The Ideal Baking Powder
is
Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder.

For more than fifty years Cream of Tartar and Bicarbonate of Soda have been used for leavening purposes with sufficient flour added to preserve the strength of the powder unimpaired, and this with the addition of whites of eggs comprises this pure and wholesome leavening agent, that has been the standard for 40 years. In its use pure, wholesome and delicious food is always assured.

Makes cake and biscuit that retain their moisture, and while they are flaky and extremely light they are fine grained, not coarse and full of holes as made with ammonia baking powders, latter dries up quickly. Alum powders leave a bitter taste in the bread or cake.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder once used, always used.

HOW'S THIS?

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

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

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

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

Fred Douglass is regarded as a dark horse in the coming Presidential contest.

AN ARTICLE OF TRUE MERIT.—*"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* are everywhere popular as a cure for throat diseases and coughs, and this popularity is based upon real merit. *Sold only in boxes.*

A trust that could be trusted would not be so bad.

House cleaning is necessary in spring; so is Oregon Blood Purifier for system cleaning.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

"August Flower"

I have been troubled with dyspepsia, but after a fair trial of August Flower, am freed from the vexatious trouble—J. B. Young, Daughters College, Harrodsburg, Ky. I had headache one year steady. One bottle of August Flower cured me. It was positively worth one hundred dollars to me—J. W. Smith, P.M. and Gen. Merchant, Townsend, Ont. I have used it myself for constipation and dyspepsia and it cured me, It is the best seller I ever handled—C. Rugh, Druggist, Mechanicsburg, Pa.

Why Suffer When Relief is Sure?

MEMORRHOIDINE PILE SALVE IS THE LATEST.

A noble remedy for the positive cure of Blind, Bleeding, Itching, and protruding piles. This salve has been in use both in the East and West for years and all that have given it a trial speak loud in its praises. The acute pain ceases immediately on its application, and a cure is permanent. This valuable salve is the product of long years of continued experiments by a well-known Pacific Coast Pharmacist, and its use has given the best possible results. For sale by all druggists in large metal capped glass jars, price $1.00. Suppositories of the same composition sent by mail, on application, at the above price.

CALIFORNIA & CHICAGO DRUG CO., San Francisco. Chicago.

Keeping up the quality depends on the peculiar and correct selection of best varieties of leaf tobacco and the proper knowledge of manufacture. Thirty years' experience has enabled us to produce the splendid MASTIFF PLUG CUT smoking tobacco.

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

DROPSY

TREATED FREE.

Positiv ly Cured with Vegetable Remedies

Have cured thousands of cases. Cure cases pronounced hopeless by best physicians. From first dose symptoms disappear; in ten days at least two-thirds all symptoms removed. Send for free book testimonials of miraculous cures. Ten days' treatment free by mail. If you order trial, send 10c. in stamps or pay postage. DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Atlanta, Ga. If you order trial return this advertisement to us.

Plunder's OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. HEALTH RESTORER. USE IT!

IT IS THE IDEAL MEDICINE.

It rouses the Liver and Kidneys and Stomach, cures Headache, Dyspepsia, creates an Appetite, Purifies the Impure Blood, and

Makes The Weak Strong.

The Best OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER PFUNDER'S KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR.

Used everywhere. $1 a bottle; six for $5.

DIDN'T KNOW THE MAN.

Two Strangers Ran Up Against Moses Frost and Were Surprised.

Moses Frost stood 6 feet 4 in his socks, and was called "the best man on the river"—a phrase that expressed admiration for his physical, not his moral, qualities. He was, nevertheless, generous, truthful, brave and altogether a fine specimen of the wilder Canadian backwoodsman. The title implied that he had successfully "tackled" all the famous "bullies" of the Upper Ottawa, even the terrible Joe Maufraud, thirty years ago champion of "the French." Moses, in a squeaky, shrill, slow, small treble, that came absurdly from so big a man, used to tell me his experiences.

"Ther' is some use in havin the repytation of bein a purty good man," he squeaked modestly. "I reckon ther haint been no peaceabler man on the river than me sinst they give up tryin to whale me, 'most three year back. Last time I fit was because two men that never seen me before didn't know me when they did see me."

"Tell me about it, Moses," said I.

"Well, surveyor, it was about New Year's, the time me'n Lilly Ann got hitched. My woman was dead sot on seein the fashions down to Portage du Fort. So we started two days after the shindig for to have a weddin trip. She said that was the right way. We stopped at Rattray's instead of Paddy Scully's place—the best ther' was goin wasn't too good for Lilly Ann them days.

"Well, Lilly Ann was mighty took up with the circus picters on Rattray's barn. I'd 'a' took her in, too, on'y it was gone more'n four months."

"But what about your last fight, Moses?"

"Yas—yas—I was disrememberin! Well, it was when me'n Lilly Ann was goin back home. You mind the bridge before you come to the Calumet?"

"The high bridge over Brabyon's creek?"

"Yas, that's it. I guess it's maybe the length of your chain down to the creek in summer. That time the holler was drifted half full of snow. Well, there was the two of 'em on the bridge—one of 'em looked like a good man. Says he to me: 'We're wantin a ride!'

"'I can't, give ye no ride,' says I. Ther hain't room, boys, for I've got the woman, don't you see?'

"With that the big one runs to the head of my pony. I didn't want to get out and hurt the man, but says Lilly Ann, 'Be you goin to stand that, Moses? If you be, I'll get out and whale 'em myself.' She'd 'a' done it, too, surveyor. Mebby you never heard what Lilly Ann done to Joe Maufraud that time he"——

"You'll tell me that story another time, Moses. What did the two men do?"

"Oh, yas. Well, I jumped out and the other one come up, squarin off. He fell easy. Then the big one runs in. Mebby you never see a bull moose comin at you lickety pelt?"

"The fellow ran at you head down, eh?"

"Jesseggsackly. Well, I stood to one side sudden, and give him a trip. Then I takes him by the trowsis and the back of his neck and pitches him over the railin.

"With that Lilly Ann says, 'You're purty good yet, Moses,' and she jumps out, laughing. There we stood and looked over the bridge right down."

"Was the man hurt?"

"Hurted! How could he be hurted, an him fell into seventy feet of snow drifted in the gully? He did have some considible trouble gettin footin to lift out his head. Then he looks up and says he, 'Who in thunder be you, anyhow?'

"'He's Moses Frost,' says Lilly Ann.

"'Murderation,' says he. 'If we'd knowed that we wouldn't have wanted no ride.'"—Youth's Companion.

Monkeys and Troches.

As I was lingering before the monkey cage in the Dresden Zoological garden, a slight tickling in the throat, a chronic trouble with me, induced me to take out of my pocket a box of bronchial troches and to put one of them in my mouth. Instantly a large monkey of manifestly aspiring nature thrust out his hairy arm and palm with a beseeching look that I would give him one. Why should he, too, not be allowed to enlarge his terrestrial experiences and share the joys of the superior being before him? So I gave him a troche, which he at once clapped in his cheek.

"Scarcely did the bitter taste strike him than he snatched it out with his fingers and began rubbing it violently on the hair of his arm, as if to rub off the bad taste. Seeing, however, that the superior being continued to suck his troche serenely, he soon put his own back in his chops to give it a fuller trial. It proved too much for him to stand very long and so out he pulled it a second time and began rubbing it on the sanded floor of the cage.

"Over and over the process was repeated; but each time as his reverential eye fell on the superior being outside still peacefully sucking his own, a reflective expression came over his face which as much as said, 'Surely if that manifest god out there enjoys this nasty thing there must be some desirable quality in it that I am not developed enough to appreciate.' So patiently the aspiring simian went on till he had dissolved the last particle of his troche."—Boston Herald.

AN ECCENTRIC CLUB.

The Queer Methods Which Some New Yorkers Adopt to Gain Notoriety.

There are clubs and clubs, but of all the clubs in the universe the Eccentric club of this city is pre-eminently entitled to term itself unique. Its objects are variously stated as "the abolishment of myth and the substitution therefor of science and reason" and "the universalization and centralization of the oneness of the whole." Perhaps the latter definition gives the clearer idea of its aims. There is a disposition on the part of each of the 362 resident members and 181 non-resident members which it has, according to its official announcement, to believe that some one of the 542 other members has possession of the club constitution and bylaws, but nobody has ever discovered this mythical custodian.

None of the 543 members has any idea of the location of the club house—for club house the Eccentric club has none. The club meetings are held wherever and whenever two or more members happen to get together—two members constituting a quorum. Not infrequently a member is surprised to read in the papers that he presided at "a largely attended meeting of the Eccentric club last night," as, in emergencies, one member may amplify himself into "a largely attended meeting," pass resolutions and give a report of his proceedings to the papers.

In short, the ways and constitution of the Eccentric club are calculated to make a man doubt his sanity on first hearing them outlined. John Morris, the veteran florist of Jefferson market, is the father and president of the club; Maj. Thompson P. McElrath, son of Horace Greeley's old time partner, is its secretary, and the Rev. Dr. B. F. Da Costa is its treasurer. Mr. Morris says the club was organized July 4, 1876, and nobody can say him nay, as he alone was present at its organization. Occasionally he or Maj. McElrath goes through the directory, picks out a dozen names or so and elects the owners of these names to membership in the club. The sole requisite for membership is that the name of the candidate—not necessarily the candidate—must be known to some member of the club.

The club has tackled all sorts of big jobs, and has still bigger ones in hand. It—at least, one member of it—grew tired of hearing the squeaking of the brakes on the elevated roads, denounced the squeak by resolution, and advertised, in the name of Col. Hain, for some device to stop it. At the dinner of the Thirteen club, at Brighton Beach, August, 1890, the Eccentric club rose up and presented Coroner Messemer with a cane eccentrically said to have been whittled out of an orange tree planted on the grave of Columbus a few hundred years ago.

Just now a committee of the club is wrestling with the problem of persuading Americans to put aside the Gregorian calendar and start afresh from the date of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Major McElrath, its chairman, says he explained the idea to an inmate of Bloomingdale on a recent visit, secured his approval, and has had the aforesaid inmate elected a non-resident vice president of the club.—New York Sun.

A Soldier's Idea of "Fun."

We have heard different versions of what constituted fun, but we heard a new one the other day from an old soldier. At Gettysburg, about the time of Pickett's charge, the relator was stationed down toward the edge of the wheat field, and he was sent out in charge of a squad to relieve the picket in a copse of woods. Meeting the sergeant he was about to relieve he asked him what his orders were. He was informed, and among other things the pickets were not to fire.

"Why," said the relieving sergeant, "they are firing right now. Why don't you stop them?" "Oh, well, they are just having a little fun in there. The Confederates have got possession of a stretch of stone wall, and our boys swear they are going to take it away from them." Our informant went in, and soon he and his men were as deep in the "fun" as their predecessors, notwithstanding their orders not to fire. They kept it up, dodging behind trees and working around the woods until they got a flank fire, ran in on the stone wall and captured it. They had their fun and accomplished their object.—West Chester (Pa.) Record.

Two Large Paintings.

The largest painting ever produced (not including panorama pictures, which are usually the work of a half dozen or more artists) was that made by Jacopa Robusti, a Sixteenth century artist, born in Venice, and a pupil of Titian. "Paradise," the name given his largest painting, which is now in the grand salon of the doges of Venice, is 84 feet long and 34 in width. If we include wall and ceiling decorations that executed by Michael Angelo, in the Sistine chapel of the Vatican, will take the palm for magnitude, being 133 feet in width. The painting, which was made at the suggestion of Pope Julius II, represents the creation of man, his fall and the early history of the world, with references to man's final redemption and salvation.—St. Louis Republic.

Domestic Pleasantries.

Mr. Prodder—Glum again! What's the matter?

Mrs. P.—I've something on my mind.

Mr. P.—Can't be anything big.

Mrs. P.—Indeed?

Mr. P.—No. No room.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

The agricultural department at Washington is carrying on an exhaustive investigation of the physical properties of American timbers as related to their growth and the uses to which they are put.

George Kennan has cleared $75,000 from his writings and lectures on the Russian exile system. In one season he traveled over 50,000 miles on his lecture tour and spoke 200 times.

The industry of furnishing knitting wool is shown in the output of a single factory in Pennsylvania, which has turned out 5,000,000 bundles per month.

"YET THY DREAM MAY REAL BE."

Have you seen some lovely river,
On through banks of verdure flow,
Mirroring all lights and shadows
In its crystal depths below;
On where the banks of water lilies
Bend their pearly lips to lave,
And entangled boughs above it
Drop their blossoms on its wave;
On so gently, on so smoothly,
That the waters are unstirred,
Save where now and then it trembles
'Neath some glancing wing of bird;
Onward like some lovely vision
That is seen with speechless bliss,
On till suddenly 'tis shattered,
Falling o'er some precipice!
And thy bosom feels a sorrow
Seeing thus such beauty end,
When lo! a sudden vision rises,
Making for thy loss amend:
Yea, from out the shattered waters,
Foam and hiss and rocks below,
Up on dewy pinions floating,
Hangs an iridescent bow!

So my slumber flows as sweetly
As such river while I dream,
Dreaming of thee, till the vision
To my heart doth real seem!
So from out the shattered vision,
When I wake from dreams of thee,
Rises hope that raptly whispers,
"Yet thy dream may real be!"

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

High Priced Books.

A great many books have at sales exceeded the price of £100, and among these several have exceeded £1,000—as, for example, the "Psalmorum Codex" of 1457, printed at Mentz by Faust & Schoeffer, a copy of which was sold at Sothby's, in Sir John Thorold's sale, 1884, for £4,950, being the highest price ever paid for a single book. Copies of the Bible printed by Guttenberg and Faust in 1450-55, and known as the "Mazarine Bible," have been sold at various times at sales for £2,690, £3,400 and in 1884 for £3,900. The "History of Troie," printed by Caxton, reached about the sum of £1,060, and finally, the "Decamerone" of Boccaccio, printed by Valdarfer, of Venice, 1471, which was purchased at the Roxburghe library sale in 1812, by the Marquis of Bland ford, sold for £2,260.

This price, which was without equal at that time for a single volume, appeared so extraordinary to the bibliomaniacs that in order to commemorate the event a literary society was formed, called the Roxburghe club, the members of which agreed to dine together on June 17, that being the anniversary of the above mentioned sale, and in turn each was to present a volume printed for the special occasion.—W. T. Rogers.

A Cheap Motive Power.

A French engineer in a recent paper proposes a scheme for cheap power by having gas and steam in the same cylinder. By this scheme he claims to be able to produce motive power by using a combustible gas, employing the heat generated by its explosion to generate steam, and the vapor of ammonia. When the gas has operated on the piston it escapes at a temperature of about 400 degrees into a generator, where steam is produced, which is used to act upon the opposite side of the piston from the gases. There are two advantages claimed for this—the high temperature due to combustion of the gas prevents cylinder condensation, and the steam assists lubrication.

The completed machine for which this claim is made consists of two cylinders, one making its forward stroke under the action of the explosive gases, and its return stroke by the action of the steam; the other is operated entirely by vapor of ammonia. Under these conditions, says M. Tellier, there can be no doubt, theoretically or practically, the forty four pounds of coal per horse power per hour is an economy which can be secured.—New York Telegram.

Bound to Succeed.

There is a 15-year-old boy uptown who will be a millionaire some day, if he lives. His name is Harry Campbell. One summer he was up in the Catskills. The gentlemen wanted to play bowls, but there was nobody to set up the pins, so Harry undertook the job and got ten cents a game. When night came the fellows wanted to play bowls again, but there were no lights. Harry hunted around and got two lamps, and the game went on.

The proprietor missed the lamps and hunted for them. When he found where they were he was riled. "I made $3 that day," said Harry, "and if the boss hadn't got mad I would have whacked up with him." Harry made a contract with the neighbors to keep their grass plots in order, and made enough money to buy himself a safety bicycle.—Brooklyn Citizen.

The Gentlemanly Bank Teller.

It always amuses me when I receive a notice to the effect that my bank account has been overdrawn (and, by the way, I trust that I shall fall in no body's estimation through the frank admission that I am sometimes overtaken by this misfortune). The manner of it is this: A messenger, not the postman, brings me a letter couched in the following terms:

DEAR SIR—I make your account overdrawn $575.84 (it is usually a little less than that) and I think the mistake is yours. Yours truly,

——, Teller.

The politeness of this pleases me very much. Of course the teller knows that the mistake is mine, but with a kind of Chinese civility he puts the unpleasant fact in the form of a mere opinion. Perhaps this considerate formula has come down as a tradition in banks from the old and courtly days. It only remains to add that my bank account is overdrawn, not because my resources are straitened, but because I have such a lavish, careless, munificent way of throwing my money about.—Boston Post.

The Mouth in Photography.

I was talking to a photographer the other day, says Miss Mantalini, and she told me that mouths gave her the most trouble. The mouth is quite the most unmanageable feature in the face, she said. Few people look well smiling in a photograph, because they never smile naturally. Then a pursed up mouth won't suit anybody. If the lips are too much parted the expression of the face conveys the idea that the person is weak minded or empty headed. She said that women were more satisfactory subjects than men, because they had more sentiment. Very matter of fact people don't make nice pictures.

A Foolish Question.

One of the peculiarities of human nature is to ask a question that is exceedingly foolish. For instance, if one sees a friend knocked down by a coal cart, the first question that he is apt to ask is, "Did you get knocked down?" At Troost park one evening a gentleman was standing on the edge of the lake when he slipped and fell in. Naturally his temper was at a white heat. He glared about savagely, when a stranger, who was standing by and who had seen the accident, asked, "Did you fall in?" The fellow paused, and while his eyes were snapping fire remarked sarcastically: "No, I didn't fall in. The lake walked up on me."—Kansas City Times.

Evolution.

Miss De Fashion (a few years hence)—Pa, I'd like to walk down the avenue with you a little way to see a friend.

Pa—All right, my dear. Get your cane and overcoat and plug hat and come along.—New York Weekly.

A Dull Time.

Dock Lounger—What makes the captain o' that steamboat so glum?

Deck Hand—He ain't been able t' smash a yacht fer three days.—Good News.

SAFETY IN THE MIDST OF DANGER.

This would seem a contradiction—is so, in fact, to the eye. But experience has proved its possibility. Take the case of the individual who dwells in a malarious region. A robust constitution is no certain defense against the dreaded chills. What is? Recorded testimony, covering a period little short of half a century, proves that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is precisely this. This continent does not limit the field where the medicine has proved its efficacy. In South America, the Isthmus of Panama, Mexico, everywhere in fact where miasma-born disease takes on its most obstinate and formidable types, the Bitters is a recognized specific in illimitable demand and prescribed by physicians of repute. Potent, too, is it in disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, and against that destroyer, la grippe. It improves appetite and sleep, neutralizes rheumatism and kidney complaints.

That New York conductor who stole a street car should throw away his bell-punch and open an office in Wall street.

HIS PERSONAL EXPERIENCE.

L. T. Harrington, ex-Sheriff of Chautauqua county, New York, writes:

"I am glad to say from a long personal experience with ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS that I am able to indorse all the good things that have ever been said about them and supplement these by saying that I frankly believe their value cannot be estimated. Their breadth of usefulness is unlimited, and for prompt and sure relief to almost every ache and pain that flesh is heir to, no other remedy in my opinion, either external or internal, equals them in certainty and rapidity. I have used them at one time for rheumatism, another for backache, again for bronchitis, always with the same result—a speedy cure."

A young woman expresses the sentiment, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wives."

Why do parties traveling go to the railroad company's office and pay regular rates, when they can go to Allen's ticket agency, 156 First St., Portland, Or., and get the same ticket for $10 less bought direct from the company's office? Railroad tickets and mileage bought and sold. Special excursion to the East and return leaves Portland every Tuesday; solid vestibule and free sleeper; low rates. Address G. W. ALLEN, 156 First street, Portland, Or.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

A feeling of dullness, languor, and depression means that your liver isn't doing its part. That means impure blood, to begin with, and all kinds of ailments in the end.

But you can stop them in advance. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery invigorates the liver, purifies and enriches the blood, and rouses every organ into healthy action. It prevents and cures all diseases arising from a torpid liver or from impure blood. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness, Scrofulous, Skin and Scalp Diseases—even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula), in its earlier stages, all yield to it.

The makers of the "Discovery" claim for it only what it will *do.* They *guarantee* that it *will* do it. If it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, they'll return the money. Nothing else that claims to purify the blood is sold in this way; which proves, no matter what dealers may offer, that nothing else can be "just as good." Therefore, don't accept a substitute.

The casting out of the devil of disease was once a sign of authority.

Now we take a little more time about it and cast out devils by thousands—we do it by knowledge.

Is not a man who is taken possession of by the germ of consumption possessed of a devil?

A little book on CAREFUL LIVING and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil will tell you how to exorcise him if it can be done.

Free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.

Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

YOU NEED NOT FEAR that people will know your hair is dyed if you use that perfect imitation of nature,

Tutt's Hair Dye

It imparts a glossy color and fresh life to the hair. Price, $1. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.

IN A DAY.

LAWRENCE, KANS., Aug. 9, '88.

George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using

ST. JACOBS OIL.

He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling.

C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.

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Season for Trout Opens April 1st.

If You Are in Need of Trout Flies, Get the Best.

Standard quality, 4 to 8 hooks, per doz. $0.25
Oregon Trout Flies, 4 to 8 hooks, per doz. ..... .50
Fine Reversed Wing Flies, 4 to 8 hooks, per doz. 1.00
Any of above qualities sent by mail on receipt of price. Also a full line of RODS, REELS, LINES, etc., at

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Send for illustrated catalogue.

EGGS

FOR HATCHING. Others may boast of the prizes they won where I did not exhibit; not one can show a record in any way approaching mine at the great Seattle show and at Salem on March 25. Send stamp for catalogue.

CHRIS KOCHER, Aurora, Or.

Mention this paper.

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

CHEAPER THAN BARB WIRE—Humane, Strong, Visible, Ornamental.

"HARTMAN" WIRE PANEL FENCE.

Double the strength of any other fence; will not stretch, sag or get out of shape. Harmless to Stock; a Perfect Farm Fence, yet Handsome enough to Ornament a Lawn. Write for prices, Descriptive Circular and Testimonials; also Catalogue of "Hartman" Steel Picket Lawn Fence, Tree and Flower Guards, Flexible Wire Mats, etc. Always mention this paper.

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Mail this double-edge Pruner, any address, $1.50; also express Dexter Diamond Champion Wonder Razor Steel Crescent Saws, $1.00 ft.—fastest cutter in the world.

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THE BEST FAMILY HOTEL IN PORTLAND.

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CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

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NEW MEXICO,

Offers the greatest opportunities to capitalists, farmers, homeseekers and business men. Largest Irrigation System in the United States just completed. $2,000,000 expended. Fruit Lands with water, $30 to $50 per acre, 7 years' time. New country, rapid immigration, wonderful development. Railroad constructed 1891. Town of Eddy, county seat, terminus. Illustrated pamphlet free. Address E. F. BERNARD, Trav. Passenger Agent Pecos Valley Ry. Co., Fresno, Cal.

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