SOME NEW LIFE

In the Wholesale Trade in San Francisco.

A new hardware concern has just been started under the name of Miller, Sloss & Scott, in San Francisco, to do a jobbing business only.

They have secured the four-story building, Nos. 12, 14 and 16 Pine street, formerly occupied by Messrs. J. C. Johnson & Co.

The building has been completely fitted up for their business, having three hydraulic elevators to facilitate the handling of goods, two of which have been just constructed.

The firm was incorporated May 19, and is composed of Charles E. Miller, President; A. W. Milligan, First Vice-President; John A. Scott, Second Vice-President; Joseph Sloss, Secretary and Treasurer. These officers, with A. L. Scott and Leon Sloss, constitute the Board of Directors.

Charles E. Miller, the President, is a native Californian and well known among hardware dealers on the Pacific Coast. Starting as an office boy with Hooker & Co., he served them seven years, and in 1876 entered the service of Dunham, Carrigan & Co., in whose employ he continued for a term of fifteen years, leaving there last month to engage in the new enterprise headed with his name.

A. W. Milligan, the First Vice-President, has, until the corporation of Miller, Sloss & Scott, been connected with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co.'s New York branch, in charge of their iron, steel and pipe department. He represents the new concern at 145 Broadway, New York, and attends to all its purchases and placing of orders in the Eastern States.

John A. Scott and A. Lowndes Scott have also been identified with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co., and with their opportunities have acquired a large acquaintance among the trade, both in the city and throughout the Coast.

Joseph Sloss, the Secretary and Treasurer, will have control of the office and financial department, being specially fitted for this work through his experience of several years in the Anglo-Californian Bank, L'd.

Messrs. Joseph and Leon Sloss are sons of Mr. Louis Sloss, whose name is known in all business circles in the West, as prominent in many of the leading industries and the progress of that section of the country.

They have also secured the services of W. A. Rice, W. A. Leonard and Carlton F. Moulthrop, men thoroughly posted in the business, having occupied responsible and leading positions with the Dunham, Carrigan & Hayden Co.

It is proposed to carry a complete line of shelf and heavy hardware, tools, mill and mining supplies, engineers' and railroad supplies, iron, steel, pipe, sheet iron, fittings, globe and steam fittings; in fact, everything that goes to make up a first-class assortment and stock in their line.

All the members of the firm are young, enterprising and energetic, and will try for a fair proportion of the hardware trade. With their stock of new goods in, aided by all the improvements in conducting the business that their experience has suggested to them, they are fully prepared to meet all the requirements of intending purchasers who would do well to give them a call.

Riches have wings. What they need, according to the average man's idea, is a tail that will steer them his way.

CHANGES OF CLIMATE

Kill more people than is generally known. Particularly is this the case in instances where the constitution is delicate, and among our immigrant population seeking new homes in those portions of the West, and where malarial and typhoid fevers prevail at certain seasons of the year. The best preparative for a change of climate, or of diet and water which that change necessitates, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which not only fortifies the system against malaria, a variable temperature, damp, and the debilitating effects of tropical heat, but is also the leading remedy for constipation, dyspepsia, liver complaint, bodily troubles specially apt to attack emigrants and visitors to regions near the equator, mariners and tourists. Whether used as a safeguard by sea voyagers, travelers by land, miners, or of agriculturists in newly populated districts, this fine specific has elicited the most favorable testimony.

"Mules are contrary things," said the driver. "Very true," said Wagg. "For instance, they are always putting their best feet backward.

OF INTEREST TO ATHLETES.

James Robinson, the athletic trainer at Princeton College, Princeton, N. J., says:

"I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains, sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. Shortly after entering upon my profession I discovered such a remedy in ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I tried other plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In 'sprint,' and 'distance' races and jumping, the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected."

A man's idea of being good to a woman is to give her opportunities to be good to him.

For catarrhal and throat disorders "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are renowned and marvelously effective, giving immediate relief.

It is peculiar that the faster a man is the sooner age will overtake him.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

Copyright, 1890.

Fashion's favorite fad, centers in that famous, fascinating game—lawn tennis.

But there are women who cannot engage in *any* pastime. They are delicate, feeble and easily exhausted. They are sufferers from weaknesses and disorders peculiar to females, which are accompanied by sallow complexions, expressionless eyes and haggard looks.

For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic. It's the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, *under a positive guarantee* from the makers, of satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. This guarantee has been faithfully carried out for years.

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, 306 and 308 Post Street; MAUTHNER GRAY CO. Call and see our new rooms and new stock.

Old Gold and Silver Bought; send your old Gold and Silver by mail to the old and reliable house of A. Coleman, 41 Third street, San Francisco; I will send by return mail the cash, according to assay; if the amount is not satisfactory, will return gold.

N. P. N. U. No. 396—S. F. N. U. No. 473

WOMAN AND HOME.

SOCIAL PURITY AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL ETHICS.

The Old Roof Tree—A Band of Heroines. A Box on the Ear—Southern Women. Fast and Fashionable—Outdoor Cooking Outfit—Hints, Etc.

It has taken the race a long climb through "the slow, mottled, trivial years" for mankind to see that there cannot be two sets of moral laws, one for men and another for women. Even yet people belonging to the gay world laugh such prudery to scorn. And they who preach against Mormonism with holy horror regard evils much more tremendous in their effects with the most astonishing indifference.

Many who look upon this question of social purity as at the bottom of all ethics have united to work in the white cross movement, a most worthy association, for "whenever temptations exist a man will hunt for them." In the words of Professor Dowdin, "the saddest ordeal of love is to witness the diminishing purity and splendor of a star like soul, the clouding over of a heroic nature by a film of dishonor."

That need not be. If appealed to the spirit will command the senses. It will be remembered with thankfulness that never before have there been so many who could stand for the quaint description by Betsy Babbitt: "A good, true, noble man is the best job old nature ever turned off her hands or ever will—a man who would wipe away the tears of a babe with a hand soft as a woman's or who would 'die with his feet to the foe.'"

Mr. and Mrs. Sonthmayd's teachings to their sons were in effect: "Look upon any woman as a possible mother or sister. If she be weak you must be strong. Never soil the self respect of your young manhood. Nothing can be meaner than for one having power to employ it basely. Live so that you can meet your mother's eye, frank and fearless, every morning of your lives. God never meant that man and woman should have two sets of morals, and the opposite belief is the curse of the world."

As the result of good training, filial and fraternal sentiments will be strongly developed. No words of Carlyle burn with more fire and nerve than those in which he describes his parents: "I have a sacred pride in my peasant father, and would not exchange him for any king." Of his quaint old mother he was equally proud. In this case, as in others, two characters stamp themselves upon the young life. The nobility or degradation of the father is likely to be reproduced in the son.

The lineage of goodness is as transmissible as that of genius. The latter is a culmination of favorable conditions and qualities which can occur only infrequently. The former is the adjustment of life to those ethical laws which are the beatings of that infinite heart from which all life proceeds. It is possible to the majority of civilized people.

The transmission of great qualities to the son, rather than to the daughter, has been remarked. It could not well be otherwise. The one has had a fair field for the exercise of native powers, the other none. Raphael inherited from his father a proclivity toward art, but his sister might possibly give to the world a Transfiguration, if both lived in the Nineteenth century. Caroline Herschel inherited her father's love for astronomy equally with her brother, and ought to be as famous. After his death, and at the age of 78, she completed the catalogue of stars he had begun.—Hester M. Poole in Good Housekeeping.

Stay Under the Old Roof Tree.

Sell everything, suffer everything in the way of privation, was a dying parent's advice to children, but keep the house to be together in, whatever befall. It was sound advice. So long as those children, young or old, had a roof, they could suffer and be strong together. Their wants, their deprivations, were their own and not public property. If needs that they must starve, they could starve in silence and dignity, with none but themselves the wiser or the worse. All their little shifts were not subjects of general discussion; their work was not on inspection; strangers were not able to interfere among them, or to sow dissension thereby, or to alienate affection. Close together in the habitual contact of daily life, they could only be bound the more closely in habits of thought, in love, and in mutual concern.

And the roof tree was responsible for it all. The roof tree was the bond and the protector. It took the place of parent; it was a shield and bulwark against the world. No; the experience of scattered and shipwrecked families has everywhere proved that much discomfort, much misery, might have been spared them had they clung together in one home; that those who have a home should keep it; it is their safety in worldly and material comfort. Part with land, part with jewels, part with heirlooms, keepsakes, treasures, but keep the house so long as the sticks and timbers hold together. It is a stronghold; it is a castle, however poor and old; Warwick castle itself no better for its purposes. It is not merely that "be it ever so humble there's no place like home," but that it is home, the single spot where one reigns, where one is unfettered and fully one's self, where one has one's tools and equipments loosely and at ease about one, where one is at large liberty, where one exists satisfied with the natural love of kin if other love is denied one, a place to retire and withdraw in, to feel safety and protection in, to live in and at last to die in.—Harper's Bazar.

Noble Band of Heroines.

Every day I meet working women—women who toil early and late merely to keep alive—women who bear themselves in the world as grass does over which trampling feet are constantly passing—a little crushed, but for the most part brave and bright. They come into the car at night carrying bundles and drop wearily into their seats with sighs that tell how tired they are. They go and come early and late to earn the slender pittance wherewith they keep themselves in respectable apparel and buy for their families the necessary commodities of the butcher, the baker and the green produce monger. They always look wan and weary, and there is often a dark ring around their eyes that tells of tasks carried far into the night, when more prosperous folks are abed and asleep. They have a spurious gayety about them, something like the picture of a flower, or the reflection of a grate fire in a dim mirror. Sometimes they laugh, but I can imagine a tear somewhere in the laugh, like a rain drop in a rose.

They are a noble band of heroines, the most of them. I like them for their pluck and their sturdy endurance of a hard lot. I like them because they keep right on, and always will, until the old switch engine, Death, scurries them off on the side track. I like them because they never break rank, but keep step even with adversity for a comrade and grim poverty as captain of the brigade. I like them wherever I find them, working in kitchens, with tastes that lie in the parlor, playing on washtubs with fingers that would grace a piano, delving at incongenial occupations because their destiny has been overlooked by good fortune, or because death, or something worse, has denied them a protector. I like them because I feel a fellowship with them in my heart, and know that some day we shall all find our heritage together. No soul that ever yet wrought patiently at its allotted task but what some time found recompense for every tired heart throb and discouraged tear. It won't be hard work always, dear heart.—"Amber" in Chicago Journal.

Have Nothing Concealed.

"Always live so that there's nothing to be found out," writes a matron whose honest, happy face proclaims her a follower of her own advice. This advice is good for any walk of life, and for single as well as married people. But who does not know one or more households in which "Don't tell papa," or "We won't mention this to your father," are phrases of frequent use? What an atmosphere of deceit and equivocation to throw about a child's life, and what must be the consequence of such training? Some women are cowardly by nature, and their first instinct is to conceal anything which would be likely to cause themselves to be reproved or blamed in any way. Other women become so because of administered rebukes. We once knew a man whose pretty little wife never dared tell him how much she paid for the new bonnet and gown, even though they were bought with "the butter and egg money," her own perquisites in the country where she lived. She usually deducted a certain portion from the price paid for each article; and she has even left the new bonnet at a neighbor's for a few days after it was bought, till her lord and master should have become reconciled to the new gown. This breaking the matter to him gently was absolutely necessary to save herself from a storm; and, in our opinion, the deceit she practiced will be added to his account in the big book and not to her's.

But there are other things, not so trifling, which are concealed by the husband from the wife or the wife from the husband. The conscience may become dulled or seared, so that it no longer troubles one, but the horror and constant fear of discovery, to say nothing of the pain of the deceit itself to a tender conscience, should be enough to keep one from ever repeating an offense of this sort or committing any other.—Jean Kincaid in Boston Globe.

A Box on the Ear.

One of Browning's most beautiful and pathetic poems, and one intelligible to whomsoever runs, commemorates the act of an old Earl of Arundel, who, having struck his little child on the head, had the picture of himself and the child painted, the child, as he became in after years, imbecile from the effects of that blow. It would be well, we think, for parents, and for all those having children on their hands, to commit these verses to memory, and put the lesson in practice; for the injury done to children by the quick and careless box on the ear that is thought nothing of at the time is something incalculable.

It is impossible to hit a tender child a blow on so delicate an organ as the ear, and one having such close connection with the brain, without doing an evil and unseen work, even when the blow is given with the flat and open hand. The action, it has been fully ascertained, has produced violent inflammation in the ear, and running discharges for years; blood has been known to follow it immediately; and when this has not happened, partial and even total deafness has been the consequence in many instances. Intercranial difficulties of a dangerous type are not at all rare either, as the result of these admonitions; idiocy has been traced to them; and in more than one case surgically examined it has been found that fatal brain disease has followed a box on the ear.—Harper's Weekly.

Work of Southern Women.

As in St. Paul's cathedral, London, on the monument to Christopher Wren, so we can say of the work of southern women: "Look around!" As nothing surpassed her courage, her fortitude, her untiring patience and energy, her persistent effort during the war, so the still greater demand for such virtues after the battle was over, found her as ready and responsive as before. Wherever woman can labor without losing the dignity of womanhood, the women of the south go. In the home, in the school room, at the ledger and the desk, with the needle, the pen, the pencil, the brush, in music, in useful and decorative art, and all handicrafts where deftness and delicacy supersede physical strength, she is at work; in short, whatever her head and hands find to do, she is doing willingly and uncomplainingly.

Out from the stately homes of wealth and luxury, out from the genial fireside of comfort and thrift, from all ranks of life and degrees of fortune, from the stone mansions of Virginia to the graceful and picturesque villas of Alabama canebrakes and the Mississippi valley, she has gone, at the call of duty, into the rank and file of working women, clad in the invulnerable armor of patient endurance and womanly dignity. And for this she is entitled to sympathy and honor.—Zitella Cocke in American Magazine.

Ultra Fast and Fashionable.

There are ultra fast and fashionable women, whose salons are entertaining but not safe. Society is a mosaic, in which the false jewels shine more brightly than the true. An instinctively pure and imperial nature, however, walks through such a salon to repudiate the bad and to extract the good; but how is it for those who are gentle, unsuspecting, ignorant? How for those who are only half good and open to temptation, which is the position of more than half the world?

The influence of one "ultra fast and fashionable woman," whose principles are questionable, does more injury to society than a thousand essays can tell; and even a woman who has no particular vice, but only an idle love of pleasure, with this desire for a celebrity which is at best questionable, is one of the evil forces which are undermining the social reputation of American women at home and abroad. The presence of bad manners, loud, unconventional behavior, is attributed to bad morality, when it is simply a carelessness of outward appearances.

Now, if there were a beginning of home influences, home amusements and home culture, much of this might be obviated.—Mrs. John Sherwood in American Magazine.

Hints Concerning Cleanliness.

The cure for sallowness is open air, coarse bread and sunshine. For coarseness, it is the bread and wheat, with plenty of bathing—scrubbing with soap and hot water twice a week at the very least, and underwear changed throughout as often as one bathes. Much is to be said about this changing of body wear, which is next to bathing in importance. I have seen dainty women toss aside cambric and lace soiled with once wearing in street dust, while they wore the same body suit of cashmere or cotton by night and day the week through, saturated with insensible wastes of the skin. If they bathed midweek the same vest went on again, to return its odors and fluids to the clean, open skin. A clean man or woman should air the person and the inner wear every evening and morning, if the room is warm as it ought to be, or else change under vest and drawers twice or thrice a week. This change and two baths a week are better than daily bathing without it. Perhaps no change in living shows sooner in the improvement of the complexion. The rough, red, pimply face of the youth yields at once to coarse diet, hot soap and water baths and frequent clean undershirts.—Shirley Dare in Boston Globe.

An Outdoor Cooking Outfit.

Purchase an alcohol lamp with attachments, four and a half inches diameter by two inches deep.

Get made six tin cups, with wire rim, to fit outside the spirit lamp one upon another, viz: (In nests) to six and a half inches by two inches. Have the seventh tin cup say three inches deep, so as to hold four to six tin plates, nested on top of the cups.

Fit a cover into it tight; this is to be used as a teapot, with a sieve strainer and wire folding handle, around the side of the teapot.

Fit two tins made of light copper, tinned, over the bottom and top of number seven, meeting in the middle, each one and one-half inches deep inside, and no solder used on bottom, to be used as a dish, or frying pan, with a folding handle. Inclose all in a canvas bag, with a pocket for knives, spoons, and an alcohol bottle.

You will then have a mess outfit complete, taking up little space, by which a good meal for four persons can be prepared on a camp table in the tent, free from wind and rain.—G. W. Pueblo in Detroit Free Press.

Fashionable Boarding House Life.

The life is contemptible. There is nothing real and earnest, nothing manly or womanly in it. It is full of the idleness which invites the satanic whisper. Its perfumed breath is fetid. Its glitter is a sham. Transplanted by a thoughtless husband to the environment which murders the maternal instinct, a young woman lapsing into idleness finds occupation in gossip, relief in admiration, joy in the pique of envious sisters, a dash of excitement in the knowledge that she has made her husband suspicious and jealous. She taxes his purse that she may outshine the other genteel loafers of the establishment and better equip herself for the enjoyments of flirtations. She becomes the incarnation of selfishness. She loses her own and respect for her husband and thinks willingly of the sweetness of stolen waters.—Chicago Times.

Mysteries of the Toilet.

I had always thought that Spanish women were coquettes, but they don't begin to compare with the French women in this respect. The French woman makes a toilet for the bed as naturally as she does for the day time, and that is where she is very wise. The horrors of hair in papers and faces smeared all over with some toilet mess is a condition so dreadful that it should be reserved for the dressing room in the day time with locked doors. A woman in curl papers is an abomination in the sight of heaven and earth. If I were a man I should consider curl papers cause for divorce; and as for crimping pins, they are a step further in the career of vice, although their use is usually short when anything masculine is about, as they have a horrid fashion of getting into his eyes.—"Bab" in New York Star.

Do you use eggs for frosting? Don't do it. Take five tablespoonfuls of milk, one cup of granulated sugar, flavor nicely with lemon or vanilla, then boil five minutes. Beat it hard until it is cool enough to spread on the cake. The beauty of the frosting is that it is ready to cut as soon as thoroughly cold. It is very nice with cocoanut or grated chocolate stirred in it. When eggs are high it is quite a saving.

We all know how soon cheese dries up and is unfit for the table, but this same waste cheese can be made as good as new, and very nice looking, by grating it fine on a horse radish grater. Prepare only as much as is needed for immediate use, and you will find it good for anybody.

When a lamp burns poorly boil the metal burner in soda and water. The gummy accumulation from the oil will be removed and the light will burn brilliantly.

Put tea and coffee away in airtight receptacles as soon as they are brought to the house. They lose much of their flavor by standing uncovered.

A few drops of ammonia in a cup of warm rain water, carefully applied with a wet sponge, will remove the spots from paintings and chromos.

Paint on windows can, it is said, be removed by melting some soda in very hot water and washing them with it, using a soft flannel.

A half cupful of ammonia to a pail of water will cleanse hard finished walls nicely. Change the water when it becomes foul.

A good substitute for buttermilk is a thin batter made of flour and tepid water, and allowed to remain long enough to scour.

To remove mildew, rub common yellow soap on the article, then sift starch on that, rub well and place in the sunshine.

To extract ink from wood, scour with sand wet with water and ammonia, then rinse with strong saleratus water.

The wings of turkeys, geese and chickens are good to clean windows, as they leave no dust.

Rub the bottom of the sauce pan with a little butter to prevent the milk from sticking.

To remove ink spots, dip the article in pure melted tallow, then wash.

A smoky ceiling can be cleaned with soda and water.

Use newspapers to polish window glass and mirrors.

Exposure to the sun will remove scorch marks.

Wash the butter stamp in cold salt water.

Dire Results of Dress Reform.

It would be curiously interesting to inquire what has modified the "evils" of our grandmothers' toilets into the tolerably sensible apparel worn by women in this year of 1888. Perhaps the interminable crusade of newspaper and science journal essayists. Imagination staggers at the effort to picture the direful dearth of topics that would afflict these wordy philanthropists were the whole race of American women to put into practical operation their suggested dress reforms.

If we were simultaneously and dutifully to adopt divided skirts, broad, heelless shoes, combination garments of sanitary flannel, loose waists with never an artificial bone or brace beneath them, short skirts, few in number, hung from the shoulders, and wide brimmed hats; if were to eschew veils, gloves, jet trimmings and crepe, do all things which our censors enjoin, and leave undone all they condemn, the occupation of hundreds of excellent bread winners and paragraph makers would be gone.—Marion Harland in Philadelphia Times.

Worse Than Death.

"Merciful powers! Miss Keystone, the rope that held the balloon has broken! We are adrift."

(A shriek.) "Is there no help, Mr. Spoonamore?"

"None! None!"

"No way of escape?"

"None."

"Have you no resources whatever?"

(Despairingly.) "A ten ride ticket to Hyde Park, $7.50 in cash, a receipted gas bill and a corkscrew."

(Wringing her hands.) "In what direction are we moving?"

(With forced calmness.) "Miss Keystone, can you bear a dreadful shock?"

"What is it? Quick! Are we over the lake?"

"Worse!"

(Wildly.) "Is the balloon about to burst?"

"Far worse! Miss Keystone, we are—we are—I dare not tell you!"

(Frantically.) "Keep me in suspense no longer, sir!"

"We are moving straight toward St. Louis!"

A piercing shriek broke from the pallid lips of his companion in misery, and before the young man could prevent her she had flung herself over the side of the car and disappeared.

Even in that dreadful moment his self possession did not forsake him. He stood erect, with heaving chest and dilating nostril, and took a last, long, unflinching look at the sun that shone in cloudless glory overhead. With an exultant shout at the prospect of an immediate and happy deliverance from the fate that threatened, he threw himself from the car of the balloon and found himself a moment later at home in his lonely bed. He had eaten too much mince pie for supper. Oh, young man, let this be a warning!—Chicago Tribune.

The Foresighted Maiden.

Urgent Suitor—With any sort of management we could certainly keep alive on $800 a year.

She—Yes, dear; but I would sooner be comfortably dead.—Life.

BEFORE YOU CONSULT A PHYSICIAN

Consult common sense, and if you make an attempt to think once, the process will be less painful the next time you try. It will lead you to the irresistible conclusion that things and institutions and professions are not necessarily good because established in the remote past. They did not know everything in those days. They are monuments of ignorance with their faces turned to the past and their backs to the future. You cannot stay the hands of time. He who hesitates to advance with the world's progress in thought and action is hopelessly left behind. Doctors form no exception to the rule; the old schools of medicine belong to the dead, buried past; all hope is centered in the new Histogenetic System of Medicine.

SEATTLE, June 27, 1891.

My mother was taken with la grippe last spring in its most violent form, which rapidly developed into consumption. She had a most terrible cough, raised pus constantly, and we despaired of her recovery. We sent for my brother in California, as we did not know how long she might live. When we realized her condition we sent for Dr. Jordan, and at once began giving her his prescription. In two weeks she was out of bed, greatly to the surprise of every one who was acquainted with the case. In two months she is better than she has been in two years. This and other experiences with the Histogenetic Medicine convinces us that it is the only medicine to use. Any one wishing to know more of this case may inquire of MRS. L. TUCK, 713 Sutter Street.

NORTH BEND, Wash., June 12, 1891.

Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: I am happy to say that two weeks' use of your medicines has done me so much good that I am going to start out prospecting to-morrow. The pain in my eyes has almost entirely vanished. Yours truly, HERBERT G. POWERS.

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.

Did Not Lose.—She—So you loved and lost, did you? He—No; she returned all my presents.

Dobbins' Electric Soap has been made for 24 years. Each year's sales have increased. In 1888 sales were 2,047,620 *boxes*. Superior quality, and absolute uniformity and purity, made this possible. Do *you* use it? Try it.

Every man thinks he would be properly appreciated if his wife knew some other men he knows of.

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.

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.

"August Flower"

Doubting Thomas.

Perhaps you do not believe these statements concerning Green's August Flower. Well, we can't make you. We can't force conviction into your head or medicine into your throat. We don't want to. The money is yours, and the misery is yours; and until you are willing to believe, and spend the one for the relief of the other, they will stay so. John H. Foster, 1122 Brown Street, Philadelphia, says: "My wife is a little Scotch woman, thirty years of age and of a naturally delicate disposition. For five or six years past she has been suffering from Dyspepsia. She became so bad at last that she could not sit down to a meal but she had to vomit it as soon as she had eaten it. Two bottles of your August Flower have cured her, after many doctors failed. She can now eat anything, and enjoy it; and as for Dyspepsia, she does not know that she ever had it."

Vomit Every Meal.

HAY FEVER & ASTHMA CURED TO STAY CURED. We want the name and address of every sufferer in the U. S. and Canada. Address, P. Harold Hayes, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

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FOR MEN ONLY! VIGOR OF STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD Fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Has quietly done 30 Years and Foreign Countries. Write Doctor. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed, sealed, free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

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