# THE SAN FRANCISCO BOARD of HEALTH.

We, the members of the Board of Health of the City and County of San Francisco,

Cordially approve and recommend the Royal Baking Powder. It is absolutely pure and healthful, composed of the best ingredients, of the highest strength and character.

In our judgment it is impossible make a purer or stronger Baking Powder than the Royal.

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*Members San Francisco Board of Health.*



The college student is apt to find that the beginning comes after the commencement is past.

RUPTURE AND PILES CURED.

We positively cure rupture, piles and all rectal diseases without pain or detention from business. No cure, no pay. Also all *Private* diseases. Address for pamphlet Drs. Porterfield & Posey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

The desirability of bonds depends on whether you hold them or they hold you.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

THE MOST POPULAR SONG of the DAY Charms the heart of every Smoker

Tobacco is a luxury—a quieting, restful friend to mankind.

The better the quality the sweeter and milder the smoke.

In all these good qualities MASTIFF PLUG CUT stands at the head of smoking tobaccos.

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

AN EXPLANATION AND ANSWER.

WHAT IS WINTERILLA?

Why, it is a pleasant and effective remedy for the positive cure of Chapped Hands, Poison Oak, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Sun Burn, Tan; positively removes Freckles, and is one of the grandest luxuries for gentlemen after shaving. This is an exquisite article prepared with the greatest care by scientific experts. Its component parts are perfectly harmless, and the ladies toilet is not complete without it. One trial will convince the most skeptical that what we say of WINTERILLA is true. For sale by all druggists in 25c and 50c bottles.

"August Flower"

Miss C. G. McCLAVE, Schoolteacher, 753 Park Place, Elmira, N. Y. "This Spring while away from home teaching my first term in a country school I was perfectly wretched with that human agony called dyspepsia. After dieting for two weeks and getting no better, a friend wrote me, suggesting that I take August Flower. The very next day I purchased a bottle. I am delighted to say that August Flower helped me so that I have quite recovered from my indisposition."

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.

S.S.S. CURES MALARIAL POISON

Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so promptly, or so safely as Swift's Specific.

*LIFE HAD NO CHARMS.*

For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life lost all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then decided to try S.S.S. A few bottles of this wonderful medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever. J. A. RICE, Ottawa, Kan.

Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.


## WHEN EVENING SHADOWS FALL.

When evening shadows fall
She hangs her cares away,
Like empty garments on the wall
That hides her from the day.
And while old memories throng
And vanished voices call,
She lifts her grateful heart in song
When evening shadows fall.

Her weary hands forget
The burdens of the day;
The weight of sorrow and regret
In music rolls away.
And from the day's dull tomb,
That hold her in its thrall,
Her soul springs up in lily bloom
When evening shadows fall.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

### Where to Buy Choice Violins.

Why give hundreds of pounds for a "Strad" or a Magini when you can get the best violin in the market for not much more than as many shillings? Curious persons have often wanted to know where all the Strads come from. We are in a position to tell them. They come from a factory in the Reichenbergstrasse in Berlin, and you can have them on the most advantageous terms. The ordinary violin of commerce is to be had for the derisory price of a florin; while for five and sixpence a "very fine instrument" of high finish is to be obtained.

The very best Strad, a most artistic instrument, will cost you 17s.; while for 25s. you shall have a real Magini, "double purfled with artistically carved scroll." Beyond that you cannot go. A "highly recommended" Guarnerius costs 18s. 6d., and the very best Caspar da Salo a sovereign.—St. James Gazette.

### One of Franklin's Stories.

In the third year of the revolution the British government proposed to make peace and grant the colonies the privilege they had demanded on the condition that they should pay the expenses of the war. Franklin replied that the proposal reminded him of something that happened when he lived in London. A Frenchman, who was a little out of his head, heated a poker red hot and then dashed into the street, exclaiming to the first man he met: "Me stick dis into you six inches." "No you don't," was the reply. "Well, den me stick it in dree inches!" "No, sir!" was the more emphatic reply. "Well den, sare, you will of course pay me for heating de poker." —New Haven Palladium.

### Symbols of Saints.

In Christian art the various saints are symbolized as follows: Matthews, with an angel standing near him dictating the Gospel; Mark, accompanied by a winged lion; Luke has an ox near him; John, writing his Gospels or bearing a chalice from which a serpent issues; Paul, with a sword and an open book; Peter holds in his hand a book or scroll; James, with a sword, and sometimes attired as a pilgrim; Andrew, with a (x) cross; Philip, bearing a large cross or basket of loaves; Jude, a club or staff and carpenter's square; Thomas, a builder's square; Bartholomew, a knife, and Simon, with a sword in his hand.—Exchange.

### George Washington's Genius.

The recent studies in George Washington's life and achievements should quiet the intimation of a lack of creative or original mind on his part. He who conceived the idea of the supreme court as a co-ordinate branch of government and foreshadowed the destiny of the great west when so many statesmen were ready to sacrifice the Mississippi river for temporary commercial benefits was a great thinker and creative statesman as well as a practical man in everyday affairs. The common sense of Washington was genius.—Washington Star.

### Increase of Blindness and Insanity.

Dr. Lucien Howe says blindness has increased in the state of New York during the last five years thirteen times as fast as the population; and the state charities commissioners state that the excess in the increase of the insane in the state over the increase in its population for the last nine years has been more than 44 per cent. These figures are most startling, especially when it is considered that the modes of treating the eyes and brain are supposed to have been so much improved of late years.—Chicago Times.

### The Champion Tramp of the World.

The champion tramp would seem to be one Folkers, whom The San Francisco Chronicle interviewed. He belongs to Portland, Me., and is a shoemaker by trade. For ten years he has been roaming the country, and he declares that not once during this time has he paid a railroad fare, though on all his trips he patronizes the "iron horse." He says he has a craze for traveling, which seems very evident from this statement that he rides about 20,000 miles per year. Altogether he has traveled 200,000 miles.

### A Bullet Rattles in His Head.

For over twenty-five years Fletcher Wright, who lives near Dawson, has carried a bullet in his head, a wound received in one of the battles in Virginia. This Minie ball shifts around at one time in front of the head, at another time in the back. At times this bullet gives Mr. Wright much uneasiness while at work in the field by its shifting about and the rattling noise it makes in the head.—Macon Telegraph.

## TELL ME, MY HEART.

Of thee, my heart, would I inquire,
What is love, wilt tell?
Two souls with only one desire,
Two hearts that feed each other's fire,
And with each other dwell.

And tell me whence love comes, I pray?
It comes, and it is here.
And whither doth it vanish, say?
It were not love to pass away.
For love is ever near.

And prithee, what is love that's pure?
'Tis that which self denies.
And when is love accounted sure,
The firmest rooted to endure?
'Tis when it stillest lies.
—From the German.

## A NATURAL TRAP.

I had been riding several hours through the hot dust of a southern Arizona plain on the trip from Antelope to the home ranch. I had not seen a living thing except the scurrying lizards, when I noticed ahead a man on horseback riding rapidly toward me.

At that point the trail led across the great cactus plain known as Lonesome valley. It was not a valley at all in the usual sense of the word, but a broad, level sweep of sandy desert stretching between two abrupt ranges of mountains. There was not a tree on it more than ten feet high, but I will venture to say that there were more varieties of cactus and more of those villainous plants to the square yard than could be found in any other spot on the globe. Southern Arizona is the garden of the cactus, and this desert must have been its own particular hotbed. I had been in the country scarcely six months, but I had already acquired a horror of cactus thorns, and guided my horse along the trail with a care which did not admit of great speed.

The rider whom I saw approaching me in Lonesome valley evidently had no such fear. His animal, which he was urging forward at a rapid lope, swerved easily to the right and left, threading the mazes of the cactus growth with the trained sense of a Mexican pony.

As they approached I made out that the rider was a Mexican. At a still closer view I saw that he was a rather good looking Mexican, but poorly dressed, and that evidently he was on a journey. He had with him a canteen, a pair of worn, greasy blankets, and a lightly packed gunny sack. His horse was a homely, sharp boned animal, built for speed and endurance, forced marches, and long stages without water; but at present he was certainly tired. I will not say "tired out," for these ponies are never tired out until they are dead.

The man checked his rapid pace as we neared each other, and I thought was about to pass with the customary buenos dias, when he cast a quick glance at my horse and reined in his own. I halted also.

"You haf verra fine hoss there, senor," he said, in a tone of the utmost politeness.

My horse, which I called Montezuma, was in fact a larger and better shaped animal than is often seen in that country. I had picked him out for that reason on my first visit to Antelope, and at the time prided myself not a little on my choice. He was indeed a horse of excellent appearance and action, but he had some defects. His very build showed that he was a northern or an eastern horse and not native born, and I found that he was by no means equal to the native breed in endurance or wiry strength. He could not travel as far nor go so long without water, nor was he as sure footed.

However, he made an imposing appearance, and served me very well in my rides, which were chiefly for pleasure.

He pricked up his ears, and the polite Mexican said again, "You haf verra fine hoss, senor."

"Yes, he's a very good horse," I replied, not very cordially, but still with courtesy, for it seemed to me politic to be courteous to a man who was probably the only human being within ten miles.

"He no born in thees countree? I see no hoss lika heem in Arizona, nevare. But, senor," with a glance at his own sharp boned, panting beast, "there is one verra eggscellanta Mexicana hoss. I rida heem now one, two, three day. I rida heem verra hard and see!"

He touched the animal lightly with his spurs, lifted the hand with which he held the reins and leaned forward. The horse sprang instantly into a furious lope, as if he had but just been saddled for the first time. The Mexican wheeled him gracefully in a long circle through the cactus plants, and drew him in again on his haunches by my side.

"Ah, senor, he is the one hoss of one meellion! He go and go and go, and nevare stop. He drink only the one time a day, and he eat, ah, so leetle! In one year he not eat so mucha as a burro. But perhaps the senor," and here his face wore a most persuasive smile, "will lika to eggschange? The senor will gif to me hees hoss, and I will gif to heem my magnifico Chihuahua."

"No, I do not wish to trade horses at all," I said, with less cordiality than before, as I began to feel decidedly uneasy in the presence of this smiling foreigner.

"No?" he said, in a tone of regret. Then, after a moment, his face lighting up, he added: "Ah, but the senor has nevare tried heem! He does not know Chihuahua. Ef he try heem only the once he see that I tella heem the truth."

He threw himself to the ground and came toward me smiling. I now saw his plan. He was a desperate man, probably flying to Mexico to escape the consequences of some crime. My horse had attracted him at first sight. Either he needed it to help him on his journey or thought he might sell it for a good sum across the border.

It seemed to me an excellent plan to go at once, without losing any more time in useless conversation. I turned quickly in the saddle, murmured a somewhat unnecessary "Good-by," and spurred Montezuma toward home.

The horse was fresh, and started away in good shape; but in an instant the Mexican had sprung into his saddle and was after me. There was no doubt now as to his intentions. As I looked back I saw that his face had lost its smile and taken on a cruel, sullen look. He dug his spurs into his horse, and the animal sprang into the same furious gallop that I had seen before.

My heart sank as I realized that it was perhaps a race of life and death. The defects of my horse came to my mind with startling distinctness. How gladly would I have exchanged him for the boniest cow pony in the country! The Mexican's horse was not gaining on us now, for Montezuma was fresh; but could he outrun that relentless pursuer on a five mile stretch?

Then what if Montezuma should stumble and throw me to the ground head foremost? At the thought of this I turned again to the front. I could not afford to watch my pursuer. I must keep a clear outlook ahead. If I could only guide my horse safely around every hole and stone, and across every wash, perhaps we could yet pull away from the scoundrel behind me.

At this moment something struck me a terrific blow in the back of the head. I thought I had been shot, and turned slowly to look at my murderer. The end of a heavy, worn lasso was just slipping off the saddle behind me, and the Mexican, with an exclamation, was reeling it in, evidently making ready to throw again. He had seen that my horse was gaining, and accordingly had recourse to that most effective long range weapon, the lariat. His first throw had missed me by an inch, and he was cursing himself for his clumsiness.

I was not a thrower of the "lass" myself, but I was familiar with its powers. One of the rough sports of cowboys, after work, is to "rope" one another. In a wild race in and out of the corral one of them tries to throw his rope so as to encircle the man ahead without catching the horse at the same time. If successful he drags him to the ground, more or less roughly. But this is only play, rough as it is. It would be no play to be caught by the cruel rope which the wretch was coiling on his left arm.

I watched him as if fascinated. He reached for the loop, opened it wide, turned sidewise in the saddle and swung it round his head. If it caught me I should be dragged headlong to the ground. If I leaned close to the horse it would close over us both, and we would go down together. In either case certain injury or death threatened me. In utter despair I pulled in my horse and stopped.

The Mexican rode swiftly up, coiling his lasso as he came. The hard look gave way to the same smile that he had worn before, but I thought I detected something grim in it this time. Again, with that horrible politeness, he said:

"Ah, the senor is too queek—he no wait to say adios! But the hoss, he is as I say, he is verra fast. Will the senor no try my hoss now? Si, si, I think he will lika try Chihuahua now. He's hoss is mucha tired; he lika leetle rest."

In the same graceful way as before he threw himself to the ground, and instantly caught Montezuma by the bridle. I was entirely unarmed. I had no doubt that the Mexican was well armed and quite ready to kill me if I attacked him. I dismounted slowly, with bad grace. To my surprise the Mexican handed me the bridle of his horse with a bow.

"Now you shall try my Chihuahua! There is no more betture in thees countree. You will so say eef you will try heem only."

But I had no heart to mount. I had little doubt that the beast which was now leering at me with a vicious eye would buck me off at the first jump. The Mexican waited a moment out of sheer courtesy, then mounted Montezuma and started gracefully off. He did not push him to his utmost at first, but went down the road carefully, as if trying him. Then he turned and came back at a somewhat better pace.

I stood like a dummy, holding the bridle of his horse and watching him. His riding was a magnificent exhibition, but I was not in a condition to admire it.

As if satisfied with the powers of Montezuma, he turned again and came down past me at full speed. As he passed me he shouted a few words in Spanish to his horse. The beast jerked back from me, struck at me with his forefeet and was after his master in an instant.

The Mexican had turned in his saddle and was watching us with interest. As his horse broke away from me a smile spread over the man's face, which was more than a smile of politeness, and he raised his hat in a sweeping bow of derision.

I stood there as if paralyzed on Lonesome valley desert, fifteen miles from home, and watched the villain ride my horse toward Mexico.

But the Mexican cared too much for theatrical display. His people are the most perfect riders in the world, and my enemy was no exception to the rule. But he made a mistake in assuming that all horses are as sure footed as he was secure in his seat. This is true of Mexican ponies, the only ones he had ever ridden, but it was not true of Montezuma.

As the Mexican spurred him deep, still looking back over his shoulder at me, Montezuma came to a gully or wash. There are thousands of these across every road and trail in the southwest. This one was not more than three feet deep and five feet across. A native horse would have jumped it or leaped into it safely, even if it were six feet deep. But Montezuma, as he came to the wash, made no effort to jump over, but plunged in with his forefeet set together.

As he struck the bottom, which was of rock loosely covered with sand, his knees doubled under him like straws. The best rider in the world could not have kept his seat. The Mexican, still glancing back at his own horse, went off as if hurled from a catapult.

Montezuma jumped up, shook himself and limped slowly away. I involuntarily ran forward. The Mexican did not rise, and I guessed he was dead or stunned. As I drew nearer, however, I could see that he was not dead, but very much alive. He lay on his back, with his right arm stretched out over his head, and he was writhing to and fro as if in great pain.

The man certainly was in a serious predicament. When Montezuma stumbled he had been thrown straight upon a large fish hook cactus—a low cylindrical variety, completely covered with long, recurring, overlapping, horny spines, of needle sharpness and most tenacious strength. They resemble enormous bone fish hooks in everything but the barb.

If the Mexican had struck this cactus head foremost he would have been killed outright. As it was his right arm had been thrust deep into the long curving thorns, and they had closed into his arm and hand, holding them in a grip of steel.

As he lay there writhing on the ground, his arm transfixed in a dozen places with these inflexible hooks, I saw my enemy delivered into my power. It only remained to take advantage of the fortunate accident which had humbled him. I first searched him, and took possession of his knife and revolver. Then, very slowly, I freed his arm, cutting away the softer parts of the plant rather than trying the almost impossible task of cutting through the thorns.

As the Mexican rose I retreated to Montezuma's back, and covered the man with the revolver. My precautions were useless. His arm was sprained as well as gashed in a dozen places by the cruel hooks. He painfully removed these, and bound his arm in a bandanna that he took from his neck.

I motioned for him to walk ahead of me toward the ranch. We made a slow and sorry procession; the furious Mexican in front, Montezuma limping painfully, and myself behind, the other horse following at some distance. But a sense of triumph sustained me through the long journey.

At the ranch we dressed the villain's arm, set a guard over him and sent for the sheriff. He came, identified him as a daring horse thief wanted for several offences in the northern part of the territory, and relieved us of his company.—Frank Gillette in Youth's Companion.

### Stating the Case Frankly.

The servant girl answered the doorbell and replied that her mistress was out. "Please tell her," said the caller, "that I would like very much to have her come over tonight to play whist." "Well, ma'am," answered her royal highness, the servant girl, "I know Mrs. S. can't go; it's my night out, and she's got to stay in."—Springfield Homestead.

### Social Pastels.

Mr. Rounds—How nicely that Miss Instyle carries her head!

Miss Dukatts—She ought to carry it easily—it's so light.—Puck.

### Left with No Excuse.

"Well, Bill," said the tramp, "it's time for us to be getting off into the country."

"Why so soon?"

"The city free baths are open."—Racket.

### Ironical Significance.

De Sute—Where did you get your clothes, Harry?

Harry—Saltator's. But why do you ask? He only does a cash business.—Puck.

### Polite to a Fault.

A—Have a cigar?

B—Thanks (takes one).

A (disappointed)—I thought you didn't smoke?—Journal pour Rire.

## FASCINATION.

### Why so Many Ladies Who Should be Attractive Fail to Please—A Brilliant Woman Reveals the Secret.

*[Ladies' Home.]*

"Dress is everything."

"Is it? Some beautiful women cannot be improved by a dress, no matter how artistic it may be made."

The speakers were two lady reporters for society papers. They had attended balls, receptions and parties for years. They had studied the effects of costumes, the lines of beauty, and had faithfully written upon them in the papers they represented. They were masters in their art and yet they differed.

"You cannot prove your assertion by any lady of high standing and authority."

"I can," replied her companion. "Within two days I will show you an interview with the leading woman on dress of America." And the two friends parted.

Last Wednesday they met at the same place, when, producing a neatly-written manuscript, the lady read the following remarkable interview:

"Mrs. Annie Jenness-Miller is the acknowledged authority in America upon the subject of dress. An attractive woman herself, she knows how to render other women attractive in the highest degree. I sought an interview; it was granted, and I give you the results:

"'Do you think, Mrs. Miller, that women are made more attractive by their dress?'

"'That depends upon what you mean by attractive.'

"'Pleasing, fascinating if you choose—more charming to men and other women.'

"'A simply beautiful woman is seldom attractive; a stupid one never. It is the soul, the life, the brilliancy, which render women attractive.'

"'I'll admit that, but what makes women brilliant?'

"'Vivacity, brightness and good health. Did you ever see a sickly woman able to entertain a dinner party of bright people? On the other hand, did you ever know a cultivated and refined women, overflowing with animal life and spirits, who was not fascinating?'

"'So you believe perfect health is the secret of fascination, do you?'

"'Most certainly. Artistic dressing is proper, fine curves attractive, but life, such as comes from healthy throbbing blood, is alone fascinating. It is a great mistake, however, to think that health is preserved by dress alone. Women must have proper food, freedom from care, and a good friend in need.'

"'What do you mean by that?"

"'Some assistance physically. All women feel depressed at times, and all pleasure seems gone out of life. On all such occasions, and indeed whenever blue or worn out, she needs help. I know, because I have been in that condition myself.'

"'And what do you do when in that condition?'

"'One thing, and one thing only. I am assisted by the best friend that any woman ever had. It is Warner's Safe Cure. I mean it, and I have good reason to speak as I do. You think I am a perfectly healthy woman; so I am, but I take several bottles of this great cure every season just as I take additional care in the selection of tonic-giving food. As you know, there are certain times when every woman needs assistance. At such times, and before such times, there is, so far as I know, but one thing that can help, and that is the great cure I have named.'

"I bade Mrs. Miller a reluctant good-by, for I felt that I had met a woman who knows women, what their trials and troubles were, and what they required."

### The House a Woman Built.

It is seldom that a woman plans and erects a house precisely according to her own ideas. Some five years ago, however, a foolhardy Bridgeport man gave his wife full permission to plan and build a house as she wanted it. Then he went away to South America, and was gone a year. When he came back she ushered him into a dwelling consisting of a parlor, kitchen, bedroom and twenty-eight closets. In each closet there were several shelves and upward of four dozen hooks. Still, when the Bridgeport man retired that night he left his clothes piled on a chair. And he did not complain until the next morning after breakfast, when his wife met him with a board off a dry goods box, a dozen nails and a flatiron, and asked him if he couldn't put up another shelf in that small closet which opened off the large front closet.

His left thumb was still sore from putting up a shelf before he went to South America. He seized his hat and started downtown, and as he went out he noticed hooks on the outside of the front door for the morning milk man to hang his wares on, and other hooks on the front gate on which distributors of advertising matter might suspend their literary efforts. A week later this house was burned down under suspicious circumstances, but though the Bridgeport man offered a remarkably large reward for the discovery of the incendiary, nothing ever came of it.—New York Tribune.


TOWER'S IMPROVED Slicker is the only Absolutely Water Proof Coat!

NOT Guaranteed to Peel, Break or Stick. to Leak at the Seams.

There are two ways you can tell the genuine Slicker: the Fish Brand trade mark and a Soft Woven Collar. Sold everywhere, or sent free for price. A. J. TOWER, Manufr. Boston, Mass.

Our Shield Brand is better than any waterproof coat made except the 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.

If you have Malaria, Piles, Sick Headache, Costive Bowels, Dumb Ague or if your food does not assimilate,

Tutt's Tiny Pills

will cure these troubles. Dose small. Price, 25c. Office, 39 Park Place, N. Y.



N. P. N. U. No. 451—S. F. N. U. No. 528


It is said that the Methodist church intends to found a national university in Washington, and that arrangements are making for the purchase of a ninety acre tract of land on the Tenallytown road, near Oakview, ex-President Cleveland's country home, as a sight for the university. Bishop Hurst is at the head of the movement, and has paid an option of $1,000 on the property, which is to be sold for $100,000.


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 ye 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.


Daughter—Shall we invite Dr. Bigfee to the reception? Mother—I think we'd better not, he's so absent-minded. He might charge it in the bill.


$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.


It looks as though the North Pole was playing a kind of Emin Pasha game. It doesn't want to be found.


For relieving throat troubles and coughs "Brown's Bronchial Troches" have a world-wide reputation. *Sold only in boxes.* Price, 25 cents.


"Father," said a six-year-old, "where is Atoms?" "Atoms, my boy? What do you mean?" "Why the place where everybody gets blown to."

COPYRIGHT 1891


*There's nothing left* of Catarrh, when you use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. With the poisonous, irritating snuffs and strong, caustic solutions, a good deal *is* left. They may, perhaps, stop it for a time, but there's danger of driving it to the lungs. They work on false principles.

But Dr. Sage's Remedy *cures* it, no matter how bad the case, or of how long standing. Not only Catarrh itself, but Catarrhal Headache, Cold in the Head—everything catarrhal in its nature. The worst cases yield to its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties. So will yours. You may not believe it, but the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Remedy *do.*

And to prove it they make you this offer:

If they can't cure you, they'll pay you $500 in cash. It's a business proposition from a responsible house.

But do you think they'd make it if they, and *you*, couldn't depend upon their medicine?

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.
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