Let's reason together.

Here's a firm, one of the largest the country over, the world over; it has grown, step by step, through the years to greatness—and it sells patent medicines!—ugh!

"That's enough!"—

Wait a little—

This firm pays the newspapers good money (expensive work, this advertising!) to tell the people that they have faith in what they sell, *so much faith* that if they can't benefit or cure they don't want your money. Their *guarantee* is not indefinite and relative, but *definite* and *absolute*—if the medicine doesn't help, your money is "*on call.*"

Suppose every sick man and every feeble woman tried these medicines and found them worthless, who would be the loser, you or they?

The medicines are Doctor Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery," for blood diseases, and his "Favorite Prescription," for woman's peculiar ills. If they help toward health, they cost $1.00 a bottle each! If they don't, *they cost nothing!*

A man is frequently known by the company he keeps out of.

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 deputent, 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 kindred diseases.

However great some men's abilities are, their liabilities are greater.

WHAT BRANDRETH'S PILLS DO.

In BRANDRETH'S PILLS the true life medicine has been found, composed as they are of numerous vegetables so combined that each multiplies the virtues of the rest. They never can do any harm. Their action is always the same, no matter how long or in what doses they are taken. They purge away the waste particles of the system. They recruit the animal vigor, and arrest the progress of decay. They purify the blood. They stimulate the liver. They invigorate digestion. They open the pores. They make the bowels do the work of the kidneys, thus giving those organs an oftimes needed rest. One or two at night for a week will demonstrate their power, and is generally sufficient to cure ordinary diseases.

A heavy purse is an excellent counter-weight to a I gut h art.

Five cents saved on soap; five dollars lost on rotted clothes. *Is that economy?* There is not 5 cents' difference between the cost of a bar of the poorest soap made and the *best*, which is, as all know, Dobbins' Electric.

Home is next to the last place a man can go. If he can't go home, he goes to the dogs.

Rheumatism
—IS—
PROMPTLY CURED BY
St. Jacobs Oil

Cures Also: Neuralgia, Lumbago, Sciatica, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Wounds, Swellings, Soreness, Frost-bites, Stiffness, All Aches.

THE Chas. A. Vogeler Co., Baltimore, Md.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

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

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

CONSUMPTION,

SCROFULA, BRONCHITIS and CHRONIC COUGH or SEVERE COLD.

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

Nebraska Farm Lands to Exchange.

Fine farm lands in Nebraska to exchange for Oregon or Washington real estate. H. E. NOBLE, Concord building, 24 and Stark Sts., Portland.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR and STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young. Manual, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED or DISEASED PARTS OF BODY, Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Bona fide testimonials from 40 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs sealed (mailed free). Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

STEINWAY, Gabler and Pease Pianos

Meaning the BEST PIANO MADE, and the favorite cheaper Pianos; all Musical Instruments; Bands Supplied; large stock of Sheet Music. STEINWAY HALL, 106 and 108 Post Street; MATTHIAS GRAY CO. Call and see our new rooms and new stock.

FACTS ABOUT CIGARS.

TOLD BY A TOBACCONIST WHO HAS STUDIED THE SUBJECT.

The "Dry Smoke" Habit and How It Is Formed — Something About Wrappers and Fillers—Peculiarities of the Fragrant Havana—Some Heavy Smokers.

"Much has been written about cigars and smokers," said a La Salle street tobacconist, "but there are some things that haven't been told yet. For instance, do you know that 'dry' smoking is on the increase? A dry smoke is making away with the cigar without lighting it—crunching, chewing, crushing away on it with the teeth until the last particle of juice is extracted."

"What is the origin of this habit?" asked the reporter, as he puffed away at a fragrant Havana the cigar dealer had passed over to him.

"In nearly every case it begins with heart scare. You see, in some forms of dyspepsia the stomach distends with wind and presses a trifle against the heart. The smoker turns pale as he reflects that the red corpuscles of the blood have become triangulated, as his scientific doctor told him they would, and now he must give up smoking if he would live. But giving up smoking is, with most tobacco users, far easier said than done. Then comes the compromise. The frightened smoker holds the cigar in his mouth but does not light it. Every nerve in his body is a-quiver, and nothing but the extract of tobacco will allay that nervousness. The teeth press down upon the unlighted torch, the nicotinous fluid starts. This is a dry smoke. The man soon learns to like it, and the habit grows upon him just as the real fire smoke habit had done. But he is no better off. He gets fully as much tobacco into his system by that practice as by the other—in many cases more."

"Can a man get away with many cigars in that way?"

"I should say so. I have a customer—a well known attorney—who buys daily a box of twenty-five imported Havana cigars, for which he pays me $4.50, or eighteen cents apiece. He is wealthy and can afford the expense. He dry smokes these cigars pretty thoroughly, too. I have another customer—a real estate broker, and one of the most companionable and sociable of fellows—who buys thirty-five straight ten-cent domestic cigars every morning, and he smokes every one of them himself. Should he give one to a friend he buys another to take its place. He is systematic in all things, and he will smoke no more and no less than the number mentioned."

The reporter subsequently saw this broker, who confirmed the statement, and denied that his nerves or his health were in any wise affected by the large number of cigars he smoked.

"Men's whims and caprices are shown as decidedly in the matter of cigars as in anything in the world. A physician, and a popular one, too, smokes just seven cigars a day, no more and no less, and they are of a special brand. He has smoked them for thirteen years. During all this time, he assures me, he has never smoked one more or one less than seven a day. Physicians are called out so irregularly that one would least expect to find method in their ranks; yet he has a regular hour for smoking, and will let nothing interfere with it. He pays twenty-five cents apiece for his cigars."

"Is there such acute taste as that in cigars? Is it possible for a man to be educated up to a particular brand, so that he can enjoy no other?"

"Imagination plays a big part in that particular. A certain brand which has had a big run will suddenly grow unpopular. Smokers will declare the quality has depreciated, but such is not the case. Any honest manufacturer will seek above all things to maintain the quality. It's imagination. I demonstrated that once to my entire satisfaction. I had an excellent brand, which for convenience I'll call the 'Escurial,' but it palled on my customers' taste. Knowing it to be a splendid cigar, the best quality of goods I carried, I got the manufacturer to change the name to—well, let me call it 'The Amber,' and at once those who had rejected it under another name took to it handsomely. That was a year ago, and I have no more popular cigar in my entire stock."

"Has the color of the wrapper anything to do with the strength of cigars?"

"It has very little. You will observe how small a part of the weight it is. It is the filler, the great inside bulk, which determines the quality of a cigar's strength, and not the binder or the wrapper, neither of which constitutes a twentieth part of the volume of goods used."

"Concerning flavored Havana cigars?"

"There it is again. How often have I heard self styled connoisseurs in imported cigars invite attention to the delightful perfume in a certain brand and allege that therein is the virtue of the cigar.

"Let me tell you there is not a manufacturer in Havana who ever did or ever will export a scented cigar. They do place stems in a hogshead and fill it with water, and use the water when it becomes impregnated with the strength of the stems for the sprinkling of the tobacco when they work it. But this is done to give slightly added strength to the goods, not to perfume it. There is no essence or extract on the face of the earth that can compare in excellence from the smoker's standpoint, with the natural bouquet of choice tobacco grown in Cuba. Let me get back to the wrapper business to say this:

"Don't you know that the Sumatra wrapper is being used more and more by domestic manufacturers, not to impart any distinctive flavor, or to give strength or to take it away from the cigar, but in order to add to its coneliness, the leaf being very smooth and pretty? If the wrapper affected the strength of the cigar to any extent, or interfered in any degree with its flavor, manufacturers would not, as they do here daily in America, put a Sumatra wrapper around a filler of imported Havana tobacco which is of far better quality and of more desirable strength."—Chicago Herald.

Henry Was a Success.

"Tell me, Uncle Charles," pleaded Amelia, "do you think that Henry will make a good husband?"

"I think he will," replied Uncle Charles, without hesitation. "I offered him a cigar last evening, and he took it as freely as it was given. When he opened his coat in search of a match he exposed his waistcoat, and its two upper pockets were filled with cigars. I have no hesitation in saying that Henry will prove a saving, economical husband."—Boston Transcript.

THE OLD TIME PULPIT.

The Preacher Talked Plainly and Hearers Made Known Their Sentiments.

The people did not come simply to be taught, they came to be interested, to be moved, to hear evildoers, even if in high places, denounced unsparingly. With the gradual awakening of men's minds which came with the Sixteenth century, the power of the pulpit increased amazingly. The nation was divided into two schools of thought; the exponents of each side endeavored to persuade by means of the pulpit, while they coerced by means of the stake and the prison. "Have at them, Master Latimer, have at them!" cried the people who filled St. Paul's church yard to the preacher, as they made a passage for him to reach the cross. They had no idea of being listeners only—"passive buckets to be poured into"—they intended to show which way their sympathies went in the great question then agitating England, to mark approval or disapproval of sentiments delivered.

Thus, when shortly afterward Bishop Bonner was preaching from the same spot, some one in the crowd threw a dagger at him as emphatic mark of disapprobation. It is easy to note in the language of the sermons of that time how unrestrained the preacher was. Latimer, when he was preaching, scattered denunciations, epithets, invective, and sarcasm about him in a way which a modern audience would not appreciate. He attacks the judges for unfairness, for taking of bribes; the citizens of London for their selfishness, their greedy extravagance, "their brother," he cries, "shall die in the streets of cold, he shall lie sick at their door, and perish for hunger!" The ladies before him are reproved for their vanity, "laying out their hair in tussocks and tufts;" and for the general people he has such epithets as "you velvet coats, you upskips, you hodipoles, you doddypecks."

The preachers of that time could, moreover, employ that dangerous weapon, humor, which a modern preacher had best avoid. The people then were used to humor and understood it. Latimer was preaching once on the want of interest shown in church services, and blaming the clergy for it, he said: "A neighbor met a gentlewoman of London, and said: 'Mistress, whither goest thou?' 'Marry,' said she, 'I am going to St. Thomas of Acres, to the sermon. I could not sleep last night, and I am going now thither; I never failed of good sleep there.'" Sometimes his humor is bolder still. Preaching one day of Elias stopping the rain, he suddenly stopped and said: "I think there be some Elias about at this time which stoppeth the rain; we have not had rain a good while."—Temple Bar.

Heman Shows Billy a Trick.

William Sparks and Heman Bramard were exchanging fish tales, when Heman suggested that he should show his friend how to catch black bass. The offer was accepted. "Well, then," said Heman, "before we go I will let you into the secret. We must have at least two dozen shingles of the ordinary length and about four inches wide. The lines should be about three and a half feet long, passed through a hole in the center of the shingle."

"What do you bait them with?" inquired Billy.

"I was just going to tell you that. Bait the hooks with live frogs, so that they can swim about in the natural way. Attach one frog to each hook, and when the line, shingle, hook and frog are all arranged just drop them overboard and the big bass will go for the frogs."

The day for the fishing expedition arrived. The hooks were all baited and put into the water together, and Heman proposed that they should row away and fish for perch awhile, and then row back to pull in the lines. The water was a little rough, but the instructor said that was just what the occasion demanded, and he anticipated great sport a little later.

Said he: "As we row down you will see shingles bobbing up and down, and as you reach out after one it will disappear, and then you will see it on top of the water again, perhaps fifty feet away and so on until we get them."

They decided what to do with the bass and then rowed back. The shingles were coming in sight again, and as Heman pulled the oars Billy held his breath and gazed forward.

He thought he saw a shingle dive, but it was only his imagination, for there, placidly and unconcernedly on each and every shingle sat a baited frog.—New Haven News.

Telegraphing to a Moving Train.

The idea of telegraphing to moving trains had its inception as early as 1853, but of the many forms suggested all were impracticable in that they involved a mechanical contact between the train and the stationary conductor. Obviously it is not feasible to make a circuit, either through a sliding arm projecting from a car or by so modifying the track of a railroad that its rails may be utilized as electric conductors. But that this may be done by induction there can be no doubt, for its feasibility has been shown in daily practice upon the lines of the Lehigh Valley railroad for the past two years. A moving train may now receive messages passing along a neighboring wire almost as readily as New York communicates with Philadelphia by ordinary methods. Nor does the great speed of the train interfere with successful communication. If it could attain the velocity of a meteor, signals upon the wire would fly across the intervening space, inductively impressing themselves upon the metal roofs of the cars with the same certainty as if the cars were motionless upon a side track; and it is not even essential that the train and the line be separated by a clear air space, for non-conducting or non-magnetic substances may be interposed without impeding transmission. During the memorable blizzard of March, 1888, the capacity of the system, in this particular, was subjected to an instructive test on the Lehigh road.—Charles L. Buckingham in Scribner.

A Very Deep Well.

A firm of silk manufacturers at Northampton, Mass., about two years ago began sinking an artesian well there. It has now reached a depth of 3,440 feet. All but 200 feet of the boring has been through sandstone.—Boston Budget.

Like Produces Like.

Son (a hunter)—Please, father, buy me a setter.

Father (a broker)—If I have one good pointer today you shall have your wish.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

A GREAT GAME OF CHESS.

THE YOUNG MAN WHO BEAT THE PASHA FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The Long Bony Fingers of the Stranger Reminded the Turk of Another and Different Kind of Contest—There Was but One Man Who Could Play Such Chess.

On a summer afternoon, almost fifty years ago, Sulejmann Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Egyptian artillery, sat at coffee in a cafe on the Nile terrace in Cairo. At tables near him were many soldiers who had helped him fight the armies of Sultan Mahmud not many months before. Several of them had been with him in the battle of Nizib, when he routed the Turkish army under Hafiz Pasha and Col. von Moltke, then in the sultan's service. But Sulejmann Pasha was not thinking of the soldiers about him, nor of Hafiz Pasha, nor Col. von Moltke, nor the great battle of Nizib. His whole attention was concentrated on a chessboard before him.

Sulejmann Pasha was a famous chess player. In the first few weeks after his return to Cairo he had beaten dozens of times Ulema Reschid Aga, formerly the champion chess player of northern Egypt. He regarded his reputation as a chess player as somewhat akin to his reputation as a warrior. He considered chess to be pre-eminently a soldier's game, and never tired of making elaborate comparisons between strategy on the chess board and strategy on the field of battle. Every afternoon he met Ulema Reschid Aga at the cafe on the Nile terrace and beat him two or three games.

On this particular afternoon, almost fifty years ago, Ulema Reschid Aga was a little late in coming to his Waterloo, and Sulejmann Pasha was having a preliminary skirmish with himself while awaiting his opponent's arrival. His diversion was interrupted by the appearance on the terrace of a long, gaunt, bony young stranger. The stranger strode right up to the pasha's table, and after making a half military salute, said so loudly that every one on the terrace could hear:

"Pasha, I challenge you to a game of chess."

All the officers on the terrace sat quite still and stared at the thin, pale young man who stood before their great commander. The pasha looked him over curiously:

"I am at your service," was his answer, after a long pause. "How high do you usually play?"

"Sometimes for nothing, sometimes for a great deal. You fix the stakes, pasha."

"Well, a hundred ducats will not be too much."

The stranger nodded and sat down. The lots were cast. The game was begun. All the officers in the cafe left their coffee to crowd around the players. The first few moves convinced them that the long, bony fingers of the stranger had moved chess men many times before. At the end of twenty minutes the pasha's eyes suddenly brightened and he smiled. He had an invincible combination. He placed his queen before his opponent's queen. The officers began to grumble, for they thought their commander had lost his head. Only Reschid Aga, who had in the meantime joined the crowd of spectators, looked happy. He had guessed his friend's combination, and he, too, was sure that it was invincible.

"He will take the queen," commented the spectators, anxiously.

"Then he will be checkmated in eight moves," whispered back Reschid Aga.

"And if he doesn't take her?"

"He will lose his own," said the ex-champion, triumphantly.

The stranger moved a pawn. Sulejmann took his queen. The officers thought it was all up with the gaunt young man, and started back to their coffee. They were called back, however, by the first words the pasha's opponent had spoken since he sat down to the table.

"Pasha, in twelve moves you will be checkmated."

The interest of the pasha's friends became intense. They counted each move aloud. One—two—three—four—and the pasha was already hard pressed. Five—six—seven—eight—nine—and his men were hemmed in on all sides. Ten—the pasha tried in vain to break the blockade by sacrificing his queen. Eleven—he drew back his king into a corner. Twelve—and the stranger cried out: "Checkmate."

There was a dead silence, and all stared at the pasha. He thought hard for several minutes, without uttering a word. Then he looked searchingly into the stranger's face and said:

"Once before I have seen chess played as you play it. Your strategy is not new to me, although I cannot cope with it. The game that your playing reminds me of was much finer than this. It was played with cavalry and infantry and heavy artillery, till the ground shook under our feet. The great chess player from the north who was then against me had 150,000 men. In his hands they were invincible. The mad and envious interference of Hafiz Pasha ruined his combinations, however, and gave us the game."

The pasha stopped a moment to scrutinize the stranger's face. It was expressionless. Then he continued:

"Young man, you remind me of that great chess player from the north who all but routed us at Nizib, as you have routed me here. Young man, only one man in the world can play chess like that. He is Col. von Moltke."

"You have it," answered the stranger, reaching the pasha his hand. "I am Moltke."—New York Sun.

Horses Killed by Ticks.

A remarkable and disastrous plague to stock is now raging in Daviess county, Ind. During the last few weeks a number of farmers in various parts of that county have lost some of their finest horses. An investigation as to the cause of the strange occurrences brought to light what seems an incredulous state of affairs, but has proved an absolute fact. It was found that ticks are actually killing horses, which the pests attack in great swarms, and suck the blood from the animal until it is helpless and is relieved of its sufferings by death. Examinations show that the pests eat their way through the hide into the flesh. It is thought the ticks were brought by the Texas ponies, which have been sold here in the last few months. The ticks attack cows, but do not seem to have the same effect as on horses.—Exchange.

We're Twins.

"Johnny, are you older or younger than Jennie?"

"Why, Miss Reid, we're just the same age, we're twins, we've been twins ever since we was born."

TRUTH IS ESTABLISHED BY INVESTIGATION.

ALDERTON, Pierce Co., Wash., May 5, 1891. *Dr. Jordan, Seattle, Wash.*—DEAR SIR: I should have written to you before, but have neglected to do so. I am very thankful to say, however, that your medicines helped me very much. I feel like a different person. I removed the supporter the next week after I was to see you, and have felt very little pain since. I gained six pounds while I was taking the medicine. Will you please send me one of your books, and oblige. MRS. A. THORNTON.

EAST SOUND, Wash., May 1, 1891. *Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.*—DEAR SIR: Please find inclosed $5, for which send me medicines required. The medicine is doing its work fine. The third day after taking it my wife got up and went to the table, after being confined to her bed for four weeks. Respectfully, CHARLES E. BASFEARD.

BUCKLEY, Wash., April 25, 1891. *Dr. Jordan*—DEAR SIR: I received your medicine, and have taken it ever since. I am feeling ever so much better. The pain through my kidneys has all left, and the dizziness has nearly all gone. Please send me what medicine I need and oblige. J. W. DAVIS.

EAST SOUND, Wash., April 10, 1891. *Dr. Jordan*—DEAR SIR: I have been taking your medicine two weeks last Saturday, and there is a grand improvement in me in every way. My stomach is so much better, and I have a better appetite than I have had before for three months. The la grippe cough is almost entirely gone; bowels much more regular than they were, and I am gaining strength faster every day than I thought it possible for me to. Respectfully, C. ARMSTRONG.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James.

Consultations 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, Histogenetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

Never let a woman know she is not pretty.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

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

Light a cigarette and see the undertaker smile.

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.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

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

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

No other baking powder does such work.

"German Syrup"

The majority of well-read physicians now believe that Consumption is a germ disease. In other words, instead of being in the constitution itself it is caused by innumerable small creatures living in the lungs having no business there and eating them away as caterpillars do the leaves of trees. The phlegm that is coughed up is those parts of the lungs which have been gnawed off and destroyed. These little bacilli, as the germs are called, are too small to be seen with the naked eye, but they are very much alive just the same, and enter the body in our food, in the air we breathe, and through the pores of the skin. Thence they get into the blood and finally arrive at the lungs where they fasten and increase with frightful rapidity. Then German Syrup comes in, loosens them, kills them, expells them, heals the places they leave, and so nourish and soothe that, in a short time consumptives become germ-proof and well.

A Germ Disease.

TO THE SPORTSMAN.

Camp life has a peculiar charm; but, to truly enjoy it, you must be prepared for all kinds of weather. Did you ever catch your rubber coat on a sharp twig or rough rock, and spoil it the first day? Ask any hunter or sportsman who uses a "Fish Brand Slicker," how he likes them. He will tell you it is tent, blanket, and coat, all in one. Light, dry, and warm, and will stand any amount of hard usage. No need of being concerned about the weather. Why do you wait till it rains, when you can be provided for all weather if you buy a "Fish Brand Slicker" now? Don't wait. A day's delay may be the cause of a month's sickness; can you afford to take the risk? 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.

N. P. N. U. No. 389—S. F. N. U. No. 466

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

It is a poor mule that won't work both ways.

TO SPORTSMEN.

When you need any Sporting Goods of any description, write to H. T. HUDSON, Portland, Or., for prices and free catalogue, and you will save money.

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.

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

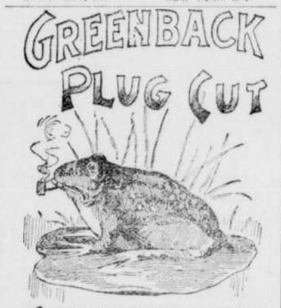
Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust; no smell.

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.

GREENBACK PLUG CUT



SMOKING TOBACCO HAS JUMPED TO THE FRONT THE BEST SMOKE IN A NOVEL AND CONVENIENT PACKAGE

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.

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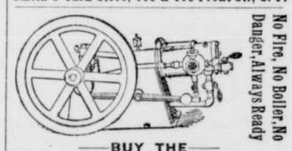

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