A FACT.

[From an Interview, New York World.]

In an interview with a leading drug house the New York *World*, November 9, 1890, gives the following comment on the proprietors of reliable patent medicines:

"He is a specialist, and should know more of the disease he actually treats than the ordinary physician; for, while the latter may come across fifty cases in a year of the particular disease which this medicine combats, its manufacturer investigates thousands. Don't you suppose his prescription, which you buy ready made up for 50 cents, is likely to do more good than that of the ordinary physician, who charges you anywhere from $2 to $10 for giving it, and leaves you to pay the cost of having it prepared?

"The patent medicine man, too, usually has the good sense to confine himself to ordinary, every-day diseases. He leaves to the physician cases in which there is immediate danger to life, such as violent fevers. He does this because, in their treatment of such cases, there are other elements of importance besides medicine, such as proper dieting, good nursing, a knowledge of the patient's strength and so on. Where there is no absolute danger to life, where the disease is one which the patient can diagnose for himself or which some physician has already determined, the patent medicine maker says fearlessly: 'I have a preparation which is better than any other known and which will cure you.' In nine cases out of ten his statement is true."

This is absolutely true as regards the great remedy for pain, St. Jacobs Oil. It can assert without fear of contradiction that it is a prompt and permanent cure of pain. It can show proofs of cures of chronic cases of 20, 30 and 40 years' standing. In truth it rarely ever fails if used according to directions, and a large proportion of cures is made by half the contents of a single bottle. It is therefore the best.

Better a dinner of herbs if you like them than a stalled ox if you hate beef.

CANNOT SPARE THE TIME.

Nelson H. Baker, District Attorney of Westchester county, New York, writes:

"I have received many letters in reference to my testimonial, lately published, commending ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS.

"I cannot spare the time to answer them in writing; therefore would again say, through the press, that I have found ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS invaluable as chest protectors and shields against coughs and colds. Furthermore, I have found ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS unequaled for pains in the side, back and chest."

Accounting Trustees—Figures can't lie, you know, sir. Disappointed Beneficiary—No, but liars can figure.

You wear out clothes on a wash board *ten times* as much as on the body. *How foolish.* Buy Dobbins' Electric Soap of your grocer and save this useless wear. Made ever since 1864. Don't take imitation. There are lots of them.

An honest man pays up. The other kind has to pay down.

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS.—The irritation which induces coughing is immediately relieved by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

He Glories in a Complex Fiction!—The lawyer believes in "millions for defense" and the same for prosecution.

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 833 Market street, San Francisco.

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED.

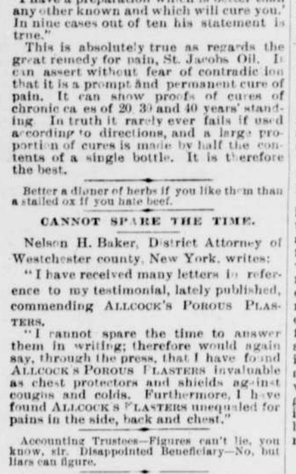
TO THE EDITOR: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their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

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

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

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

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.



MUSICAL.

There seems to be little going on in musical circles of late, but there is much talk, among musical people, of the marvelous cure of Miss B——, the high contralto singer, who has long suffered from a severe throat or bronchial affection, superinduced by Catarrh in the Head, and who has been perfectly cured by the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, coupled with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For all bronchial, throat and lung affections, and lingering coughs, it is an unequaled remedy. When complicated with Chronic Nasal Catarrh, its use should be coupled with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Of all druggists.

HAVE A CAB?

When you are addressed as above, your first impulse is to look at the driver. If the day be stormy and the driver is a wise man, you will find that he wears a "Fish Brand Slicker," and he will tell you that he is as comfortable on the box as the passenger in the cab, and that for his business this coat is invaluable. When you get once inside a "Fish Brand Slicker," there's no such thing as weather for you. It doesn't make the smallest difference whether it rains, hails, sleets, snows, or blows. You are absolutely and wholly comfortable. Get one at once. No matter of your not liking it afterwards. It is a waste of money to buy any other waterproof coat. They are worthless after a few weeks of hard usage. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "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.

In a Big Telegraph Office.

Suppose that the average man is induced to step off from State street for a few minutes, and mount the four or five flights of stairs leading to the main operating room of the Western Union company's Boston office, having, of course, obtained from the proper authority the necessary permission to do so. When the top floor is reached, and entrance to the main operating room gained, there is heard the most peculiar and astounding clatter imaginable. It is as if all the sewing circles in the world had met for an afternoon of silent work, as sewing circles generally do. It is like, and yet it is unlike, the clatter of a thousand machines in a great factory, or a myriad of looms, and if one wishes to talk and be heard he has to talk at the top of his voice. But this noise comes from the telegraphic instruments which are being operated by some score of nimble wristed, nimble fingered men seated at tables systematically arranged in rows and sections.

The stranger is apt to think that electricity is going crazy here. He is certain to wonder how on earth an operative distinguishes the click of his instrument in the general tumult. The tables are generally divided into four sections, separated by thick glass partitions, and in each section is an instrument, and at each instrument there is an operator. All the operators are working as fast as their hands and heads will let them. Some are receiving messages and writing them on the telegraphic forms, and others are sending them. It would puzzle the novice to keep his wits in good order amid all this noise, but these men keep theirs in most admirable condition, and rarely make a slip. There's nothing like experience.

In this room there are twenty-one quadruplex instruments, five duplex, one printing instrument and five sets of "single repeaters." About 500 lines run into this room, and are connected with the massive "switch board," which is about to be enlarged in order to take in fifty wires more. Two hundred of these wires are what are called main wires, the rest are loops for the local lines. It is certainly a mystery to the uninitiated mind how all these wires are kept in order, and how they are distinguished one from the other. A look behind the switch board is nothing less than confusing. The place is a sort of dark closet, and from a sort of aperture in the roof a whole wilderness of wires is seen straggling down. Which wire is which? That is the conundrum. But those whose business it is to know can answer very readily.—Boston Herald.

Fact About Heart Disease.

Formerly, when the physician, with his stethoscope, detected a certain abnormal sound called cardiac murmur, indicating heart trouble, he said nothing about it to the patient, or if he did reveal his discovery he did so in such a way as to take away nature's most powerful restorative—hope. But a change in the methods of physicians has been taking place in recent years. Says The Medical Record:

"The opinion is now rooted in the minds of the advanced guard of the profession that cardiac murmurs are often devoid of the grave significance formerly attributed to them. So, too, we have come to learn that considerable damage to the valves may be so thoroughly compensated by hypertrophy (enlargement) that it seems permissible to speak of recovery from organic disease of the heart.

"True, the anatomical lesion persists. But the individual thus affected may live for years, without impairment of his health, and with a working capacity in no way reduced from his normal standard. The time has come when the prognosis of despair must make way for the modern doctrine of hope in the possibility of a cure. What was formerly equivalent to a sentence of death may be commuted to carefulness for life."

Rheumatic fever or some other disease may have caused inflammation of the lining membrane of the heart, and thus laid a foundation for permanent obstruction to the flow of the blood through one or more of the valves. But nature in time overcomes this obstruction, not by removing it, but by enlarging the heart and increasing its force.

True, there may be at length a weakening of the walls of the heart, and a consequent lessening of its ability to do its work, and there may come on palpitation, difficult breathing, cough and signs of dropsy; but this failure may be due to preventable causes.—Youth's Companion.

Uses of the Prison Messenger.

The prison messenger is a peculiar character. He is attached to every police court in the city, by what right no one except himself knows. Although not vested with any authority from local, state or national powers, he has access at all times to the prisons attached to the police courts, and to the latter he appears to be of more importance than the regular officers paid by the taxpayers. He is trustworthy and seems to have unbounded faith in human nature. He conducts business in this fashion: A respectable young man happens to have been out late and is arrested. In the morning he wakes penniless and with no means of communicating with his friends. The prison messenger understands the case in a moment. He offers his services, knowing that his client will be only too anxious to make good any expenses. He will run errands, employ counsel, if necessary, and even pay a prisoner's fine without security for his outlay. The messenger seldom makes a mistake. He has been known to advance as much as $100 to a prisoner who was confined in the Tombs for a week, without other security than the man's word. For this little transaction the prisoner rewarded him with a check for $200.—New York Mail and Express.

A Lesson on Slang.

It was at the Institute of Technology, a few days before the close of the term. One of the professors had been troubled by hearing some of the students indulging in slang. Accordingly, when his class had assembled to hear his lecture, he gave them a ten minute discourse on the use of slang, told them how it was corrupting the language, and that its use was, among persons of cultivation and refinement, a sure sign of ill breeding. Then he went on with his regular lecture, and at its close called the attention of his class to the fact that some of them had been remiss in their studies, and that it behooved them to make up for lost time, or they would fail to pass the approaching examinations. "The fact is," he concluded, "you've got to brace up or you'll get left," which shows that preaching and practice are often wide apart.—Boston Herald.

Afternoon Caller (waiting for hostess)—Bobby, you haven't been over to play with Tommy lately.

Bobby—No, ma'am. Ma doesn't want me to play with Tommy; she says I must only play with nice little boys.—Texas Siftings.

A Useful Hint.

Large manilla envelopes, with the flaps cut off, fastened to the desk and wall within convenient reach, I find useful for envelopes, stamps, clippings of transient value, and miscellaneous memoranda.—"A. N. J." in The Visitor.

A Slight Error.

Some one has discovered that 16,000 eggs may be found in a shad. Must have mistaken the bones for eggs.—Yonkers Statesman.

A man in Washington Territory has patented an ingenious telephone, whereby it is possible to detect the presence of metal in rocks.

A JOUST IN VIRGINIA.

THE ANNUAL TOURNAMENT ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The Great Event of the Year—Calling the Roll of Brave "Knights"—Glory and Shame—"Queen of Love and Beauty" Crowned.

At last the hour of the tournament draws near, and all the vehicles are ranged in line around the field where the contest is to take place—and all are filled with happy occupants; pretty girls in ravishing costumes, young men of every type, old men who recall the days when they contended in knightly lists, and old ladies who remember when they were honored with the crown.

The field, about which all are crowding, is a long, level stretch of pasture land, across which has been marked out a straight course, and at intervals of about 100 yards across it are built three frame structures, which strongly remind one of gibbets. A stanch upright is set in the ground, and to its top is nailed a cross bar extending over the course, while from the end of this bar hangs a ring upon a hooked wire. The object of the contest is to take off these rings upon the point of a lance while riding at full speed. At one end of the course is a platform for the judge.

At length a bugle call summons the knights, and they are seen approaching at the far end of the field. Slowly they ride up to the stand—ten of them—and, reining up their horses, form into a line, facing the judges, ready to answer the roll call. A fine looking set of men they are and mounted upon superb horses. And now the call begins. "The Knight of the Golden Key," cries the herald, and a young man wearing a wide blue sash, and bearing a lance tied with the same color, answers "here." Next "the Knight of the Locust Grove," and a small, dried up looking man, decked in red, responds. Likewise are called "the Knight of Sleepy Hollow," "the Knight of Walnut Hill," "the Knight of Chincapin," and others.

The roll being over, all fall into an attitude of attention, while the orator of the day delivers the "Charge to the Knights," reminding them of the joustings of old, and in many a flowing period urging them on, to win glory and fame for the sake of their fair ladies. This ends the preliminaries, and there is a general stir among the crowd in the effort to get good positions from which to view the riding

A RUSH OF EXPECTANCY.

Now, all is ready, and the hush of expectancy falls upon the people. Suddenly the bugle call bursts out amid the silence, and the herald cries, "The Knight of the Golden Key!" At the word he leaves the ranks, and fixing his lance, spurs his horse into a rapid run, and, his eyes upon the first ring, rushes toward it. On flies his steed, sending the loose earth in showers behind him, and as he passes the first support, the knight carries away the ring upon his lance. In a moment he is upon the second, but misses it by a hair's breadth, sending it spinning far into the crowd, the last he takes, and rides slowly back, flushed with his triumph, amid the cheers of the crowd.

The rings are replaced, and the next in order essays the feat, but fails to take a single ring. And so in turn all try, each making a striking picture as his stout steed bears him on like an arrow, and he sits firm and erect in his saddle, his lance straight before him, his gay ribbons streaming in the wind, his eye fixed upon the coveted ring. It needs a stout heart, a steady hand and a true eye to succeed at such work, for the slightest false motion may not only miss the ring, but throw the luckless knight headlong from his horse.

At length each knight has thrice essayed the run, some are covered with glory and some with shame. And now comes the most exciting time, for three knights have each the same score and must ride out the tie. By this time the horses have come to understand what is required of them, and the spirit of the sport has seized upon each man's heart. The riding is superb. Again and again they run, each taking all the rings each time, until at last one of the knights misses and retires. Now comes the struggle of the champions. The crowd is wrought up to the greatest enthusiasm, and watch with breathless interest each knightly contestant, and break into deafening cheers at each success. At last another ring is missed, and the "Knight of the Golden Key" stands victor. As he rides for the last time down the field toward the judges' stand—his horse flecked with foam, his face blazing beneath his broad brimmed hat—the people burst into wilder cheers, girls wave their handkerchiefs, boys throw their hats in the air, and all is confusion.

CROWNING THE QUEEN

And now he reaches the platform and salutes the judges. The crown is hung upon his lance's end. Then slowly he rides along the outskirts of the crowd, until he comes to a carriage where sits the lady whose colors he wears, and whose face is now radiant with smiles for her knight's success. Reaching her he dismounts and drops the crown at her feet, thus choosing her "Queen of Love and Beauty," while the acclamations of the crowd attest their approval of his choice. Meanwhile the knights who have won the second and third places have received smaller crowns, and hasten likewise to bestow them upon their ladies, making them "Maids of Honor."

And now for an hour is a pause, while the crowd breaks up into groups and discusses the riding and its results. As it is growing toward evening, many seize the opportunity to eat the lunches they have brought with them, or are carried off by friends to sup in the neighboring farm houses.

At length the bugle call rings out once more and the crowd reassemble near the stand. "The Knight of the Golden Key" leads his lady upon the platform, while the "Knight of Walnut Hill" and the "Knight of Warsaw" follow with their maids of honor. They are met by the judges and by the most famous speaker of the country, who proceeds to make a long and flowery oration, ending by crowning the ladies, amid the plaudits of the crowd.—R. W. Graves in Detroit Free Press.

Finding the Real Man.

Love sees the virtues that are of the soul, hatred only the diseases of the skin. "All men have their faults, and stealing was Bill's," said a weeping widow over the corpse of a desperado, shot in attempted burglary. And grotesque, ludicrous as the expression may seem, she was right. She knew that not in the robber, the law breaker, the outcast, did the real man shine forth, but in those rarer moods of kindliness and generosity when he was the true friend and husband. Perhaps when two enemies, who have refused to see any good in each other on this earth, meet hereafter in another world, free from the muddy vesture of decay which clogs their vision here, the first thought of each will be, "Is this the beautiful soul that I maligned and hated!" —Lippincott's Magazine.

Cheap.

Clambake—Great schemes, those machines. I dropped in a nickel the other day and weighed Susie Jones. She weighs exactly 130.

Punjab—I think that's pretty contemptible.

Clambake—Contemptible! Why?

Punjab—To give a girl a weigh for five cents.—America.

BALLAD OF DREAMLAND.

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,
Out of the sun's rays hidden apart,
In a softer bed than the soft white snows is,
Under the roses I hid my heart.
Why should I sleep not? Why should it start
When never a leaf the rose tree stirred?
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?
Only the song of a secret bird.

Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,
And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;
Lie still, for the wind on the warm sea dozes,
And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.
Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's wound smart?
Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred?
What bids the lips of thy sleep dispart?
Only the song of a secret bird.

The green land's name that a charm encloses,
It never was writ in the traveler's chart,
And sweet on its trees as the fruit that grows is,
It never was sold in the merchant's mart.
The swallows of dreams through its dim fields dart,
And sleep's are the tunes in its tree tops heard;
No hound's note wakens the wild wood hart.
Only the song of a secret bird.

ENVOI.

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,
To sleep for a season and hear no word
Of the true love's truth or the light love's art.
Only the song of a secret bird.

—Swinburne.

Not an Absurd Proposition.

The problem with scientists is quite open as to the cause of the red color of the planet Mars. Astronomers, as a rule, venture a guess that vegetation on that world is red instead of green. This is not at all absurd as a supposition. Our own planet must have a decidedly red hue to observers during the brief season of autumn coloring. But this is not all of it. All foliage and all bark are rendered perceptibly redder as winter approaches. The young wood of trees is redder in winter than in summer. Is our own world not slowly but surely developing a rosier hue? Some bunches are a deep crimson all winter, but green all summer. It is evident that cold weather requires the comparative withdrawal of green, and the comparative predominance of red. As the world grows colder is it not growing also redder? Mars is known to have a colder climate than our own, and has probably gone farther in its floral adaptations to the cold.—Globe-Democrat.

The Climax of Good Form.

If your real swells want to be really English they must carry their respective left hands buried to the wrist in their respective left trousers pockets. All the dudes in town have taken to doing it, and every chappie on Fifth avenue after the Wednesday matinees was actually lop sided with the exertion of reaching the very bottom seam of his left trousers pocket. If you can let the tips of the fingers of a pair of tan colored gloves be seen in juxtaposition to your left cuff, just at the mouth of the pocket, you will thereby proclaim yourself one of Wales' strictest adherents, ye knaw. Don't, as you value your reputation for swellishness, put your right hand in your right pocket, for this is as much a breach of good form as it used to be to carry your gloves with the fingers pointing aft instead of forward.—New York Mail and Express.

Where Are Theebaw's Treasures?

The name of Theebaw, formerly king of Burmah, has almost passed into oblivion so far as the general public is concerned. It has been revived in England, however, owing to an inquiry as to what has become of the treasure once possessed by Theebaw. When Mandalay was captured by Sir Henry Prendergast, in 1885, Theebaw's palace contained booty valued at twenty lakhs. Theebaw was permitted to take away with him a few valuable articles, but the larger part of his fortune was seized by the English. And now, after an interval of three years, certain inquisitive Londoners are wondering what became of the rich spoils which fell to the conquerors.—New York World.

A Tale from the North.

A tale comes from the far north, above the Arctic circle, that mammoth carcasses are found frozen in the ice, and that the Indians chop them out and feed the meat to their dogs. These carcasses are as well preserved as if killed but yesterday, although they have lain for who knows how many thousand years in a solidly frozen state. Undoubtedly these animals existed coeval with the glacial period and were indigenous to a tropical climate; therefore we must reason that this period came on almost instantaneously, all living animals were killed by the extreme cold, and before their flesh could putrefy it became frozen.—Juneau (Alaska) Free Press.

Childhood of Miss Hosmer.

Speaking of Harriet Hosmer, the celebrated sculptor, who in her childhood lived at Watertown, Mass., an old citizen of that town, who knew the family well, says that her mother and sister had died from consumption, so her father, who was a physician, determined to give her all the advantages of an outdoor life. She was taught to ride and shoot and climb trees and do everything that boys do. When she was sent to school she found it very difficult to bend gracefully to rules and regulations, and the consequence was that she was twice expelled. But she was only wild, not vicious, and finally buckled down to study. At the age of 19 she developed a decided talent for sculpture, and her father fitted up a studio for her; but it was afterward determined to send her to Rome for study, and there the high spirited girl worked hard and soon had a pleasant home of her own.—New York World.

An Unwelcome Guest.

The way in which people go unbidden to church weddings is notorious, and thereby hangs a trifling but not unamusing tale. At a recent wedding in Arlington Street church one of the ushers saw a lady come in who was so stylishly dressed that he immediately jumped at the conclusion that she must be a guest of importance. He accordingly offered her his arm and started down the aisle to escort her to the seats directly behind those reserved for the families of the contracting parties. Just as he neared the slip into which it was evident he meant to show her the lady looked up and asked ingenuously:

"Can you tell me whose wedding this is?"

The usher's eyebrows contracted involuntarily.

"Certainly," he answered. "It is that of Miss Blank and Mr. That."

Then, being a man of presence of mind, he kept coolly on down the aisle, turned and crossed the chancel, brought the lady up the next aisle, and seated her obscurely near the door.—Boston Letter.

An Undeveloped Art.

The attention of experimenters is being directed to the subject of photography without lenses, which offers possibilities yet unknown. The plan yields an important advantage in the fact that images of various sizes may be obtained with a single apparatus by simply changing the distance of the camera front from the plate and varying the opening from one-fiftieth or one-sixtieth of an inch for small pictures to one-twenty-fifth of an inch for large ones. The negatives lack the sharpness given by lenses. A curious result of this has been obtained by Capt. Colson in a copy of an engraving in which no trace of lines can be seen without a magnifying glass. A present drawback to this kind of photography is the length of exposure necessary, but this will doubtless soon be shortened.—Arkansaw Traveler.

THREW AWAY HIS CRUTCHES.

Engineer W. Hayes of the Southern Pacific Railroad Joins the Long List of Patients Cured by Electricity by Dr. Darrin.

EAST PORTLAND, January 12, 1891.

Editor Oregonian—DEAR SIR: I hold it to be a duty as well as a pleasure to make known through the press that which of all other things is most essential, viz.: The way to cure pain and sickness. From December 1 to the 29th I was confined to my house with sciatic rheumatism, kidney trouble, inflammation of neck of the bladder and general indisposition. Could not sleep more than an hour at a time. All means I tried proved unavailing. I was prompted to visit Dr. Darrin through the advice of many of my friends, who had been cured by him, though, I must say, I had but little faith that electricity would cure me. I came to the Doctor on crutches. Two weeks' electric treatment has cured me; so I have thrown away my crutches, and my other complaints have all disappeared; so I take command of my engine to day.

W. HAYES,
914 Fifth street.

How Mrs Miller Gained Eight Pounds.

EAST PORTLAND, January 11, 1891.

Mr. Editor: As others are telling what wonderful cures Drs. Darrin have made for them and their friends, I want to tell how much they have helped me. Less than two months ago I began taking their medicine and electric treatments. Before one week had passed I began to improve, and now am like a different person. I can walk anywhere I wish to go, and weigh eight pounds more than when I began doctoring with them. I feel pleased and grateful, and want others who are sick and miserable to know what they can do for them. Can be referred to at my home at any time, Irving Addition, East Portland, corner of Fifth and Alder.

MRS. H. J. MILLER.

Drs. Darrin can be consulted free at 70½ Washington street, Portland, from 10 a. m. to 8 p. m. daily. They treat all curable chronic, acute and *private* diseases, and will send their circulars, question blanks and remedies to any mail or express address. That Drs Darrin do cure where all other methods fail is shown by the above remarkable cures.

We do not publish the names of one in fifty on an average, and only then with the written consent of the patient.

Beware of any one representing himself Dr. Darrin traveling through the country, as they are frauds. Drs. Darrin have closed all outside offices.

Brown—I can marry any girl I please. Van Ripper—There's the rub; you don't please any.

IF YOU HAD A FRIEND

About to visit some section of country where malarial disease, either in the form of chills and fever or bilious remittent, was particularly rife, what would be about the best advice you could give him? We will tell you—to carry along or procure on arriving that potent medicinal safeguard, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, known throughout malaria-plagued regions, here and in other countries, as the surest means of disarming the miasmatic scourge and robbing it of its fell destructive influence. Not only does it fortify the system by increasing its stamina, but overcomes irregularity of digestion, the liver and the bowels, and counteracts the unfavorable effects of overexertion, bodily and mental exposure in rough weather, or occupation too sedentary or laborious, loss of appetite and excessive nervousness. The functions of alimentation, bilious secretion and sleep have in it a most powerful and reliable auxiliary.

It's nice to put your money in the bank
And laugh to scorn the coming rainy day;
But it is apt to make you feel quite blank
To hear the cashier's gone and run away.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co.

Sold by druggists. Price, 75 cents per bottle.

Envy.—The man with rheumatism has no patience with the giddy young folk who dance.

DIAMOND VERA-CURA

—FOR—

Dyspepsia

and all

Stomach Troubles,

INDIGESTION, Nausea, Sour Stomach, Giddiness, Heartburn, Constipation, Fullness, Food Rising, Disagreeable Taste, Nervousness.

At Druggists and Dealers, or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps. Sample sent free on receipt of 2-cent stamp.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

ST JACOBS OIL FOR Stablemen and Stockmen.

CURES

Cuts, Swellings, Bruises, Sprains, Gall, Strains, Lameness, Stiffness, Cracked Heels, Scratches, Contractions, Flesh Wounds, Stringhalt, Sore Throat, Distemper, Colic, Whitlow, Poll Evil, Fistula, Tumors, Splints, Ringbones and Spavin in their early Stages. Directions with each bottle.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. Whenever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market." ①

Hereditary Consumption

FOR MEN ONLY!

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READ AND BE CONVINCED.

COQUILLE CITY, Or., Dec. 31, 1890.

J. Eugene Jordan, M. D., Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: It has been some time since I wrote a letter to you, but I have been so well that it has not been necessary. You remember when I first wrote you in May, 1889, I was in a fearful condition with a complication of troubles. I could not stand on my feet five minutes at a time unless walking around; it seemed as though my back would break apart. You remember that I had an enlarged lung or a bunch under my short ribs on the left side, and it seemed to me as though I would smother to death. I also had liver and stomach trouble. In fact, my health was completely broken down so that I would have been much better dead than alive. Could not do any housework at all. Now I am getting so stout; my side does not trouble me, and I can do all my housework, washing and all. Please publish my testimony in any of your books or papers, as I was just as bad as any one could be and get well. There are a great many weakly people here that I know your medicines would cure if they had them to take, and I am sure if it was near here so that it could be procured they would take it, as all know how much I have suffered.

I beg to remain
Very respectfully,
MRS. C. C. MEYERS.

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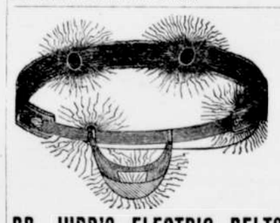

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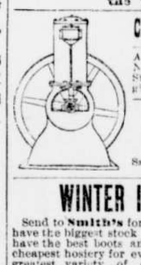

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