The people at the World's Dispensary of Buffalo, N. Y., have a stock-taking time once a year and what do you think they do? Count the number of bottles that've been returned by the men and women who say that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery or Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription didn't do what they said it would do.

And how many do you think they have to count. One in ten? *Not one in five hundred!*

Here are two remedies—one the Golden Medical Discovery, for regulating and invigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, the hope of weakly womanhood, and they've been sold for years, sold by the million bottles; sold under a *positive guarantee*, and not one in five hundred can say:

"It was not the medicine for me!"

And—is there any reason why you should be the one? And—supposing you are what do you lose? *Absolutely nothing!*

"German Syrup"

A Cough and Croup Medicine. For children a medicine should be absolutely reliable. A mother must be able to pin her faith to it as to her Bible. It must contain nothing violent, uncertain, or dangerous. It must be standard in material and manufacture. It must be plain and simple to administer; easy and pleasant to take. The child must like it. It must be prompt in action, giving immediate relief, as childrens' troubles come quick, grow fast, and end fatally or otherwise in a very short time. It must not only relieve quick but bring them around quick, as children chafe and fret and spoil their constitutions under long confinement. It must do its work in moderate doses. A large quantity of medicine in a child is not desirable. It must not interfere with the child's spirits, appetite or general health. These things suit old as well as young folks, and make Boschee's German Syrup the favorite family medicine. ⑥

ELECTRICITY CURES A CANCER

After All Other Means Had Failed.

Last week Mr. George F. Wilkie of Wichita, Kan., came to Peoria—a distance of 700 miles—to have Dr. Toel remove a cancer from his nose. He had had it removed several times by means of plasters, but it had returned every time, so he finally concluded to consult Dr. Toel. The operation was performed by means of electricity in a few minutes without the loss of a drop of blood, and the wound is now healed, so that Mr. Wilkie will return to his home in Kansas next week.—*National Democrat.*

Dr. Toel is now located in Portland. The cancer, with hundreds of other cancers and tumors successfully removed by him, can be seen in his office. Dr. Toel has studied four years at the Universities and large Hospitals of Germany, Switzerland and England, and is the only surgeon in the Northwest who operates by electricity without loss of blood.

DOCTOR TOEL

Makes a specialty of Diseases of the Nose, Throat and Neck, Skin, Urinary Organs, Female Diseases and all Surgical Operations, as for Fistula, Piles, Stricture, Cancer, Polypus and all other Tumors and Ulcers. Operations performed by means of electricity without loss of blood. Office—No. 70½ Washington street, corner Fourth, rooms 3, 4 and 5 Washington building, **Portland, Or.**

DR. JUDD'S ELECTRIC BELTS

Will positively cure Nervousness, Loss of Manhood, Impotency, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, General Debility, etc.

Price, $5, $10 and $15.

Also Drugs, Trusses, Crutches, Elastic Stockings, Shoulder Braces, Electric Insoles, Etc.

State Agent for Halsey Bros.' Homeopathic Remedies. Send in your orders.

JOHN M. A. LAUE,

The Reliable Druggist,
Third and Taylor, Portland, Or.
[Mention this paper.]

J. McCRAKEN & CO.,

—DEALERS IN—

Roche Harbor Lime, Portland Cement, Golden Gate and Utah Plaster, Hair, Fire Brick and Fire Clay. LAND PLASTER

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I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. **H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St. New York**

$5.00 PER DAY easily made by addressing J. P. Parker, 319 California street, San Francisco, Cal.

PENSION, LAND AND INDIAN DEPREDATION claims. Special attention given to the above. **Nathan Bickford,** Solicitor of claims, Washington, D. C. References furnished in any State. Blanks and information free.

N. P. N. U. No. 377—S. F. N. U. No. 454

AMUSING LEGAL FREAKS.

SINGULAR CASES STRANGELY HANDLED IN LAW COURTS.

A Woman Considered as Personal Property and Valued at $8.50—A Horse Brought Before the Bar—The Wrong Man Told Why He Was There.

To a Hocking county court belongs the remarkable distinction of passing upon a woman as personal property. The unique precedent was laid some twenty-five or thirty years ago, and before women's rights had progressed as far as they have since. A citizen of old Hocking married a young lady against the energetic protest of her father, and set up housekeeping on his own account. It was a case of "love in a cottage," as a matter of fact. During the temporary absence of the unsuspecting bridegroom the wife's father and brothers invaded love's domicile and carried her off.

The despoiled husband repaired to a neighoring justice of the peace in search of law suited to the exigencies of the case. After a thorough investigation of Swan's Treaties and Cradlebaugh's Constable, it was unanimously decided by the squire, the constable and the desolate husband that the proper thing to do was to proceed by an action in replevin!

WOMAN AS PERSONAL PROPERTY.

The papers were accordingly made out and the writ lodged in the hands of the constable, who proceeded at once to execute it, and replevined the woman from the custody of her father, who, though exceedingly irate, didn't feel like resisting the edict of the court. When it came to appraising the property and fixing the sworn value of a woman, the constable was rather perplexed, but the three freeholders whom he called in to act as appraisers solved the problem in a manner at once off hand and business like.

They sent for her husband, the plaintiff, and ascertained for him that he had expended the following sums of money upon his "property:" License, 75 cents; justice's marriage fee, $2.50; one new dress, 87½ cents; one new bonnet, 37½ cents. They furthermore decided that the woman was "perishable property," and her value was only to be estimated theoretically. Whereupon they fixed the value of her labor and services for the month at $4, which they added to the other items, making $8.50.

In due course of time the trial came off and the plaintiff duly and satisfactorily proved his ownership by producing his marriage certificate. The defendant could not upset this evidence, and the plaintiff got judgment of restitution and 25 cents damages. His property was then restored to him in due and regular form, and the defendant was solemnly notified that a repetition of his offense would be regarded as petty larceny and punished accordingly. The man and his wife are still living happily and contentedly together.

But Hocking county cannot lay claim to exclusiveness in "precedents." Over in her next door neighbor, Perry, a horse was once restored to its rightful neighbor under a writ of habeas corpus issued by a justice of the peace.

A's horse broke into B's pasture, whereupon B put it into his stable, locked the door and refused to give it up. A secured the services of the celebrated Shep Tinker as his legel adviser. Shep knew that his client could not give the necessary bail in an action by replevin, so he decided to bring a different sort of an action.

With this intent he went before a justice of the peace in old Straitsville, and took out a writ of habeas corpus and literally brought the horse into court. Lawyer Saunders, a most brilliant practitioner at the Logan bar and long the prosecuting attorney of Hocking county, was called on the other side.

He didn't know the nature of the case until the constable made his return upon the writ.

"Why," exclaimed Mr. Saunders, with a look of blank astonishment, "this court can't issue such a writ and no court could issue one for a horse!" Shep was more than equal to the emergency.

"Your honor," he said, "a wise and just court can do anything that is laid down in the books. The writ of habeas corpus has been recognized as sacred for centuries. To say that this court can't issue it is to say that it is ignorant of Magna Charta."

"But this court kin issue it," interposed the justice, "and it has issued it already."

Mr. Saunders saw his mistake and apologized to the court for having doubted its ability to do anything it chose. It is needless to say that the horse was restored to its owner.

WHAT HIS BUSINESS WAS.

As funny a thing as ever occurred in a court happened at Napoleon, O., in 1839, before Judge Potter and a jury. A case was on trial, and an outsider seated himself on one of the puncheons at the far end of the panel of jurors, there being no other available seat. When the defendant's counsel arose to address the jury he scanned the face of each very closely, and naturally his gaze was directed to the furthest man from him, who didn't happen to be a juror at all. Glaring at him, he began:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I want to know what this man (referring to the plaintiff in the case) has come into court for? What is his business? What right has he here? What is he seeking for? Again I repeat, gentlemen of the jury, why is he here?"

The countryman imagined that the question had direct reference to himself, and when the lawyer paused to give due weight and emphasis to the question, he jumped to his feet and howled:

"What am I here for, you cross eyed cock of the walk? What am I seeking for in this here court? I'll tell you in short order, you weazen faced old son of a gun. I've been here three days a-waitin' for my fees, and nary a red kin I git. Pay me my witness fees, sir, and I'll git out of here immegiately."

This unexpected oration brought down the house, and the lawyer never finished his able argument.

John H. Morrison practiced law many years ago at Findlay and all through that section of Ohio. He had some striking peculiarities, which were in the habit of cropping out in court. He was once trying a case before Judge Patrick Henry Goode and a jury, and opened his side of the case as follows:

"May it please the court, by the perjury of witnesses, the ignorance of the jury and the connivance of the court, I expect to lose this case."

"What is that you say, Mr. Morrison?"

"That is all I have to say on that point, and the court will feel happier if I do not repeat what I have already said. From the looks of the jury I infer that they would rather not have heard it once."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Buenos Ayres.

Buenos Ayres, in the Argentine Republic, is now the largest city in South America, the census of 1887 giving it a population of 434,000.

An Albany reporter writes of "a quiet but effective wedding."

Even a cur may bark at his own gate.—Japanese Proverb.

A new albuminous poison of 100 times the power of strychnine is extracted from the seeds of Abrus precatoria.

A BOOTBLACK'S CRITICISM.

Pointing Out a Defect in a Picture Which Escaped Public Attention.

Tom Nicholl, the artist, tells the following story on himself, which is a pretty good one. It illustrates the well known fact that the best of us can learn something from fools and children. The story is as follows: On one occasion he had made a large crayon picture of a little child seated in a cart to which was hitched a large Newfoundland dog. It was a fine piece of work, and for some two weeks hung in a public show window, where it attracted much attention, and many were the compliments showered upon the artist for his skill.

Some time after the picture had been taken down Mr. Nicholl was seated in his studio when there came a timid rap at the door. He called out to the caller to come in, and there entered a little street urchin, who had often given the artist a shine, and who on the strength of such acquaintance used frequently to pay him a visit.

"Well, Tod," said Nicholl, "what can I do for you today?"

The little Arab hesitated a moment, and then, in a tone that plainly indicated the intensity of his desire, he said:

"Well, I thought I'd like ter see the picter yer made o' that boy an' the dog in a wagon."

"All right," replied the artist, and crossing the room to where the picture stood, faced to the wall, he picked it up and placed it on an easel.

The boy stood and looked at it, with evident delight and pleasure depicted on his face. Suddenly, however, he turned, and with considerable embarrassment, as though he knew he was presuming, he said: "Mr. Nicholl, it's er dandy, but you've made a mistake in it."

"What!" ejaculated the artist. "A mistake; where?"

"Why," said the boy, a little triumphantly, "you've forgot to put in any 'bolster' on the front axletree."

Nicholl stepped forward, looked at the picture a moment, and sure enough the boy was right. The front end of the wagon bed was resting on nothing. He quickly seized crayon, put in the missing piece by merely making a deep shadow where he had left a high light, and the defect was remedied.

The urchin watched the process of correction, and then, after a critical and satisfied look at the picture, and remarking, "That's bully," he slung his kit over his shoulder and went out.

"The strangest thing, though," said Mr. Nicholl, in telling the story, "is how that picture should have hung on exhibition for two weeks, where it was admired and criticised by hundreds, and none of whom saw the blunder I had made, and that bootblack should discover it the minute he saw it. The point was, the boy was posted on all the points about a dog and wagon. It taught me a lesson I have never forgotten—that almost any person can give you suggestions about something that are worth having."—Arkansaw Traveler.

A Rural Districter.

The average New Yorker is likely to think of his friends in smaller cities as hardly equal to himself in keen business sagacity, but now and then somebody from a small town or even from the country shows himself in this quality quite worthy of the metropolis. A New Englander, who may be called Mr. Higgins, a man who stands six feet two in his stockings and is well proportioned, landed from a Sound steamer the other morning and was greeted with the familiar "Good morning, Mr. Higgins! So glad to see you here! But I'm afraid you don't remember me." The usual introduction and explanations followed, and then Mr. Higgins started with the stranger to "call on some friends." After walking a few blocks they came into a small side street, and here Mr. Higgins interrupted the flow of reminiscences by setting down his valise on the sidewalk and laying his overcoat upon it. This surprised his companion, who asked: "What is the matter, Mr. Higgins? What are you going to do?"

"I am going," replied Mr. Higgins calmly, "to lick a bunco steerer within an inch of his life."

But the New Yorker, who had no taste for sparring matches, had suddenly remembered an engagement in another part of the city.—New York Tribune.

Electric Conveniences.

One of the ingenious members of the New York Electrical club has designed a door opener which relieves the disgusted traveler or visitor from the necessity of shoving a heavy mass of wood with his hands, or of wearing out the toes of his boots in kicking it back.

A metallic plate set in the floor a foot from the threshold is marked "door opener." The caller treads upon it in the same style as the peaceful street car horse treads upon the clumsy iron switch plates which now ornament every street where this style of locomotion is in vogue. The plate yields a quarter inch to the pressure of the foot and forms a circuit, which immediately starts a tiny electromotor, that in turn opens the door, despite door spring, air valve or counterweight. The moment the visitor passes in the plate is thrown back by a coiled spring to its former position, the circuit is broken and the door closes itself with or without a resonant bang, as may be desired.

With swing doors the plate is inset on both sides of the portal. With double church doors two pairs of plates are arranged so that the sexton can connect or disconnect each pair. When the plates are connected the worshiper's foot opens both doors, but when disconnected only one.—Philadelphia Times.

Taming a Bird.

No creature is more jealous or sensitive than a bird, says Olive Thorne Miller in The Home Maker. It is easy, however, to win the heart of almost any bird, and without starving him or making him think he has mastered you. Simply talk to him a good deal. Place his cage near you on your desk or work table, and retain his choicest dainty to give to him with your own fingers. Let him know that he can never have that particular thing unless he takes it from you, and he will soon learn, if you are patient and do not disconcert him by fixing your eyes upon him. After this he will more readily take it from your lips, and then when you let him out of his cage, after the first excitement is over, he will come to you, especially if you have a call you have accustomed him to, and accept the dainty from you while free. As soon as he becomes really convinced that you will not hurt him, or try to catch him, or interfere in any way with his liberty, he will give way to his boundless curiosity about you; he will pull your hair, pick at your eyes and give you as much of his company as you desire.

A Novel Costume.

A New York society woman had a ball dress made of white satin which had before making been run through the press of one of the great dailies, so that her costume was the news of the day. She won the prize for the most novel costume.—Chicago Herald.

Forests and Rainfall.

It seems idle to discuss further the influence of forests upon rainfall from the economic point of view, as it is evidently too slight to be of the least practical importance. Man has not yet invented a method of controlling rainfall.—Henry Gannett in Science.

NIAGARA'S RIVAL.

WONDROUSLY BEAUTIFUL SHOSHONE AND SALMON FALLS.

A River Running in a Channel Which Looks Like the Grave of a Volcano Robbed of Its Dead—An Entrancing Scene Poetically Painted.

The lava beds of Idaho are a marked feature of that territory. Starting near the eastern boundary they extend southwesterly for a long distance, and are from about 300 to 900 feet in depth. This mass was once a river of molten fire, the making of which must have succeded a convulsion of nature more terrible than any ever witnessed by mortals, and long years must have passed before the awful fiery mass was cooled. To the east of the source of this lava flow the Snake river bursts out of the hills, becoming almost at once a sovereign river, and flowing at first southwesterly and then bending westerly, cuts through the lava fields nearly in the center of the territory, reckoned from east to west, and about forty miles north of its southern border, and flowing thence with great curves merges finally with the Columbia.

The two rivers combined make one of the chief waterways of the continent, and here and there taking on pictures of great beauty. On the Snake there are several falls. The American falls, a few miles west of Pocatello, are beautiful. Some sixty miles below are the Twin falls, where the river, divided into two nearly equal parts, falls 180 feet. They are grand. Three miles further on, and nearly due south, and twenty-six miles away from the town of Shoshone, on the Oregon Short Line railroad, are the Shoshone falls, and a few miles further on the Salmon falls.

THE BRIDAL VEIL AND TRAIN.

Never anywhere else was there such a scene; never anywhere else was so beautiful a picture hung in so rude a frame; never anywhere else on a background so forbidding and weird were so many glories clustered. Around and beyond there is nothing but the desert, sere, silent, lifeless; as though desolation had builded there everlasting thrones to Sorrow and Despair.

Away back in remote ages, over the withered breast of the desert, a river of fire 100 miles wide and 400 miles long was turned. As the fiery mass cooled, its red waves became transfixed and turned black, giving to the double desert an indescribably blasted and forbidding face. But while this river of fire was in flow a river of water was fighting its way across it, or has since made the war and forged out for itself a channel through the mass. This channel looks like the grave of a volcano that has been robbed of its dead.

But right between its crumbling and repellant walls a transfiguration appears. And such a picture! A river, as lordly as the Hudson or the Ohio, springing from the distant, snow crested Tetons, with waters transparent as glass, but green as emerald, with majestic flow and ever increasing volume, sweeps on until it reaches the point where the grand display begins.

Suddenly, in different places in the river bed, jagged, rocky reefs are upraised, dividing the current into four rivers, and these, in a mighty plunge of eighty feet downward, dash on their way. Of course the waters are churned into foam and roll over the precipice white as are the garments of the morning when no cloud obscures the sun. The loveliest of these falls is called "The Bridal Veil," because it is made of the lace which is woven with a warp of falling waters and a woof of sunlight. Above this and near the right bank is a long trail of foam, and this is called "The Bridal Train." The other channels are not so fair as the one called "The Bridal Veil," but they are more fierce and wild and carry in their furious sweep more power.

WREATHED IN A RAINBOW HALO.

One of the reefs which divides the river in mid-channel runs up to a peak, and on this a family of eagles have through the years, may be through the centuries, made their home and reared their young, and on the verge of the abyss and amid the full echoes of the resounding roar of the falls. Surely the eagle is a fitting symbol of perfect fearlessness and of that exultation which comes with battle clamors.

But these first falls are but a beginning. The greater splendor succeeds. With swifter flow the startled waters dash on and within a few feet take their second plunge in a solid crescent, over a sheer precipice, 210 feet to the abyss below. On the brink there is a rolling crest of white, dotted here and there in sharp contrast, with shining eddies of green, as might a necklace of emerald shimmer on a throat of snow, and then the leap and fall.

Here more than foam is made. Here the waters are shivered into fleecy spray, whiter and finer than any miracle that ever fell from an India loom, while from the depths below an everlasting vapor rises—the incense of the waters to the waters' God. Finally, through the long unclouded days, the sun sends down his beams and, to give the startling scene its crowning splendor, wreaths the terror and the glory in a rainbow halo. On either sullen bank the extremities of its arc are anchored, and there in its many colored robes of light it lies outstretched above the abyss like wreaths of flowers above a sepulcher. Up through the glory and the terror an everlasting roar ascends, deep toned as the voice of fate, a diapason like that the rolling ocean chants when his eager surges come rushing in to greet and fiercely woo an irresponsive promontory.—Salt Lake Tribune.

Required of a Doctor.

Dr. W. F. Kier says: Of all the professions, I think the medical must be the most exacting. No one has any idea of the amount of work a physician of any practice must perform, and the strain he must be under. In the first place, he never knows whether he is going to get a night's sleep or not, unless he simply makes a rule that he will not take it unless it is very urgent. Then, when he gets up in the morning, he finds a half dozen or two dozen calls, from all directions, which, in a large city like St. Louis, means a great deal of traveling. Starting out on these, he returns for office hours, works without a spare minute there, and then is out again. Then comes dinner, more office hours, another round of calls, and night office hours again, the day being filled up from early until late without allowing a moment's pleasure, or even relaxation. Such a physician should never invite company, to entertain them, unless it is of friends who will not feel bad if they have to dine alone.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Largest Known Flower.

The largest known flower is the rafflesia, an extraordinary parasite of the forest trees of Sumatra, which measures three feet in diameter, weighs fifteen pounds and has a calyx holding six quarts. The odor is that of tainted meat. The plant consists only of the flower, growing directly on the stem of its host.—Arkansaw Traveler.

An English Invention.

An Englishman has invented a brake by which any person in a compartment car can turn a lever and stop the train. At the same time a white disk will appear outside of the compartment to notify the conductor in which carriage the brake has been used.—Boston Budget.

AN ILLUSTRATION

Of the value of extensive and judicious advertising of any article of undoubted merit is found in the remarkable success of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., which has simply been phenomenal, even in this age of great enterprises.

Organized a few years ago to manufacture a new and more perfect remedy than had ever been produced, a laxative with original and attractive features, prepared from delicious fruits and health-giving plants, one which would be pleasant and refreshing to the taste, as well as really beneficial to the system, the management very wisely concluded to select the leading newspapers throughout the United States to make known to the public the merits of the new remedy, Syrup of Figs. As happens with every valuable remedy, cheap sub-titutes are being offered to the public, but with the general diffusion of knowledge it is becoming more difficult each day to impose on the public. Health is too important to be trifled with and reputable druggists will not attempt to deceive the public, as they all know that Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., of San Francisco, Cal., Louisville, Ky., New York, N. Y. Do not accept any cheap, non-advertised imitations if offered.

A philosopher is a man who can feel as easy over his own troubles as he does over his neighbor's. There are no philosophers.

HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT

For the Miserable Failures Under the "Old" Practice of Medicine?—Because It is All Guesswork.

FRIDAY HARBOR, March 18, 1890.

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: I wish to add my testimony to the many other miraculous cures which you have performed with your Histogenetic System of Medicine. I was very sick with pneumonia—sick unto death they said—when your agent, Capt. J. Edwards of Lopez Island, who was stopping at my hotel, came to see me and told me that he could cure me. I commenced to take your medicine, which the agent always carries with him, and can truthfully say that I commenced to recover right away. I also had a very high fever, for which he gave me medicine, and the fever left me the first night, and your agent, who waited on me and gave me your medicine every half hour according to your directions, stated to me that it only took 25 cents worth of medicine to break the fever. The third day after taking your medicine I could get out of bed and walk about the house, and have been steadily improving ever since. The sixth day I was able to get out of doors, and I think another week of your treatment will make a new man of me.

Please print this to let all sufferers know that they need not suffer any longer if they only take your Histogenetic Medicine. With a feeling of thankfulness that by your valuable discovery of the science of medicine you are able to relieve much suffering and for the unremitting care of your agent, Capt. Edwards, I remain, sir, very truly yours, JAMES ROSS.

Proprietor San Juan Hotel, Friday Harbor, San Juan county, Wash.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of March, 1890.

J. L. FARNSWORTH,
Justice of the Peace.

DR. JORDAN'S office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James.

Consultation and prescriptions absolutely FREE.

Send for free book explaining the Histogenetic system.

CAUTION. The Histogenetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription; "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan's Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

Hojack (to his wife)—If you're waking, call me early. Mrs. Hojack—If I'm not waking, I suppose I can call you Tom, as usual.

Dr. Wallace Ely has removed his offices to 215 Powell street, San Francisco, Cal., where he continues to give special attention to Kidneys, Bladder, Prostate Gland and all diseases arising therefrom. Diabetes and Bright's Disease treated according to the latest approved method. Most cases can be treated successfully by correspondence. Consultations daily from 10 A. M. to 4 P. M. WALLACE ELY, M. D., 215 Powell street, four doors from Geary street, San Francisco, Cal.

Why is a pretty girl like a bank note? Because they both have a fare value.

DISORDERS WHICH AFFECT THE KIDNEYS

Are among the most formidable known. Diabetes, Bright's disease, gravel and other complaints of the urinary organs are not ordinarily cured in severe cases, but they may be averted by timely medication. A useful stimulant of the urinary glands has ever been found in Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a medicine which not only affords the requisite stimulus when they become inactive, but increases their vigor and secretive power. By increasing the activity of the kidneys and bladder this medicine has the additional effect of expelling from the blood impurities which it is the peculiar office of those organs to eliminate and pass off. The Bitters is also a purifier and strengthener of the bowels, an invigorant of the stomach and a matchless remedy for biliousness and fever and ague. It counteracts a tendency to premature decay, and sustains and comforts the aged and infirm.

The Chicagoans are complaining of cold street cars. They ought to insure hot passengers.

Did you ever go within a mile of a soap factory? If so, you know what material they make soap of. Dobbins' Electric Soap factory is as free from odor as a chair factory. Try it once. Ask your grocer for it. Take no imitation.

It is estimated that a man walks half a mile in putting on a stiff collar.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars' Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm. WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, 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.

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

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.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY FOR THE BLIND.

Dr. La Grange wishes to make known his *New Treatment* for the cure of all diseases of the Eye—*Cataract, Defective Vision, Inflammation*, etc., without Operation or Pain. The remedy can be applied by the patient, and is simple, safe and sure in its effects, strengthening the muscles and nerves of the eye, removing pain almost instantaneously. It is a marvelous discovery and a blessing to the sufferer.

For further particulars address with stamped envelope R. J. LA GRANGE, M. D., 215 Powell St., fourth door from Geary, San Francisco, Cal.

Office hours—11 till 3.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and Itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price, 50c and $1 per box.

WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO.,
Proprietors, Cleveland, O.

With "No Trade Secrets to Keep" came "Fruits and Fruit Trees," chuck full of just the information one wants. The title does not give a notion of its real value—send to Stark Bros. Nurseries, Louisiana, Mo., for the book.—*Farmers' Guide.*

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

A Pure Cream of Tartar Powder
Superior to every other known
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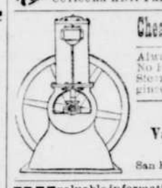

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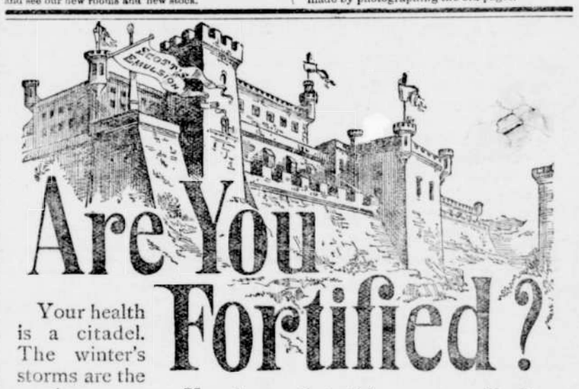

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