A NOVEL SCHEME.

A Portland Company That Will Care for World's Fair Visitors.

An organization, composed of Portland capitalists from among the best-known business men of that city, has filed articles of incorporation with the Secretary of State as the Pacific Coast World's Fair Saving and Transportation Company; capital stock, $100,000. The object of the company is to provide first-class, safe and economical transportation to the World's Fair; meals on dining cars en route, going and returning; hotel accommodations in Chicago; admittance to Fair grounds and meals on the grounds; the whole to be paid for on the installment plan of $1.40 each week, or $6 per month. The officers of this company are G. A. Mooney, President; Herbert Bradley, Vice-President; J. L. Hartman, Treasurer of the Northwest Loan and Trust Company, Treasurer; Charles H. Gleim, Secretary and General Manager. The Board of Directors includes Colonel Charles F. Beebe, associated with the above-named gentlemen. The Northwest Loan and Trust Company is custodian of the funds. Full particulars and the plan proposed can be obtained by addressing Mr. Charles H. Gleim, Secretary and General Manager, 46 Stark street, Portland, Or.

Some one has written a book called "The Man Who Was Too Good." It is fiction.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

Many persons are afflicted with skin eruptions, boils or ulcers. BRANDRETH'S PILLS taken freely will in a short time effect a complete cure of all such troubles. Ulcers of long standing have been cured by them. Carbuncles have been checked in their incipiency by them. The worst fever sores, bed sores and the like have been driven from the skin by them. Only begin in time and a few of BRANDRETH'S PILLS will prevent many a sickness.

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 sweet is always mingled
With the bitter in life's cup;
The price of coal is falling
When the mercury's going up.

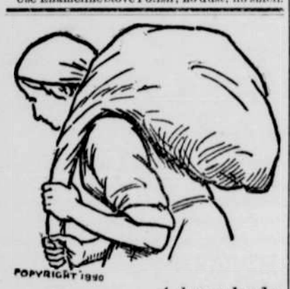
CHANGES OF CLIMATE

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 man who has learned to love people he doesn't like is on the right road to heaven.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust; no smell.



A heavy burden
—all the ills and ailments that only female flesh is heir to. It rests with you whether you carry it or lay it down. You can cure the disorders and derangements that prey upon your sex, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization.

For all organic displacements and weaknesses, accompanied by weak back, bearing-down sensations, and for all uterine diseases, it's a positive specific. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, in every case. If it doesn't, you've only to ask for your money and it's cheerfully refunded. If it does, you'll want to ask for nothing more. It's the *cheapest* medicine you can use, because you only pay for *the good* you get. It improves digestion, enriches the blood, invigorates the system, and produces refreshing sleep.

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.

STEINWAY, Gabler and Pease Piano Meaning the BEST PIANO MADE, and the favorite cheaper Pianos; all Musical Instruments; Bands Supplied; large stock of Sheet Music. STEINWAY HALL 308 and 308 Post Street; MATTHIAS GRAY CO. Us and see our new rooms and new stock

PORTLAND Business COLLEGE
Portland, Oregon. A. P. Armstrong, Prin. Branch School-CAPITAL BUS. COLLEGE, Salem, Oregon. Same courses of study, same rates of tuition.
Business, Shorthand,
Typewriting, Penmanship, and English Departments
In session throughout the year. Students admitted at any time. Catalogue from either school, free.

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 or Young Robust, Noble MANHOOD Fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY Absolutely enlarging HOME TREATMENT—Benefits to a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

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,
THE APHRO MEDICINE COMPANY,
Western Branch, Box 27, PORTLAND, OR.
Sold by WISDOM DRUG CO., Portland, Or.

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

HAST THOUGHT?

Hast thought, O friend, how many, long, sweet years
We two have journed kindly on together,
O'er smooth and stony ways, with smiles and tears,
'Neath cloud and sun, in every kind of weather?

Hast thought one day our fellowship must cease?
Our tired ways at last will go asunder?
And one be upward led to perfect peace,
And one be left to weep and wait and wonder?

Hast thought one happy day what welcome sweet
Shall angels hear who guard the Heavenly portal?
And how thenceforth our undivided feet
Shall walk the shining hills of Life Immortal?
—"L. L. G." in Democrat's Monthly.

EXECUTIONERS PAR EXCELLENCE.

Story of Marwood, the English Hangman. A Disgusting Performance.

The two men who loomed before the general public as executioners par excellence were Marwood, the English hangman, and Isaacs, who from time to time has experimented in the Tombs. I have Marwood's own word for it that at the last moment, after the cap is pulled over the face, under pretence of arranging the noose more carefully, the presses with his thumb quickly and with great force just below the Adam's apple with the intent successful, as he claims, of depriving the condemned of consciousness. Whether this is a desirable feature or not, I leave to hangmen. The ordinary mind revolts from any personal aid to glory, preferring to leave all literal killing to the appliances of a physical nature provided for that purpose.

Marwood was a voluptuary in his calling, and in moments of jocularity found greatest pleasure in toying with the necks and throats of his companions. On one occasion when an actor, well known and highly esteemed in this city, was on a grand tour through the English provinces, on going to his dressing room he found a party of convivialists, who had called to pay him their respects. There was the sheriff, quite a dignitary abroad, other officials and Marwood, the hangman. Clad in the classic garb of Hamlet, Prince of Danes, the actor was a picture of manly beauty, and Marwood, who had been drinking freely, placing his hands upon the actor's bust, said, "What a superb neck you have. How I would like to put the rope about your throat." Conversation turned upon the pleasant performance of this cheery companion, and he gave practical illustration of his throat pushing custom, very much to the annoyance of the actor.

In the party was an American. Upon him Marwood attempted to experiment, but becoming somewhat rough in his treatment the American, who could stand it no longer, and who was intensely disgusted by the entire procedure, drew off and with appropriate exclamation struck the little nuisance squarely in the jaw, knocking him with great force against a full length mirror, which was shattered into fragments. That that ended the call may be well imagined.—Joe Howard in New York Graphic.

School Hours for Children.

On rainy days, instead of the usual hour's intermission at noon, considerably less than an hour is taken for recess, and with this exception the children are kept continuously at work from shortly after 9 o'clock till 2. This is known in school phraseology as "short session;" the last two hours thereof, any teacher will bear me out in saying, are worse than useless. Children and teacher alike are weary and irritable. They act and react upon one another. It is more than doubtful whether anything is effectually taught or effectually learned. Surely when school hours are so long educational work might be completed in them. After giving four or five hours to mental work in school, children should not be required to study two or three hours longer out of school. Home work often takes up the hour of sunlight which remains after school on a winter's day, and children, who need sunshine as much as do daisies, live in semi-darkness till their cheeks are blanched like celery stalks. In half the time now spent in lessons children would acquire as much or more. Books would not be regarded with the distaste which follows weariness. The learners would come to study with minds refreshed, and hence keen and attentive.—E. M. Hardinge in The Epoch.

Traits of a Detective.

"How do men become detectives, any way? What training and natural traits must a man have?"

"That is a hard question to answer off hand," said Inspector Byrnes slowly. "The most important thing, I should say, is that men have a distinct liking—an undoubted passion—for this line of duty. That is essential.

"Yes, sir, a man must like the business, and know that he likes it; that he has a natural aptitude for it. That is the indispensable prerequisite. Then he must have perseverance, youth, intelligence, enthusiasm for his work. He must be thoroughly zealous, and especially he must be tenacious. A good officer will lay his plans and go over a case, and perhaps then fail; then he goes back and begins all over again, doing his work in the second line as carefully as at first; perhaps he will fail again, perhaps half a dozen times, but he has the bull dog in him and is up and at it again. That's the kind of man that succeeds in this business; the man who does something hard does it by patience, persistence and tenacity."—New York Cor. Cleveland Leader.

Development of Dental Science.

"Say, if you want something pleasant to think of when you're in a dentist's chair, and he is fishing down into the root of one of your teeth for the end of a nerve, think of this, that it is only a few years since the only dentists were the regular physicians, and all they knew about dentistry was to throw a hideous kind of steel grappling hook around a tooth and then haul away until something came. Now a dentist has to be a thorough chemist, a practical metallurgist, a good physician, an anatomist, a surgeon, a vulcanized rubber worker, to some extent an electrician, and have some feeling for the sufferings of the people who come under his care. That's the way dental science has developed in a quarter of a century."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Tons of Spanish Gold.

Eight thousand five hundred Spanish doubloons were received at the assay office to be melted into bullion. All of these coins, which are worth $17.16 each, and valued in the aggregate at about $147,000, bore dates previous to 1800, and some were marked with dates as remote as the Sixteenth century. They are supposed to be the results of treasure hunting expeditions organized to look for Spanish ships which were scuttled and sunk by Spaniards themselves during the Napoleonic wars to prevent the treasure falling into the hands of the French or of the pirates, who then infested the Caribbean sea. No information could be obtained as to the owners of the doubloons, which were received from the West Indies.—Detroit Free Press.

Weather for the Eskimo.

To speak briefly of the temperature the Eskimo most enjoys, for while he does not consider the lowest as any hardship to bear, it is not that which he likes the best, and in which choice he has a decided preference. Taking it all around, I would say that at about 20 degs. to 30 degs. below zero (leaning toward the latter if any), with little or no wind blowing at the time, and the sky clear or covered by only light, fleecy clouds, has given rise to more expressions of satisfaction from the Eskimo, as far as I observed while among them, than any other. I mean this, of course, as relating wholly to the weather itself, unaccompanied by any other condition than that of temperature, for the Eskimo will praise the vilest storm or welcome the worst weather if it brings with it a number of seal or walrus, a descending drove of reindeer, or anything else that makes life easy to sustain, so little does he care for the meteorological part.—Frederick Schwatka.

DIGGER INDIANS.

CEREMONIES AT THE FUNERAL OF A MEDICINE MAN.

Scene at the Hut of Mourning—A Wasteful Religious Duty—The Indian Burial Ground—Shaking Hands with the Corpse. The "Preacher's" Sermon.

When all were gathered at the hut of mourning the services seemed to consist of a concert of wails, carried on principally by the women. The corpse, wrapped in a gray blanket, on a rude bier, was placed at a distance from the hut, and some of the "big men" of the tribe made a bundle of the personal effects of the deceased, and proceeded to burn his hut, his wagon and all his household furnishings. There seemed to be a great deal of altercation accompanying the performance of this wasteful religious duty. When the excitement was over the women went on wailing, while the young bucks went off to have a good time, shooting at marks and performing various feats of strength. It is the custom of the Indians to bury their dead at sunset, and the funeral procession started from the Big Spring only in time to reach the burying ground at that time. There was no discernible order to the cortege as it passed along the road for six miles, group after group going by us in much the same fashion as in the morning. There was no separate conveyance for the corpse; it was put in the bottom of a wagon, even tipped up a little on one side to make room for the mahala, who squatted beside it, wailing and swaying her body back and forth.

The Indian burial ground is a mound on the lower end of the valley called Big Meadows, on the north fork of the Feather river. It covers scarcely an acre of ground, and juts out abruptly into the valley, with a background of wooded mountain, and before it green stretches of the meadow land, with its winding river. Here their dead have been buried ever since the first habitation of the country, and although the land is private property it will probably always be left to the undisturbed possession of the Indians.

SCENE AT THE GRAVE.

Here a very deep and long grave had been dug, much larger than would be made for a white man, for it was to contain not only the corpse, but all of the personal effects which had not been burned. He was a medicine man, and was considered worthy of a coffin, and when the funeral procession arrived at the grave a well made pine coffin, manufactured by a local carpenter, arrived from an opposite direction. The body was placed in it without removing the gray blanket covering the face. But the right hand was extricated from its covering and all the men passed by it in line and shook hands with the medicine man. Some gave the cold hand a hearty grip, but the touch of others was noticeably gingerly. Then the hand was covered again, and a young fellow dressed in a very stylish custom made suit of black took his place at the foot of the coffin, solemnly wound a small nickel plated alarm clock, set the alarm and placed it within the coffin at the dead man's feet. The lid was closed, and the women gathered around, rapping the coffin with their knuckles, passing their hands up and down over it, howling and moaning all the time.

The grave was lined with new rush baskets, split up the sides and spread out flat, and upon this carpet the coffin, with much difficulty and many experiments, was safely deposited. Then the wails grew louder, and always the voices of the women were heard above the rest. It is impossible to describe that wailing. It was not concerted; every one seemed to be acting independently of the others; there was no attempt at tune, but every now and then the musical voice of a young girl, clear and high pitched, would lead in a sort of cadence, and the heavier voices joined in an incoherent dull cry. The women swayed their bodies from side to side, waving in the air little tufts of cedar which they tossed into the grave. But in all this there was very little sign of real emotion. The young girls would smile and simper and duck their heads if they met the gaze of any of the white bystanders. Only one of the women shed any tears, and she was the sister of the medicine man, quite an old woman, who stood at the head of the grave really crying behind a big white handkerchief.

A COMICAL OBJECT.

There stood beside her an old buck, a most comical looking object, whose long locks were surmounted by a jaunty white straw hat, and whose bony figure was radiant in a red flannel miner's shirt and a pair of ragged gray trousers. He was "a kind of a preacher," one of the Indians said, and his loud vociferation and violent gestures were the only eulogies which were to console the mourners and do honor to the virtues of the deceased. For he was the only medicine man in this part of California, and his death left the tribe unprotected against the ravages of rheumatism and consumption. We could not understand the Indian language, but a sturdy farmer's son by our side who has picked up some of their vocabulary translated for us what the preacher was saying: "Injin doctor gone now; all Injins die. Sick here, here, here (pointing to head, lungs and heart). Die, die, never get well. Baby sick, no medicine, no get any better, pretty soon die." Then the mahalas, with their papooses on their backs, wailed louder, and the babies joined in the cry, and tried in vain to fight away the flies with their little fists. The preacher talked on at intervals, describing the destitution of the tribe, and the skill and goodness of the departed doctor. Two blind mahalas stood on the edge of the grave, and every now and then had to be held back from slipping into the hole.

Finally the preacher laid the dead man's bow and arrows on the coffin. Then a roll of blankets was thrown in at the foot of the coffin, and two large fur robes. Some mistake was evidently made in the selection of articles, for a loud voice of vituperation broke out from the monotonous wailing, and a bed quilt, lined with turkey red calico, was hurled by that fierce old mahala with the short skirts, over the heads of the crowd back to the pile from which it had been taken. The old boots, a leather hunting bag and a pair of spring scales were laid in, and then all was ready for the earth to be shoveled in. The crowd did not disperse until nearly nightfall, and as long as we could see in the twilight there were still several black figures standing like sentinels at the grave.—Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

"Useful Household Articles."

Persons who respond to an advertisement that promises "twenty-five useful household articles for twenty-five cents" are receiving by return mail a literally pointed response—twenty-five needles.—Chicago Herald.

Tramps Never Bald Headed.

"I never saw," said an officer who has done duty for a long time, "a bald headed tramp. Whether they stop tramping when their hair falls out, or whether those who tramp never lose their hair, I can't say, but tramps are never bald headed."—Grand Rapids Eagle.

Indian Corn in Russia.

It is reported that the culture of maize or Indian corn is rapidly increasing in Russia. It is now used for fattening hogs, and the prospect is that large quantities of it will soon be exported to countries in western Europe.

WHOLE POUNDS OF PENNIES.

Men Who Make a Business of Collecting and Exchanging Them.

An Italian, staggering under a heavy load of coin which he carried on his shoulder, tied in one end of a stout grain sack, entered the rotunda of the sub-treasury. The Italian's load consisted of 160 pounds of United States pennies. The bag and its contents were passed through the little window over the marble counter, a conditional receipt was given to the swarthy depositor, who placed it carefully in his inside pocket and stalked contentedly out of the building.

"What are you going to do with all those pennies?" was asked.

"The same as we do with all such deposits," he replied. "We count them over, sort out the counterfeit pieces and tokens, buy the good ones up for reissue, and the uncurrent ones we set one side to be returned to Washington for recoinage. To-morrow or next day the depositor returns, presents his receipt and we give him bills to the amount of his deposit, less the tokens and counterfeits, if there are any."

"Where does the man pick up such a quantity of pennies?"

"I suppose he gets them from the groceries, saloon keepers and small trades people down in the neighborhood of Mulberry street, where they are received in great quantities. He buys them up at a small discount, then brings them here for exchange, receiving their full face value, and the difference between what he receives and what he pays for them remunerates him for his time and trouble."

"Do other people exchange pennies very often?"

"Yes, some large firms very often send large amounts for exchange. Retail stores where the odd cents are charged. The street railroads make exchanges almost every day. The Dry Dock railroad, for instance, brings in on an average $500 a day in one cent pieces and nickels; the Broadway road about $400 a day, and the elevated railroad from $500 to $1,500 in five cent pieces."

"What do you do with all this quantity of small stuff?"

"There is almost always a demand for it. Almost as many come after it as there are depositors. Small change is rather scarce than otherwise. Then, again, we ship a great deal to the west and south, where up to two or three years ago pennies were unknown and five cent pieces were rarely used. But latterly they have come into very general use. This increased demand keeps the coin moving pretty briskly now, and we seldom have any great amount on hand. Yesterday we had $9,500 in five cent pieces and $4,100 in one cent pieces, and that is a fair average of the amount on hand at this season of the year. Before the present demand in the south and west we often had larger quantities, I have seen the time when we held $120,000 in five and $40,000 in one cent pieces."—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Terrible Punishment in Africa.

A recent telegram from Bechuanaland relative to the supposed massacre by Lo Benqulo, the king of Matabeleland, of 900 men proves to be exaggerated. The truth is as follows: Mr. Fred Seton, the celebrated hunter, with some English friends, Mr. Jamieson, of Dublin, Capt. Fountain and another, who were on a hunting expedition to Lo Benqulo's territory, were away in Mashonaland after big game, accompanied by a body guard of 150 Matabele warriors under an Induna. Their duty was, while ostensibly acting as guides, to watch the white hunters and prevent their leaving the actual hunting grounds, and, above all, to thwart any attempted gold prospecting. The latter attraction, nevertheless, induced the whole party to deviate from the hunting grounds toward the northern gold fields, prospecting by the way. The Induna neglecting to prevent this, one of his followers, fearing the consequences, returned and informed Lo Benqulo, who dispatched a regiment to administer the inevitable punishment. The king's messenger overtook the party and communicated the death sentence, which was immediately carried out. All the 150 natives died without a murmur, the mode of execution being two spear thrusts and a blow from a knobkerrie. The English hunters were simply cautioned and conducted back.—London Daily Chronicle.

John Ruskin's Recent Letter.

Mr. Ruskin has grieved his friends by writing a letter which is quoted in behalf of the law breakers of Trafalgar square. He admits in the opening sentence that he has not read the newspapers lately and so doesn't know much about the case. "There are," he says, "surely honest people enough in London to keep the average of rogues in quiet; and that they don't know how is the fault, not of the speakers in Trafalgar square, but of the chatterers and babblers in the houses of parliament for the last twenty years. As for right, any British citizen has a right to stand on the parapet of the terrace—if he can—to talk to any one who will listen to him, but he has no right whatever to use his paternal wealth to buy himself leave to talk nonsense in the house of commons. The shopkeepers have no business to ask the police to help them to swindle the public with cheap things or tempt them with showy ones. Let them shut their shops up—not on Sunday merely—to please God, but all the other days of the week to give their shop boys and girls a good, long Christmas holiday; and if the boys and girls like to talk to each other from the backs of the lions or the pillars of the lampposts, don't let the Life Guards interfere, nor the police listen to what they are saying."—New York Tribune.

Keep Out of It.

Dr. Talmage defines Hades to be a place where a person is continually tormented by conscience. If you have ever poisoned a neighbor's dog, and had his wife offer to sit up with your sick child next night, you have had a taste of it—just a mere atom of what the real thing is. Keep to the right and avoid it.—Detroit Free Press.

One of Many.

Jacques Marcau in 1693 made a map "of the discovered and undiscovered portions of the American continent," which shows a large river rising at about the present site of Kansas City, and flowing west to the "Gulph of California," which is marked as running up nearly to the latitude of Portland, Ore.—St. Louis Republic.

Escaped.

Landlady—Let's see, Mr. Impecune owes me for three weeks' board. You needn't mind dusting Mr. Impecune's room this morning, Jane!

Jane—No mum, the gintleman's done it himself!

Landlady—Done what?

Jane—Dusted.—American Grocer.

She Was Very Sensitive.

Mrs. Fordyce Langley, a Long Island matron, had for many years flattered herself that she walked with unusual grace and dignity, but the other day a teacher of manners told her that her gait was "pudgy," and she took laudanum and tried to die.—Detroit Free Press.

A Kindly Credit.

He—My wit is different from yours in one respect, at least—it leaves no sting.

She—Yes, it leaves no sting—it merely tickles—and then, too, it merely tickles you.—Life.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE:

And History, Seldom Erring, Will Record you Sage or Savage.

On the one side you have the old schools of medicine, born in obscurity and reared in ignorance, with whom mediocrity ranks as genius and fossilized conservatism is the acme of wisdom. They are the product of a parched imagination and a stunted intellect. They are the result of the dark ages and the thumbscrew of myth and mystery, of astrology and alchemy. Their great boast is antiquity—but the title is disputed by Balaam's ass.

On the other side stands the Histogenetic system of medicine. It is the offspring of modern thought, of modern investigation, of modern experience. It is the result of research, the triumph of reason. Like Minerva, it sprang from the brain of modern Jupiter—science. Its challenge is investigation; its passport is truth. Which side will win?

SEATTLE, Wash., June 9, 1891.

Our baby was very sick, and we tried several physicians in turn. None of them seemed to know what the matter was. She couldn't stand; couldn't play; it was difficult for her to get her breath; she had choking spells from the time she was 4 months old; would choke every five minutes during the night, and was subject to convulsions and muscular contraction. We had about given up hope of getting her well, when we took her to Dr. Jordan, and in a very short time she commenced to improve, until all these symptoms have disappeared entirely, and she has not had a sign of them for some time.

It gives me great pleasure to make this statement, so that others who have children that are ill may know where to take them for treatment.

MRS. CHARES R. BRYEMAN,
Third street, between Bell and Blanchard.

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.

The biggest thing about the World's Fair at present is the salary list.

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 & Lesey 832 Market street, San Francisco.

You can't tell how much religion people have by the size of their family Bible.

In 1850 "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" were introduced, and their success in relieving coughs and bronchial troubles has been unparalleled.

Perhaps it is because history repeats itself that some of it gets so very dry.

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

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"
A Farmer at Edom, Texas, Says: "We are six in family. We live in a place where we are subject to violent Colds and Lung Troubles. I have used German Syrup for six years successfully for Sore Throat, Cough, Cold, Hoarseness, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and spitting-up of Blood. I have tried many different kinds of cough Syrups in my time, but let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best. That has been my experience. If you use it once, you will go back to it whenever you need it. It gives total relief and is a quick cure. My advice to everyone suffering with Lung Troubles is—Try it. You will soon be convinced. In all the families where your German Syrup is used we have no trouble with the Lungs at all. It is the medicine for this country. John Franklin Jones.
G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

THE SMITHS.
—EVERY—
BOY AND GIRL
In the world by the name of
SMITH
Who will send 25 cents in stamps, or other good money, will receive by return mail, postpaid, a nice silk handkerchief, not large, but a perfect
DAISY.
Write to SMITH'S CASH STORE, the greatest outfitters in the world, at 416-418 Front street, San Francisco, Cal.

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