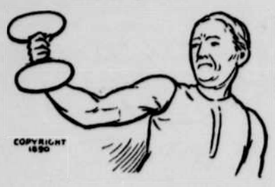
THE PORTLAND INDUSTRIAL EXPOSITION.

Every indication points to a tremendous success of the Portland Industrial Exposition, which opens this year September 17. The music by the great Zapadores Band of Mexico, the paintings from abroad, the living chess tournament, the wonderful electrical displays, the unprecedentedly large number of exhibits in agriculture and horticulture, in industry and science, shows that the coming Exposition, in attractiveness, will exceed any ever held upon the Pacific Coast.

There has been an entire rearrangement of the Exposition, and a large number of novelties from every part of the world have been secured.

The railroads have granted a round-trip rate of one fare and a fifth; half rates on all exhibits, except fruits and vegetables, which have been placed upon the free list. This certifies to the excellent management of the Exposition of 1891, and the same energy displayed in the other departments leaves no doubt as to its great success.



Pretty strong reasons for trying Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. In the first place, it cures your catarrh—no matter how bad your case, or of how long standing. It doesn't simply palliate — it *cures*. If you believe it, so much the better. There's nothing more to be said. You get it for 50 cents, from all druggists.

But perhaps you won't believe it. Then there's another reason for trying it. Show that you can't be cured, and you'll get $500. It's a plain business offer. The makers of Dr. Sage's Remedy will pay you that amount if they can't cure you. They know that they can—you think that they can't. If they're wrong, you get the cash. If you're wrong, you're rid of catarrh.

(Fine farm land in Nebraska to exchange for timber or other lands in Washington or Oregon. H. E. NOBLE, Concord Bldg., Portland.

SEEDS

ALL OUR SEEDS ARE TESTED. If you want the very best goods that you know will grow, at cash prices, write us.

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TREES

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.

TEA.

DO YOU ENJOY GOOD TEA?

We have the real Ceylon, new, direct import, in original cases. Pronounced by tea drinkers superior to any in this market. Price 90 Cents per lb. Any quantity not over 1 lb by mail postpaid at $1 per lb. Cheaper than cheap tea. Try it.

SMITH'S CASH STORE

416-418 Front Street,

Largest General Supply Store on Pacific Coast. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

"German Syrup"

Here is something from Mr. Frank A. Hale, proprietor of the De Witt House, Lewiston, and the Tontine Hotel, Brunswick, Me. Hotel men meet the world as it comes and goes, and are not slow in sizing people and things up for what they are worth. He says that he has lost a father and several brothers and sisters from Pulmonary Consumption, and is himself frequently troubled with colds, and he often coughs enough to make him sick at his stomach. When-ever he has taken a cold of this kind he uses Boschee's German Syrup, and it cures him every time. Here is a man who knows the full danger of lung troubles, and would therefore be most particular as to the medicine he used. What is his opinion? Listen! "I use nothing but Boschee's German Syrup, and have advised, I presume, more than a hundred different persons to take it. They agree with me that it is the best cough syrup in the market." (4)

Hereditary Consumption

JOHNSTON & LAWRENCE,
—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—
Plumbers' and Engineers' Supplies, Hand and Steam Pumps, Iron Pipe, Rams, Pipe Covering, Lubricators, Water Motors, Fans and Ventilators, Cash Registers, Etc.
Write for prices.
232 FIRST ST., PORTLAND, OR.
Contractors on heating and ventilating buildings. Estimates furnished.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY (Sealed) satisfying HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Testimony from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Beautiful illus. Pamphlet, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

N. P. N. U. No. 403—S. F. N. U. No. 480

A VISIT TO JAMAICA.

SECRET OF THE PLANTERS' SUCCESS IN FINANCIAL MATTERS.

Few Cane Fields, but Banana and Cocoanut Groves Everywhere—Port Royal's Decadence—Beautiful Kingston Harbor. Taking a Jolly Jamaica Ride.

The high Cuban mountains faded out of sight just before dark, and on Friday morning, seven days after leaving New York, the mountains of Jamaica lay before us. By the middle of the morning we were close by the north side of the island, but as Kingston, our destination, is on the south side, we still had to go around the eastern end of the island and about half way up the south side. This sight of land, the promised land for most of us on board, brought out all the finery again. These rough looking fellows in flannel shirts and Scotch caps disappeared, and in their places there came out on deck wonders of starched linen and black coats, and marvels of summer bonnets and silk dresses. As we ran along the Jamaican shore we had a fine chance to see something of the island, for we were not more than a mile away—and in that clear air and bright sunshine a mile is nothing. There were houses on shore—that was one of the first things we noticed—some good, big and comfortable looking houses, too, surrounded by great plantations of cocoanut trees, and in other places cane fields.

This peculiarity at once distinguished Jamaica from the other islands we had passed. At Fortune Island we were favored with the sight of one little house. In Cuba, not a single building of any kind nor a living creature, though we went close enough to have seen a cat walking on the beach! Nothing could be more desolate than the eastern end of Cuba—rugged mountains, bare rocks, and utter solitude. When Columbus first saw the island it could not have been more as nature made and left it, at the east end, than it is today. And this "east end," as far as its ruggedness and barrenness go, extends half way down the island nearly. We in the north are apt to think of Cuba as a vast garden spot, covered with cane fields and green tobacco. But this is a mistaken notion. The cultivated land is a surprisingly small proportion of the surface, and every year it grows smaller, if anything can "grow" smaller. The same cyclone that has hit all other West India islands has not passed Cuba. Away back in 1800 there were more than 2,000 coffee plantations in Cuba; now there are—quien sabe?—probably less than 200, and the others have gone to seed.

SEEN FROM THE SEA.

But the aspect of Jamaica is very different. Seen from the sea, the entire island seems to be under cultivation. It has, indeed, many high mountains, but the mountain land is some of the best on the island, producing coffee that is second to none in quality or price. Away up almost to the mountain tops are cultivated fields. Down by the shore are some of the largest cocoanut groves I have ever seen, numbering their trees by thousands, with vessels moored alongside waiting to carry away the ripened nuts. And bananas! Bananas growing everywhere, wherever a shoot can be set out! The houses to be seen are generally large and low, as open as possible to let in the breeze. Cane fields! Very few, and therein lies the secret of Jamaica's keeping herself afloat, while all the neighboring islands are struggling with bankruptcy. Instead of waiting in vain for sugar to pay again, as they are doing, the Jamaica planters plowed up their cane fields and went to raising bananas and cocoanuts, and now derive the greater part of their incomes from these articles of ready and profitable sale. So a Jamaica gentleman and fruit grower on the steamer told me, and certainly this first look at the island seems to confirm his statement, for there are bananas and cocoanuts growing everywhere.

How many a pirate ship has sailed along this same shore that we are hugging so closely! Old Port Royal, now just coming into sight, used to be the headquarters of all these fellows. There they squandered the gold they captured on the high seas; there found rest after their long, hard voyages. Poor fellows, they needed rest, of course, after their arduous labor of capturing and plundering all the ships they could! But Port Royal is no more. Once one of the greatest cities of the western world—ranking third, I believe, only Lima and Mexico exceeding it in size and wealth—it is now a hot little town of a few hundred inhabitants. Standing as it does on the end of an exceedingly narrow strip of land that juts out into the sea, one wonders where there ever could have been room for a great city. But the earthquake that destroyed the city and killed nearly all its inhabitants sank a good share of the land into the sea, and today we could, if we were to go over the spot in a row-boat, see the crumbling ruins of some of the buildings that on that fatal day were buried forever.

BEAUTIFUL KINGSTON HARBOR.

This tongue of land, on which stands the remains of Port Royal, forms the beautiful Kingston harbor, into which the Alvo slowly steams at 1 o'clock on the seventh day out from New York. Kingston lies before us, about twenty miles away, on the edge of an almost level plain. Behind it, perhaps ten miles inland, the mountains begin to rise, and continue up, up, till their peaks are lost in the clouds. It is a beautiful sight under this hot tropical sun. Cocoanut trees everywhere, far overtopping the houses of Port Royal and lining the shore. Forts to the right of us, forts to the left of us. One might think the whole world had banded together to capture this little island of Jamaica, from the number and size of its forts.

Gradually we approach the city, and slowly the pleasant voyage draws to a close. Kingston, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, is almost invisible, hidden by its trees. The streets are full of them, the yards, the parks—so it looks from the water. There are ships in the harbor, of course; a dozen steamers, perhaps, and any number of sailing vessels. The Alvo is drawn up to the Atlas line wharf, and we are beset by an army of hotel runners, who have all the cheerful characteristics of their brethren in New York. But with them come some of the friends through whose invitation this voyage has been undertaken. The weather? Well, comfortably warm; and the surrounding darkies look on dismayed to see the number of heavy coats our party pile into the carriages. So, in one of the gorgeous Kingston "busses" we take the first of many a jolly Jamaica ride.—William Drysdale in New York Times.

Leaks in Farmers' Purses.

Among the sources of preventable loss to British agriculturists, Professor W. Freame mentions the following: The imperfect working of the soil, which is a very common cause of failure; the use of bad seeds, or those mixed with seeds of weeds and parasites; the encouragement of weeds, which not only rob the soil but nourish insect pests that may be awaiting the more valuable plants; the deterioration of grass lands, which embrace three-sevenths of the area of the British Isles, and of the nature of whose herbage 99 out of 100 farmers are utterly ignorant; the insect and fungi pests, whose maintenance is often a severe drain; the diseases of live stock, some of which may be prevented or greatly reduced; and injudicious expenditure. The need of the British farmer, Professor Freame concludes, is sound technical instruction in agriculture, whereby his losses would be greatly lessened and his gains correspondingly augmented.—Arkansaw Traveler.

It Was the Other Fellow.

Grizzly—My toe hurt like thunder last night.

Tootley—That so? What was the matter with it?

Grizzly—Wasn't anything the matter with it.

Tootley—Thought you said it hurt you.

Grizzly—No, it didn't hurt me. It hurt that young dude that's been calling to see my girl.—West Shore.

NO CHANCE FOR ESCAPE.

The Phonograph as a Third Party at a Popping of the Question.

"Are you in earnest, Mr. Hankinson?"

The lovely girl who asked this question of Marcellus Hankinson sat behind the center table with her hands in her lap and regarded the young man intently.

"In earnest, Irene!" he exclaimed, pale with emotion and chronic dyspepsia, "the whole happiness of my life is wrapped up in your answer to the question I have asked. If you will trust your future in my hands, my life shall be devoted to the task of making you happy. It will be my sole aim to shield you from the rude blasts of all adversity, to smooth your pathway through the world, to interpose my right arm between you and every danger that threatens to disturb your peace, and"——

"If I listen to your suit, Mr. Hankinson," interrupted the young lady, casting her eyes with some timidity and confusion to the floor, "you may regret it some day. You would find me ignorant of the practical duties of housekeeping and without"——

"Practical duties of housekeeping!" broke in the enthusiastic youth; "you will have no practical duties of that kind. As my wife you shall not be a drudge. You shall be the queen of my home. You consent, do you not, my dar"——

"Wait a moment, my dear Mr. Hankinson. I am afraid you would find me thoughtless and extravagant in a great many things."

"Extravagant! Irene, it will be the joy of my life to provide you with whatever may gratify your slightest whim. You can never make a request of me that I would not rejoice to anticipate and grant beforehand."

"And you will be willing to spend all your evenings at home?"

"My angel, I never would want to spend them anywhere else."

"You would never break my heart by joining a club or becoming a drinking man?"

"Hear me, Irene. I promise never to do either!"

"Let me see," said the young lady, meditativly; "I think that is all—Oh! You will agree to have the word 'obey' left out of my part of the marriage service, will you, Mr. Hankinson?"

"Obey? Ha! ha! Why, my own, certainly. I am even willing to promise to obey you!"

"Then, Marcellus," said the lovely girl, as she lifted a full grown phonograph off her lap, locked it carefully in a drawer of the secretary that stood against the wall, turned up the gas, and beamed in a sweet yet business like manner upon the terror stricken young man, "I am yours!"—Chicago Tribune.

Bismarck in the Reichstag.

It is more interesting to watch Bismarck when making one of his great speeches than to listen to him. His words are far stronger and make much more of an impression in cold type than when they fall from his lips. This shows their inherent force and weight. His delivery is slow; he always uses the exact word he wants and his facts are marshaled in clear and lucid order. When he first rises to speak a great silence falls upon the reichstag; not even a whisper is heard, and the deputies of all shades of political opinion crowd as closely as possible around him, fearful lest they might lose a single syllable of what he says. Bismarck has little or no rhetorical action. His motions are not graceful, his voice is husky and unmusical, and some of his sentences are as long as those of our own Evarts. During a debate he makes frequent notes in a coarse, scrawling hand. When attacked by some keen opponents he grows nervous, shifts in his seat, his pen shakes between his fingers and very often his hand goes menacingly to his sword hilt, for Bismarck, while he is the first civil officer in the empire, is at the same time a general of cavalry, and always wears his undress uniform in the reichstag.

When aroused his ebullitions of passion are frequently terrible. His great frame quivers with emotion and his gray blue eyes flash fire as he turns towards the benches of his adversaries and demands to know who it was that hissed him. Scenes of this character, however, are of rare occurrence in recent years. He is merciless in retort, unsparing of persons, no matter their age, their personal services to himself or to the empire. He possesses a caustic humor, which he uses with great effect. A master of invective, his coarseness of speech very often defeats his own object.—John P. Jackson in New York World.

New York Doubloon of 1787.

Seating the reporter at a table Mr. Proskey went to a large safe and took out one of the small drawers with which it was fitted. From this he took a little chamois skin bag containing a small brown paper package, inside of which, carefully wrapped up in tissue paper, was a large, thick, irregular gold coin, about the size of one of the largest copper cents.

"There," said Mr. Proskey, throwing it upon the table, "is a coin that is much rarer than the 1804 dollar. It is the New York doubloon, coined in 1787, and intended as a state coin. Only a very few were struck and but five are now known to exist."

On one side of the coin is a picture of the sun rising over a mountain, surmounted by the legend, "Nova Eboraca Columbia. Excelsior." Below the mountain is the word "Brasher," the name of the designer. The other side has the original form of the national motto, "Unum E Pluribus." Inside of this is an heraldic eagle, on one wing of which are the letters E. B., the designer's initials. Brasher was evidently a man who believed in advertising, and didn't intend to let the designer's name be forgotten. It is worth about $500. The last one that was sold, which was not nearly as fine a specimen as this, went for $507, and subsequently for $527. It had been held in an old Maryland family ever since it was coined. If this piece only had the reputation of the 1804 dollar it would be worth a great deal more money."—New York World.

The Musquito Man's Friend.

A lecture was recently delivered at Madras, India, on that interesting and familiar pest, the musquito. The lecturer, Mr. H. Sullivan Thomas, asserts that it is only the female musquito that does the biting. He considers the musquito a most useful pest, seven-eighths of its existence being devoted to the service of men and only one-eighth to their annoyance. It exist in the larval state twenty-one days, and during that period engages in sanitary work with ardor and thoroughness. Wherever there is dirty water, wherever there is a filthy drain, there the musquito larvæ are to be found in hundreds, voraciously devouring the contaminating matter.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Sensible Old Man.

"I have long loved your daughter, sir," he said, "and I would fain make her my wife."

"You would what make her your wife?" demanded the old man, who has knots on his head.

"I would fain make her my wife, sir."

"Well, I would fain say thee nay," with bitter sarcasm. "A young man who uses such language as you would have to stand his landlord off for the second month's rent."—New York Sun.

Night on the Avenue.

Young Burglar (in the parlor)—Hark! I just heard the lady upstairs tell her husband there were burglars in the house.

Old Burglar—That's all right. If they know we are burglars they'll keep quiet, for fear of bein' killed. I was afraid they'd mistake us for poor relations, and yell for the police.—New York Weekly.

There is a law on the statute books of Massachusetts requiring that any person finding property to the value of three dollars or more shall have the same recorded at the office of the town or city clerk.

IN THE PAWN SHOP.

A LITTLE GIRL'S MISSION AND HOW SHE PERFORMED IT.

Scenes at the Counter—The Clerk and His Unfortunate Customers—"Timonds Are Vay Town"—"Doin' of It Agin," Heavy Interest Charged.

In the afternoon of one of the coldest days last week a little mite of a girl puffed and wheezed laboriously up one of the east side streets. She was remarkable for the artistic way in which her face was soiled and for a big red shawl that was wound about her. One end of it swept the sidewalk several feet behind. A big basket was on her right arm, and that it was much too heavy for her was proved by the way she hitched it up at frequent intervals. A dirty little boy on the opposite side of the street stopped rubbing his ears long enough to shout:

"Are you doin' of it agin?"

The little girl laughed as broadly as her frozen face would permit, and nodded at the basket on her arm. In course of time she had puffed her way up to a dingy building ornamented with three gilt balls above the heavy door. She placed her back against the door, and, by pushing with all her might, forced it open and slipped behind it. Then she was in a small, square space, and was very uncomfortable in a little knot of very poor persons.

ALL MANNER OF BUNDLES.

There was a short counter, on one end of which stood a little desk, with a tall, ground glass back that obscured the business done upon it from the persons in the store. Just in front of the other end was a little inclosure like a sentry box, that was for the use of customers who were ashamed of being there. A range of shelves behind the counter, that reached from the floor to the ceiling, was loaded with all manner of circular bundles that bore upon their exposed ends little squares of brown paper. But by far the most prominent thing in the place was a gigantic safe that stood with gaping doors near the desk.

A tall, heavily built man, with eyeglasses and a Hebraic cast of features stood behind the counter wrangling with a good natured Irish woman. In the man's shirt bosom and on several of his fingers glittered big diamonds. On the counter between him and the woman was a pair of girl's shoes but slightly worn, a white skirt and a sheet.

"Come, now; be good natured," she was saying as the little girl entered, "and give me $2. Shure, I'll be affther taking them out again on Saturday. Me man has steady work now."

"I py me dose new for two dollar. I lose money of I gif you von dollar, but you vas a good gustomer, und so I tont gare."

Then he swept the articles out of sight, wrote a few words on a ticket, and passed it to the woman, together with a silver $1.

"Vell!"

The remark was addressed to a weak old man with a mass of unkempt gray hair floating about his face. He tremblingly drew from his pocket a well worn silver watch and a thin silver chain and placed them in the clerk's hand. The latter flicked open the cases, stuck a jeweler's glass in his eye, and, after a minute's inspection, said:

"Two dollar."

The old man bowed.

The door opened, letting in a rush of cold air and a slim young man, who darted into the little box and rapped imperiously upon the counter. The clerk hurried to attend to him, for the proceedings smacked of a diamond transaction. This is what it proved to be. The diamond was a large one, set in a ring, and the young man was heard to say $50, as though he expected to get it. But among the many rules that govern this business is one that says the first request must never be granted. This rule was strictly adhered to on this occasion.

"Timonds are vay town," said the clerk.

"And they are bound to go up again, as you very well know," was the sharp reply; "but if they were down lower than they ever were before that stone would bring $75 anywhere."

"I gif you $40."

"Make it $45 and let me get out of here."

The clerk made it $45, and the young man hurried out.

OF DAILY OCCURRENCE.

Then a little dumpling of a woman produced from the voluminous folds of a quilt a big gilt volume, and laid it, together with the quilt, upon the counter. The clerk glanced at them in a cursory way, and asked:

"Von tollar?"

"Two, ave it's plaisin' to ye," was the mild reply.

"Twelve shilling?"

"All right, sir."

Then the little girl forged slowly up, and, with an effort, raised the basket and set it on the counter. The clerk lifted the lid and pulled out a pair of flat irons and a well worn dress.

"Me mudder says will ye give seventy-five cents?"

"Forty cents," said the clerk.

"Me mudder says she'll take them out sure on Saturday, and will ye please do it?"

"Forty cents."

The little girl raised herself on her toes and began snuffling.

"Feefty cents."

The little girl burst out into a wild wail.

"Feefty-five cents and no more."

"All right, sir," piped the little girl, growing suddenly calm.

Then, having "done it again," she took her empty basket on her arm, wound the shawl about her and walked out.

These are a few samples of the scenes that daily occur in the pawn shops. There are so many of these places in the city that it is a wonder to many how they are supported. It can be safely said that the liquor stores and the pawn shops live through one another to a great extent, and much of the money that passes over the counter of the pawn shops finds its way into the till of the liquor stores that, in their turn, impoverish so many and force them to the pawnshops for help. The pawnbrokers charge 25 per cent. a year on the money they lend, or 3 per cent. a month on a fraction thereof. This is a heavy interest to pay, especially where there is really no risk. It is true that a goodly portion of the articles pledged are never redeemed, but these, after a certain lapse of time, are sold at action or by private sale and much profit is reaped from them.—New York Sun.

Waiting for the Blessing.

An eastern United States senator tells this about his little girl: He says that when his family had gathered for dinner little Elsie was too busy with her playthings to suspend, and her mother called to her to come.

"'Yes, in a minute,' was the response.

"'But we are all waiting,' said my wife, 'and your papa is waiting to ask the blessing.'

"She came in, climbed into her chair, folded her little hands demurely, bowed her head and said in a low voice, 'Let her go, Gallagher!'

"I am afraid," said the senator, laughing, "that the blessing I invoked at my table that day was slightly incoherent."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Electrified the Congregation.

A good story is told of a Cardingshire local preacher. He was declaiming one of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons—unknown, of course, to his hearers—in a bethel of miniature dimensions, which did not even possess a gallery. Toward the close he electrified the little congregation with the exclamation, "And now I turn to you, the hundreds in the gallery."—The Rock.

Stranger (to Washington hotel clerk)—Will you direct me to the barroom?

Clerk—Yes, sir; follow the procession.—The Epoch.

WHAT IS YOUR OPINION?

Should any one ask your opinion about the Histogenetic system of medicine, just answer boldly that it is no good. Should he ask you the reason why it is no good, tell him—just because. If this answer does not confound him by its profundity and he still persists, tell him that it is a new fangled idea. This will probably prove effective, as it bankrupted the first iron plow establishment. Should you fail in that, too, don't give up, but insist with the powerful argument that your grandmother never heard of it; that you can't see how mercury, arsenic, strychnine, etc., can be improved upon, and that the old schools of medicine must necessarily have exhausted all the stock of wisdom, and that there cannot possibly be anything left to learn. And if all your powerful arguments have failed to convince him of the reasonableness of your position—you have still one Parthian shot—tell him that you are simply astonished; that you thought him an intelligent man.

And still there are men—and women, too—upon whom such arguments have no effect, but they are thinking people who are willing to investigate before they form an opinion.

PHOENIX, A. T., July 30, 1891.
Dr. J. Eugene Jordan, Seattle, Wash.—DEAR SIR: Having used your remedies in my family for more than two years with wonderful success, I feel that no other remedies can give satisfaction, and I inclose symptoms of my nephew's case for your consideration. FRANCES A. CURTIS.

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.

It's a mistake to suppose that the social lion is the king of beasts.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

That dyspepsia comes from torpid liver and costiveness.

That you cannot digest your food well unless your bowels and liver act properly.

That your bowels require thorough cleansing when they do not do their duty by your digestion.

That your torpid liver needs stimulating in order that it may act as nature intended it should.

That BRANDRETH'S PILLS taken in doses of one or two at night for, say, ten days will regulate the bowels, stimulate the liver, improve the digestion and drive away dyspepsia.

That BRANDRETH'S PILLS are purely vegetable, absolutely harmless and safe to take at any time.

That they can be obtained in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

The air of condescension never yet ventilated a poor tenement house.

A slight cold, if neglected, often attacks the lungs. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give immediate relief.

It takes an unusually good swimmer nowadays to float a loan.

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.

Women are not always deep thinkers, but they are generally cloth s observers.

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.

The people who would have done so and so if they had been there never get there.

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Use Eusmeline Stove Polish; no dust; no smell.

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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.

Packed in patent canvas pouches, which retain the natural moisture of the tobacco and insures a cool, sweet smoke to the end. More solid comfort in one package of "Mastiff" than you can get out of a dozen others.

J. B. Pace Tobacco Co., Richmond, Virginia.

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Meaning the BEST PIANO MADE, and the favorite cheaper Pianos; all Musical Instruments; Bands Supplied; large stock of Sheet Music. STEINWAY HALL, 304 and 308 Post Street; MATTHIAS GRAY CO. Call and see our new rooms and new stock.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL' CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, 1886.
[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON,
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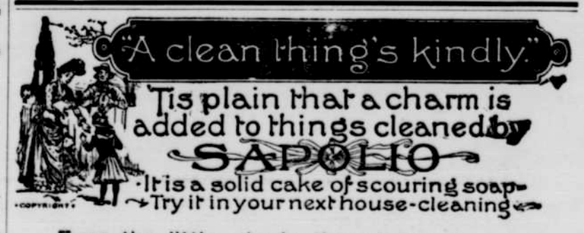

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