"Each Spoonful has done its Perfect Work,"

Is the verdict of every woman who has used **Royal Baking Powder.** Other baking powders soon deteriorate and lose their strength, owing to the use of inferior ingredients, but **Royal Baking Powder** is so carefully and accurately compounded from the purest materials that it retains its strength for any length of time, and the last spoonful in the can is as good as the first, which is not true of any other baking powder.

How Negroes Catch a Scorpion.

In Jamaica the negroes believe that scorpions know their name; so they never call out, "See, a scorpion," when they meet with one on the ground or wall, for fear of his escaping. They thus indirectly recognize the scorpion's delicate appreciation of sound; but if you wish to stop a scorpion in his flight, blow air on him from the mouth, and he at once coils himself up. I have repeatedly done this, but with a spider it has a contrary effect.—London Spectator.

$100 REWARD. $100.

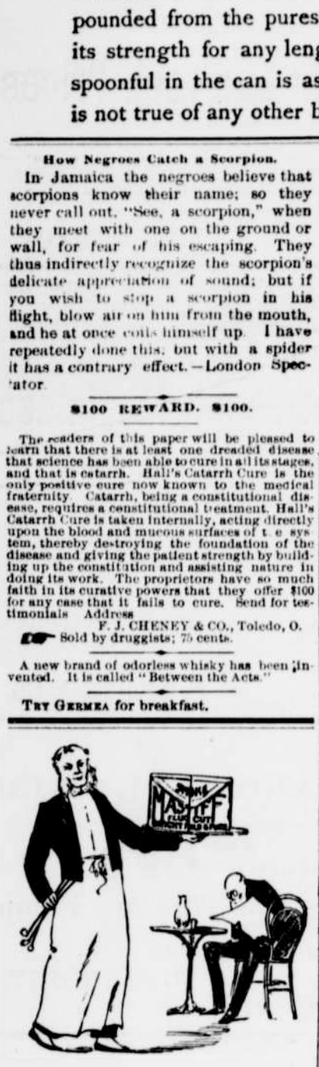
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer $100 for any case that it fails to cure. Send for testimonials. Address

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

Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

A new brand of odorless whisky has been invented. It is called "Between the Acts."

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.



Good cigars are now high-priced, because of high tariff laws. MASTIFF PLUG CUT is making pipe-smoking popular, because it gives more for the money.

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

-How is- -Your Blood?-

I had a malignant breaking out on my leg below the knee, and was cured sound and well with two and a half bottles of S.S.S. Other blood medicines had failed to do me any good. WILL C. BEATY, Yorkville, S. C.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

I was troubled from childhood with an aggravated case of Tetter, and three bottles of S.S.S. cured me permanently. WALLACE MANN, Mannville, I. T.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Test the seams of your Water Proof COAT Before Buying.

POUR some water in the sleeve holding the end tight as here shown or anywhere else where there is a seam, and see if it is water tight. There are goods in the market that look very nice, but will leak at every seam. We warrant Tower's IMPROVED Fish Brand Slicker to be water tight at every seam *and everywhere else*; also *not to peel or stick*, and authorize our dealers to make good any Slicker that fails in either point. There are two ways you can tell the Genuine *Improved* Fish Brand Slicker.

1st. A Soft Woolen Collar.
2d. This Trade Mark (below.)

Watch Out * * * for both these points! Send for Catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, Mfr., Boston, Mass.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

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.

"August Flower"

"For two years I suffered terribly with stomach trouble, and was for all that time under treatment by a physician. He finally, after trying everything, said my stomach was worn out, and that I would have to cease eating solid food. On the recommendation of a friend I procured a bottle of August Flower. It seemed to do me good at once. I gained strength and flesh rapidly. I feel now like a new man, and consider that August Flower has cured me." Jas. E. Dederick, Saugerties, N. Y.

SO IT IS TRUE.

Here's a friend who says that sorrow
Comes today or comes tomorrow;
Here's a longface who is moaning!
Tell him death is far away!
Let dull age go weep and pray;
Heed not grief, the ghost there, groaning,
Who would cloud the jocund day!

Ah, they say that anguish found them,
Men cut down with battle round them—
(Hear the boys there gayly singing!)
In some region far away!
What care we who laugh today?
Bring no tears, whate'er you're bringing;
Honor to the jocund day!

What's that sound that cools our laughter?
What's that form that follows after?
Funeral music sadly sounded—
One more man is turned to clay.
Let dull age go weep and pray!
Youth by death was ne'er confounded—
Long shall shine our jocund day!

Oh, my dear one, to my weeping
Marble silence sternly keeping,
Lying there in breathless blindness,
Death is never far away.
Even youth can weep and pray!
Lips that loved have lost their kindness;
Dead are they this bitter day!
—Rose Hawthorne Lathrop in Scribner's.

Returned the Papers.

A well known gentleman in this city moved into a house that had been previously occupied by another gentleman who was a subscriber to one of the evening papers. The carrier of course continued leaving the paper for a space of a year, never having been notified of the change. The collector recently went around to collect for the paper, the bill being made out in the name of the gentleman who had subscribed. When the collector presented the bill the gentleman of the house said:

"Why, my dear sir, that man has not lived here for over a year. You are at the wrong house."

"Well, has not the carrier been leaving you a copy of the paper all the time?"

"Yes, sir. But I did not subscribe, and I told the boy to quit leaving it. But he never did so."

"You have received the paper every day, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then you ought to pay for it."

"Well, excuse me a moment," and the gentleman went into the house. Returning in a moment he lugged out a stack of newspapers half as tall as himself. "Here are your papers, sir; I have no use for them."

He had read them and carefully filed them away until the bill should be presented.

The collector sent a transfer wagon to haul away a year's accumulation of papers, the pay for which he failed to get, because one man returned them and the man never received them.—Chattanooga Times.

Not the Worst Girl in the World.

Professor Chapman, of Bowdoin college, told the following story at an alumni dinner: "I feel like the little daughter of a friend of mine in Portland. She had just mastered the art of expressing herself in intelligent sentences. One day she had done something for which her mamma had to reprove her. The lady gave her daughter a sound lecture and then told her to go up stairs, alone, in her room, and ask God to forgive her for her error.

"In a few minutes she was surprised to see the baby come down stairs again appear in the sitting room and stand back with a great deal of seriousness.

"'Well, did you go up and do what I told you?' asked the fond mother.

"'Yes,' replied the guilty one, 'and God said, "Great Scott! Elsie Murray. I've known a great many worser girls than you."'"—Boston Herald.

A Four-Year-Old Philosopher.

Among the many anecdotes relating to the late Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., is one told by himself. Dr. Hill and his wife awoke quite early one morning and regarded with interest a crib which contained a precocious child of less than four years. Presently the child turned her face up to the ceiling and soliloquized: "Oh, how much easier it is for a person to think than to act. Now with a dog it is right the other way."—Boston Traveller.

Not a Five Cent Loaf.

While treasurer of the Maine Central Mr. Linscott always made his own bank deposits, taking the immense amounts in bills wrapped in a newspaper under his arm as he rode up town on a street car.

"Why does that old gentleman carry up that loaf of bread every day?" on one occasion inquired the conductor.

The value of the loaf of bread was probably not far from $50,000.—Lewiston Journal.

Measures the Profile of a River Bed.

An instrument has been invented in Germany by which the profile of a river bed may be taken automatically with sufficient accuracy. A curved arm rests on the bottom of the river, and by means of a recording mechanism the depth is automatically and precisely registered on a revolving drum.—New York Sun.

A Queer Odor.

Mr. Grumpps—What's that queer odor? Smells like burning lye.

Mrs. Grumpps—Don't know. I haven't put anything in the fire except a few of your old love letters.—New York Weekly.

Mail matter is whirled between Paris and Berlin, 700 miles, in thirty-five minutes—at the rate of twenty miles a minute. It goes through pneumatic tubes.

A Frenchman named Moissan has succeeded in isolating fluorine gas. Its affinity for other substances has heretofore rendered this extremely difficult.

SEPARATED BY ACCIDENT.

One of the Embarrassing Things About Traveling in a Big City.

"Did you ever get separated from your wife at an 'L' station, you on the departing train and she left on the platform, and then try to find her again? No? Well, never try it as a funny experiment just to see how it works." So spoke a country merchant. "My wife and I came from Tarrytown. We arrived all right at the Forty-second street station. I got on the down train in something of a pushing crowd, only to look around and see Miranda, my wife, on the platform looking around for me in a startled way. She tried to get on the train, but the gates were closed. I tried to get off, but the guards shook their heads. So my wife and I were separated. What was I to do about it?

"There are several things that look feasible enough which would suggest themselves to you at once, but, sir, none of them is feasible at all except on one condition—that both you and your wife have already agreed on it. Then that plan is feasible enough. Any plan is feasible then. But how many out of the great hosts of people who ride on the L agree on such a plan? Certainly not many of them. My wife and I do now but we hadn't then.

"The first thing that occurred to me at the moment was to get off at the next station and go back. My wife would wait for me. I had to cross over in a hurry at Thirty-fourth street, ride up and cross over back again. This cost me two extra L tickets, and as I got them I remembered with horror that my wife did not have either money or tickets with her.

"If she were lost, how could she get about town, how even get her fare again home to Tarrytown? We were commuters, and of course I, as the man of the family, carried the commutation book. As these things recurred to me it was with a sense of terror that I looked around the Forty-second street platform. She was not there. I looked inside, in the ticket office, in the sitting room. Nowhere was she to be seen. How beautiful would her old face have appeared to me at that moment! I asked the ticket cruncher if he had seen such and such a lady, and if she had asked him anything.

"Tickets!" he remarked in reply.

"Then I remembered that as I had walked into the sitting room I would have to pay to come out again. I went back and got a ticket. Then I asked him again. There was some one who had tried to tell him something about having got separated from her husband and not knowing what to do, but there had come a rush, and he told her that she had better ask some one else, as he couldn't be interrupted. So she disappeared, and he knew nothing more.

"Then there came to me a thought which to this day I thank heaven for, and thank heaven also that the idea came to her. She must have gone back to the Grand Central station to wait for me. With no money or tickets she could go nowhere else except down, and then she could not get back. She would not want to veer very far away from the Grand Central, because she would understand that however much I might run around town after her, I must come there at last. There I found her, very comfortably looking over the list of things we were to buy, and not at all disconcerted at the incident of our separation. She even laughed at my disturbance. Then and there I tucked a dollar bill inside her glove, and told her that if we got separated again to remember that we would meet at the Central in time for the 5 p. m. train. Then we went on our shopping tour.

"Some of the officers of the road say that the thing to do is to wait for the one that's left at the City Hall station, and for her to take the very next train. But suppose she had taken a South ferry train and landed at the Battery? With no money, how would she ever have got to the Grand Central again? If two separated people think just alike in such an emergency, all well and good; but how often will they do so? If one has all his wits about him and thinks out exactly the correct thing to do, is it sure that the other one will? There are possibilities for heartrending disturbances in a case like this. The only way to do is to fix on a place and hour to meet again and then see that your wife carries some money with her."—New York Tribune.

Brass in Household Furnishings.

We are reminded that among the many reforms introduced by A. Welby Pugin, one of the ablest modern Gothic designers, it was made especially apparent that brass was a metal having a beauty of its own, and that it could be used to advantage in many ways, both in ecclesiastical and domestic purposes. Brass will take a brilliant polish, and the metal's adaptability for design has been thoroughly appreciated by modern designers.

In all work connected with the household there is now no need to say a word for brass in arrangements for lighting in grilles, dishes, ornaments and so on, for it is used with overwhelming success, and is even made into such things as jardinieres and tables.—Decorator and Furnisher.

Reported Favorably.

Mr. Richard Redgrave, the artist, records in his diary this amusing recommendation from an Irishman appointed to examine students competing for medals: "I should also recommend Margaret —— for a reward. Being very young she naturally missed the point of all the questions in the papers, but her answers were so ladylike that I think the medal should be given to her."—San Francisco Argonaut.

The Motion of Glaciers.

The motion of glaciers is yet a bone of contention, but it is generally admitted that the cause of it is to be found mainly in gravitation, and is also partially accounted for by the strange property of "viscosity" in what appears to the casual observer to be nothing more or less than a rigid solid.—Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.

A Gentle Maiden.

Friend—So Miss Beauti refused you?

De Sappe—Yes, but she did it very gently.

"Expressed sorrow, eh?"

"It amounted to that. While I was proposing she gently slipped out of the room and sent her mother in to talk to me about the weather."—Good News.

It is curious that Devonshire, England, is one of the few counties where the Duke of Devonshire owns no land. His estates, covering more than 198,000 acres, are scattered over fourteen counties, but Devonshire is not among them.

HORRID BEDFELLOWS

TARANTULAS CRAWL ALL OVER A SLEEPING TRAVELER.

A Tired Camper Who Awoke One Morning to Feel a Poisonous Reptile Exploring His Anatomy. While Another Made a Bed of the Man's Upright Hair.

Joseph Grandelmyer, a well known mining man of Nevada, has passed through many startling experiences during a residence of twenty-eight years in the far west, but is perhaps the only man who can boast of having had a round baker's dozen of deadly tarantulas for bedfellows and surviving the terrible experience without material injury. It happened a number of years ago, but even now it causes cold shivers to chase up Mr. Grandelmyer's spinal column when his mind reverts to that particular event. However, surrounded by a circle of friends at the Palace hotel a few evenings since, he was induced to relate the incident.

"In 1864 I came to San Francisco," said the gentleman, and with the hopefulness of youth determined to make my fortune. I had a little money saved up, was a raw tenderfoot, and whatever [illegible] out. Finally I concluded to strike out for Nevada. It was a new section of country then, that had been explored to a very limited extent, and when I made known my intent [illegible] and urgent requests for me to refrain from being so foolish as to encounter dangers in such a wild and almost unknown country.

"Nothing daunted, however, I did not allowing myself to be dissuaded from my purpose, one day in the summer of 1864, after inducing three acquaintances to join me, I set out for the land of sagebrush. My particular object in going was to better my fortune by any method I could. Two of the party were prospectors, and the fourth, a Dr. Heath, went along to spy out a good location for a hog ranch.

"Well, after crossing the Sierras at Walker's pass, we found ourselves in Owen's valley, which is now in Inyo county. Dusk was approaching, and when, after riding a distance in the teeth of a cold wind, we found ourselves at a deserted adobe hut by the roadside we halted, unpacked and unsaddled our animals, and prepared to camp for the night.

A TERRIBLE AWAKENING.

"There was feed for the horses in abundance, and while one staked them out the others began preparations for supper and made the beds ready. My friends preferred sleeping under a large oak tree near, but I chose a spot adjoining the old adobe house, where I spread my blankets close to the wall where the wind would not reach me. After a hasty meal we all retired to our respective beds on the ground and readily dropped off to sleep.

"I presume it was within an hour of daybreak when I awoke with a sudden start. A peculiarly dreadful feeling worse than any nightmare, took possession of me. I felt paralyzed and was afraid to stir. There was something moving on my face. It was not a large object, but as it moved about the trail left seemed to [illegible] the thin traverse my face from the left eye down over my nose and mouth. Then it crossed [illegible] explored to the region of my ear. Then it was gone.

"I knew it was not a snake gliding over my face, but some animal much smaller, though what it was I was utterly unable to conjecture. I was wide awake, of course, but such an uncomfortable horror held me fast that I was unable to move a muscle and gazed helplessly up at the stars. Once I tried to call out to my companions, but not a sound could I muster. I lay there rigid as a log, maybe for one minute, maybe for five, when I again knew that the same thing, or something like it, was on my hand, which rested outside the blanket, and a cold chill ran up my arm and through my whole body. Still I was absolutely powerless to move a limb, and involuntarily closed my eyes, almost expecting to feel them closed in death, so dreadful and indescribable was the sensation.

A HORRIBLE SUSPENSE.

"Next I knew it was climbing up over my throat, then to my chin and about my nose. An irresistible impulse caused me to open my right eye, and I saw by the dim light the fiery eyes of a big tarantula looking into mine, with its hairy body on my face, not two inches away!

"Knowing that death or at least painful injury might result if I moved my body, I immediately dropped the eyelid and had the satisfaction of feeling the sprawling spider crawl over that eye to my forehead and into my hair, where it prepared a nest and finally settled down, no doubt as snugly as a bug in a rug. You may think you can imagine my feelings, but you cannot. For a full half hour, I should judge, I endured all the suspense and torment that comes to most mortals in a lifetime, and allowed another spider to slowly crawl up my leg, not knowing at what time I would feel those black fangs sink into my flesh.

"But, thank God, that did not happen, or I should probably not now be alive. Ages after that, so it seemed, Dr. Heath arose, and, after dressing, came to see if I was awake. I whispered to him the particulars of my plight, and in my hair, which had been standing on end for I don't know how long, he discovered and at once killed one of the tarantulas, an immense fellow, fully three inches long. Carefully turning back the blankets and examining me, he found twelve others that had undoubtedly sought my quarters for warmth. These he quickly but quietly dispatched in a manner not to alarm the others. When the strain was over I fainted and was delirious with brain fever for many days. Since then, you may depend upon it, I have always taken good care in the selection of a camping spot, for of all the bedfellows one can encounter one of the most terrifying is a tarantula."—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Ancient Manufacture of Copper.

The ancient Syrians and Phœnicians are well known to have been active traders in copper, and they manufactured this metal into bronze by melting it with tin. Learned antiquaries assure us that the Phœnicians actually came to England and to Ireland in search of tin for this purpose, and a few years ago some curious bronze articles were found in several of the old mine workings in Cornwall, which are believed to have been left there by that ancient people at a time when no bronze was either made or used in England.—Chambers' Journal.

TRUSTWORTHY TESTIMONY.

SOME VITAL FACTS CONCERNING THE WELFARE OF THE STATE MADE PUBLIC.

What California Citizens Say, and How Their Statements are Confirmed.

No fact has been more plainly manifest during the past few years, than the important effect which climatic changes have made upon the constitutions of American people. The steady-going habits of Europe tend to longer lives, but the influence of European climate is toward apoplectic and other similar diseases. On the other hand the bustling habits of the American people necessarily tax the nerve centers and other important parts of the body, while severe and sudden changes of atmosphere, add still more to the difficulties to be overcome.

The present spring has been a very unfortunate one in California. The extremely variable weather has had a very distressing effect upon the health of the people, which in many cases has resulted seriously. Knowing these facts, and in order that our readers might be more thoroughly informed upon the subject, a representative of this paper has collected some important data, which is herewith presented:

Mr. J. G. Dusenbury, real estate broker and land dealer of Fresno, said: "The beneficial effects of Warner's Safe Cure in a case of aggravated kidney disease, with which I have been troubled for seven years past, have been remarkable. Three weeks ago, my kidneys were in such a bad state that I could not rise from my bed. I then began the use of the Safe Cure for the first time. The good effect of the medicine was at once apparent. In five days I was up and around. I have taken several bottles since, and now feel as well and sound as ever in my life. I only regret I did not know the virtues of Warner's Safe Cure years ago."

Mr. James A. Jasper, Santa Maria, says: "I was taken down in 1885 with liver and kidney complaint, and all the doctors pronounced that my spleen was enlarged. I suffered from weakness, my food did not seem to digest, and did not seem to do me any good. I traveled from place to place, to Mineral Springs and in the mountains, but nothing seemed to relieve me until my uncle, while I was stopping at his place in Los Angeles, persuaded me to try Warner's Safe Cure. I took two bottles before I realized any change, and after taking twenty-six bottles was a well man after five years' sickness and given up by all my friends to die. I, therefore, give Warner's Safe Cure credit for my life, and for further information in my case, write to James A. Jasper, Santa Maria, and I will answer and give any references both in Los Angeles and Santa Maria."

Mr. A. A. Cook, Mountain View writes: "After suffering for many months from severe pain in the small of my back that entirely disabled me from work, and becoming quite debilitated from loss of appetite and sleep, and after trying all the best physicians to no good effect, I was induced to try Warner's Safe Cure, and after taking three bottles, I was able to work and eat again as usual, and now I feel like a new man."

Mr. Max Anthony, Oroville, had a very pleasing experience in his family with the use of this great remedy. He writes: "My wife suffered for a long time with pains in the small of her back. She tried everything to cure herself, but without doing her any good. Hearing of your Safe Cure, she concluded to try it, and after taking a few bottles was entirely relieved of her pain. My little daughter aged twelve, would at night wet the bed. We tried in all ways we knew or heard of to stop it, but nothing we tried did any good. It kept growing worse, if anything. The child grew so ashamed and mortified over it, we could not get her away from home. She would not go to see either friends or relations. Finally my wife suggested using Warner's Safe Cure. After using two bottles, she stopped wetting the bed, and has not done so since, now over nine months ago. I would not be without it for ten times its cost. I think it the best medicine for family use ever placed on the market. I cannot say too much in its praise."

Mrs. Kate Ward, of West Butte, Sutter county, writes: "My daughter has taken Warner's Safe Cure, and received great benefit therefrom. I am never without it in my house."

Mr. Edwin E. Webster, of Calpella, Mendocino county, says: "I am happy to state I have used Warner's Safe Cure and Safe Pills with the best result possible, for deranged liver and kidneys."

But one conclusion can be drawn from the above facts by any fair-minded individual. That conclusion must be, that while kidney and liver difficulties are so alarmingly increasing, still there is a safe and certain means by which they can be avoided, or having been contracted, a way by which they can positively be cured.

A ordinary elephant produces 120 pounds of ivory, worth $300. England consumes 650 tons, for which it is necessary to kill 12,000 elephants a year.

Made well

—the weak, nervous or ailing woman who takes Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It's a medicine that's *guaranteed* to help her. It's an invigorating, restorative tonic, soothing cordial and bracing nervine—and a certain cure for all the functional derangements, painful disorders or chronic weaknesses that affect women. For ulcerations, displacements, bearing-down sensations, everything that's known as a "female complaint," it's an unfailing remedy. It's a *peculiar* one, too. Peculiar in composition, peculiar in its cures, and peculiar in the way it's sold. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, in every case, or the money is refunded. You pay only for the good you get.

It's the big, old-fashioned pill that makes the most disturbance—but it's one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets that does the most good. Mild and gentle, but thorough and effective—the smallest, cheapest and easiest to take. They cleanse and regulate the liver, stomach and bowels.

DEAD SEA FRUITS.

They slay multitudes when they are the product of neglect of incipient disease. A "slight" cold, a fit of indigestion, biliousness or constipation, each or any of these "minor ailments" advance in many cases with "league-destroying strides." Give them a swift, early defeat with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters and avert the danger. Abernethy administered an alarming rebuke to the man who informed him that he had "only a cold!" "Only a cold," repeated the doctor. "What would've have—the plague!" Rheumatism and la grippe are easily extinguishable at the start. Why then allow them to get up a full head of steam? Put on the brakes with the Bitters. The genial warmth which this superb medicine diffuses through the system, the impetus it gives to the circulation of the blood, its soothing and strengthening effect upon the nervous, specially recommend it to the enfeebled and sick. 'Tis the great specific for malaria.

Pessimist—"The Koran forbids wine, but permits several wives, knowing well that no sober man would marry more than one."

MURDERED BY PREJUDICE.

Thousands of men die every day who might be saved. Prejudice has murdered many a man and woman. If it were believed that the sum of disease could be reduced by physic, much would be gained. The nightmare of death would not frighten us as it does. In our modern civilization we ought reasonably to expect disease to settle upon us because we do so much to attract it; because we so often and so steadily expose ourselves to it. At the same time we all ought to understand as a part of our rudimentary education that to save ourselves from the effects of such exposure some kind of fortification should be built around our vital forces lest the enemy carry us, as it were, by a sudden onslaught. For many years the unprejudiced have used BRANDRETH'S PILLS in this way, and they have proved a most effective wall against the approach of disease.

Sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar coated.

The June bug makes more noise than a wasp, but he does not command half as much respect.

For coughs, asthma and throat disorders use "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" 25 cents a box.

The world will never become wholly optimistic while the farmers have crops to talk about.

A GOOD PLACE FOR BOYS.

Hoitt's School, near Millbrae, San Mateo county, Cal., in charge of ex-State Superintendent Ira G. Hoitt and wife, is undoubtedly one of the best schools for Boys on the Pacific Coast.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

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.

1 CENT THE GREAT SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE. COUGH CURE. A DOSE.

This GREAT COUGH CURE, this successful CONSUMPTION CURE is sold by druggists on a positive guarantee, a test that no other Cure can stand successfully. If you have a COUGH, HOARSENESS or LA GRIPPE, it will cure you promptly. If your child has the CROUP or WHOOPING COUGH, use it quickly and relief is sure. If you fear CONSUMPTION, don't wait until your case is hopeless, but take this Cure at once and receive immediate help. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00. Travelers convenient pocket size 25c. Ask your druggist for SHILOH'S CURE. If your lungs are sore or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plasters. Price, 25c.

ELY'S CREAM BALM—Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores Taste and Smell, and Cures

CATARRH

THE CURE FOR CATARRH COLD IN HEAD HAYFEVER ELY'S CREAM BALM

Gives Relief at once for Cold in Head.
Apply into the Nostrils. *It is Quickly Absorbed.*
50c. Druggists or by mail. ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

LOVELL DIAMOND CYCLES $85
For Ladies and Gents. Six styles In Pneumatic Cushion and Solid Tires.
Diamond Frame, Steel Drop Forgings, Steel Tubing, Adjustable Ball Bearings to all running parts, including Pedals. Suspension Saddle.
Strictly HIGH GRADE in Every Particular.
Send 6 cents in stamps for our 100-page illustrated catalogue of Guns, Rifles, Revolvers, Sporting Goods, etc.
Bicycle Catalogue FREE.
JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., Mfrs., 147 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

UNLOAD Do you feel bad? Do you have a headache? Does your back ache? You can't eat and don't feel like work. The YOUR trouble is your liver is torpid. You are full of bile. Get rid of it without delay. Three doses of Moore's Revealed Remedy will do it and make you feel like a new person. For sale by all druggists. LIVER

Tutt's Tiny Pills
A single dose produces beneficial results, giving cheerfulness of mind and buoyancy of body to which you were before a stranger. They enjoy a popularity unparalleled. Price, 25cts.

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