, especially, are judged by their habits of household cleanliness, and no stronger condemnation can be expressed than "she keeps a dirty house and a filthy kitchen." But the struggle with dirt is often unequal. The woman's weakness or the worthlessness of the soaps she uses make it impossible to overcome the demon of dirt. By the use of SAPOLIO she wins easily.

An education THAT CAN BE USED EVERY DAY is the kind that pays. Scores of young business men, and hundreds of book-keepers and stenographers of both sexes, attribute their success to a course at the Portland Business College, Portland, Oregon, or the Capital Business College, Salem, Oregon. Both are under the management of A. P. Armstrong, have same courses of study, same rates of tuition. *Business, Shorthand, Typewriting, Penmanship and English Departments.* Write to either for joint Catalogue and specimens of penmanship.

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