Royal Never Fails.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER is always perfect; no experimenting is necessary with it; the housekeeper never has cause to return it to the grocer and beg for the return of her money. For a third of a century its invaluable qualities have been familiar to American housewives, who have found its use always a guarantee of light, sweet, pure and wholesome food.

Some baking powders are so imperfectly made from cheap and inferior materials that their manufacturers are compelled to take them back in large quantities. During the last year thousands of cases of one brand sold or commissioned upon a "guarantee" have been returned caked, spoiled and useless.

Do not take chances with a baking powder with which there is a possibility of failure.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER NEVER FAILS.

The First Worsted Mill.

It is now just 100 years ago since John Sugden crossed over from Haworth and settled at Dockroyd. That was an important period in the commercial history of our country, for the great discoveries of Hargreaves, Wyatt, Arkwright and others, followed by Watt with his improved steam engine, were about to effect a complete revolution in our industries, and about that time was laid the foundation of the trade which had done so much for that valley. It might be said that that district had been the very cradle of the mechanical spinning of worsted.

Mr. John Sugden employed about half a dozen hand combers, and used to send his tops into the hamlets or the farm houses of the district, where the good wife's shuttle could then be seen merrily flashing through the loom.

The manufacturers at that time carried many of their pieces to the Halifax Piece hall. In the year 1806 a great event took place in that village by the founding by John Sugden of Providence mill, and terror was struck into the hearts of the hand spinners, who feared they would lose their occupation, by which women could earn two shillings and strong girls one shilling and six pence per week. Mr. Sugden began with three spinning frames of probably sixty to eighty spindles each, and from that time the firm had steadily progressed. —Interview in Manufacturer.

Could Prove It Too.

"During the war," said Andy, "father, who was a conscript physician, came across a half witted young fellow named Garrett Hendrix. Dr. Calhoun examined him and found that he would not do to enlist. So he gave him a certificate and sent him back to the farm to do what he could toward help making a crop.

"By and by another conscript officer came along and got hold of the youth.

"'Come along to town with me,' said the officer. 'You'll have to be enlisted in the army.'

"'Tain't no use'n takin' me, cap'n,' said the boy.

"'Come along, I say.'

"'Tain't no use'n takin' me; I can't serve. I'm er fool, an' I've got the papers to prove hit!'"—Atlanta Constitution

St. Jacobs Oil

The Great Remedy for Pain. Cures all the Aches and Pains of Man & Beast.

GET your garden ready and **GET**

The Timothy Hopkins Collection of Sweet Peas

Containing twenty-one distinct varieties—a large packet of each—for $1.50, or a packet of the same varieties, mixed, for 10 cents.

12 Carnations (distinct varieties)	$1.00
12 Chrysanthemums (distinct varieties)	$1.00
12 Pelargoniums (distinct varieties)	$1.00
12 Roses (distinct varieties)	$1.00

All strong, healthy, pot-grown plants, free by mail.

Flower Seeds Twenty-five choice varieties, your own or our selection, for $1.00.

Vegetable Seeds

With either of above collections, our handsomely illustrated 100-page catalogue is sent free. This is admitted to be a work of art, and contains a reproduction, in natural colors, of the twenty-one varieties now universally recognized as **The Timothy Hopkins Collection of Sweet Peas.**

SHERWOOD HALL NURSERY CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Easily Taken Up

Cod Liver Oil as it appears in Scott's Emulsion is easily taken up by the system. In no other form can so much fat-food be assimilated without injury to the organs of digestion.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites has come to be an article of every day use, a prompt and infallible cure for Colds, Coughs, Throat troubles, and a positive builder of flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

THE DRYAD.

have seen her limpid eyes,
Large with gradual laughter, rise
Through wild roses' nettles,
Like twin blossoms grow and stare.
Then the hateful, envious air
Whisked them into petals.

I have seen her hardy cheek,
Like a molten coral, leak
Through the leafage shaded,
Of thick chickasaws, and then,
When I made more sure, again
To a red plum faded.

I have found her racy lips,
And her graceful finger tips,
But a haw or berry,
Glimmers of her there and here,
Just, forsooth, enough to cheer
And to make me merry.

Often on the ferry rocks
Dazzling dimples of loose locks
At me she hath shaken,
And I've followed—all in vain!
They had trickled into rain,
Sunlit, on the braken.

Once her full limbs flashed on me,
Naked, where some royal tree
Powdered all the spaces
With wan sunlight and quaint shade—
Such a haunt romance hath made
For haunched satyr races.

There, I know, hid amorous Pan:
For a sudden pleading ran
Through the maze of myrtle,
And a rapid violence tossed
All its flowerage—'twas the lost
Cooings of a turtle.
—Madison Cawein in St. Joseph's News.

What One Man Saw in One Day.

"I saw three very curious things yesterday; remarkable, they were. Coming in on a suburban train I sat down behind a women as black as ink. She was a full blooded negro, and her hair was as straight as yours or mine and as soft as velvet. I don't think there is another such case in the world.

"Walking up Broadway later on I saw an electric wire catch fire and burn in twain, the pieces falling to the ground. There were no cross wires nor any wire nor anything within ten feet of it when it caught." He rested awhile.

"Say! Ahem! When I was eating supper last night I found a worm—a black, shaggy worm an inch long—in a fresh egg. You see I have my eggs served to me in the shell and eat them with a spoon from the shell. As I dug down into the yolk of one brought me at a fashionable restaurant I saw something black in the center, and pulling it out discovered what I have told you. The egg was sound as a dollar. The way I figure it out is that an old hen swallowed a worm just before the egg began to form and the worm got tangled up in the machinery and got stuck. Well, I must be going. Good day."—St. Louis Republic.

Fear Before the Fight.

Testimony differs as to the feeling of the soldier on going into a fight, and the many experiences related by Grand Army men to their always willing listeners show that in their war histories there was no uniformity of either fear or daring. The major of a New Hampshire regiment said: "I always felt timid when the shot began to reach us, but as soon as we got into action I was carried away by excitement. I am not usually a profane man, and I have no recollection of talking roughly to my troops, yet a good many of them have assured me that all through a fight I would swear like—well, like a trooper."

Another man, a colonel, said: "It's all nonsense to say that a man doesn't feel afraid in the beginning of a fight and all through it. Of course he does. He has reason. Sherman said of General Sumner that he was the only man who grew bolder as he grew older, but the only man I ever saw who really seemed to want to fight, and to enjoy it after he was in it, was Custer."—New York Sun.

A Lawn Game.

Tetherball is a new game of English origin which possesses the pronounced advantage of being played in a few feet of lawn or courtyard. A post eight feet high is set up, and to this is attached a cord having at its end a ball. The space of the grounds may influence somewhat the length of the string, which should be, however, not less than eight nor more than ten feet long. The ball is set in rotary motion, and with tennis racquets the two players endeavor in turn to hit it. The game is said to be exciting, and decidedly a warm contest, as the ball proves very elusive.—Exchange.

Libraries, Museums and Methods.

Modern museum methods applied to libraries will result in a vast extension of their general usefulness and availability for the purposes of instruction, and in the modern museums the exhibition of books has become almost as important as the display of the conventional museum specimens.

A Preacher's Warning.

A southern preacher who lectured in Boston the other night advised women to beware of men with small ears, small noses, small eyes and small hands and feet, as they would be apt to turn out small potatoes. But the question as to how small is small the girls must settle for themselves.

The horse or dog or bird which belongs to us is given to us, like every other fact in our lives, to test our natures—whether they are noble or mean. These creatures demand especial justice and tenderness from us, as do the absent or the dead, because they are dumb; they cannot protest against injustice or demand their rights.

THE WAY TO SELL A HORSE.

The Granger Got a Big Price and Didn't Have to Divvy on It, Either.

Postmaster Sexton tells a story of a well known horse fancier and a granger who had a couple of fine horses to sell. This rustic, who lives in an adjoining county in Indiana, came to town with a letter of introduction to this connoisseur, who has an irresistible liking for fine horseflesh and the money to gratify it. The writer of the letter of introduction specially urged the city friend to take more than passing interest in the man from the country.

The farmer drove his horses to the gentleman's residence and gave him the letter.

"Are your horses blooded?"

"Yes, they come of fair stock."

"Can they make good time?"

"Yes, pretty fair time."

"What do you ask for them?"

"Oh, I think that $300 or $400 will about suit me, because I am deucedly hard up just now."

"My friend," said the city man, "I've just bought a pair of horses or I would take those off your hands, but let me say to you that you don't know how to sell your team. You ought to ask at least $1,500 as a beginner, blow about their wonderful speed and brag about their bearing and pedigree. I know a man who wants to buy a team, but you must not approach him as you did me. He will never take your horses. If you are stiff in your price and do some bragging I think I can find you a customer. Drive past my office on La Salle street at 10 o'clock in the morning two or three times and come in when I shake my handkerchief."

In the morning the granger did as he was directed, the handkerchief was shaken and he was beckoned to come in. In the office was the man he had seen the night before and his friend.

"That's a fine team you are driving; is it for sale?"

"Well, I dunno?"

"Have they a pedigree?"

"You bet they have. It's as long as the pedigree of Queen Victoria."

"Do they hold their heads high?"

"Why, half the time they are way up in the clouds."

"Can they make good time?"

"Greased lightning ain't a circumstance."

"What do you ask for them?"

"Fifteen hundred dollars and not a continental cent less."

"Well," said the friend of the man to whom the letter of introduction was presented the night before. "I'm looking for just such a team. The price suits me. Come to my office across the way, and I'll give you a check and take the horses." The farmer was almost paralyzed, because he thought that $600 or $700 would be the outside figure. And he went home to Lake county satisfied that "those fellows up in Chicago are smarter'n chain lightning."—Albany Argus.

The Conductor's Turn Came at Last.

He was the chronic car joker on that line of road, and seldom boarded the train without guying the conductor, or left it without raising a general laugh at the company's or trainmen's expense. One day, however, he arrived late at the station and barely in time to swing on without a ticket. He had just caught his breath, after seating himself with the usual daily crowd of fellow travelers, when the conductor appeared.

"Haven't got any ticket," began the joker, in his usual vein, and the crowd awaited its daily guy.

"All right; give me fifty cents," responded the official.

"Never carry anything so small," and the traveler picked out a twenty dollar bill, but did not pass it up.

"Make out your receipt first," he continued, "I'm all business today." Then as the receipt was duly punched out he took it and began a long and labored inspection of it, still holding on to his twenty dollar bill, at the same time aggravating the busy conductor with superfluous questions: "Engine all right? Air brakes or hand brakes? Newsboy chained? Any rebate on this ticket? Punched it all you want to? Any stop over allowed?" etc.

As the conductor began to tire of the business, the funny man handed over his twenty dollar bill and suddenly drew it back, adding, "One question more: Is this a through train?" "Bet your life," replied the conductor, taking the bill; "and what is more," he added, pocketing the bill and deliberately moving away, "it's through without 'change,'" and the entire car smiled at the funny man and his disappearing twenty dollar bill.—Buffalo Commercial.

Some Rare Shells.

The Cypræas are a most attractive family to the shell lover, a large number of species being known. One is used as money in Africa, and in 1848 over six tons were shipped by England alone. The orange cowry, the name suggested by its color, is a rare form, and a few years ago a good specimen would command a large price. Thousands of the various kinds are brought into the United States every year and sold for various purposes, the tiger cowry being the most common.

The great conch strombus is a common form in the curiosity shops. Their home is on the great coral reefs of the tropical waters, and to show their numbers I have poled a boat along which I could have filled in the course of a few hours. In the Gulf of Mexico they are used for bait in the Havana fisheries. A portion of Key West is called Conchtown, from the belief that the concha is a staple article of diet there; but this is hardly true. Conch meat is sometimes eaten, but a steady diet of it would result in a change of the dentition of the people; in a word, conch meat is tough.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Literary Fads a Hundred Years Ago.

One might suppose that the period in which we now live has some pretensions to originality in its literary fads at least. But here is a century old newspaper declaring that "4,073 novels are now in the press from the pens of young ladies of fashion." In spite of the hyperbole, it is quite evident that novel writing was positively epidemic. "At Mrs. D——'s school," says The Times, "all the young ladies write novels in the fourth class." It might be some consolation to the literary pessimist to discover something in proof of the assumption that the present generation is the most irreverent in history, but here is The Post (a few years earlier) asking: "What is Jemmy Boswell about? Where is his 'Life and Letters' of the great lexicographer, the Atlas of obscure sentiment and pompous phraseology?" We are not even original in condemning the redundancy of Johnson.—Harper's Bazar.

One Way of Putting It.

Though not exactly a child, perhaps, a lad once appeared before Bishop Wilberforce for confirmation. The bishop feeling sure that he had confirmed him before, bent over and said in a low tone, "My boy, I think I have confirmed you before." The lad opened his great wide eyes and replied, "You be a liar."—Cassell's Journal.

She Knew Her Biz.

Can we not meet alone on Sunday?" he whispered eagerly as he rose to go.

"No," said the banker's daughter sadly, "not very well. Sunday is not a legal day for meeting a loan. If I can help you any other day"——

But the darkness had swallowed him up. —St. Joseph News.

Help Wanted.

Ambitious Youth—I see you advertise for a pushing young man. I would like the position.

Grocer—All right. Here are forty or fifty orders to deliver. You will find the push cart at the back door.—Good News.

ERI'S BURGLARS.

Farmer Stebbins and His Wife Get a Terrible Scare from Strangers.

Farmer Eri Stebbins, fast asleep after his hard day's work in the field, was suddenly roused to semi-consciousness by a loud crash. Just what or where the noise was did not appear, and, after a little vain listening for further disturbance, the tired farmer sank again into slumber. A moment later he was once more roused—this time most thoroughly so—by his wife's voice whispering hoarsely in his ear: "Eri! Eri! wake up! There's somebody down stairs trampin' round! Don't you hear um?"

Eri did hear some one moving somewhere in the lower part of the house, and he instantly slid out of bed ready to do battle. "Somebody in the cellar! He'd show 'em a thing or two worth remembering." With these warlike thoughts flashing through his mind the farmer slipped on his trousers and stole softly down stairs to the kitchen.

The noise in the cellar sounded very loud now, but not at all like tramping; rather it was a combination of scuffling and scratching with a queer slopping sound, as of some one paddling in water.

Eri was taking down his loaded gun from its hooks on the wall just as another crash sounded through the house. This time the sound was unmistakable; a pan of milk had been knocked from the table to the stone floor. The angry farmer cocked his gun, hurried to the cellar door, threw it open and then—stopped short.

The bright moonlight streaming in at the outside door of the cellar showed five or six half grown pigs making a feast of the milk, which was streaming over the floor.

Eri at once understood the situation. The pigs, which were pastured in the orchard about the house, had found their way to the outer door, pushed it open and entered the cellar. The only thing to do was to drive them out.

So, putting his gun back on the hooks, Eri started to eject the intruders.

Now if any one terrestrial quadruped is harder to drive than all others, that quadruped is a pig. However, as the farmer was experienced in pig driving and thoroughly in earnest, he soon got rid of all except one brute that steadfastly refused to go. He would charge full toward the open door, but when within a few feet of it would suddenly dart aside and rush back to the farthest corner of the cellar. When routed from this lurking place he would repeat his former maneuver with just enough variation to render impossible any attempt to stop him.

After three or four such experiences Eri began to get excited. He would have beaten the pig, but he had no weapon of any sort. At last, however, he got near the brute and, raising his foot, kicked him heavily in the rear. Alas for Eri! he had quite forgotten that he was barefooted.

As a result he nearly broke all the toes of his right foot. The kick, moreover, frightened the poor pig so badly that he suddenly made a bolt up the stairs toward the kitchen.

Now it happened that Dame Stebbins, armed with an old boot and carrying a tallow candle, was just coming to her husband's assistance. There was a fine combination of screams, squeaks and grunts, followed by several heavy bumps, as the the woman and pig rolled together down the stairs and into the puddle of milk below.

At this ludicrous sight Eri burst into laughter, whereupon his indignant spouse soundly berated him for his hardness of heart, declaring that he would laugh if she were to break her neck.

While the farmer was pacifying his angry wife prudent piggy slipped quietly out of the door and made good his escape. —Youth's Companion.

Ought to But Couldn't.

"Do you make keys here?" asked the woman as she entered a locksmith shop.

"Yes'm."

"Well, I want one."

"What sort of a key, ma'am.

"One for the front door."

"Have you a duplicate?"

"No."

"Bring the lock?"

"No."

"What sort of a key is it?"

"I—I don't remember."

"But how am I to guess? There are about 40,000 different kinds of keys."

"H'm. I didn't know that."

"Is it a night key?"

"Yes, yes. That's it. It's a night key."

"But that's also very indefinite."

"Well, my husband sometimes unlocks the door with his pocketknife or buttonhook or anything else that comes handy, and you ought to know about what sort of a key would fit such a lock."

He studied over it a while, but finally had to admit that he was up a tree.—Detroit Free Press.

Take Time.

Some one gives these directions for making life happy:

Take time. It is of no use to fume or fret or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key and pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unlocked. The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence. Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get. It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble. The world is like a looking glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back. Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals.

He Didn't Like to Walk.

A clever French comedian when a young and struggling actor in Paris hit on an ingenious plan to save himself the walk from the theater after rehearsal to his lodgings, which were situated near Montmartre cemetery. He dressed in black, and if he espied a funeral procession with a vacant seat in any one of the coaches he promptly pulled out a handkerchief and hid his face in it while hailing the vehicle. Under the impression that he was one of the mourners arrived late he was of course immediately installed in the vacant seat.—London Tit-Bits.

An Ancient Indian Art.

Southern India has been the cradle of the art of copper engraving, and seems likely soon to become its grave, for barely half a dozen artisans still exist who understand the subtleties of the old craft. Till quite lately copper chombras with brass or silver ornamentations used to be manufactured in Tanjore, Arkonum, and are still drawing their last breath at Manambuchavadi and Tirupati, but the cunning has gone from the hand, and the work is less powerful than the ancient one.—Nineteenth Century.

A blind man with a hand organ has been parading the streets of Alexandria, Ind., with a placard on his breast which reads, "I am blind and the father of eight children by a horrible accident."

Trinity college, Cambridge, England, has an autograph letter of Sir Isaac Newton which the curators of the institution bought in 1889 for $315.

Amurath III killed five of his brothers; his mother in grief took her own life; and he was shortly after taken off by poison.

NATURE'S SUREST ALLY.

If nature did not struggle against disease, even in weakly constitutions, swift indeed would be the course of a malady to its fatal termination. While nature thus struggles let us lost worse befall us, aid her efforts with judicious medicinal help. Experience must be our guide in battles with disease, and that "lamp to our feet" indicates Hostetter's Stomach Bitters as a safe, tried and thorough ally of nature. If the blood be infected with bile, if the bowels and stomach are inactive, if the kidneys fail to expel impurities of which they are the natural outlet, a course of the Bitters is the surest reliance of the sufferer, one, moreover, that is sanctioned by professional indorsement and use for nearly half a century. No American or foreign remedy has earned greater distinction as a remedy for and preventive of chronic liver complaint, malaria, constipation, kidney and rheumatic trouble and debility.

"My son, are you a Christian?" asked the leader at a Camden revival service. "Yes," replied the boy; "what d'yer think I am, a Chinese?"

TWENTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE.

C. D. Fredricks, the well-known photographer, 770 Broadway, New York, says:

"I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS for twenty years, and found them one of the best of family medicines. Briefly summing up my experience, I say that when placed on the small of the back ALLCOCK'S PLASTERS fill the body with nervous energy, and thus cure fatigue, brain exhaustion, debility and kidney difficulties. For women and children I have found them invaluable. They never irritate the skin or cause the slightest pain, but cure sore throat, coughs, colds, pains in side, back or chest, indigestion and bowel complaints."

Father—A hundred dollars for a suit of clothes! I never paid that for a suit in my life. Son—Well, you'll have to begin now, father; here's the bill.

Each year finds "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" in new localities, in various parts of the world. For relieving coughs, colds and throat diseases they have been *proved* reliable. *Sold only in boxes.*

The first woman and the last to put on hoopskirts will deserve fame as the two bravest women in America.

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.

Now and then you hear of a charitable coal dealer, but he is not likely to go very much out of his way to do so.

Our readers will serve themselves by noticing the remarkable offerings advertised in another column by the Sherwood Hall Nursery Co. of Menlo Park and San Francisco, who are leaders on the coast in furnishing everything for the farm and garden.

When people are hired to be good they quit work as soon as the pay stops.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
[SEAL.] A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, 75 cents.

The Truth About Girls.

A small boy in a Brooklyn grammar school has furnished the latest information about girls in a recent composition: "Girls is pretty and afraid of guns. They wear toe rubbers and look at the clouds and say, 'Oh, how perfickly lovely!'"—New York Times.

Of the 218 suicides reported in New York city in one year, shooting was most popular with 77 cases, to 48 by poison, 37 by hanging, 23 by gas, 16 by knife, 10 by drowning, 4 by jumping from a roof and 3 by jumping from a window.

TRY GREMMA for breakfast.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smoke.

Rich Red Blood

Results from taking Hood's Sarsaparilla

Mr. Chas. Walker
Of San Francisco.

"For several years I have been troubled with blotches and pimples on my face and body, which were very annoying. I tried several prescriptions, and also other medicines, but they

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

did not seem to benefit me. Last fall a friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was determined to give it

A Thorough Trial.

After using two bottles, my skin returned to its natural state. I still use it, as it gives me strength and vigor. I never had better health in my life, and I owe it to taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." CHAS. WALKER, with Carvill Mfg. Co., 48 Eighth Street, San Francisco.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

The Best Waterproof Coat in the WORLD!

SLICKER

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof, and will keep you dry in the hardest storm. The new POMMEL SLICKER is a perfect riding coat, and covers the entire saddle. Beware of imitations. Don't buy a coat if the "Fish Brand" is not on it. Illustrated Catalogue free. A. J. TOWER, Boston, Mass.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

WRINKLES, and hollow cheeks, and dull, sunken eyes, don't always mean that a woman's old. Half the time, they only show that she's overworked or suffering. To such women, to every woman who is tired or afflicted, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription safely and certainly brings back health and strength. It's a legitimate medicine that corrects and cures; a tonic that invigorates and builds up; a nervine that soothes and strengthens. For all the derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to women, it is the only *guaranteed* remedy. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

It won't do to experiment with Catarrh. There's the constant danger of driving it to the lungs. You can have a perfect and permanent *cure* with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

CURE THAT COUGH WITH SHILOH'S CURE

25cts., 50cts., and $1.00 per Bottle. One cent a dose.

THIS GREAT COUGH CURE promptly cures where all others fail. Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough and Asthma. For Consumption it has no rival; has cured thousands, and will CURE YOU if taken in time. Sold by Druggists on a guarantee. For a Lame Back or Chest, use SHILOH'S BELLADONNA PLASTER 25c.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price, 50cts. Injector free.

"August Flower"

I had been troubled five months with Dyspepsia. I had a fullness after eating, and a heavy load in the pit of my stomach. Sometimes a deathly sickness would overtake me. I was working for Thomas McHenry, Druggist, Allegheny City, Pa., in whose employ I had been for seven years. I used August Flower for two weeks. I was relieved of all trouble. I can now eat things I dared not touch before. I have gained twenty pounds since my recovery. J. D. Cox, Allegheny, Pa.

GOVERNOR PENNOYER is for free silver coinage. Well, silver is coined into Tableware at about cost of coinage at GOVERNOR PENNOYER A. FELDENHEIMER'S, Leading Jeweler, Portland, Or. Write for n's prices on Spoons, Solid or Plate.

Cures in 1 to 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Mfd. only by THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

Big G is the acknowledged leading remedy for all unnatural discharges, a private disease of men, a certain cure for the debilitating weakness peculiar to women. I prescribe it and feel safe in recommending it to all sufferers. A. J. STONER, M. D., Decatur, Ill. Sold by Druggists. PRICE $1.00.

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

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

CATARRH

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

THE CURE FOR CATARRH, COLD IN HEAD, HAYFEVER. ELY'S CREAM BALM 50c.

Plant Ferry's Seeds

and reap a rich harvest. They are always reliable, always in demand, always the best.

FERRY'S SEED ANNUAL

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