"I regard the Royal Baking Powder as the best in the market. Since its introduction into my kitchen I have used no other."

Marion Harland

Author of "Common Sense in the Household."

Ten Years Old and Almost Six Feet.

Pine Grove, a hamlet near Douglasville, Tex., boasts of a girl not quite 10 years old who is 5 feet 10 inches tall. She is the daughter of an engineer, who is himself a giant in size, while his wife is 6½ feet in height. The girl, her parents say, was an unusually small and sickly baby, and didn't show any remarkable growth until she was about 6 years old. She is stout and has the strength of a man, but her mind is feeble, or else has been so outstripped by her body as to give it no chance to develop. The young giantess presents a most remarkable spectacle with her childish face and dress, seated playing in the sand or amusing herself with a doll.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Besides the rabbit pest New South Wales is troubled by another called the "flying fox pest." This creature is a species of bat, the largest of the bat tribe, sometimes measuring nearly five feet in expanse of wings, and is popularly termed the flying fox on account of the red, foxlike color of the fur and "the very vulpine aspect of the head." The attacks of these destructive animals are mainly aimed against fruits and other vegetable substances.

A giant named Catoni, who was more than seven feet high and proportionately stout, has just died in Italy after having collected $2,000 from a museum in Rome for the right to his skeleton.

Expensive Beds of the Greeks.

The Greeks had elegant beds like an open couch, handsomely carved, with two or three mattresses of wool or feathers and very expensive coverings.—Table Talk.

Of course his face is wreathed in smiles like hundreds of thousands of smokers who appreciate a pure, mild, sweet smoke. If MASTIFF PLUG CUT was not all that is claimed for it, how else could so great a business and sale have developed in so short a time?

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

FOR LADIES ONLY!
DOCTOR SIMS'
TANSY BLOSSOM SUPPOSITORIES
A Sure Preventive and Safeguard.
Also a Positive Cure for Leucorrhœa, Inflammations Etc. $1 per package, six packages $5.00. Securely packed and mailed free on receipt of price. Write for circular. Lady Agents Wanted. P.O. Box 2233.
The Western Remedy Co. San Francisco, Cal.

BEES FOR SALE.
On receipt of $6.00 will ship to any address in good order a colony in good condition. 100 per cent. profit in the business if properly handled. R. H. BALLINGER, Port Townsend, Wash.

WANTED LADIES to give their aid in the free kindergartens for instruction in the kindergarten method of teaching. Address MRS. C. DUNLAP, Principal Oregon Kindergarten Training School, 569 Sixteenth street, Portland Heights.

"August Flower"

"I am ready to testify under oath that if it had not been for August Flower I should have died before this. Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I employed three of our best doctors and received no benefit. They told me that I had heart, kidney, and liver trouble. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. August Flower cured me. There is no medicine equal to it." LORENZO F. SLEEPER, Appleton, Maine.

We pay the printer to give you good advice about health and to lead you to careful living.

Our reason is that Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is so often a part of careful living.

If you would go to your doctor whenever you need his advice, we might save our money. He knows what you need.

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

Tutt's Tiny Pills
enable the dyspeptic to eat whatever he wishes. They cause the food to assimilate and nourish the body, give appetite and develop flesh. Price, 25 cents. Exact size shown in border.

Shorthand Language.

"One col," he brusquely announced as he entered a gents' furnishing store on upper Broadway.

"Cert," replied the girl in attendance as she took down a collar and wrapped it up.

"Much?" he queried, as he toyed with a silver piece.

"Quar dol," she answered as she gave him the change.

"O. K.," he said, as he turned away.

"Tra-la," she replied, as she went back to finish waiting on an old man who had been looking at neckties.

"What sort of language do you call that?" he asked.

"Shorthand, sir."

"Oh, that's it? Sort o' saves your breath, doesn't it?"

"Course."

"Well, I don't think I could ever get used to it at my age. It don't express enough."

"How?"

"Why, land o' love, I want to say to you that I'll wear one of my suspenders around my neck for a tie before I'll pay fifty cents for such shoddy affairs as these. How could you express all that in three or four words?"

"I can do it in one," she replied.

"How?"

"Git!"

And he ambled.—New York Sun.

It Was Easy.

Three juvenile officers, quartered at the Curragh, having spent their all in Dublin, were in straits as to how they should return to headquarters. A, known to be the most broken of the party, loftily offered to frank them back; his companions accepted. At the last station but one A was observed to alight hurriedly. On his return he presented his friends with tickets.

"How on earth did you get them?" they asked.

"Oh! it's perfectly easy; just walk down the platform and say, 'Tickets, gentlemen!' There are three, and I've got six more!"—St. James' Budget.

Couldn't Fool Him.

Salesman at Music Store (to customer from Upthecreek)—You'll give me a couple of dollars, you say, for that old, second hand instrument? My stars, man, that's a Stradivarius.

Customer—A what?

"A Stradivarius, sir; a genuine Stradivarius."

"Strad nothin'! It's a fiddle! Reckon I don't know a fiddle when I see it? I'll give you just $2.25 for the darned old thing—Chicago Tribune.

"For Outward Application Only."

"Well, Mr. Murphy, how are you today—better?" asked the doctor.

"No, sorr, Oi'm worse—as full av pains as a windy," replied Mr. Murphy.

"Worse! Did you rub that stuff I sent you well into the skin?"

"Rub it into the skin? Av coorse not, sorr! I saw it was labeled 'fur outward application only,' so Oi just rubbed it on me clothes!"—Yenowine's News.

Setting an Example.

Late Stayer—Why, the lamp is going out, Effie (tired and sleepy)—I suppose it thinks it's time something went out.—Once a Week.

His Great Smile.

If a woman does not like a man she can characterize him as no man ever could. A certain young man, Mr. Smith, was noted for an extraordinary and perennial smile. One of his lady schoolmates described a meeting with him thus:

"As I was going out of church I saw a smile down by the door; when I came nearer I discovered that Mr. Smith was around it."—Christian Advocate.

His Queer Way.

There was a good natured old prince of Piedmont who, every time he had occasion to dismiss an unfaithful servant, called him into his room and said to him in a voice of thunder: "Giovanni, you are dismissed. On and after to-morrow I shall call you Michele." And Michele stayed on until he became Francesco or Serafino by a similar process.—Chatter.

In Luck.

Miss Passee (with girlish enthusiasm, joining a group of young people who are discussing an expedition through the mountains)—May I go with you? I should so love to!

Young Spriggins (with great cordiality)—Delighted to have you. We were just wondering where we'd get a chaperone.—Harper's Bazar.

Why He Was Good.

Rev. Primrose—You are a good boy to say your prayers every night. You must love God.

Bobby—Naw, I love the candy ma gives me for saying them.—Drake's Magazine.

Candid.

Young Poet—What do you think of my spring poem?

Editor—I think the spring you got it from must have been dry.—Detroit Free Press

When the World Was Younger.

Teacher—Why did Pocahontas fall in love with Capt. Smith?

Boy—Probably struck by the charm of a name then new.—Detroit Free Press.

Shut Off.

Dillenback (starting another story at 11:55 p. m.)—You know how I hate to walk? Well——

Miss Eugenia—How forgetful of us! We'll have Thomas call the carriage at once.—Judge.

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

Mediæval Relics to Be Exhibited at the World's Fair.

There is a project on foot, according to a London correspondent of the New York Herald, to secure for the Chicago exhibition the Nuremberg collection of instruments of torture, which is now owned by an English nobleman. It includes the most ingenious contrivance for cruelty that was ever constructed. This is the "Iron Maiden" (Eiserne Jungfrau). It is with mixed emotions that one views this fiendish machine. It is no mere model, built in our time from printed descriptions; it is the genuine, original and only maiden of her kind, and it was in the tight embrace of these very pieces of wood and iron that many a man endured the slow agony of death from pricking, pain and starvation.

THE IRON MAIDEN.

The accompanying sketch shows the Maiden in the torture chamber of Nuremberg castle. Such a chamber, by the way, could easily be built in Chicago, so that the collection might be viewed with the advantages of appropriately lugubrious surroundings. In the picture the Maiden is empty—that is, ready for her victim. The condemned man is placed inside by opening wide the doors which the artist has shown slightly ajar. Standing upright his face fits into the mask at the top. Then the doors are closed and clamped together. The entire interior is fitted with sharp iron spikes that are forced by the closing doors into various parts of the victim's body. Two of them enter his eyes, others his back, his chest, his arms and legs—just far enough to cause excruciating agony, but not far enough to reach any vital organ. The victim cannot stir if he would, so firm is the Maiden's embrace. He simply stands there impaled twenty times over until exhaustion stops the sense of pain forever. Then the executioners let fall a trapdoor beneath the Maiden's skirts, the lacerated body drops from the spikes into the river flowing beneath and the Maiden is ready for another.

But though the Iron Maiden is the most famous machine of its kind, there are many others that equal it. In England nearly every form of torture was applied in the good old days when America was young and Chicago a wild waste that howled not, and the noble earl has gathered together upward of 600 different instruments under his roof, besides a larger number of quaint engravings and pictures, all pertaining to the same subject. Everybody has a rather distinct notion of such simple devices as the rack, the thumbscrew, the wheel, but few of us have ever seen them. Here are the real things, every article in the collection being genuine and many of them showing marks of frequent use. Not all of them are so horrible as the few noted above. There are, for instance, all manner of contrivances, the application of which would not be physically painful, however pride might suffer from them, for the punishment of scolding wives, habitual drunkards, slanderers, etc. But most of them involve cruel suffering, and when it comes to that one would find little choice between the Iron Maiden, the rack, the iron horse in whose belly people were roasted to death, or the barrel with spikes protruding inward in which a man might be put and rolled down hill.

Among minor features in the collection are several executioners' swords and axes, a wooden roller with spikes, which was pushed back and forth over the victim's naked body—sometimes to vary the monotony they rolled the body over the spikes—heavy whips with steel barbs woven into every lash, an iron mail chain glove, which was heated red hot before it was put on; several ingenious gags, a pair of tongs, constructed for the purpose of tearing out a prisoner's tongue; pinching shears, toe pressers, the oldest known thumbscrew with which such great pressure was exerted that the screw passed clear through the thumb; a copper boot, to be filled before wearing with molten lead, and so on and on through the hundreds of instruments, each designed to inflict pain on a different portion of the body or in a way peculiar to itself.

SHARP SWINDLERS.

Some of the Hindoos' Methods for Defrauding the Sailors.

It is doubtful if any race of swindlers can quite equal the Asiatic, says a recent writer. The smile, which is childlike and bland, of the accomplished Chinaman, often masks a profundity of cunning and a dexterity in fraud that the Caucasian cannot rival. Even the mild Hindoo has a faculty for fraud that is not always suspected.

In the bazaars of Calcutta and Bombay the vilest poison is sold to the English sailors as whisky or brandy in bottles branded with a reliable dealer's name. Jack pays the price of the genuine article, but is supplied with a villainous compound of native concoction.

The dealer knows the value of brands. He lays in a stock of the genuine bottles and never disturbs labels or capsules. By the skillful application of the blowpipe he drills a small hole in the bottom of the bottle, draws off all the genuine liquid, replaces it with his poisonous stuff, closes up the hole so that no trace remains and palms off the bottle on unsuspecting Jack as real "Martell" or "fine old Irish." The abstracted liquor will, of course, always sell on its own merits elsewhere.

Another ingenious device of the mild Hindoo is to drill a hole in the edge of a rupee, and then scrape out the silver from the inside, leaving only a sort of shell, without damaging the impression on the rim. Lead is then poured gently in, mixed with some alloy which gives the requisite ring, and the hole is carefully closed.

Only a keen and experienced eye can detect the imposture. The silver which is thus abstracted will be worth nearly a shilling, and the manipulator has still his rupee to spend. But the operation may occupy him the greater portion of a week, during which time he might have earned two rupees by honest work.

In fact, it may be said that if all the ingenuity and talent which are applied to swindles were directed to legitimate ends, the rewards would be both greater and more continuous than in the precarious and hazardous harvests of fraud. Leaving out of sight the moral question, it is indisputably the fact that honest labor pays best.

An Illustration of Faith and Works.

A Presbyterian minister in Scotland once got into a debate with a boatman while crossing a river about faith and works, his position being that faith without works was enough. "Na, na," retorted the boatman with much seriousness, "faith without works'll no' do. I'll gie you an instance. We'll ca' this oar 'faith' and this ither oar 'works.' Very well. Tak' 'faith' first," and while rowing with it alone the boat went round and round. "Now," said the boatman, "let's tak' 'works' next," and rowing with it alone the boat went round the other way.

"We will noo," continued the boatman, "tak' 'faith' an 'works' thegither. Noo," exclaimed he triumphantly, as he rowed with both oars at the same time, "we can get ower the water; an this is the only way that we can get ower the troubled ocean o' the warl' tae the peaceful shores o' immortality."—New York Tribune.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

It Is Not Every Man Who Can Put Up a Door Screen.

The other morning I asked Mr. Bowser if he wouldn't send up a carpenter to hang the screen door to the kitchen, and, after a moment's thought, he replied:

"I'm in no hurry this morning and I'll hang it myself."

"But it's got to have a spring on, you know."

"Well, what of it?"

"Can you—you"——

"If I can't I want to be knocked on the head for an idiot! I've put on more door and gate springs than you've got hairs in your head."

He got the door down from the loft, and after running up and down and backwards and forwards for half an hour his assortment of tools consisted of two saws, an augur, a brace and bits, a plane, a screw driver and screws, a square, a compass, a miter box and a tape line.

"Does it require all those tools to hang a screen door?" I queried.

"It may and it may not," he replied.

"Can I assist you in any way?"

"Can you assist me! Mrs. Bowser, you talk as if you didn't regard me as half baked! When I want your valuable assistance I'll send you word on a postal card!"

I retired in good order and remained out of sight twenty minutes. When I returned he had the door on and seemed very well satisfied.

"You'll have to make a slight change in that, Mr. Bowser."

"How?"

"You've hung it top to bottom."

"I have, eh! I'll bet you $10,000,000 to a cent I haven't."

"Well, look at the knob and the catch and moldings on the panels."

He was fairly beaten, and he realized it, but instead of acknowledging the corn he looked at it for a moment and then quietly said:

"I slipped it on that way to see if you would notice it, but you'd have let it pass if I hadn't called your attention to it!"

In the course of half an hour he made the change and was putting on the spring when I came back. He had never put a spring on a door in his life, and it would not have detracted from his dignity to ask my advice, but he would have died first. He measured for it and began to bore a hole for the screen. After he had worked for two or three minutes I asked:

"Mr. Bowser, which way are you turning that gimlet?"

"What do you mean?" he demanded, as he stopped work.

"You have been turning to the left."

"Of course I have! Whoever heard of turning a boring tool any other way?"

"I have. You may work all day that way and not accomplish anything. That gimlet and all other gimlets turn to the right."

"They do, eh? What a smart wife I have! You had better deliver a series of lectures on mechanism."

"Will you turn to the right?"

"No, ma'am!"

He bored and bored, determined not to give in, and at length I pushed him aside, and turned the gimlet to the right and had it into the wood in no time.

"Didn't I tell you so, Mr. Bowser?"

"Well, the man who made that gimlet deserves state prison! It's the first one I ever saw that turned to the right, and I had seen millions of them before you were born."

"Can you put the spring on alone?"

"Mrs. Bowser," he answered, after glaring at me in a chilled steel way for half a minute, "perhaps I ought to be in the idiot asylum, and perhaps I do know enough to come in when it rains. You will oblige me very much by going into the house and knocking that squalling young 'un on the head."

It was half an hour before I dared make an excuse to get out again. By that time Mr. Bowser had the spring on, but the door stood open instead of shut. He was standing in a deep study.

"I know what ails it, Mr. Bowser."

"How shrewd!"

"When you tightened the spring up you turned it to the right. That throws the door open. If you'll tighten to the left, the door will spring shut."

He sat down on the steps and looked at me with twelve different shades of irony and sarcasm in his expression, and finally deigned to reply:

"Where did you learn all you know?"

"Will you fix that spring as I tell you?"

"No, ma'am, I won't! I've been looking it over, and I know where the trouble is. It's a spring for a left hand door. I should have seen it at the outset if you hadn't been bothering around."

"I can make that spring work on this door."

"Mrs. Bowser, I wouldn't have your conceit for no money. No wonder you haven't a single friend in this neighborhood."

"I have all I want, and I can fix that spring in two minutes."

"Never! You simply want an opportunity to break it. You'd tear the whole kitchen down for the sake of carrying your point. Go in and maul that howling baby some more."

I grabbed the wrench from his hands, loosened the spring and then turned it the other way, and lo! the door shut and was held stiff in its place, as was designed.

"There! Mr. Bowser!"

"There what?"

"The spring shuts the door."

"I don't see it."

"But look! Did you ever see a door work nicer?"

"It doesn't work at all."

"But see!"

"I see a ruined door, just as I expected to see, and now I must get an entire new screen! Mrs. Bowser, I have borne from you until the limit is about reached. Don't provoke me to desperation. Husbands rendered desperate by persistent and malicious nagging have been known to arise at midnight and wipe out the whole family!"—Detroit Free Press.

Perfect Electric Light.

One of the things which Professor Elihu Thomson hopes to see in the future is the production of a current of electricity that could be made to alternate no less than 500,000,000,000,000 times a second. When this is accomplished a perfect electric light will be obtained at very low cost. One of the most remarkable showings in electrical development is the fact that 94 per cent. of the commercial efficiency is now delivered.—New York Telegram.

She Shoots Bottles.

The dowager queen of Portugal is passionately fond of shooting, and spends a great deal of time while at her country place on the seaboard at Caldas, where she amuses herself by aiming with a rifle from a high window at bottles thrown into the sea for that purpose. She is said to be a remarkably expert markswoman.—New York Herald.

Dangerous Insects.

An insect of South America has its fangs so like the flower of the orchid that smaller insects are tempted into its jaws, while certain spiders double themselves up in the angle between the leaf stalk and the stem, and so closely resemble flower buds that their unsuspecting prey approach to their destruction.—Philadelphia Ledger

George's Way.

"I think I shall be safe in marrying George; he would never marry me for my money," said Ethel.

"How do you know?"

"I am told he doesn't care for money; he throws it away as fast as he gets it."—Exchange.

Some idea may be formed of the terrible degree of abject poverty which exists in Paris when it is stated that there are nearly 50,000 ragpickers in that city. There is, perhaps, no other city in the world where a worse showing can be made.

INFERIOR GOODS.

The only safe way for purchasers is to insist on having the genuine article, and not allow themselves to be swindled by having plasters said to be "just as good," or "containing superior ingredients," imposed upon them. These are only tricks to sell inferior goods that no more compare with ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS than copper does with gold. One trial of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS will convince the most skeptical of their merits.

The eminent Henry A. Mott, Jr., Ph. D., F. C. S., late Government Chemist, certifies:

"My investigation of ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER shows it to contain valuable and essential ingredients not found in any other plaster, and I find it superior to and more efficient than any other plaster."

Ask for ALLCOCK'S, and let no solicitation or explanation induce you to accept a substitute.

Mother—Is Johnny Ju'son well yet? Little Dick—I guess so. I heard his mamma scoldin' him this mornin'.

DEAFNESS CAN'T BE CURED

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever: nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that we cannot cure by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

The time has come when the candidate feels bound to treat with familiarity everybody who happens to be in the saloon.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Ta! Ta!

Spring Poet (handing a roll of paper to the editor)—There, sir, I think there's some stuff in that poem.

Editor (glancing at it)—There is, indeed, my boy. It's all stuff. Good morning.—Time.

Easily Fixed.

Waiter—Ahem, sir, you have forgotten to—ah——

Broker—Oh, yes, your tip. I had forgotten. Buy A. H. and Q. preferred at 28 and sell at 40.—Exchange.

The Invariable Rule.

The first impulse of a boy with a new watch is to assure himself that none of its 175 parts are missing.—Jewelers' Weekly.

The Truth of the Matter.

Once a pleasure loving Teuton put his Sunday go to — suit on, and he started for a frolic in the much neglected zoo.

Gazed with speechless satisfaction upon every rare attraction, and he wondered when 'twas over what he next had better do.

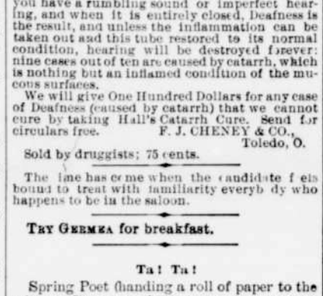
But his moment's indecision was arrested by a vision, and at once the other creatures seemed comparatively crude.

'Twas that gratis exhibition of conceit and inanition, that from poverty of language we are forced to call a "Dude."

But the Teuton, unacquainted with the genius, nearly fainted, could that be a human being so unusually shaped?

"Hi!" he yelled, the seven sleepers must have opened up their peepers, "Got in himmel, vere's der keeper for der mongkey half escaped."—Philadelphia Press.

About 377,000,000 silver dollars have been coined, all but $2,000,000 or $3,000,000 of which are in circulation either in the coin form or in certificates. In addition to this, there are about $11,000,000 of the new silver bullion notes in circulation.



A spell of sickness is due when the system's weakened, and the blood impure. It's what you must expect.

But it's what you must prevent, too. And Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery prevents as well as cures. It invigorates the liver and kidneys, purifies and enriches the blood, sharpens the appetite, improves digestion, and restores health and strength. For Dyspepsia, "Liver Complaint," and every form of Scrofulous, Skin, or Scalp Diseases, as Salt-rheum, Tetter, Erysipelas, or any blood-taint, it's an unequaled remedy.

It's not like the sarsaparillas, which claim to be good for the blood in March, April and May. At all seasons alike, and in all cases, the "Discovery" alone is *guaranteed*. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It's the *cheapest* blood-purifier, no matter how many doses are offered for a dollar, for you pay only for the *good* you get. But it's the *best*, or it couldn't be sold so.

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.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
TRADE MARK
This Trade Mark is on the best
WATERPROOF COAT
in the World!
Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. TOWER, BOSTON, MASS.

THAT DEAR OLD WORD, GOOD-BY.

Is a mighty sad one when it is the parting salutation between friends whom thousands of miles of salt water are about to separate. Mariners, buyers in foreign lands for heavy house, commercial travelers who have made many trips across the stormy Atlantic think little of an ocean voyage, but to the first voyager the initial trip is a momentous affair. Sea sickness is to be expected as a matter of course. How to prevent it? The finest remedy and preventive of the nausea provoked by the tossing of a vessel, the jarring motion of the screw of a steamship, or of a locomotive train, is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, pronounced by sea captains, ship doctors, tourists, travelers and emigrants the finest stomachic and best defense against ailment of the bowels, digestive organs and liver in existence. Malaria, rheumatism, kidney trouble and debility are remedied by it

A "whisky straight" is decided to be an unmixed evil

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.

A man who knows how to wait knows how to get even.

HOARSENESS.—All suffering from *Irritation of the Throat and Hoarseness* will be agreeably surprised at the immediate relief afforded by the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

People who work for the devil never get any vacation.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

THE REASON.

Let us look into the force, meaning, reason of the oft-repeated line: Cures Promptly and Permanently.

Pains Endured for 30 Years,
25 Years,
20 Years,
10 Years,
Have been promptly Cured by
ST. JACOBS OIL.
By the use of:
A FEW APPLICATIONS
A HALF BOTTLE
ONE BOTTLE
TWO BOTTLES.
Correspondence with Sufferers shows entire permanence of cure up to this time, in some cases covering
5 Years,
7 Years,
8 Years,
10 Years,
and so on, and this proof we hold.

A copy of the "Official Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition," descriptive of Buildings and Grounds, beautifully illustrated, in water color effects, will be sent to any address upon receipt of 10c. in postage stamps by THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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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.

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Season for Trout Opens April 1st.

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

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

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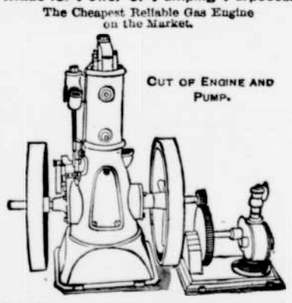

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