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.

The clerk who had been stealing for a long time finally got it.

VIRTUE IN BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

There is more virtue in one BRANDRETH PILL than in a bottle of the best Sarsaparilla. The solid extract of Sarsaparilla contained in BRANDRETH'S PILLS, in combination with other Vegetable Extracts, makes them the strongest blood purifier known. One or two at night for a week will remove all pimples and eruptions of the skin and make the complexion fair as an infant's.

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.

The horn of plenty is generally understood to be about three fingers.

For the cure of a cough or sore throat "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are a simple remedy.

People who are on their way to heaven never stop to try to prove that there is no hell.

Do you want to sell your business, or do you want a partner with money, or do you want a clerk? Write WESTERN BUSINESS AGENCY, Minneapolis, Minn.

MERCHANT HOTEL, Third and D streets, Portland. First-class accommodations. Rates, $1 to $1.50 per day. Jacob Haas, Prop.

What is lacking is truth and confidence.

If there were absolute truth on the one hand and absolute confidence on the other, it wouldn't be necessary for the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy to back up a plain statement of fact by a $500 guarantee.

They say—"If we can't cure *you* (make it personal, please,) of catarrh in the head, in any form or stage, we'll pay you $500 for your trouble in making the trial."

"An advertising fake," you say.

Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee *absolute*.

Wise men don't put *money* back of "fakes."

And "faking" doesn't pay.

Magical little granules—those tiny, sugar-coated Pellets of Dr. Pierce—scarcely larger than mustard seeds, yet powerful to cure—active yet mild in operation. The best Liver Pill ever invented. Cure sick headache, dizziness, constipation. One a dose.

"German Syrup"

Martinsville, N.J., Methodist Parsonage. "My acquaintance with your remedy, Boschee's German Syrup, was made about fourteen years ago, when I contracted a Cold which resulted in a Hoarseness and a Cough which disabled me from filling my pulpit for a number of Sabbaths. After trying a Physician, without obtaining relief—I cannot say now what remedy he prescribed—I saw the advertisement of your remedy and obtained a bottle. I received such quick and permanent help from it that whenever we have had Throat or Bronchial troubles since in our family, Boschee's German Syrup has been our favorite remedy and always with favorable results. I have never hesitated to report my experience of its use to others when I have found them troubled in like manner." REV. W. H. HAGGARTY, of the Newark, New Jersey, M.E. Conference, April 25, '90.

A Safe Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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.

OREGON PEACH BITTERS, if taken according to directions, is unexcelled as a kidney and liver cure; a positive preventive for la grippe. Try it and be convinced. All orders, accompanied with $5.50 for 1 doz., will be promptly attended to. H. KLAS, manufacturer and patentee, Aumsville, Or.

AFRAID TO TRUST.

We are not afraid you would not pay, but somebody would certainly neglect or refuse, and we would lose dollars and dollars and then you and others who did pay would have to make it up, or we would be driven out of business. We prefer to sell for cash at even 2 or 3 per cent. net profit.

We have one line of Shirting and Apron Ginghams, good width and fair quality, at 6¼ cents per yard; on this you save about one-half. We have the best line of Domestic Dry Goods in town for family use, and all very cheap, *indeed*.

Send for our July list, now ready. It will be sent free to all inquirers. Shoes, Dry Goods, Notions, Wearing Apparel, Canned Goods, Dried Fruit, Tinware, Hardware, Crockery, Glassware, Provisions, Groceries—everything you want, quoted at lowest cash prices.

Consignments received. Address

SMITH'S CASH STORE,
416 & 418 Front St., San Francisco, Cal.

BIG G. Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mf'd only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A. This 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 recommend it as all sufferers. R. J. STONER, M.D., Decatur, Ill. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00. Trade Mark.

N. P. N. U. No. 397—S. F. N. U. No. 474

A TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

The Story Told of Two Canadian Trappers. A Narrow Escape.

Once or twice he showed a curious reluctance about allowing a man to approach him suddenly from behind. Altogether his actions were so odd that I felt some curiosity to learn his history. It turned out that he had been through a rather uncanny experience the winter before. He and another man had gone into a remote basin, or inclosed valley, in the heart of the mountains, where game was very plentiful; indeed, it was so abundant that they decided to pass the winter there. Accordingly they put up a log cabin, working hard, and merely killing enough meat for their immediate use. Just as it was finished winter set in with tremendous snow storms. Going out to hunt, in the first lull, they found, to their consternation, that every head of game had left the valley. Not an animal was to be found therein; they had abandoned it for their winter haunts. The outlook for the two adventurers was appalling. They were afraid of trying to break out through the deep snow drifts, and starvation stared them in the face if they staid. The man that I met had his dog with him. They put themselves on very short commons, so as to use up their flour as slowly as possible, and hunted unwearidly, but saw nothing.

Soon a violent quarrel broke out between them. The other man, a fierce, sullen fellow, insisted that the dog should be killed, but the owner was exceedingly attached to it, and refused. For a couple of weeks they spoke no words to each other, though cooped in the little narrow pen of logs. Then one night the owner of the dog was wakened by the animal crying out; the other man had tried to kill it with his knife, but failed. The provisions were now almost exhausted, and the two men were glaring at each other with the rage of maddened, raving hunger. Neither dared to sleep, for fear that the other would kill him. Then the one who owned the dog at last spoke, and proposed that, to give each a chance for his life, they should separate. He would take half of the handful of flour that was left and start off to try to get home; the other should stay where he was, and if he tried to follow the first he was warned that he would be shot without mercy. A like fate was to be the portion of the wanderer if driven to return to the hut. The arrangement was agreed to and the two men separated, neither daring to turn his back while they were within rifle shot of each other.

For two days the one who went off toiled on with weary weakness through the snow drifts. Late on the second afternoon, as he looked back from a high ridge, he saw in the far distance a black speck against the snow, coming along on his trail. His companion was dogging his footsteps. Immediately he followed his own trail back a little and laid in ambush. At dusk his companion came stealthily up, rifle in hand, peering cautiously ahead, his drawn face showing the starved, eager ferocity of the wild beast, and the man he was hunting shot him down exactly as if he had been one. Leaving the body where it fell, the wanderer continued his journey, the dog staggering painfully behind him. The next evening he baked his last cake and divided it with the dog. In the morning, with his belt drawn still tighter round his skeleton body, he once more set out, with apparently only a few hours of dull misery between him and death. At noon he crossed the track of a huge timber wolf; instantly the dog gave tongue, and, rallying its strength, ran along the trail. The man struggled after

At last his strength gave out and he sat down to die, but while sitting still, slowly stiffening with the cold, he heard the dog baying in the woods. Shaking off his mortal numbness, he crawled towards the sound, and found the wolf over the body of a deer he had just killed, and keeping the dog from it. At the approach of the new assailant the wolf sullenly drew off, and the man and dog tore the raw deer flesh with hideous eagerness. It made them very sick for the next twenty four hours; but, lying by the carcass for two or three days, they recovered strength.—Theodore Roosevelt in The Century.

Should Recognize the Adornments.

I hope people will not become perfect. I hope there will always be weaknesses for us to smile at and sorrows for us to sympathize over. Weaknesses are the humor, the "badinage" of the Creator, and a perfect man is often a rather dull sermon. Now, madam, you are 50 years old, you have daughters who are mothers and sons who are fathers, and yet you take your little peep in the glass and fix your curls as you used to do thirty years ago, as you will do, I sincerely hope, thirty years from now. It is pretty, it is agreeable, is human and a compliment to the Creator that you should recognize the adornments he has placed within your reach.

You, sir, you ought to be taken home and fixed up. You are 50 years old, and your shirt front is all spotted, your waistcoat is not buttoned, your necktie is away round at the back of your head and your coat is covered with dust. Go home and put on a clean shirt and go down to the tailor's and order a suit of clothes that will fit you, and get your beard trimmed and look like a thing of taste if you can't be a thing of beauty. I think many men associate independence with dirt and think they would be losing some of their manliness if they wore decent clothes. But I don't want to reform those people. Well, I might wear better clothes myself, but that tailors have to pay rent and other little expenses.—San Francisco Chronicle "Undertones."

In the Exposition Gallery.

Said an old time resident of Chicago not long ago: "I have attended the exposition year after year since the first opening. During the first two or three years I used to go regularly and make one lap around the gallery, but until the other day I had not set foot in the exposition gallery for many moons. After this I shall never miss the trip, as it is well worth a visit. It is the territory of the genteel fakir. In a brief walk of half an hour I had my catarrh completely cured five different times, and nearly choked myself on a piece of 'dog bread,' thinking it a sample of a new water cracker instead of a patent food for animals. I rested my weary arms by trying my son and heir on six different baby jumpers, and then I had my clothes soiled by three patent flour sifters. I had sixteen campaign badges offered to me at disgustingly low prices, and was weighed four times, losing about a pound each time. Seven times did I drop in a nickel to 'see it work,' and when I went down stairs I had my overcoat pockets chock full of samples of yeast cakes, baking powder, hair oil and liver pills. The man who visits the exposition and misses the gallery loses half his life."—Chicago Herald.

A Substitute.

Miss Fluffy Bangs—Say, did you ever ride on an ice yacht?

Mr. F. A. Kerr—No; but when I was doing the harlequin in "Humpty Dumpty" I used to be shot out of a cannon every night.—Puck.

Why It Came High.

Smere—The first picture that great artist ever painted brought more than any of his other works.

Dauber—Who bought it?

Smere—He did.—Harper's Bazar.

THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL.

A SAD CITY WITH A STRANGE LACK OF LIFE.

First Impressions of St. Petersburg—Its Unhealthy Position—Coarseness of the Lower Classes—The Droska and Its Reverent Driver—At Church.

The first impression of the traveler on approaching St. Petersburg is of wonder at its size and its position. On every side stretches of what is apparently a low, flat marsh, covered with innumerable buildings; the strangest place for a city ever chosen by the obstinate will of man, seeking to dispense with all natural advantages. Peter the Great chose it, it is said, as being "a window looking out upon Europe," but surely a site might have been found with an equal outlook and a less desolate and fatal position. Unlike Stockholm, which is likewise surrounded by water, but which sits on her rocky thrones like a queen above the dangerous element, St. Petersburg lies helplessly at its mercy. In autumn, when the Neva is rough and stormy, and in spring, when the ice is breaking up, the danger is greatest. The waves rise to the level of the streets, the numerous canals overflow; guns from the fortress are constantly fired to warn the people of their peril, while the inhabitants seek the upper stories of their houses and the police prepare boats for rescue. Another consequence of this marshy situation is its unhealthiness. The sewage is not properly carried off, the water is undrinkable, and dysentery and similar diseases prevail whenever the friendly frost is not present to turn everything to ice. Peter the Great did not build his capital in ignorance of what he was doing. He laid its foundation upon human lives. For many years 40,000 men were annually drafted from all portions of his empire to work in this poisonous marsh. Every cart and vessel entering the port was obliged to bring a certain number of stones to pave its streets, and hundreds of thousands of wooden piles were buried in its depths. Soil was also brought in in great quantities to raise the level of the place, and massive granite quays built along the rapid river; but nothing has availed to prevent disastrous inundations, seven or eight of which are particularly mentioned since the foundations were laid in 1703. At one time the river rose thirteen feet.

But it is not only the want of elevation and of picturesqueness that is depressing to the visitor; it is no less the wide desolation of the vast open spaces of the city. From the busy moving multitudes and crowded quays of Stockholm we have come to quiet and deserted squares, endless rows of immense buildings, monotonous grandeur and regularity. It is evident that there are not enough people to fill its streets, and it is a positive relief to enter the few thoroughfares where business and life is centered, such as the Nevsky Prospect. Of course, in winter, when the court is here and the richest citizens come in from their summer homes in Finland and the islands, when the sleighing is lively and all the gayeties of the season in vogue, St. Petersburg would show to much greater advantage.

We had been told that the contrasts of luxury and poverty on the streets would be most painful, and we expected to meet beggary on every hand, but such has not proved to be the case. There are always beggars at the church doors, but seldom elsewhere, and poverty is by no means so obvious and distressing as in many cities. It is not the poverty, but the coarseness, almost brutality, in the lower classes that impresses you most vividly. The men that you meet in their sordid rags or their undressed sheepskins seem not to need nor desire any better raiment. It is suitable to them. Wild of face, with long, tangled hair, and inexpressibly dirty, often half drunk, but never scringing, you shrink from rather than pity them. The pictures drawn by Tolstoi are seen to be fearfully realistic. The women are less forbidding, but with little intelligence or good humor. Actually I have never seen a smile nor heard a laugh in the streets since we have been here. Nobody understands or wishes to understand you; the poor are sullen, the well-to-do careless or insolent. And then there is so much that is strange and utterly foreign. For some, to us, unexplained reason the days of the month are changed. You thought it was the 20th of August—you find it is the 8th. The Russian alphabet is very different from ours, and the names of the streets and the signs over the shops might as well be written in Runic. As very few of the natives, however, are better off than yourself in this respect, the shopkeepers do not trust to the alphabet for setting forth their wares.

I have complained of the want of life in the streets. I must make an exception in favor of the droskas. These little carriages fly about in every direction, for everybody rides. You look down one of the long quays perhaps and see no walkers, no loungers, but you are sure to see droskas. They are small, low vehicles, each holding two passengers, with a driver on a high seat in front clad in a long blue blouse, with a leather girdle and a peculiar cap on his head. The horses, with their huge arched collars, are active and gentle and apparently well treated, and if you know enough Russian to make a bargain, you will find this method of transit a cheap and convenient one. It is certainly convenient; you have only to raise your hand and droskas sweep down upon you like vultures on their prey, sometimes jostling each other in their endeavor to reach you the first; but as none of the drivers know a word of anything but Russian, you may not find it very easy to make them comprehend where you want to go. This difficulty overcome, however, you will soon be spinning at a rapid rate over the badly paved streets. You will probably soon notice the driver snatch off his cap, wave it in the air, and, replacing it, make a hasty sign of the cross by touching the forehead, breast and each shoulder in succession. This is when a church is passed, and such recognition of the sacred edifices and shrines is common among both walkers and riders.

There is no nation probably so devoted to religious forms as the Russian—certainly none which believes so implicitly in the value of signs and genuflexions. It is strange enough to watch the crowd which fills the church during service time. There are never any seats; all, rich and poor, stand together; but in place of standing quietly, or, at most, kneeling occasionally, like the congregation in a Catholic church, the whole body of worshipers in a Greek church are in motion; bowing, prostrating themselves, waving the arms up and down, continually making the sign of the cross described above, they resemble a garden tossed by a great wind.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Art of Marking Books.

There are many ways of marking books; and you should have the art of all of them. If you wish to refer only to a passage draw a bit of pencil line along the edge, and then set down the number of the page on a fly leaf. So when you are through with a volume you look at the fly leaf and refer to the pages where there are points of importance, and you can use them as you please. But, alas, if one do finish a book, and there has been not one passage of note, and not one idea quickened, and not even provocation given, what a book is that! We should have a special shelf, I think, for imbeciles as we have asylums for idiots.

COL. JONES IN LUCK.

He Captures a Genuine Porpoise Snake, Such as Few Others Have Seen.

Col. J. B. Jones was fishing on the banks of Redfoot creek, Tennessee, having left his boat to escape the hot sun, and had hardly thrown his line out into the water when he saw a dark object rapidly approaching the surface. At first the genial colonel thought it an alligator of unusual size, but on closer observation discovered it to be an enormous creeping serpent. When this huge monster was within a few yards of him Col. Jones gathered some stones about the size of goose eggs and struck it several times in succession, and, strange to say, the blows did not appear to worry his snakeship to any great degree, as it never once left the surface of the water, but continued unconcerned at a slow pace up stream.

Col. Jones immediately seized his rod and line and scampered hastily to his boat. It was only a question of a few minutes before he was in midwater and in hot pursuit of the object, which was soon overtaken. When within close proximity he noticed the huge reptile seemed to be blind and apparently harmless. Fearing an attack, however, Col. Jones seized his rifle, and, taking aim at his head, fired. The bullet lodged in the collar bone and broke its neck. There was a slight movement of the tail, a little slashing of water, and all was over, the monster floating down stream.

Curious to learn the species of this peculiar reptile, Col. Jones made a lasso from a stout rope which he had in the boat and threw it around its body, thus enabling him to tow it ashore. A critical examination developed the fact he had captured a monster snake never before seen in this part of the country. It had a head resembling a long, funnel shaped horn, the body being similar to small kegs joined together. What made matters more queer, each keg seemed to have a bunghole or outlet (some of the queer knots being on the sides and some on the top). Hauling the tail on the bank, which was by no means an easy task, he opened one of the knots with a jack knife, and found it to be full of clear, purified oil.

At this juncture Maj. Sam Hall, an old sportsman, who has hunted all over the world, came up and frantically gesticulating, he exclaimed, "John, your fortune is made." Further he said it was a porpoise snake, and a rare specimen to be found thus far north. The oil in the kegs has since been found to be pure unadulterated porpoise oil. Twelve forty gallon barrels were filled. The oil has been shipped to Pittsburg.

By way of explanation it should be said to the incredulous that this is a species of the snake family which obtains oil by plunging its sharp head into the side of a purpoise and draining every drop of oil from its body.

The snake was forty-three feet long, and Col. Jones has the kegs and bungs in his possession.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Signs of Death.

According to one superstition a favorite method death has of announcing that a person is to become his victim is to cause the doomed one to sneeze while viewing a corpse, or to have the subject see his face reflected in a mirror while standing near the body of one in whom life is extinct. A sparrow flew into an open window of the consumptive ward at the hospital one day while I was attending a patient, and without alighting flew out of another window. I was immediately besieged upon all sides by tearful requests to redouble my efforts to effect a cure, as the action of the bird was a certain omen that death would claim some one present within a week.

One of the patients died the next day, and the other poor fated ones resuscitated the little spark of hope which feebly flickered previous to the advent of the little bird, thinking, probably, that as one had succumbed they had some chance of regaining their health.—Interview in Chicago News.

Smoking Under Water.

Says an expert swimmer:

It looks very strange to see a man go under water with a lighted cigar in his mouth, smoke calmly at the bottom and come to the surface with the cigar burning as nicely as if he were smoking in his easy chair. Apparently he defies all natural laws, but of course he doesn't.

It is a simple trick, but it requires practice. Just as I throw myself backward to go down I flip the cigar end for end with my tongue and upper lip and get the lighted end in my mouth, closing my lips water tight around it. A little slippery elm juice gargled before going in prevents any accidental burning of the mouth. Going slowly down backward, I lie at full length on the bottom of the tank and blow smoke through the cut end of the cigar. Just as I reach the surface again another flip reverses the cigar, and there I am smoking calmly. The reversing is done so quickly that nobody notices it.—Troy Times.

The Invention of the Panorama.

The panorama was invented by a Scotchman named Robert Barker, who obtained a license in London in 1787 and erected a rotunda on Leicester square. He was associated with Robert Fulton, the practical inventor of the steamboat, who introduced panoramas into Paris in 1796, but resigned in favor of Thayer, perhaps in order to give his attention to the application of steam to boats. Thayer raised a rotunda on the Boulevard Montmartre, whence comes the name of the Passage des Panoramas. Bonaparte caused plans to be drawn up for eight panoramas, in which his conquests were to be shown to the Parisians, whom he always tried to impress with the magnitude of the achievements in order to keep them faithful to his star. But these projects were never realized.—Chicago Herald.

Did He Love Her?

She—Darling, do you love me?

He (kissing her rapturously and repeatedly)—Do I? I wish you were a two headed girl. That's all I can say!—London Tit-Bits.

Endurance of the Model.

A great difficulty in a model's life is the fatigue when being drawn or painted. It depends solely upon herself, or her strength, how long a time she is capable of remaining stationary in the desired posture. Some are unable to pose longer than two or three minutes at a time, when they must rest, while others can remain much longer quiet. I am fortunate in this respect, and can pose for an hour with the greatest ease, and this enables the artist to complete his picture in a much shorter time than with broken sittings.—Artists' Model in Globe-Democrat.

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 convince 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.

SURE CURE FOR PILES.

Sure cure for blind, bleeding and itching Piles. One box has cured the worst case of ten years' standing. No one need suffer ten minutes after using Kirk's German Pile Ointment. It absorbs tumors, allays the itching, acts as a poultice, gives relief. Dr. Kirk's German Pile Ointment is prepared only for Piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is warranted. Sold by Druggists and sent by mail on receipt of price, $1.00 per box. J. J. Mack & Co., Wholesale Agents, 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.

OUTING.

The only illustrated magazine of Sport, Travel and Recreation. Regular features of *Outing* are articles on Amateur Photography, Hunting, Fishing, Canoeing, Bicycling, Athletics, Football, Tennis, Lacrosse. Price, 25 cents per copy; $3.00 per annum. Sample copy, 10 cents. THE OUTING CO., Limited, New York and London.

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Don't cheat yourself out of a good smoke by taking a poor imitation for the genuine Seal of North Carolina Plug Cut Tobacco.

Faber's Golden Female Pills.

For Female Irregularities; nothing like them on the market. *Never fail.* Successfully used by prominent ladies monthly. Guaranteed to relieve suppressed menstruation.

SURE! SAFE! CERTAIN!

Don't be humbugged. Save Time, Health, and money; take no other.

Sent to any address, secure by mail on receipt of price, $2.00. Address,

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Western Branch, Box 27, PORTLAND, OR
Sold by WISDOM DRUG CO., Portland, Or.

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.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars' reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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

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

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

The man who tries to avoid mountains will have a very crooked road.

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.

All the chappies are learning to play baccarat. It is so English, you know.

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.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust; no smell.

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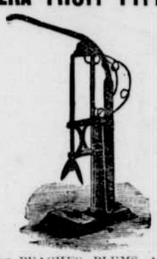

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