Kitchen Economy

Actual tests show the Royal Baking Powder to be 27 per cent. stronger than any other brand on the market. If another baking powder is forced upon you by the grocer, see that you are charged the correspondingly lower price.

Bread, biscuit, cakes and muffins are not known in most delicate and perfect quality where Royal Baking Powder is not used.

A Marvelous Rifle.

Another repeating rifle is that invented by a Corsican, M. Luigi, an ex-officer in the French army, which professes to be an improvement on the Lebel. It is destined more particularly for volley firing, and has this advantage, that its magazine, which may be constructed to hold from four to five cartridges, can be filled up at once, without the cartridges having to be inserted one by one, as is the case with the Lebel rifle. A powerful spring worked by the trigger throws out each empty cartridge when fired, and simultaneously adjusts another in its place.

The front part of the barrel is separate from the remaining portion, and after each discharge is slid back so as to open the magazine for the ejection of the empty cartridge. It is then brought back into position locked, and the rifle is once more ready loaded for firing. By a special system of rifling the trajectory of the bullet has been reduced to almost a direct line, while the carrying distance, with a gram of Rothwell or ordinary French gunpowder, is estimated at 4,500 meters.—New York Journal.

His Occupation Gone.

First Detective—You look blue this morning. What's the matter?

Second Detective—Did you read about a convict at Sing Sing confessing on his deathbed that he murdered a man in New York?

"Yes, I read all about it."

"Well, that spoils a clew on which I have been working for a year and a half.—Texas Siftings.

The Latest Thing in Lamps.

A little girl at Massillon drank a pint of coal oil. The doctor thought she would die, until one of them hit on a happy expedient. They slipped a yard of candlewick down into the oil, lit the upper end, and during the evening she lighted the room nicely and then went to bed all right.—Canal Dover (O.) Reporter.

None of His Affair.

During a melodramatic performance a stout lady began to sob violently.

Anxious Husband—Come, my dear, let us be going; this is too much for your feelings.

"What does it matter to you, so long as I am enjoying myself."—L'Estafette.

With Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain and with perfect safety. Try the remedy: it cures catarrh.

My son has been afflicted with nasal catarrh since quite young. I was induced to try Ely's Cream Balm, and before he had used one bottle that disagreeable catarrhal smell had all left him. He appears as well as any one. It is the best catarrh remedy in the market.—J. C. Olmstead, Arcola, Ill.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm, and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

Apply Balm into each nostril. It is quickly absorbed. Gives relief at once. Price, 50 cents at druggists' or by mail.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren Street, New York.

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

TOWER'S IMPROVED Slicker is the only Absolutely Water Proof Coat! Guaranteed NOT 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 Wool-en Collar. Sold everywhere, or sent free for price. A. J. TOWER, Manufr. Boston, Mass. Our Sixteen Ounce is better than any waterproof coat made except the Fish Brand.

"German Syrup"

I simply state that I am Druggist and Postmaster here and am therefore in a position to judge. I have tried many Cough Syrups but for ten years past have found nothing equal to Boschee's German Syrup. I have given it to my baby for Croup with the most satisfactory results. Every mother should have it. J. H. HOBUS, Druggist and Postmaster, Moffat, Texas. We present facts, living facts, of to-day. Boschee's German Syrup gives strength to the body. Take no substitute.

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.

YOUNG MEN! The Specific A No. 1. Cures, without fail, all cases of Gonorrhœa and Gleet, no matter of how long standing. Prevents strictures, it being an internal remedy. Cures when everything else has failed. Sold by all Druggists. Manufacturers: The A. Schoenfeld Medicine Co., San Jose, Cal. Price, $3.00.

J. H. FISK, Assayer and Analytical Chemist, 64 Washington St., Portland, Or.

N. P. N. U. No. 454—S. F. N. U. No. 531

CANCELED STAMPS.

If Any One Has Three or Four Millions He Can Find a Good Market for Them.

Has any one 1,000,000 stamps or 500,000 or 100,000? The man who has long been wanted by people who have saved up stamps and who have jealously guarded them for years has been found. He actually buys canceled stamps by the million or hundred thousand. This cheerful news is given for the benefit of those who have cried out for information from time to time. But the man who buys them does not expect to see them redeemed, nor is he trying to relieve the sufferings of those who have carefully hoarded the "green 'uns," the three cent stamp and the five cent stamp and the stamp of all kinds.

But the seekers of wealth by stamp selling are not likely to acquire great fortunes in this way. If they have only collected a few thousand, or even 100,000, they would better become discouraged and give it up, for the wholesale market price of canceled postage stamps (unless for some particular reason they are extrinsically more valuable) is $100 a million. And that is $10 a hundred thousand.

"Why do I buy postage stamps?" said G. B. Calman, of No. 229 Pearl street, to a Tribune reporter. "Why, to sell them, of course."

"Who wants them?"

"If people did not want them I certainly should not buy them."

"Give one instance of a reasonable demand for them."

"Well, there is a big cigarette company which has a canceled stamp on a picture which is given away with every box of cigarettes. The company uses millions of them."

"Another."

"A certain publication gives a stamp book for so many coupons, the coupons going with the paper."

"What kind of stamps do you buy?"

"All kinds."

"But who wants common green two cent stamps? They are not rare."

"Well, they are less common in Western Bulgaria than in New York city. I buy stamps in all parts of Europe and bring them to America, and I ship American stamps to all parts of Europe."

"How many stamps do you buy a year?"

"I bought over 50,000,000 last year. For fifteen years I have averaged about 20,000,000."

"What becomes of them?"

"Think of all the shops where stamps are sold. A great many people make collections and the stamps are all gathered for them in this way."

"What do you pay for stamps?"

"One hundred dollars for 1,000,000 of any kind. I don't care what they are, I will take them. But I pay a great deal more for rare ones, of course. Sometimes people find old stamps which have been lying around for years. Frequently they are very valuable."

"Suppose you were to get an order today for 50,000,000, could you fill it?"

"Yes."

"Would you buy as many?"

"Yes."

"How do you handle them?"

"Those packing cases there are full of them. You see the stamps are assorted and put up in envelopes and boxed for shipment."

"It would not pay, would it, to count 1,000,000 two cent stamps; how do you manage that?"

"We can estimate them almost precisely by weight."

"So canceled stamps really have a market value?"

"If they did not, as I said before, I should not buy them. Bring round 1,000,000 or 2,000,000 in boxes or bales, and see for yourself. There are few things in these days that are allowed to go to waste." And he picked up a package of foreign stamps and gave them to the reporter as a nest egg.—New York Tribune.

Half Heron, Half Stork.

The Zoological gardens have just received several specimens of the umbrette which has not been exhibited since the year 1884. It is, however, fairly common throughout the Cape colony and in other parts of Africa, and extends its range to Madagascar. It is one of those birds which has proved a difficulty to the systematist, for it does not fit accurately into any classificatory scheme. It is half a heron and half a stork, with a general appearance which is unlike that of either. On the whole, in its structure it comes nearer to the heron, and it has the rather melancholy demeanor of that bird. It lives upon fish and frogs. Curiously enough it is looked upon by some of the natives of both Africa and Madagascar as a bird of evil augury. In Africa it is held to be sacred and to possess the power of witchcraft. There is something portentous and solemn about the behavior of all these herons and bitterns which easily accounts for the origin of these legends. Occasionally the umbrette relaxes the severity of its demeanor and executes a fantastic dance with outspread wings. It is also a bird of refined and æsthetic tastes, which are not shared by its immediate kinsmen, the herons and storks. It adorns its nest with buttons, fragments of pottery, bits of glass, and any other bright looking objects which come in its way. The nest itself is enormous—nearly six feet across—and its interior divided into three chambers. This is an unheard of luxury, especially as it only lays two eggs and does not take in any lodgers, such as cuckoos.—London Daily News.

Denmark is the most intemperate country in the world. Its yearly consumption of intoxicants is double that of Germany.

DOM PEDRO IN EUROPE.

His Visit to Pau Recalls an Anecdote Showing How He Paid for a Cup of Coffee.

The whole of the American colony here, and it is a pretty large one, yearly attracted to this valley by the mildness of the climate, was much interested last Sunday morning in the announcement that the exiled emperor of Brazil was on his way from Lisbon to Cannes, and that he would stay for a few days here. On his arrival he was warmly greeted by friends and by the crowd of sympathetic sightseers. But no official reception was tendered to the father-in-law of the Orleans Count of Eu in the city which was the cradle of Henry IV, the ancestor and first crowned king of the Bourbon-Orleans family. The exiled emperor was accompanied by a large suite, among them the Count and Countess of Eu. Dom Pedro and his suite entered carriages and were driven to the Hotel Gassion, where apartments had been retained for them. He looked a great deal older than the last time he was here; his beard has turned from gray to pure white; but he has preserved his vivacity, especially when he is engaged in discussing scientific questions, which he has not given up amidst his troubles. He has inquired already for books which would assist him in the study of the Basque language. Dom Pedro intends also to visit the grotto of Lourdes. The place is not far distant from Pau, and it is probable that the emperor will stay at Lourdes only when he has made up his mind to leave Pau and to start for Cannes, where he intends to spend the winter.

The emperor's approaching departure for Cannes recalls to mind an anecdote related by Alphonse Karr, who, after having published many novels which gained him celebrity and competence, was converted into a strong Catholic, and gave up light literature for gardening. His greenhouses and conservatories in the environs of Nice are famous throughout Europe, and their flavoring products are sold at very high prices, though their owner and producer is more of an amateur than a professional gardener. His renown attracts all kinds of people to his place, called St. Raphael. He was not surprised to see a few years ago Dom Pedro II paying him a visit, only escorted by his secretary and his doctor. The emperor, during the friendly conversation, said to M. Karr:

"I am quarreling with this gentleman'—Dr. Motto Moia—"because he would have me to sleep ten or twelve hours—the half of life! I want to sleep as little as possible, and I think that five or six hours are enough!"

"Sire," answered M. Karr, "the question has been dictatorially settled by an authority before which Dr. Moia will bow willingly; it is the Salerne faculty, which says that 'six hours are sufficient, seven may be allowed to lazy people, but eight never to anybody.'"

"I accept that decision," answered the emperor; and after a few minutes more of conversation he took leave of Alphonse Karr, saying that the doctor and himself wanted to have a cup of coffee at the buffet of the railroad station before taking the train. The literary gardener offered to have coffee made by his granddaughter, assuring them that it would be much better coffee. Dom Pedro consented, and a quarter of an hour later he was sipping an odoriferous cup of coffee by the side of M. Karr's granddaughter, who had prepared it. The emperor was amiable, unpretentious as usual, and the young lady suddenly asked him whether he had visited the college of Cannes.

"Not yet," said he, "but I shall go, because I take great interest in anything relating to education of children."

"Then your majesty will undoubtedly act in conformity with tradition?"

"What tradition, miss?"

"It is that whenever an emperor or a king visits a college he causes one day of vacation to be given to the students."

"And what interest do you have in that the scholars of the Cannes college should have a day of vacation?"

"It is because my brother is there, and he would come and spend that day with us."

"I would have some objections to make to extraordinary vacations, but inasmuch as your motive is so good, I am vanquished. On returning to Cannes, I will immediately pay my visit to the college."

"And, in fact, 'the tyrant,'" as M. Karr says, "kept his word, and the next day my grandson came to spend the day with us."—Pau Cor. New York Tribune.

Ground Hog Day.

The ground hog theorists will tell one that the ground hog comes from out the earth invariably on Feb. 2, and never before. He comes out with the break of day, and if the weather be such that he can at any time during the day see his shadow he hies him back into his hole, and sleeps for six weeks longer. But if the weather be gloomy, rainy, snowy, or if, in short, the sun is not seen all day, the ground hog knows the rigors of winter are over, and he stays out to enjoy the early spring.

The ground hog prophecy was founded on the old English saying regarding Candlemas day, for Feb. 2 is Candlemas day. The country folk always put much faith in the indications supplied by the state of the weather that day.

An old adage illustrates the mode in which the day told the sturdy British yeomen the future weather. It is as follows:

If Candlemas day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another fight.
If Candlemas day be clouds and rain,
Winter is gone and will not come again.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Crow Royalty in Maine.

Cape Elizabeth comes along with a claim on the crow appropriation that exceeds the returns of any one town yet reported by at least 1,000 heads. One thousand four hundred and ninety-six crows have been killed in Cape Elizabeth in the past year. One boy in one day brought to the treasurer seventy-three crows' heads. The crows flock on the shores during certain seasons and they are caught in great numbers by poison and different devices.—Lewiston Journal.

Ruskin's Insanity.

A very melancholy fact is the insanity of Ruskin, the greatest art critic of his time. It seems that for years he has hardly had a friend or relative with whom he was on speaking terms. For a long time he has been noted for his irritability and violent outbursts of anger. That itself was an indication of the insane temperament. It is not a pleasant work, either, or a task for which one could be envied, to spend fifty or sixty years picking flaws in one's fellow men. That of itself is enough to drive a man or woman crazy.—National Weekly.

LOST IN THE SOUTH SEA.

The Perils Encountered by a Ship's Crew Among Savages.

A tale of shipwreck in the southern seas of Save Islanders and the romance of a modern Robinson Crusoe is what Capt. William Gooding tells. He was the commander of the Portland bark Tewksbury Sweet, lost in the South Pacific last spring, and has just arrived in this city on his way to his home at Yarmouth. He and his crew had been given up for dead, and the first intelligence that they were still alive was received about two weeks ago. Their escape from death by the wreck and from the savages makes an interesting story.

The stanch American bark sailed from New Castle, New South Wales, on March 17 for Hong Kong. On April 9 she encountered a gale and was carried ashore on Susanne reef, near Poseat Island, one of the Carolinas. A very high wind was blowing at the time and the surf was running high. The vessel commenced to go to pieces soon after she struck. Nothing was saved from the vessel but one chronometer. The crew escaped in one of one of the ship's boats, and managed with great difficulty to reach a small islet to the northward. From this islet, after the storm had subsided, they made the island of Poseat, which is inhabited by fierce savages.

As the boat approached the island a fleet of canoes put off from the shore. There were about thirty canoes with eight or ten men in each, all armed with knives and spears. Some of the savages in their eagerness jumped overboard and swam to the boat, each with a long wicked knife held between his teeth. The first savages reached the boat, clambered in until the boat was nearly swamped, then they began to strip the sailors of their coats and outer garments, throwing the garments aboard their own canoes. The men were soon despoiled of everything but their undershirts. Then the whole fleet drew in towards the land. The savages all this time had kept up a tremendous din of shouting and singing, and the crowd of women and children on the shore were dancing and jumping about with shouts and cries. The sailors expected no better treatment than to be killed and eaten, but as they learned afterward, the natives of this island are not cannibals.

While the shipwrecked crew were standing surrounded by the noisy crowd, a man, dressed as all the others, with only a cloth about his hips, came forward and spoke to them in English. He gave his name as Charles Irons, an Englishman by birth, and offered to render any assistance possible. It seems that he was left at Poseat by a trading vessel about four years ago, his business being to represent traders on the Cocoanut Islands, but the vessel never called for Irons since leaving him, and he had gradually assumed the habits of the natives. He finally became like them in appearance and manner. He had taken to himself seven wives, and was regarded by the natives as a man of importance, second only to the chief of the tribe. Irons had even forgotten many of the common details of civilization, but he was of good service to the castaways—no doubt saving the lives of them all. A day or two after landing at Poseat Capt. Gooding, who had become uncertain about his reckoning of time, and not knowing exactly whether the day was Thursday or Friday, asked Irons if he knew what day of the week it was. Irons answered that he did not, and more than that he did not know what year it was. He interested himself in behalf of the shipwrecked men and hired a canoe from the natives.

Capt. Gooding, Second Mate George W. Harrison and one of the ship's crew set sail ten days after their arrival, leaving the rest of the men and First Mate Richard Watchman—seven men in all—at Poseat. The captain and his men made their way from island to island, touching at eight different points and making stops at each, varying from two days to a month. They finally arrived at Ruk, where there is a missionary station. Here they were cared for by the missionaries and obtained the use of the boat belonging to the station. The missionaries did not like to let them have the boat, because, if deprived of it, they would be exposed to danger of attack from natives and deprived of their only means of leaving the island, but finally gave consent. The missionaries also told them that had they come ashore at Poseat with any valuables the natives would certainly have killed them as they had others. In the missionary boat, a stanch center boarder, the captain made sail back to Poseat. He then returned with his crew to the missionary island. Two months later the missionary vessel Morning Star arrived and took them all to Honolulu, where they arrived Nov. 18. From Honolulu Capt. Gooding and part of the crew were brought by steamer Australia to San Francisco.—Portland (Me.) Cor. St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Christmas Roses.

Garden and Forest states that it has received at its office, as a reminder of the mild winter, a very interesting photograph of a group of Christmas roses which came from Cazenovia, N. Y., to testify how beautiful these flowers can be in mid-winter. Branches of many shrubs with fully expanded flowers were also received; and in a collection of this sort from the Meehan nurseries at Germantown were sprays of the Cornelian cherry with the yellow stamens showing through the opening buds, and the Tartarian honeysuckle with buds just opening.—Science.

Killed by Prunes.

A peculiar death occurred at the house of Charles Maltby, in the suburbs of Plainfield, N. J., several days ago. George Robinson, a lad employed to assist Mr. Maltby's gardener, entered the butler's store room soon after dinner and fed himself generously on dried prunes. He then drank largely of water. In a short time, it is related, he began to suffer excruciating pains, which medical skill could not lessen, and within an hour after physicians had been summoned he was dead.—Philadelphia Ledger.

New Street Car Stove.

The Electric Railway company at Des Moines, Ia., has received two petroleum oil stoves, a new invention for heating purposes. The inventors claim for them safety and the most satisfactory and cheapest heat appliances for cars. The stoves are placed underneath the seat, are entirely out of the way, and, if satisfactory in their operation, will certainly prove a big improvement over the cat stoves. The invention is a new one, the patent having been secured by a Chicago firm, who have given them a thorough test.—New York Telegram.

A SENSATION ABROAD.

HOW AN AMERICAN DISCOVERY HAS AWAKENED EUROPE.

The Credit is Due to a Citizen of the United States, but the Benefits are Shared by the Entire World.

LONDON, May 20.—Considerable excitement exists among physicians in Europe as to the nature of the most dangerous of modern diseases, and whether it can be cured. Ten years ago Bright's disease of the kidneys was pronounced incurable by almost the entire medical faculty. To-day many of them are in doubt, and nearly all the most advanced declare that it not only can be regulated, but that it can be absolutely cured.

High authorities have taken steps to ascertain the exact views of the leading physicians of Europe on the subject, and their condensed opinions are given herewith:

Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the leading physician of England, said: "I would say generally that Bright's disease is curable, but the man or woman who is troubled with it must be careful of every action, almost of every thought."

Dr. MacLagan, physician to the Princess Christian and other members of the Royal Family, says: "The name, Bright's disease, covers a multitude of complaints connected with the kidneys, particularly those complaints which are due to inflammation. How to arrest its progress is to answer the question as to what the latest cure may be."

Dr. William Edward Robson, physician of the Royal Navy, declared: "Like the majority of my professional brethren, I have long regarded Bright's disease as incurable. I think so no longer. Hundreds of my patients have been cured by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and I am willing to acknowledge and recommend, thus frankly, the value of this great remedy."

Dr. Samuel Mills, of Charing Cross, said: "Bright's disease is not necessarily incurable. The duration of life will not be seriously impaired if proper precautions are taken."

Dr. Andrew Wilson, of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, asserts: "Warner's Safe Cure is of a safe character and perfectly reliable."

Prof. Gerhardt, of Berlin, says: "Bright's disease is curable except in cases of a shrinkage of the kidneys, and even then the patient may live from six months to twenty-five years, during which period improvements in health may be secured by the use of remedies insuring the normal action of the heart."

Dr. Hoesh, of Berlin, says: "I have used Warner's Safe Cure myself, as I have been the victim, on taking the least cold, of rheumatism and palpitation of the heart. This sensibility has disappeared, also the action of the heart is quieter."

Prof. Winternitz, of Vienna, says of Bright's rheumatismal disease: "It is curable, and in its other forms life may be prolonged."

Dr. Gustav Weber, of Dessau, Germany, affirms: "By the use of 15 bottles of Warner's Safe Cure my general health has been restored, and I have completely cured myself of Bright's disease of the kidneys."

Dr. Dugardin Beaumetz, of the Academy of Medicine, Paris, said: "The danger in Bright's disease results from the crippled condition of the kidneys, which no longer take out of the system poisons resulting from organic substances. The treatment consists in helping the inefficient action of the kidneys."

Dr. E. H. Whirsel-Huerlimann, of Whippengen, Switzerland, makes the following remarkable assertion: "I am a living example that Bright's disease is curable. I suffered with that complaint for years, and know that the improvement, appetite and strength have been caused through the use of Warner's Safe Cure."

The above facts prove what has been asserted by Mr. H. H. Warner, both in America and abroad, for years, that Bright's disease of the kidneys can be cured. When this claim was first made it was scouted by physicians, but to-day the leading doctors and scientists in both hemispheres agree that Bright's disease not only may be regulated, but can actually be cured. This is both cause for gratitude to the thousands of helpless sufferers who have been restored to health and also for all patriotic people that this discovery for the worst known of all diseases emanated from America and was put forth by an American. Instead of feeling that the hand of death is laid upon the sufferer when the presence of this terrible disease is first discovered, there is ample assurance from the statements of the above-named physicians as to the cause and cure that no sufferer need despond.

It is not necessary that a farmer should make a drudge of himself and forego all enjoyment.

Brine-slaked lime is more effective as a fertilizer than water-slaked. Sow lime and salt together.

The Lottery to End.

It would appear by the following item from a recent issue of the New Orleans *Times-Democrat* that the suggestion in several newspapers of late, that the Louisiana State Lottery Company intends setting up business elsewhere, is erroneous that it will close up shop on the expiration of its present charter.

In view of the contradictory rumors circulated regarding the intentions of the Louisiana State Lottery Company and in order to accurately answer numerous inquiries, a representative of the *Times-Democrat* yesterday interviewed Mr. Paul Conrad, the President of the company, with the result expressed below.

Reporter—Mr. Conrad, it was asserted some weeks ago in the Northern newspapers, and the statement has since been revived recently, that the company is about to remove to Nicaragua, and there, under a government franchise open up the business on a grander scale than ever.

President Conrad—I have heard something of this, but there is no foundation for it. The company has officially stated that it bows to the decision of the Supreme Court and will respect the laws.

Reporter—Then have you no plans of future action?

President Conrad—I cannot state the case more strongly than was done at the time the company decided not to attempt to obtain a renewal of its charter. I can only repeat that the company will continue in business until the expiration of its present charter and then cease to exist. I cannot understand, after all that has been said, why there should be any confusion in the public mind about the matter.

Reporter—Have you any objection to my stating this as a finalty for the satisfaction of the public?

President Conrad—None whatever.

Reporter—Some of the Eastern papers, Mr. Conrad, persistently assert that the lottery company continues to use the United States mails in the prosecution of its business; will you kindly tell me if that is true?

President Conrad—It is utterly untrue. We are obeying the law in its letter and spirit, and our agents everywhere are instructed to obey it. We are using the express companies only in our business, and in all our circulars are printed instructions to all persons dealing with us to avoid the mails.

THE TEMPTATION

To get out of doors in rough weather is not strong, but we are, many of us, compelled to face rough weather frequently. Diseases which arise from a chill are peculiar to no season of the year. This is true; therefore, there should be in the closet of every household—what? Not an unmedicated stimulant, absolutely devoid of anything but an excitive action, but a tonic combining, in the effective form of an invigorant and an alterative, the quality of defense against changes of weather. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has three or four properties that no other article of its class possesses. Not only does it relieve the complaints which it eventually cures, it fortifies the system against the bad effects of changes of temperature, fatally and too often shown in the deadly form of "la grippe;" it produces a radical change in the weakened condition of a system peculiarly liable to be attacked by it, and it tends to provide against the danger resulting from an impoverished condition of the blood and a disordered state of the liver or bowels.

"Well, if that ain't mean," exclaimed the prisoner; "every durned one o' the stories in this here paper they've gimme to read is continued. An' me to be hung next week."

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 transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations 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. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75 cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Uncle Hunsted—Have you good neighbors in the city? Frank Towner—We have no neighbors at all; we live in a flat.

THE RESULT OF MERIT.

When anything stands a test of fifty years among a discriminating people like the Americans, it is pretty good evidence that there is merit somewhere. The value of a medicine is best proved by its continued use from year to year by the same persons and families, as well as by a steady increasing sale. Few, if any, medicines have met with such continued success and popularity as has marked the introduction and progress of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, which, after a trial of over fifty years, are conceded to be the safest and most effective purgative and blood purifier introduced to the public.

That this is the result of merit, and that BRANDRETH'S PILLS actually perform all that is claimed for them, is conclusively proved by the fact that those who regard them with the greatest favor are those who have used them the longest.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold in every drug and medicine store, either plain or sugar-coated.

To lie in a hammock
Is blissfully sweet,
If you're quick as a cat
And can light on your feet.

CURE FOR COUGH OR COLD.—As soon as there is the slightest uneasiness of the chest, with difficulty of breathing, or indication of cough, take during the day a few "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" 25 cts. a box.

The fellow who marries the "reigning belle" often has a stormy life.

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 & Losey, 838 Market street, San Francisco.

After the pickpocket has succeeded in getting his hand in he takes things easily.

Ought to be smaller

—the great, griping, old-fashioned pill. There's too much unpleasantness for the money. Ought to be better, too. They're big enough, and make trouble enough, to do more good.

That's just what Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets do,—more good. Instead of weakening the system, they renovate it; instead of upsetting, they cleanse and regulate it—mildly, gently, and naturally. They're the original Little Liver Pills—the smallest but most effective, purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and easiest to take. Only one little Pellet for a gentle laxative—three for a cathartic. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

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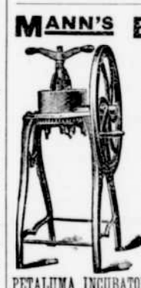

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