COUGHS.—"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness and Bronchial Affections. *Sold only in boxes.*

A cigar loses its qualities when the puffer cannot see the smoke. Blind men rarely smoke.

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 India 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.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation permanently. For sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all druggists.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

SEEDS

ALL OUR SEEDS ARE TESTED. If you want the very best goods that you know will grow, at cash prices, write us.
Office. 209 2d Street **F. L. POSSON & SON,** Warehouse 170 Front St.
Portland, Oregon.

TREES

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels cranky, and is constantly experimenting, dieting himself, adopting strange notions, and changing the cooking, the dishes, the hours, and manner of his eating—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels at times a gnawing, voracious, insatiable appetite, wholly unaccountable, unnatural and unhealthy.—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels no desire to go to the table and a grumbling, fault-finding, over-nicety about what is set before him when he is there—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He feels after a spell of this abnormal appetite an utter abhorrence, loathing, and detestation of food; as if a mouthful would kill him—**August Flower the Remedy.**

How does he feel?—He has irregular bowels and peculiar stools—**August Flower the Remedy.**

"The song that touched his heart."

A pure Virginia plug cut smoking tobacco that does not bite the tongue, and is free from any foreign mixture. More solid comfort in one package of Mastiff than you can get out of a dozen others. Packed in canvas pouches.

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

I took Cold, I took Sick,
I TOOK
SCOTT'S EMULSION
RESULT:
I take My Meals, I take My Rest,
AND I AM VIGOROUS ENOUGH TO TAKE ANYTHING I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON; **getting fat too,** FOR Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda NOT ONLY CURED MY **Incipient Consumption** BUT BUILT ME UP, AND IS NOW PUTTING
FLESH ON MY BONES
AT THE RATE OF A POUND A DAY. I TAKE IT JUST AS EASILY AS I DO MILK." SUCH TESTIMONY IS NOTHING NEW. SCOTT'S EMULSION IS DOING WONDERS DAILY. TAKE NO OTHER.

YOU WANT IT!
OUR HOLIDAY CATALOGUE MAILED FREE TO ANY ADDRESS. SEND FOR ONE.
WILL & FINCK, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

UNDER THE LAUREL AND WILLOW.

Under the laurel and willow,
Under the stars and the dew,
Resting from conflict and danger,
Slumber the Gray and the Blue.
Shadows and sunbeams entangle,
Birds trill their melody gay,
Zephyrs sigh requiem solemn
Over the Blue and the Gray.

Roses and dark gleaming cypress,
Tender white lilies and rue,
Sun kissed or rain dashed, are bending
Over the Gray and the Blue.
Clusters of somber eyed blossoms,
Garlands of splendid display,
Lie in the daisies and grasses,
Over the Blue and the Gray.

Out of the heart of the nation,
Up on the pinions of day,
Flutter, in tremulous whispers,
Prayers o'er the Blue and the Gray.
Down on the flower wreathed hillocks,
Wet with the rain or the dew,
Falls a tear for the gray coated sleepers,
A tear for the sleepers in blue.
—Claudia Tharin in Good Housekeeping.

A Valuable Invention.

A gentleman who has made several important mechanical inventions, and has been for some time engaged in perfecting a new journal bearing for railway cars which shall prevent the danger of fire from overheating of the axle—that is, from what is technically known as a "hot box"—had not long since an interview with an official of a company which was to take up the invention.

The interview took place at the home of the inventor, and his daughter, a young lady well on in her teens, sat in an adjoining room, where she overheard all that was said.

Although she listened intently she did not understand all the details of the conversation, but that she was much impressed by what she did hear was shown by the fact that the next day she confided to an aunt that the family was on the eve of a great success.

"I heard papa telling Mr. Blank all about his new invention last night," she explained, "and Mr. Blank said there was a fortune in it."

"But what sort of an invention is it?" her aunt inquired.

The girl put her head thoughtfully on one side for a moment.

"I am not quite sure," she answered, trying to recall the talk which she had overheard the day before, "but I think that papa has invented a new kind of hot box."—Youth's Companion.

References No Good.

"New York references are no good," said the attorney for a collection agency. "We never take them. When a note is due we just crack ahead and bring suit. Then the man must pay costs besides. That is the way we get our living. We rarely ever counsel extensions. Nine cases out of ten, if a man wants four or five days and gets it he'll never pay at all, and the advantage arising from immediate suit is lost. All a notary has to do in case of a note is to call at a man's residence or place of business. He doesn't have to present the note for payment. If the man isn't there a suit can be begun at once without further notice. It is a legal refusal to pay if the man isn't there to receive the notary. That is the way we do business. Our business is to get the money for our clients. The creditor must look out for himself. I wouldn't give the snap of my finger for the best reference in New York."—New York Herald.

Wanted to Go to the Game.

The other day a couple of gentlemen were lunching rather elaborately at a prominent cafe. One of them sighed frequently and looked at his watch and inveighed against the necessity for work.

"Bah!" exclaimed his companion, "you would not know what to do with yourself. You thrive upon an active life. Besides you have been everywhere and seen everything, and if you had five millions tomorrow you couldn't enjoy it. No, sir. Now, look here, old man, what is your idea of pleasure? What would you do right now if you had a million? Right off hand, now—what would you do?"

"I'd knock off this lunch and go out and see the ball game, for the first thing." (In about a minute)—"I don't see anything so awfully funny about that!"—New York Herald.

A Forgotten Fortune.

Matching the stories of valuable and unappreciated oil paintings sold for a song is one concerning a miraculous transaction in Chevres china. Early in the past century a gentleman presented a reverend friend with two vases as a wedding present. These vases stood for more than forty years on a cabinet in a Somersetshire rectory without attracting any particular notice, until a sale took place after their owner's death, at which they were bought for two guineas by a tradesman in Bath. Within a few weeks they resold for 600 guineas to a Bond street dealer, who speedily disposed of them to the late Lord Derby for 4,000 guineas.—New York Home Journal.

A Peculiarity of the Schoolboy.

A peculiarity of the schoolboy mind is to put things negatively. As for example, a boy was asked to write a short essay on pins by way of an exercise in composition, and produced the following:

"Pins are very useful. They have saved the lives of a great many men, women and children—in fact, whole families."

"How so?" asked the puzzled inspector on reading this.

"Why, by not swallowing them," was the immediate reply.

On the same line was the essay of another schoolboy on the subject of salt, which he described as "The stuff that makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put it on."—London Tit-Bits.

Sanitary Intelligence.

Teacher—You must not come to school any more, Tommy, until your mother has recovered from the smallpox.

Tommy—There ain't a bit of danger. She ain't going to give me the smallpox.

"Why, how is that?"

"She's my stepmother. She never gives me anything."—Texas Siftings.

He Had Waited Before.

"Are you ready, Emma?" John called.

"Yes. I'll be there in a minute; I've only my bonnet to put on."

"All right. I'll have time to shave before we go."—Harper's Bazar.

The great university being erected by Mr. and Mrs. Leland Stanford in memory of their son at Palo Alto, is arranged to admit men and women on an equal footing. One hundred dollars a year covers the sum of maintenance for each pupil, although everything is as complete in equipment about the institution as modern invention can design.

Collecting a Debt.

There are debts and debtors, and to get the former out of the latter sometimes requires a good deal of ingenuity. The case of a livery stable keeper and a poor paying patron indicates that fact, and, as one is dead and the other in Europe, the story may be told. The patron had run up a big bill on the livery man and neglected to pay.

It amounted to $93, and had he so wished the debtor could have easily settled at any time. But he didn't wish. He knew that his creditor would not sue, because such course, for various reasons, would be unwise. Appeals were in vain, threats were unheeded, and the creditor was at his wits' end. Finally he hit upon a scheme. He had his bookkeeper make out a bill for $930, and sent it to his debtor by messenger, with a request for immediate payment of the whole amount. Then he sat down and waited.

In less than twenty minutes the office door was thrown open and a man entered. It was the debtor, and he was mad clear through. "You swindling villain!" he howled, shaking his fist under the liveryman's nose. "What do you mean by sending me a bill for $930? I don't owe you anything like that amount, and I'll not pay it. I'll have you understand that I'm too fly for you. Here's ninety-three dollars, and you'll not get a cent more."

Saying this he threw the money on the desk, and glared at the livery man with hatred in his eye. No one answered him, however, and then he demanded a receipt. It was given him in silence, he left the office banging the door after him, and then the liveryman chuckled. Then he laughed. Then he roared. His scheme was a success, and the bill was paid.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Race Problem Even in Australia.

Sir George Grey thinks that a barrier against the participation of New Zealand in Australian federation is to be found in the colored labor question, which he believes is one of the first difficulties which an Australian federal parliament will have to face. He has declared that the northern territories, if they are to be worked at all, must be worked with colored labor, and although he is opposed to the employment of Chinese labor, thinks that Kanakas and Indian coolies might wisely be employed in the north.

Sir George Grey's information differs entirely from my own, which is to the effect that even in the event of a division of the colony of Queensland the majority of the people in the north would oppose the introduction of colored labor, and I regard it as most unlikely that this question will be raised in the federal parliament, should it meet, or at least be raised with the slightest chance of a reversal of the recent policy of exclusion of colored labor.

No doubt the growing of tropical produce upon the northern coast will be prevented, if I am right, but I firmly believe that the Australian people have made up their minds that the continent is to be reserved for white men, and that those industries which cannot be supported by white labor are not to be encouraged upon Australian soil.—Sir Charles Dilke in Forum.

Tradition of Scotland's Thistle.

Queen Scotia had led her troops in a well fought battle, and when the day was won retired to the rear to rest from her toils. She threw herself upon the ground where, as ill luck would have it, a bristly thistle grew. Whether the fair amazon fought in the national costume of Scotland or not the tradition fails to say, but at any rate the spines of the offending plant were sufficiently powerful to penetrate the skin in a very painful manner. A proverbial philosopher has said that "he that sitteth upon nettles riseth quickly," and the same remark holds good with thistles.

Queen Scotia sprang to her feet and tore the thistle out by the roots. She was about to cast it aside, when it struck her that the prickly herb would henceforth be ever associated in her mind with the glorious victory which she had just gained. Her intention was changed. She placed the thistle in her cask, and it became the badge of her dynasty.—St. Louis Republic.

Lost a Good Story.

A reporter called at the house of a prominent city pastor who had been down with pneumonia. His wife answered the door bell.

"How is the doctor?"

"Much better, thank you."

A shade of disappointment mirrored itself on the reporter's face, and he said in a tone which showed that he felt aggrieved, as one who had been robbed of a sensational item: "Well, they told me at the office that the Rev. Mr. B—— was at the point of death, and that your husband was very low. I've just called at the Rev. Mr. B——'s office and I find that he's got well and gone out. And now you tell me your husband is better," sighing. Then, with a hopeful look, he asked quickly:

"Is there any likelihood of a relapse?"

"Mercy!" cried the frightened wife, "I hope not!"

"Good morning, then," said the sad reporter.—St. Louis Republic.

The Power of the Electric Current.

Professor Elihu Thompson is led to conclude, after long and elaborate experimentation, that the alternating current's power to destroy life is in inverse ratio to the number of alternations per second. It took, for example, twenty times as strong a current to kill a dog when the alternations were 4,500 per second as when they were 120 per second. When the alternations were 300 per second the current was only half as dangerous to life as when the alternations were 120.—Exchange.

At the Picture Gallery.

"Sir, I am a painter myself, and ought to be a good judge. I tell you that is a splendid bit of work."

"I don't see it; still I am delighted to come across a painter who doesn't run down his fellow artists!"

"Excuse me, sir, but the picture is mine."—Le Pelerin.

Baron Hirsch's fortune is variously estimated from £20,000,000 to £30,000,000. His father was a Bavarian banker. The foundation of his fortune was a railway contract with the Turkish government. It has since been enlarged by other railway maneuvers in eastern Europe and by speculations on the Paris bourse.

The amount of coloring matter stored in coal is such that one pound of the mineral yields magenta sufficient to color 500 yards of flannel, aurine for 120 yards, vermilion for 2,560 yards, and alizarine for 255 yards of Turkey red cloth.

THE DOT ON THE I.

Character Reading from the Insignificant Mark Over a Small Letter.

"Do you put the dot high above the letter i? Do you put it close to the letter? Do you send it flying before? Is it fat, round, irregular? These are the questions which a master in the art of deciphering character from handwriting asks. In each case your peculiarity is the outward and visible sign of some idiosyncrasy. Look at the dots of your i; try to make them different—smaller, larger, rounder, more oblong—you cannot do it. The dot above the i only changes with your character.

If you often forget to dot your i, you will also forget other things which seem unimportant to you, but which for the comfort of everyday life are as necessary as the dot is to the i. If you have often to look in vain for the dot, you will also look often in vain for other things, because you have not put them in their proper place. For instance, you put the fifth knitting needle into your book because you were suddenly called away, and no better bookmark was at hand. You are anxious to finish your sock—where is the fifth needle? The servant girl must have mislaid it while dusting. Servants are such a trouble!

In order to practice patience and self control you knit on with your four needles, "gently pardoning," and presently turn back to your interesting novel. The book opens immediately, and there and then the glittering needle preaches a silent sermon to you. The knitting needle story is nothing new; it occurs in infinite variations, and happens especially to those who forget to dot their i.

If the dot flies high above and far away from the letter to which it belongs your hopes, thoughts, wishes and aspirations are apt to fly about in far off regions, and instead of making practical use of the present day you dream of the ideals of the future. If this "high flown" dot is of an oblong shape, and if, in conjunction with it, the loops of your l, h, g, f, etc., are loose and long, then goodby symmetry and calm, for you have very little self control.

If your husband's dots are heavy, shapeless and blotchy you will have a hard time of it where food is concerned. He will not be satisfied with a cold supper, an aesthetic tea, or a meal of beef and vegetables. On the other hand, you have in his favorite dishes a means to pacify the grumbler, and to incline him to listen to your wishes.

Your request for a new gown, for theater tickets, which was peremptorily refused before dinner, is listened to with much more interest after the man of the heavy dots has had a good meal. Never ask such a man to grant you a favor when he is waiting for his dinner. The larger the dots appear, the more critically a dish will be attacked and judged. Carlsbad, during the time when the patients go to drink the waters, is full of people who dot their i's heavily.

The dainty dot, on the other hand, if it goes together with a handwriting that consists of thin strokes only, denotes a mind above "these things."

Such a "dainty dot" husband will be easily satisfied with his meals. He will hardly know what he is eating. You can get nothing "out of him" by giving him a dainty dish. He may even offend you by scant praise, when you happen to have prepared a dish with your own hands. It may even happen—if other graphological signs agree—that such a "dainty dotter" forgets his meal times altogether, allows everthing to get cold, does not eat, nor praise, nor blame, and spoils the pleasures of the table for himself and others.—Edelweiss in Von Fels zum Meer.

Reading by Moonlight.

Reading novels at midnight by the light of the moon is not known in the United States, but according to the English wife of Sig. Gregorio Revuelto, of Guatemala, it is no uncommon thing to see a senorita reclining in a hammock with a book in her hand on her father's veranda in the Costa Cuca district, Guatemala, between 12 and 1 o'clock in the morning. Sig. Revuelto is a wealthy coffee planter, and is in this country, accompanied by his wife and sister-in-law, on a pleasure trip. The travelers are reistered at the Grand Pacific hotel.

"There are no moonlight nights in this country or in England like we have in Guatemala," said the Spanish planter's wife. "The moon at certain periods of the month is so bright that it is as light outdoors as during the day. English and American poets write about the sublime August moon, etc. They should see a moon in Guatemala during the time it is full. They would then have something to go into ecstasies about."—Chicago Tribune.

Buried Cities.

The frequent discoveries of buried treasures on the site of ancient cities in Asia and southern Europe might suggest the idea that the lap of our mother earth must have been the favorite savings bank of the Mediterranean nations, but a more plausible explanation can be found in the barbarous war methods of pagan antiquity. Not Attila and Tamerlane only, but many leaders of civilized nations, made it a frequent practice to punish the resistance of defiant garrisons by the absolute demolition of hostile cities. The houses, with such hidden valuables as their vaults might contain, were knocked down with battering rams, after the inhabitants, to the last man, had been either slain or marched off in chain gangs.—Philadelphia Times.

How Lamp Chimneys Were Invented.

Lamp glasses were invented by Aime Argand, the inventor of the famous lamp and gas burner which bear his name. He had been experimenting for some time in trying to increase the light, but to no purpose. On the table before him lay the broken neck of an oil flask. This he took up carelessly and placed it, almost without thought, over the wick. A brilliant flame was the result, and the hint was not lost upon the expermentalist, who proceeded to put his discovery into practical operation at once.—Brooklyn Eagle.

The Meaning of Dress.

Dress means more than clothes, and these than covering. The fig leaves of our first parents were but symbols, whereof the meaning is vastly more important than a mere superficial glance might suggest. Dress should as far as possible translate to us the character of the wearer! Dress, to use a homely simile, should, like a filet de boeuf, be neither overdone nor underdone. It should hit a happy medium.

SERIOUS DANGER

Threatens every man, woman or child living in a region of country where fever and ague is prevalent, since the germs of malarial disease are inhaled from the air and are swallowed from the water of such a region. Medicinal safeguard is absolutely necessary to nullify this danger. As a means of fortifying and acclimating the system so as to be able to resist the malarial poison, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is incomparably the best and the most popular. Irregularities of the stomach, liver and bowels encourage malaria; but these are specially rectified by the Bitters. The functions of digestion and secretion are assisted by its use, and a vigorous as well as regular condition of the system promoted by it. Constitution and physique are thus defended against the inroads of malaria by this matchless preventive, which is also a certain and thorough remedy in the worst cases of intermittent and remittent fevers.

In the marriage state what is it that creates harmony? And echo answered, "Money."

HEDGED ABOUT BY A PROSCRIPTIVE TABOO.

I am not aiming to convince mental babies, as indeed that would be fruitless without the necessary cultured intellect that makes logic applicable. Force, brilliancy and originality even are no weapons to attack a slave with. For many centuries the medical art was hedged about by a proscriptive taboo which it, as yet, has not survived. The brand for murdering truth is the penalty of imbecility stamped upon the mental caliber of the average individual—in relation to medicine and medicine men. The sun of the nineteenth century has not yet dawned upon his intellectual horizon. He, together with his ideal medicine man, still hibernates in the good old days of the dark ages, when it was bad form to be inquisitive. He still "believes" in bleeding, blistering, vomiting, purging and sweating. He loves copious doses of horse medicine. He delights in assafœtida and calomel and carbolic acid. They are considered indispensable; no well-regulated family, with pigmy intellects and abdominal development, considers itself safe without those family lares. These I do not wish to convert; they are the Rip Van Winkles that will continue to slumber through this and probably through the next century. They play no role in the world's history. They live; they die. No monument marks their forgotten sepulcher. Humanity was not enriched by their entrance; it has lost nothing by their exit. They are driftwood on the shores of time, and float with the ebb and tide of opinions they have inherited from their anthropomorphic ancestry. No, it is not to these I wish to address myself, but to the thinking ones, whom a thought does not throw into an epileptic paroxysm; who love knowledge for its own sake; who are willing to investigate the truth or falsity of any proposition, and, once convinced, will stand by it through all the grimaces of a chattering and delayed civilization. To these—not the chatterers, but the thinkers—I commend the Histogenetic System for investigation, and will elucidate with pleasure any question not sufficiently clear in book, which will be sent free to any address.

Dr. Jordan's office is at the residence of ex-Mayor Yesler, Third and James streets, Seattle, Wash.

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.

If you are slandered, never mind it; it will all come off when it is dry.

DO NOT DISTRESS YOURSELF.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS cure eruptions, tetter, salt rheum, blotches, spots, pimples, pustules, boils, carbuncles, ring worms, scald head, sore eyes, erysipelas, itch, scurfs, discolorations. There is nothing more disgusting than a face and neck all broken out with pimples and black heads. Make the blood pure, and all such eruptions disappear. One or two BRANDRETH'S PILLS taken every night for a month never fail.

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.

Girls who wear feathers around their necks nowadays are not all chickens.

CATARRH CAN'T BE CURED

With LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Proprietors, Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; price, 75 cents.

When is a man like a veil? When you can see through him.

Portland has received a fine new Hook and Ladder Truck with a Cronin Extension Ladder and two Hose Wagons from F. B. Mellroy of that city. They were manufactured by W. T. Y. Schenck, San Francisco.

"It pays to study the interests of the consumer," said a dealer to a drummer who was trying to sell him short-weight plug tobacco. "Take, for example, Star Plug, which is used by the great mass of chewers throughout the United States. Star Plug is not only the best and most satisfactory chew, but every plug is a full sixteen-ounce pound."

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.

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THE HARTMAN PATENT STEEL PICKET FENCE
Costs no more than an ordinary clumsy wood picket affair that obstructs the view and will rot or fall apart in a short time. The "Hartman" Fence is artistic in design, protects the grounds without concealing them and is practically EVERLASTING. ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE WITH PRICES AND TESTIMONIALS MAILED FREE.
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PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.
CATARRH
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address: E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

Strange indeed that
A PLAIN THING
like SAPOLIO should make everything so bright, but "A needle clothes others, and is itself naked." Try it in your next house-cleaning

What folly it would be to cut grass with a pair of scissors! Yet people do equally silly things every day. Modern progress has grown up from the hooked sickle to the swinging scythe and thence to the lawn mower. So don't use scissors!

But do you use SAPOLIO? If you don't you are as much behind the age as if you cut grass with a dinner knife. Once there were no soaps. Then one soap served all purposes. Now the sensible folks use one soap in the toilet, another in the tub, one soap in the stables, and SAPOLIO for all scouring and house-cleaning.

Buy Your Own Goods if Your Dealer Does Not Carry Them.

ADVANCE THRESHERS,
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PARRY CARTS AND ROAD WAGONS,
Best and Cheapest in the World.
Carts, $15 Up. Wagons, $50 Up.

Chemical Fire Engines and Extinguishers, Fire Hose and Department Supplies, Steam Laundry Machinery, Pumps of all kinds, Brass Goods, Pipe and Fittings, Hancock Inspirators, Marine Work Belting and Hose, Wrenches, Lubricating Oils, Church, School and Farm Bells, Engines and Boilers, Blacksmith Drills and Forges, Buggies, Surries, Spring and Express Wagons, the largest assortment of Carts in Portland. Dealers, write for prices. For further information call on or address
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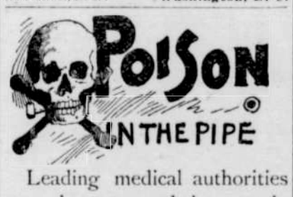

Leading medical authorities state that new and improperly cured tobacco when heated in the pipe produces a rank vegetable poison.

Tobacco like liquor can only be *improved by age*.

This is the reason why "Seal of North Carolina" is the most popular brand of smoking tobacco in the United States. It is made from tobacco, at least three years old. Its rich mellow smoke has never been equaled.

Seal of North Carolina is now packed in Patent Cloth Pouches, as well as in foil.

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