There's a good deal of guarantee business in the store keeping of to-day. It's too excessive. Or too reluctant. Half the time it means nothing. Words—*only words.* This offer to refund the money, or to pay a reward, is made under the hope that you won't want your money back, and that you won't claim the reward. Of course.

So, whoever is honest in making it, and works—not on his own reputation alone, but through the local dealer whom you know, must have something he has faith in back of the guarantee. The business wouldn't stand a year without it.

What is lacking is confidence. Back of that, what is lacking is that clear honesty which is above the "average practice."

Dr. Pierce's medicines are *guaranteed* to accomplish what they are intended to do, and their makers give the money back if the result isn't apparent.

Doesn't it strike you that a medicine which the makers have so much confidence in, is the medicine for you?

Citizen—Why stand ye here all the day idle? Loungers—We are city employes.

THROUGH THE WEARY HOURS

Of many a night, made doubly long by its protracted agony, the rheumatic sufferer tosses to and fro on his sleepless couch, vainly praying for that rest which only comes by fits and starts. His malady is one which ordinary medicines too often fail to relieve, but there is ample evidence to prove that the efficient blood depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, affords the rheumatic a reliable means of relief. Check the malady in its incipient stages, when the first premonitory twinges come on, with this agreeable medicine, and avoid years of torture. Whatever be the rationale of the active influence of the Bitters upon this malady, certain it is that no evidence relating to its effect is more direct and positive than that which relates to its action in cases of rheumatism. Like all sterling remedies, however, it deserves a protracted, systematic trial, and should not be abandoned because not at once remedial. It is equally efficacious in dyspepsia, indigestion and a kindred diseases.

Shakespearean.—"What a touch of nature there is in the story of Adam and Eve!" "It certainly makes the whole world kin."

MAKE YOURSELF A NEW BODY.

Purge away the old, diseased and worn-out body, said Dr. Brandreth. Replace the discharged matters of the system with good, simple food, and thus build up a new and sound body in place of one feeble and diseased. Every man should know that he must be "renewed" at least once in two or three years, else he would soon break down completely. This renewing process is easily brought about by purging with BRANDRETH'S PILLS. They put new life into old bodies.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

Clothes do not make the man, but the gay youth frequently owes a good deal to his tailor.

All who use Dobbins' Electric Soap praise it as the *best*, cheapest and *most economical* family soap made; but, if you will try it once, it will tell a still stronger tale of its merits *itself. Please* try it. Your grocer will supply you.

He is a very unusual man who hasn't a woman somewhere in the wide who is exaggerating his virtues.

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 & Lasey 838 Market street, San Francisco.

First Schoolboy—My mamma is At Home every Thursday. Second Schoolboy—Lor'! what days does she go out to work?

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

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust; no smell.

THIS AND THAT.

How it Works.

CURES **LUMBAGO.**

1636 Orleans St., Balto., Md., Feb. 26, '90. I was confined to the house two weeks with lumbago, but St. Jacobs Oil cured me; no return. WM. A. GOETZE.

CURES BRUISES.

Feuersville, Mo., Feb. 7, 1890. "St. Jacobs Oil is without a peer for pains, bruises, aches, &c." REV. T. G. HAWKINS, Pastor Baptist Church.

CURES SPRAINS.

Cincinnati, Ohio, April 2, 1890. I suffered with a sprained ankle which swelled very much. Found great relief in use of St. Jacobs Oil and swelling disappeared. MOLLIE HICKS.

ST. JACOBS OIL

The Great Remedy For Pain,

CURES ALSO

RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA.

A BIG FLOOD.

The only thing that will wet a man who wears a "Fish Brand Slicker" is a flood; but even then he must be under water. This statement may seem strong, but a coat that will stand a two days' storm without leaking and will not rip or tear, is sure to fill the bill. The additional advantage is that it costs less and wears longer than any other waterproof coat. Have you one? If not, why do you wait until it rains? Sold everywhere. Buy it now. It is a great mistake to wait until it rains to buy a waterproof coat. The time to buy is when the dealer has a clean, fresh stock. Be sure the coat is stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark, and you will get the best waterproof coat ever made. 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.

No Use for Escapes.

I reached Memphis at a time when the hotels were crowded, but managed to secure a small room close to a fire escape looking down into the alley. I had scarcely entered it when a gentleman who gave his name, and represented that he was a Chicago broker, knocked at the door and said he wanted to ask a favor.

"I am a great coward about fire," he explained. "My room is on the front, far better than yours, and yet I shall be only too glad to exchange with you."

I went to see his room and then gladly exchanged. It was one of the best in the house. At about midnight that night, while all were soundly sleeping, a fire broke out in the kitchen. The electric annunciators were put on, and everybody was soon out of bed. Not knowing where the fire was, or how imminent the danger, a dozen of us made for the alley fire escape in a body. We were hurrying down the hall when a figure ran into us upsetting two or three, and with a wild yell passed on. No one tried the escape. We waited for a while, and by and by got word that the fire was out.

An hour later an officer brought in a man clad only in his shirt, who had been found a mile away. It was the broker. He had gone down four pairs of stairs and ran until exhausted.—New York Sun.

Hygiene a Profession.

There is room in the world for a new profession. If there were a class of sagacious educated men or women to go about and teach people in their own houses and on their own grounds what is essential for health, what is unwise in their daily practice and point out the risks to be avoided in the future, such wise men would be worth heavier fee than was ever yet paid physican for cure after the evil had been done.

It would not require superhuman gifts on entering a household for a few days to discover the remedy for many ills which sap the health and fortunes of the family—for the health and money go together. The heaviest tax a man pays in these days of tax oppression is that of ill health, not only in doctors' fees, but the actual money loss of service and productive labor.

The first necessity to restore an impaired heart or weakness of any kind he would say is warmth. With all worship of pure air, whose value is not to be overrated, the prime necessity for human existence is warmth. Warm clothing, warm houses, warm beds, warm offices, and not last, warm railway cars and waiting rooms.—Shirley Dare.

Old Style Comfort.

There is in Phenix a house which contains a guest chamber which has remained intact for over sixty years. The paper on the walls was hung when the house was made. Over in the corner is a canopied four post bedstead. This article of furniture is of cherry. The posts are wonderfully carved. There are a valance and a canopy of snow white muslin. In another corner is an aldermanic proportioned dressing case with full brass trimmings; over it a cheval glass of quaint construction.

The draperies at the single windows are the old style white muslin ones, with cord like embroideries. They are looped back by draping them over silvered glass knobs at each side. The blankets on the bed are evenly checked brown and white homespun, made by the first matron of the home. Many a tired head has rested on the tiny pillows of this little old fashioned guest chamber bed, and slept sweetly, confident that it was welcome, cherished and liked in that house. The thing about it all that is funny is the fact that the proprietors of this guest chamber have not the remotest idea that it is old styled.—Providence Journal.

An Old Maine Preacher.

One of the favorite preachers of old time Oxford county, Me., was Rev. Daniel Gould, of Rumford. He is said to have married over 400 couples; but became blind in his later years and could not see the brides, whom he invariably kissed. One young woman thought to play a trick upon him. She didn't wish to cross hands and vowed she wouldn't. "He's blind and will never know the difference," she said. Much to her amazement, however, when she extended her left hand in the ceremony, the priest said, "The other hand, please," and amid blushes and confusion the bride did cross hands after all. The secret of the episode was that a lad had overhead her conversation and told the old man of her design.—Lewiston Journal.

All by Himself.

An old army officer, according to Mrs. Custer, had a 4-year old boy who never tired of war stories. Again and again they were related to him till he knew them so well that he would not permit the slightest variation.

"The story is a little rough on me," said the officer, "but if you know a child you know that he wants a plentiful sprinkling of I's, and nothing told in the third person. So I kept on as he demanded, till one day he looked up in my face and said:

"'Father, couldn't you get any one to help you put down the rebellion?'"

Literary Persons and Advertisements.

I think that the average literary man (or woman) is given to looking upon the advertising pages of a periodical as so much waste space unworthy of attention. I know from experience that such an idea is wrong, as I gain much useful information from advertisements. I find that a publication that interests me has a class of advertisements that are also of value, and more than one idea for editorial use has originated while reading advertisements.—The Writer.

Liked Going Out.

"What part of the service did you like best?" queried Mrs. Reredos after church.

"The recessional," returned Mr. R.—Puck.

For chapped or cracked hands use a tea of witch hazel. It is also good for cankered mouth or throat, with golden seal and white sugar added.

LITTLE FIDDLERS.

A PEEP AT A MERRY SCHOOL OF YOUTHFUL VIOLINISTS.

Like a Concert of Katydids When the Two Hundred Children Draw Their Bows. Budding Virtuosos Taking the First Lesson—A Kind Professor.

Fancy 200 little fiddlers all fiddling away at once! Fancy the noise! Fancy the fun! It is like a concert of katydids to hear them, and like stirring up a shoal of sand fiddlers to see them running up and down the steep stairs to and fro from their lessons. Moreover, it is like trying to catch an old granddaddy sand fiddler to catch one of these little youngsters and ask him how he learned to fiddle and when and where. Saturday afternoon is the time to see these baby virtuosos in their glory. From east, from west, from Harlem and Hoboken they come skipping along by twos, by threes, with maids in attendance, to worship at the shrine of the violin. Professor Watson, of Fourteenth street, is master of this marvelous school, and he draws no lines regarding sex, age or previous condition. Rich and poor alike come and are treated to the same free instruction.

PUPILS OF ALL KINDS.

"You would be astonished," he said, as the unique entertainment drew to a close, "to know some of the names that are among the two thousand we have on our books already. No one, no matter how rich he may be, cares to throw away money on finding out simply whether a child's fancy is a natural taste or a whim. So people who know of the school send their boys and girls to me. I can soon find out if the child has any cleverness, and I immediately notify them. If the boy of rich parents likes his violin, they naturally buy him a good instrument and engage a teacher. Other children come and go, more as their own fancy dictates, but they usually have some one, an older sister, or an aunt or a grandmother, who takes pride in their little fiddlings and soon buys for them a violin of their own, which they can take home and practice on to their hearts' content. In that way I get a partial recompense for my time and trouble, and at the same time I have the satisfaction of knowing that I have been able to keep some children's minds away from worse things during their first few years."

It was 2 o'clock when the youngsters began to arrive. Some fly down the street as if they moved on steel springs, grinning happy little grins of satisfaction as they pound on sturdy legs up to the rooms above. Others, coming for the first time, wander open mouthed along the street, asking now a hand organ man, and now a policeman, if they know "where the music man's place is." Unless they know Professor Watson's name they are apt to have some trouble in finding him, for Fourteenth street is full of "music men." At last they see some other little boy with a fiddle and their troubles are all over.

Once upstairs, their real troubles are usually over, but the poor, unhappy kids do not seem to think so. A little twist catches their tongues as they start upstairs, and by the time they have reached the office a double bow knot could not tie them any tighter. The professor's daughter takes them in hand first and, after their unruly little members get limbered up a bit, finds out all about each new pupil. Then she passes them along to the next room, where they make their professional bow to one of the teachers, to say nothing of their first violin. They stand around in helpless rows until the busy professor comes flying along, then one by one are stood out in the middle of the floor, their knees joggling beneath them, and set to work.

THE FIRST LESSON.

"Feet so!" says the professor, his right heel in the hollow of his left foot.

Invariably the left heel drags itself up to the right foot.

"Brrr!" says the professor. "You would tip over on your nose if you tried to stand so! Now the violin under your chin, so that your cheek just rests on it to keep it steady. Hands off the strings, but holding the case, so! Elbow down. Bow in your right hand. Oh, no, never, my boy. That's a good way to hold a saw, but it's a bad way to hold a violin bow. There, look you. Thumb so! First and second fingers so—last two fingers so."

Very clumsy the pudgy little fingers are to begin with, but in a few minutes when the violin fright is worn off the fingers begin to limber up, and in a surprisingly short time these babies are sawing away as natural as life.

In far less time than it would take a greater mind these youngsters know each string as well as they know their own names, better in fact, than they knew them when they faced Miss Watson in the office. Then they are crazy for a tune. Before any one could believe it possible their shrewd little wits have conquered the mysteries of the staff and the notes, and they are sawing away at e, a, d, g, d, a, e, with all the gusto of artists. The next step is to twist the little fingers so they can slide up and down the strings and pinch them down at the proper points, and as soon as that is done there begin to grow variations of the first wonderful theme.

To an outsider the hour on a busy Saturday afternoon is a wonderful sight. The mental dexterity with which the clever professor handles his small schedulars, his patience, and the interest which he takes in the poorest and least clever of these little free pupils, is something to be admired. Professor Watson was the famous Ole Bull's manager, and when he finds a child whose heart goes out into the old fiddle that snuggles up under his chin he takes him about through the rooms and tells stories of the great master, and shows him the pictures and relics that hang about the wall, the watch which was his gift and, choicest treasures of all, his violins.—New York World.

Name of a Class Color.

The unique name of a class color in a university not far from Boston is "No. 8." When the freshman class met to select its color it found the duty full of difficulties. What color could be chosen which had not already been appropriated by the preceding classes? After much discussion a committee was appointed to secure samples of colors, and in due time a card, to which bits of ribbon were attached, was presented to the consideration of the class. A unique color, between the shades of peacock green and peacock blue, was the result of the vote. Unfortunately no one knew what to call the color. It was neither blue nor green. Finally one freshman had a bright idea. He proposed that the color should be called "No. 8," the mark of the sample of ribbon upon the card, and by unanimous vote his suggestion was adopted.—Chicago Times.

SHE MARRIED A SCHOLAR.

Oh, she said she'd never marry any Tom and Dick and Harry,
She'd wed some famous scientist of learning and renown;
But her Tom was quite commercial, and of Agassiz and Herschel
He was as ignorant, she said, as any circus clown.

So she gave poor Tom the mitten, and as meek as any kitten
He went to making money and forgot his wild despair;
Forgot, I say; at any rate he hastened to degenerate
Into a sordid business man, a trifling millionaire.

But she wed a scientific, and his tastes were quite terrific
For various kinds of insects and for toads and other game;
And instead of plaques and pictures, rattlesnakes and boa constrictors
He'd take into his sitting room to ornament the same.

As a zealous decorator he preferred an alligator
To a statue of Minerva or a bust of Henry Clay;
And you ought to hear him talk awhile of his bouncing baby crocodile
That he played with in his parlor just to while the time away;

And his cobra di capello, a very charming fellow,
Through his dressing room and bedroom used to nonchalantly drift;
And an elephant's proboscis and two young rhinoceroses
He presented to his children as a fitting Christmas gift.

But he sold his wife's piano to buy ipecacuanha
To feed his hippopotamus to ease his stomach aches,
And a shark ate up his baby, for you know how hungry they be,
And he went and pawned his overcoat to feed his rattlesnakes. —Yankee Blade.

Latter Day Tyrants.

Customer—This steak is raw on one side and burnt on the other.

Unfed Waiter—Yes, sah.

"And it's greased all over with oleo or something worse; tastes as if flavored with kerosene and garlic."

Waiter—Yes, sah.

"Take it back, tell the cook what the matter is and see if he can't give me something fit to eat."

Waiter (entering kitchen)—Steak for one.—Omaha World.

Well Qualified.

Plumber (to applicant for work)—Where were you employed last?

Applicant—I was making out bills for an iceman all summer, and—

Plumber—That's enough! You may consider yourself engaged for the winter.—New York Sun.

Met His Waterloo.

"Jes' a minute, if you please," said a man in western Nebraska as he came out of a house and hailed us as we were going past. "Did you happen to notice the school house much when you come past it down here a mile?"

"Yes, we saw it."

"School wasn't called yet, I reckon?"

"No."

"Was the boys out havin' a ring rastle an' whoopin' a good deal like Injuns?"

"No; everything was very quiet."

"School house broke up any—winders gone or door stove in?"

"Guess not."

"See anything of the teacher?"

"Yes; saw him through the door, sitting with his feet on the desk reading a book."

"Was, hey? Seemed calm?"

"He appeared that way."

"See anything of a big, raw boned boy, with long arms an' big hands, wearin' a high felt hat painted red, white 'n' blue?"

"Yes; we noticed him."

"Wa'n't he walkin' 'round talkin' loud with his thumb under one gallus an' a chip on his shoulder?"

"No. He was sitting on the ground near the school house, with his back against a tree. His nose was all bloody, his arms were hanging down, and he looked sick. His clothes were about half torn off of him, and one of the small boys was carrying his striped hat full of water to him from the creek."

"Well, I sw'ar if that don't beat me! Didn't holler no slang at you or offer to fight you?"

"I don't think he saw us at all—one eye was closed up."

"I expect—nothing s'prises me now! I reckon the plan didn't work."

"What was it?"

"W'y, that feller's my boy, you see, an' he 'lowed to lick the teacher this mornin', but I reckon from what you say something went wrong somewhere. The teacher gave him a longer 'rithmetic lesson than he orter, an' says I to him, 'Hop onto the little dood an' whale him—jes' show him that you understand what's the matter o' Hanner!' Bill said that he'd do it an' that I'd better see the other two school off'cers an' git another teacher somewhere, 'cause there wouldn't be enough o' this un left to wad a gun when he got done with him. Says he, 'Pap, don't be scart if you notice small pieces of a school teacher fallin' 'round here 'long durin' the forenoon!' One eye shet an' his nose bloody! An' Bill al'ays claimed he was a fighter, too! I'll be teetotally chawed if he ain't been trottin' in the wrong class for two years. When he gits home if I don't bring out the old strap an' larrup him myself then you can shoot me. A black eye an' nose all bloody! Say, wait till 4:30 o'clock an' you'll see a big, lazy, double fisted fraud of a boy git pounded all to pieces by his old father!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Average Man.

One of the most galling tyrannies of modern life is that of the "average man." Who ever saw the average man? Is any one acquainted with any one who ever did? Has any one any reason to believe that the average man ever existed? The fact of the matter is that the average man is a myth. He never did and never will exist. He is a philosophical abstraction, a stage property of the metaphysician, a straw man set up to be worshiped or reviled, as the case may be. Yet people always bow down to him and talk in whispers about his thoughts, his moods, his needs and desires. They are rejoiced when he is supposed to smile, and are cast down when he frowns.

Statisticians burn the midnight oil in order to "do sums" about him. Statesmen give up their lives to his service. Political economists look solemn as they take his measure. Physicians explain how he may keep well, and preachers adjust the message of the gospel to his comprehension. Yet, of all the myriads of men who have ever lived each one differs more or less from the supposed average man. Who will deliver the world from the tyrannical rule of the average man?—Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

THE DISCOVERY OF WHAT IS TRUE

And the Practice of That Which is Good are the Two Most Important Objects of Life.

SEATTLE, Wash., April 20, 1891.

Three years ago my son was taken sick with pneumonia, which left him with a terrible cough. He got gradually worse, and continually expectorated pus. We traveled around in different parts of California with him, consulting doctor after doctor. None of them could do him any good. He got so very bad that after coming to Seattle we had a half-dozen prominent physicians here in town to see him. They said his left lung was all gone, and that he could not possibly live. Hearing of Dr. Jordan, we sent for him. He came up, and pronounced it a bad case, but said he thought he could pull him through all right. He commenced to pick up right away, and in a couple of months was able to go to work.

We cannot be thankful enough to Dr. Jordan for what his medicines have done for my dear son. We now use nothing but the Histogenetic Medicines in case of sickness.

HANNAH JOHNSTON,
2,026 Second street,
Seattle, Wash.

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.

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.

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—1 till 3.

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

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.

"German Syrup"

Croup. We have selected two or three lines from letters freshly received from parents who have given German Syrup to their children in the emergencies of Croup. You will credit these, because they come from good, substantial people, happy in finding what so many families lack—a medicine containing no evil drug, which mother can administer with confidence to the little ones in their most critical hours, safe and sure that it will carry them through.

ED. L. WILLITS, of Alma, Neb. I give it to my children when troubled with Croup and never saw any preparation act like it. It is simply miraculous.

Mrs. JAS. W. KIRK, Daughters' College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I have depended upon it in attacks of Croup with my little daughter, and find it an invaluable remedy.

Fully one-half of our customers are mothers who use Boschee's German Syrup among their children. A medicine to be successful with the little folks must be a treatment for the sudden and terrible foes of childhood, whooping cough, croup, diphtheria and the dangerous inflammations of delicate throats and lungs.

TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. *AS PALATABLE AS MILK. Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.*

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from ten drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer $100 for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

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

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It must puzzle the Presidential candidates who have the grip to distinguish their "bees" from the buzz of quinine.

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.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

The Occidental Hotel, San Francisco, is universally pronounced by the public the model hotel of the Pacific Coast. Everything is perfection to the minutest detail, and guests are made to feel entirely at home. J. A. Hooper, Manager.

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.

VASELINE.

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United states, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline...10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade...15 "
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream...15 "
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice...10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented...10 "
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented...25 "
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline...25 "
—$1

Or for stamps any single article at the price named.

If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at 10 cents.

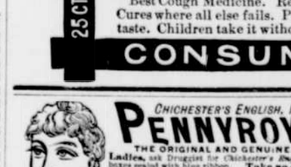
Chesebrough M'f'g Co., 24 State St., New York.

WANTED SOLDIERS' HOMESTEADS The addresses of all soldiers who *homesteaded* a less number of acres than 160 and made final proof on the same before June 22, 1874. W. E. MOSES, P. O. Box 765, Denver, Colo. Mention this paper.

BROOKLYN HOTEL. Bush St., bet. Montgomery & Sansome, S. F.; conducted on both the European and American plan. This Hotel is under the management of Charles Montgomery and is the best Family and Business Men's Hotel in San Francisco. Home comforts, cuisine unexcelled, first-class service, highest standard of respectability guaranteed. Board and room per day, $1.25 to $2.00; single room, 50 cents to $1.00 per night. Free coach to and from the Hotel.

TAKE IT
W. PFUNDER'S.
OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER.
CURES
KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES HEADACHE & COSTIVENESS

BIG G. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Strictures. Mf'd only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. Trade Mark. Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all the unnatural discharges and private diseases of men. A certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. A. J. STONER, M. D., DECATUR, ILL. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00.



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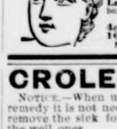

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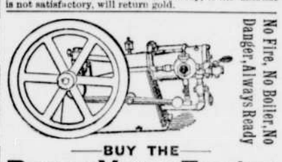

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