

Those who believe that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure them are more liable to get well than those who don't.

If you happen to be one of those who don't believe, there's a matter of \$500 to help your faith. It's for you if the makers of Dr. Sage's remedy can't cure you, no matter how bad or how long standing your catarrh in the head may be.

The makers are the World's Dispensary Medical Association of Buffalo, N.Y. They're known to every newspaper publisher and every druggist in the land, and you can easily ascertain that their words are as good as their bond.

Begin right. The first stage is to purify the system. You don't want to build on a wrong foundation, when you're building for health. And don't shock the stomach with harsh treatment. Use the milder means.

You wind your watch once a day. Your liver and bowels should act as regularly. If they do not, use a key.

The key is—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. One a dose.

A runaway horse and a mad dog have no conscience. Never dispute the right of way with either.

ACROSS THE DEEP, TO THE FAR WEST.

On steamboats, cars and stage coaches, hostess's stomach bitters is carried as the most important item in the medicine chest of the traveling public. It relieves indigestion, breaks up the biliousness, cures constipation and restores the stomach to its normal condition. It is an incomparable cure for indigestion, heartburn, flatulence, headache, dizziness, nervousness, and all the ailments that result from an impure and unwholesome diet. It is a perfect food for the stomach, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities. It is a perfect food for the stomach, and its use is recommended by the highest medical authorities.

There never was a man who failed in business who did not claim it was because he was too honest.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.

When you feel a kind of goodness about the stomach it is a sign that your food does not sit well, and that you are about to have a fit of indigestion.

When you begin to feel nervous and are unable to sit still comfortably; when your clothes suddenly seem to lose their fit; when you feel a kind of goodness about the stomach it is a sign that your food does not sit well, and that you are about to have a fit of indigestion.

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FASHION'S EYE UPON HIM.

He loved a stately maiden
Of majestic, cultured grace,
And thought that at her service
His loyal heart he placed.

He struggled long and lonely
Her maiden love to gain,
But she scorned his love's ambition
In words both cold and plain.

For when he stooped in capture
Her answering words to catch,
She said "I was a woman
And his tasteless didn't match."

—Laura W. Sheldon in Judge.

A BUSINESS VENTURE.

It was a sharp October evening, the street lamps were struggling faintly through a haze of yellow fog—the dead alantus blossoms rattled overhead as if the frost in front of Mrs. Medlaw's red brick house had blossomed full of little rattle boxes.

And Mrs. Medlaw had just sat down to her evening refection of toast and tea, when Polly, the little maid, who always wore green checked gingham and carpet slippers, came shuffling in.

"Please, ma'am, there's two young ladies down in the parlor as says you're aunt."

"Oh, bother!" said Mrs. Medlaw, in a sort of soliloquy, "it's Eda and Ella. I knew they'd come on when their father died. As if I hadn't anything else to do but to support a swarm of lazy relations. Why didn't you say I wasn't at home, Polly?"

"I would, ma'am, if I'd a-supposed that they were real ladies!"

"And just as the tea was boiling, too," said Mrs. Medlaw. "Oh, dear me, what a world this is!"

Eda and Ella Carr were sitting, pale and black robed, in the moldy smelling little parlor, when their aunt came in. They were pretty girls, with delicate, wax white complexions, hair so dark that it gave you the impression of being black, and great, blue gray eyes.

"Well, girls," said Mrs. Medlaw, rather ungraciously, "so you've come here?"

"We had nowhere else to go, aunt," said Eda, meekly.

"Humph!" grunted the old lady. "Take your things. I suppose you calculate to stay all night? Well, and what are you going to work at?"

"We don't know, aunt," said Eda, trying hard not to cry.

"Well, ain't it high time you had?" said Mrs. Medlaw. "Folk can't live on air. And two great, grown up girls like you ought to be doing something to earn their salt. There's always plenty of work for willing hands. I've had to foreclose a mortgage on a little fancy store. I want to put some one in to sell out the stock. I'll give you a fair commission on what you sell. Come, what do you say to that?"

"I am willing to try," said Eda.

"Heaven knows I am anxious enough to earn my own living," said Ella.

"And I, too," said Eda. "We know nothing about such a business."

"But you can learn, I suppose," said Aunt Medlaw.

"But we can learn," said Eda, hopefully.

And in less than a week the little thread and needle store, around the corner, which had presented a grim and shuttered front for some days, was reopened, and two pretty girls, dressed in black, were posted behind the counter.

Mrs. Medlaw sent her two little boys to make a skin of green worsted and inquire for peppermint taffy first. The widow Carr purchased a little hosiery and three cheap pocket handkerchiefs. A small girl came to ask the time of day, and an old man bought a pair of suspenders, all within the hour, and Eda and Ella began to think they might, in time, develop into commercial characters of note.

To be sure, business waxed rather dull toward the end of the day, but just at dusk a tall, nice looking young man came in to buy a kind of pearl shirt buttons. Eda took down a box, and they were quite a long time in selecting the prettiest pattern and the most appropriate size.

"I forgot one thing," said the young man after he had contracted for an eighteen cent investment. "I must have them sewed on. Could you do it?"

"I'll try," said Eda, laughing, "if you'll bring the shirts around."

So the young man brought his shirts and sat down to wait, while Eda's needle flew deftly in and out. He was in a hurry, he told her. He was foreman in the printing office of a great daily paper, and worked at night, when the rest of the world was asleep, like a bat or an owl.

In the meantime Eda was trying to get an old lady in green spectacles, who wanted some ribbon whose color she didn't exactly know, whose width she wasn't certain about, and whose quality she had yet to make up her mind concerning. But Eda's patience, tact and good temper were inexhaustible. At last the old lady was suited, and went away rejoicing, leaving on the arm of her nephew, who had manifested extraordinary interest in the shade of drab ribbon.

"That's a nice girl, Oswald," said she. "Do you know I almost think she might suit me as a companion? She seems so very good humored. I wonder if it would do to ask her if she would like a situation?"

"I don't see why not," said Oswald Grey, thinking he never had seen softer gray eyes or prettier hair. "Shall we go back?"

"To-morrow is time enough," said Mrs. Medlaw.

On the morrow she came back.

"Didn't the ribbon suit?" asked Eda.

"Oh, yes, the ribbon was all right, but there's something else I want."

"What is that?" asked Eda, innocently.

"A companion to read to me, take care of my canaries, and play drowsy old tunes on the piano when I feel sleepy. I give \$500 a year, Saturday afternoon and board. Will you come?"

Eda looked at her sister. Five hundred a year seemed a great sum for the girl who had never yet earned five for herself.

"Yes, go, Eda," said Ella; "I can manage the store by myself easily enough. And, in a whisper, 'I've taken a contract to make half a dozen new shirts for Mr. Lesser, we to find the material.'"

"Who is Mr. Lesser?"

"Oh, the printer. I can do it at odd minutes, when there is no one in the store."

At the end of the month Eda came to report to her sister.

"Well, Eda, how do you like it?" asked Ella.

"Oh, so much! Mrs. Martigny is queer, but she is so kind. And—Mr. Oswald Grey, her nephew, is very polite."

"Is he?"

"Yes," said Eda, fingering at a box of books and eyes; "I like him ever so much, and he likes me. To tell the truth, Ella."

"I see," said Ella, putting her arms around her sister; "he wants you to be his companion for life, eh, Eda?"

"How did you know?" faltered Eda.

"Oh, I'm not quite a fool," said Ella. "But now I've got something to tell you. I finished Mr. Lesser's shirts, and they fitted him perfectly. He says I'm the only woman he ever knew who fitted him with shirts on the first trial. He has saved up a little property and he wants to invest it somewhere, and Aunt Medlaw wants to sell out this store. So he's going to buy it and I'm going to keep it on condition that I marry him."

"Oh, Ella!"

"Not such a very hard condition, either," said Ella. "Because he's very handsome and very pleasant, and I like him very much; in fact, I believe I'm in love with him. There, now it's all out. And I do believe, Ella, we're the two happiest girls in the world, and all through Aunt Medlaw's thread and needle store."

"Well, well," grumbled Mrs. Medlaw, "so the girls are gone, and I'm all by myself again. It is rather lonesome. They were nice girls, but the young men found it out as well as me. Young men always do find such things out."—Baltimore Daily News.

The Great Fire Insurance.

When I lived in Chicago a queer chap invented a cheap way of making fire insurance. He took a piece of tin and a piece of lead and the file was made at a single blow and fell into a tank of strong mineral water to cool. Then a bare armed workman thrust in his hand and felt around and brought it up for inspection. The files thus made were a little imperfect, but were good ones, and he explained that the machine was a small experimental one and could not, of course, do perfect work as a large and powerful machine would. Capitalists went around and examined the machine and saw him heat the steel in a hand forge and put it in the machine, and saw the red hot file come out and drop into the water, and they tried the file with their own hands on iron which they had brought from home and found it excellent. The only secret was the chemical water into which the files dropped, and which gave them a company was formed and money was paid in freely to enable the inventor to make a set of large machines, and when that was done he disappeared. It was a fraud. He had bought good files and defaced them a little, and stocked his tank with them. His machine stamped the bit of steel into file shape, and it dropped into the water with the files, and his workman, who was in collusion, felt around and brought up a file instead of the steel.—Cor. Portland Argus.

An Old Musket's Charge.

Noah Strapp, a 15-year-old white boy, was killed at his father's home on a large street. The manner of his death is most unusual. All the rear portion of his skull was blown away by a charge of water fired from an old army musket, a relic of the war. The boy and his sister, younger than himself, were playing together in the kitchen. Securing an old musket, which had not been fired for twenty-seven years, he unscrewed the barrel from the stock, filled the barrel with water and placed the breech end in the fire of the stove, and he told his sister to "come and hear the water in the barrel boil." He leaned over and placed his ear to the muzzle of the weapon. As he did so the explosion occurred, and the boy was instantly killed, being blown seven feet away and having his head nearly carried off. The barrel of the musket contained a charge which had been placed in it during the war. The boy was not aware of this, and was merely in search of fun.—New Orleans Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

Something New in Decoration.

A California invention has just been patented which bids fair to revolutionize the methods now in vogue for decorating glass and porcelain. The object of the invention is to decorate such surfaces as to produce and permanently fix upon them impressions of figures, portraits or scenery.

A sheet of glass or porcelain is covered with an emulsion, and after being subjected to a dry heat is placed over a photograph, engraving, etching or any kind of drawing. The glass or porcelain, after being sensitized, is exposed for about three minutes in a strong sunlight. After the exposure is made the picture is developed by the use of certain powders of any color desired. The powder is taken dry and sifted evenly in the desired locations and brushed over with a soft brush. Gradually the images develop on the plates, green foliage, brown trunks and branches appear, vivid and lifelike. When the image is thus developed, a thin coating of wax is applied, the plate is put into a firing furnace, and the picture becomes permanent.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Durango's Tin Mine.

With reference to the reported discovery of a very rich tin mine about forty-five miles from the city of Durango, John Pershaker, the owner, says the discovery of the vein is almost an accident. He had gone to what is known as the Diablos mine for the purpose of examining the yield of metal bearing ores, not knowing that tin had ever been found there. He found a shaft about 300 feet deep, which had passed through two light veins of gold, iron and silver bearing ores.

On making a close examination of the sides of the shaft he noticed a large and very rich bed of oxide and tin. He ran a vertical tunnel for a short distance, striking a vein of ore over four feet wide and composed of a solid mass of oxide of tin, assaying from 50 to 60 per cent of the pure metal. There is no sulphur in it whatever, so that the work of reducing the ore simply amounts to the work of smelting and casting into ingots.—New York Telegram.

A Nice Beginning.

A young couple have just gone through the marriage ceremony. On reaching their new home the bride throws her arms round her husband's neck and buries into tears.

He—What is the matter, darling?

She—Alas! I never told you that I know next to nothing about cooking!

He—Calm yourself, my sweet! You will have precious little to cook for I am a poet.—Dresdener Frauenzeitung.

A Logical Sequence.

A tramp, putting his head inside the door of a grocery, asked:

"Please, mister, give me a piece of paper to wrap su'tin' in."

A piece was given him; the door closed, but in a second opened again.

"Please give me su'tin' to wrap in it."

—Judge.

VENEREING MILK WITH CREAM.

One of Life's Golden Illusions Dispelled by Getting Up Too Early.

I can never, never—no, not if I live to the age of Methuselah—forgive the man who invented early rising. He has done me irreparable injury. He has destroyed one of the fondest illusions of my lifetime.

I had such a good milkman. He was one of the sealed bottle breed. He had the loveliest kind of a red wagon, and he brought our lacteals in beautifully branded glass jars, with the name of the farm and I was almost going to say the hour of delivery—stamped in the glass.

How I praised the fellow to my friends! I have no doubt that at times I made a perfect nuisance of myself. At the dinner table, if I had company there, I would have Clarissa bring in a bottle of milk so that I could make display of the yellow cream at the top. This was a grievous fault, I own. Let him who is without similar sin cast the first stone at me.

At any rate the milking stool was the hobby I bestowed, and I rode it almost to death.

But one morning I was forced to get up early in order to do a piece of work. Alack the day! I set the alarm clock, little thinking that it was to ring a knell to one of my fondest hopes. I groped my way into the habitations of day, and with sleepy eyes launched forth into the frosty and lonesome street.

Just around the corner I heard the muffled sound of tin implements striking against each other—the city man's nearest approach to that loveliest of sounds, the tintinnabulation of the cowbell's clangor—and looking up to behold the little red wagon of my own pet milkman drawn up close to the curb.

He was bending over some work, in which he seemed to be absorbed, and as I drew near I had a chance to see what his nature was before he caught sight of me.

And oh! what do you think the rogue was doing? It chokes me so that I can scarcely speak the sentence. He was "topping off" milk bottles from the cream can. He was putting that final and convincing head of gold upon the surface of the fluid which I had been taught to believe was "bottled at the dairy."

The same old forehead of brass and feet of clay! I turned aside and wept. It matters to me no longer what the fluid underneath really was; whether it ever saw a cow; whether it had done service in other capacities—paid tribute to the church or come in the first place from the pump or hydrant. My bottle of milk was a cream topped fraud, and I had been paying worship to a false and hollow idol.

Henceforth I forswear milk as a beverage, and will confine myself to worm-wood and gail.—New York Herald.

A Hint for Reading Clubs.

Let each member write on a bit of paper what book he or she would like to read during the next week or two weeks—that is, in between the lapses of the club meetings. Then, when the votes are all collected—for these really are votes—let the book that has the greatest number be the one that is read at home and at the next meeting every member will come with a little notebook in which is written what the opinion of the book is.

My little anecdote about the characters or the places where the scene is laid, something that has been heard or read about the author, and a short personal opinion of the book as a specimen of good English, as to what its influence would be on the average reader, and whether it is a book that might be called permanent or evanescent. These written opinions should not occupy more than five minutes in reading, and you will be surprised to find what a fund of information is yours when the evening is over.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Wealth of the Rothschilds.

The Rothschilds are believed to have \$50,000,000 invested in American securities. Only the Rothschilds themselves know what they are worth, and they never tell family secrets. One of their mottoes is, "Gold never reports what it sees," and another, "A man will not tell what he has not heard." But some idea of their riches can be gained from the fact that since 1815 they have raised for Great Britain alone more than \$1,000,000,000; for Austria, \$250,000,000; for Prussia, \$200,000,000; for France, \$100,000,000; for Italy, nearly \$80,000,000; for Russia, \$125,000,000; for Brazil, from \$50,000,000 to \$70,000,000, and for smaller states, certainly between \$200,000,000 and \$300,000,000—perhaps \$3,000,000,000.—Detroit Free Press.

Curled.

The following is a Chinese joke:

In a certain house there was a baby that annoyed every one by its continual squalling. At last a physician was called in. He administered a bolus of the soothing virtues of which he had a high opinion, and offered to pass the night in the house to observe the effects of his remedy. After a few hours, hearing no noise, he exclaimed, "Good, the child is cured." "Yes," replied the attendant, "the child has indeed stopped crying, but the mother has begun to moan."

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—Judge.

THE "DRIVING UP."

A Single Tear Has More of Honest Fame Than Shedding Seas of Gore.

WHATCOB, Wash., March 10, 1891. Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR DOCTOR: I have been and hope I will be the means of convincing many people of the superiority of your wonderful system, and through my influence they have been persuaded to use it and make use of your medicines, the efficacy of which I have testified to in the past, and I think it would be well to publish my testimony again, for there are so many people coming here who are diseased and your medicines are so much needed that I feel it my duty to do all I can in the way of advertising it. If I remember my case, I was troubled for many years with neuralgia in its severest form, suffering untold agony. I tried doctors of every sort all to no purpose, until I commenced the use of your medicines, and after continuing them for a time was entirely cured.

I am so glad that the people here are awaking to the fact that this new science is the way to health, and that these old drugs which kill more than they cure will be put under the ground or buried in oblivion. Yours very truly,

MRS. MARY PARISH, Formerly Mrs. Mary Hildman.

ALBERTO, Pierce Co., Wash., May 3, 1891.

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: I should have written to you, dear Sir, 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 and 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.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Third and James. Consultations and prescriptions absolutely free.

Send for free book explaining the Hystero-genetic system.

CAUTION.—The Hystero-genetic Medicines are sold in but one agency in each town. The label around the bottle bears the following inscription: "Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Hystero-genetic Medicine." Every other device is a fraud.

Never put yourself in the power of a man who will kick a dog for fun.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. So cure, no pay; and no pay until cured. Address for pamphlet, Dr. J. Eugene Jordan & Co., 328 Market Street, San Francisco.

The poor want money and the rich want to spend it, and that's what gives to the world progress.

Funder's Oregon Bood Purifier is the best remedy for that dread disease, dyspepsia, which respects the lymphatic system and all secretions.

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\$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 scrofula. Dr. Williams' Great Peppermint Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Scrofula, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Dr. Williams' Great Peppermint 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: J. C. WILKINS & CO., Toledo, O.

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Wealth may be unequally divided, but every man gets his full share of trouble.

FILES! FILES! FILES!

Dr. Williams' Indian File Ointment will cure Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles when all other ointments have failed. It absorbs the tumors, kills the itching at once, acts as a positive, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian File 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 by WILLIAMS MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors, Cleveland, O.

Use Emeline's Stove Polish; no dust; no smell.

TRY GEMMA for breakfast.

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, head aches 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.

DON'T BE A WALL FLOWER.

If you dance we can help you along. Complete self-instruction in the most popular dances. Address: J. C. STEINBACH & CO., 221-223 First Street, San Francisco.

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secured on real estate. If E. H. NOBLE, 12 Second Street, Portland, Ore., is desired, please send him your notes and mortgages.

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