The Royal Baking Powder is indispensable to progress in cookery and to the comfort and convenience of modern housekeeping.

Royal is undoubtedly the purest and most reliable baking powder offered to the public.—*U. S. Gov't Chemist's Report.*

For finest food I can use none but Royal.—A. FORTIN, *Chef, White House, for Presidents Cleveland and Arthur.*

The Latent Form of a Disease.

Active tuberculization in a developed state is rarely troublesome to the milk dealers, and very few get milk from such animals. But nearly every dairy contains animals that have the disease in a latent state, and nearly all who drink milk in cities have some that comes from cows with latent tuberculosis. The important question is, When has the disease progressed far enough to be dangerous, and how can it be guarded against? No one can tell at what stage in the disease the milk is safe, or when it becomes dangerous. It is also true that some are so much more susceptible to the disease that they will contract it from milk that others would be entirely free from. With children the danger is greater than with older people, and a child that is born with a feeble constitution cannot stand much milk that has these germs in it.

Boiling the milk or sterilizing it has a tendency to eliminate the germs, but not in all instances. This method reduces the nutritive value of the food, which is already low owing to its diseased condition, and not a great deal is gained by feeding such food to children. Nevertheless this is the only preventive measure for those using milk in cities during hot weather, and it should be rigidly enforced. In the future, breeds of cows may be bred which will not be subject to this disease, and it is only along this line of improvement that tuberculosis can be stamped out.—Yankee Blade.

Let Him Try It.

A Philadelphia surgeon says that by three strokes of his lancet he could paralyze the nerves acted on to make a man get mad, and thereafter anyone could pull his nose, cuff his ears and spit on his boots and he would simply smile a soft, bland smile.—Detroit Free Press.

For Wedding Presents, Jewelry, Tableware, Bric-a-Brac, you will save money by getting prices

WEDDING WEDDING WEDDING WEDDING WEDDING PRESENTS. PRESENTS. PRESENTS. PRESENTS.

From A. Feldenheimer Portland, Or. He carries the largest stock of FINE WARE on the Entire Coast. LOWEST PRICES

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.

HAVE YOU GOT PILES

ITCHING PILES known by moisture like perspiration, cause intense itching when warm. This form and BLIND, BLEEDING or PROTRUDING PILES YIELD AT ONCE TO DR. BO-SAN-KO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price $1.00. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

FOR renovating the entire system, eliminating all Poisons from the Blood, whether of scrofulous or malarial origin, this preparation has no equal. . .

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by best local physicians, but obtained no relief; the sore gradually grew worse. I finally took S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles."
C. B. McLEMORE, *Henderson, Tex.*

TREATISE on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

"German Syrup"

Mr. Albert Hartley of Hudson, N. C., was taken with Pneumonia. His brother had just died from it. When he found his doctor could not rally him he took one bottle of German Syrup and came out sound and well. Mr. S. B. Gardiner, Clerk with Druggist J. E. Barr, Aurora, Texas, prevented a bad attack of pneumonia by taking German Syrup in time. He was in the business and knew the danger. He used the great remedy—Boschee's German Syrup—for lung diseases.

CHINA PHEASANTS

Wanted in pairs, for breeding purposes. Write immediately, stating lowest cash price, to BOX 131, Portland, Or.

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.

N. P. N. U. No. 486—S. F. N. U. No. 563.

CARL DUNDER.

Reasons Why He Decides Not to Become a Great Man.

"Shildrens, let me told you somethings. I vhas an oldt mans, und I knows petter ash you. If you want to haf some fun und be happy doan' you try to be great. I doan' pelief dot vhay when I vhas a poy, und so I lay oop sorrow for myself.

"You haf all heard of Napoleon Bonaparte. He vhas a great sheneral. He can lick all Europe mit one hand tied pehind hi back. He vhas der greatest man for a hundred years. Some peoples vhas so afraid of him dot dey shump in der rifer, und some like him so dot dey sit oop nights to hurrah. Maybe dot looks awfully nice to you, but how vhas he. Dot Bonaparte can nefer go in a tobacco store und play sheckers mit a fireman. He doan' haf no time to go on a picnic. He nefer sees a game of baseball. He doan' haf some fun mit der boys at ward caucus. All he does vhas to plan some fights und knock eaferypody into der middle of two weeks ago. Take him for ten years und he doan laugh once. He vhas great but does dot pay? Where vhas der fun—der benefits?

"Some poys cry pecause dey vhas not Sheorge Washington. Maybe it looks awful nice to be president und a sheneral, und to swell around und boss eaferybody, und to haf your name in der papers, but you hold on. Do you pelief Sheorge Washingtons eafer haf some fun mit der poys? Does he eafer steal some apples, carry off somepody's gate, or hook sugar from der pantry, und nopody dares slap him on der back und call him oldt mans, und nobody dares ask him to shlip his ticket. He must shust be a big gun und keep quiet und comb his hair fife times a tay.

"Maybe some of der little gals vas mad pecause dey won't nefer be queen of Spain. A queen has nice dresses, und she can haf some quails on toast eafery day, und if she says she wants this or that she can haf him. Ven she rides out eaferypody shmiles und bows und cheers, und if she was seek der papers come out eafery hour. Dot looks nice, but hold on a little while. If you vhas queen you can't play tag mit der poys, you can't eat some peanuts nor chew gum, you can't put on an old dress nor wear some old shoes, und if you go to a picnic you can't eafen fall oafen a log and skin your nose. How it would look for a queen to stand out by her gate und gossip mit Mrs. Blank about dot new neighbor and her nine cats! If her husband comes home late she can't say one word, und if she goes by der kitchen der hired girls bounce her out. She must sit oop very straight, und look very solemn, and if she looks out of der window und a poy falls down she can't eafen shmile. If you want some comforts in dis world doan' you be some queens.

"I shust like to be as I am und like I vhas. If some man calls at my house he takes off his hat und says my wife vhas looking petter ash she vhas, und dot we vhas hafing sooch bad weather as he nefer sees pefore. Vhen a man comes in my place of peesness he says: 'Hello! Dunder, vhas he cold enough for her? How vhas your left lung today, anyhow?' I can laugh at him, or I can poke him in der ribs, or I can tell him to go by Halifax. Dot makes me happy, und I grow fat some more. If I vhas sooch a great man dot I haf to hold my legs stiff as crowbars und my backbone like a gate post, und say 'um!' und 'ha!' und go py der barber once a day, I vhas so seek und tired dot I run away from myself. When I vhas who I vhas I can wake oop in der morning und box Shake's ears, keep my dog out doors, shmile on my wife und go down town und feel dot I like to stay in Detroit ten hoonered years."—Detroit Free Press.

Self Help in Case of Fire.

As a house is never attacked by fire at the top and bottom at once, if there is a safe and ready exit at both top and bottom very little danger to life is to be feared. It is important that all exits should be so known as to be easily found, by day or night, by every inmate of the house. If the clothes you have on catch fire, a blanket, rug, or some such woolen article should be quickly and tightly wrapped around you. Air is thus excluded and the fire goes out.

A small fire in a room can often be put out in the same way, in preference to pouring water on it. In case of fire, keep all doors shut as far as posssble. If a room is full of smoke keep low or crawl, because smoke and hot air both rise, leaving the floor comparatively clear.—London Tit-Bits.

Had Feasted There Before.

"You're not your usual self, George, tonight," said the girl somewhat coldly, as she slid away to the other end of the sofa, "you are nervous and distrait. Have you ceased to love me?"

"Ah, no, darling," he responded with emotion, "but I am not happy; the dog, as I left the house last night, nipped a chunk out of my leg."

"Why, surely, George, you and the dog are good friends!"

"Yes, we have been good friends of late, but he evidently did not recognize me in the dark; he only took one bite, however; I suppose I ought to be grateful that it was no worse."

"How did he know it was you then?"

"He must have recognized me by the taste."—The Epoch.

One Last Request.

"My dear friend," said the minister to the dying man, "it must be a source of great consolation to you as your end approaches to feel that you have always led a correct Christian life."

"It is, sir," was the weak reply.

"And now," went on the minister gently, "is there anything more I can say to you; have you any last request to make?"

"Yes," responded the dying man feebly; "will you please see that my diary is burned?"—Harper's Bazar.

An Incurable Disease.

Insurance Company's Doctor—Of what did you father die?

Texan—Throat affection.

I. C. Doctor—Diphtheria?

Texan—No; a gathering of hemp under his left ear.

I. C. Doctor—Ah, bronchial trouble!

Texan—No, sir, bronco.—Town Topics.

The people of Portland, Me., call the poet's mantle that falls in heavy folds over their statue of Longfellow "that rubber overcoat."

Candollo, the investigator, says the health of dark eyed persons is much superior to that of the light or blue eyed type.

A SONG OF POLLY.

Polly, Polly, the kettle sings.
There's a puff of steam like fairy wings.
A fragrance of Oolong stealing:
Dainty china costly set,
Fragile as frailest of eggshell, yet
Strong in my housewife's dealing.

It's hey for toast, and ho for teal
Old reminiscences brought to me
Over the tea with Polly;
There's the fragment of song when hearts were young,
A trembling minor never sung,
Hushed in tears from Polly.

For Polly and I, ay, hey for toast,
Ho for the tea, too, who can boast,
Of youth and love forever!
Let broken heart and hint of wrong
Find cheerier note in the kettle's song,
Striving with brave endeavor.

So, over the crisp brown toast for two,
And tea in the old cups quaint and blue,
Heigho for bygone Polly!
Though yellowest hair has turned to white,
Old songs to minor, yet tonight
We love on, I and Polly!
—Jean Kate Ludlum in Travelers' Record.

A PRESSED ROSE.

Grace Hetherton was happy; that is, young Grace was. There was an old Grace Hetherton too. Aunt and niece they were, one nearly sixty, the other just turned twenty. And the young Grace was happy that summer evening for the same reason that Aunt Grace had been happy forty years before. She was going to marry Archie Armitage.

For years before Archie Armitage and Grace Hetherton had been betrothed. He was a young Englishman, and a short time before the day fixed for the wedding he had been called home by the sudden death of his father, leaving Grace to wait on this side the water for his speedy, safe return. But that never came. The ship on which he took passage for England never arrived in port. Grace waited and hoped on. "He said he would come; he will come," she said. Her father and mother and her brother John hoped and waited with her, but no tidings came. Until all chance for his return was past, they did not tell her that he was dead; that he had been drowned at sea. Then, at last, they put away the bridal finery.

But still Grace hoped and waited. Her clouded brain held fixedly to the one idea; her lover would return. The months grew into years, but still every night she looked long and anxiously down the drive, and said, "If not tonight, he will come tomorrow."

The father died; John brought a wife into the big, rambling house. Grace's hair turned from brown to gray, from gray to snowy white; wrinkles came into her sweet, wistful face; nephews and nieces grew up about her; but still she looked out from her rooms at the end of the wing and said, "He may come tomorrow." About the country she came to be spoken of as "poor old Miss Hetherton." Visitors to the house saw her sometimes, and she explained to them that she was merely "staying with John till Archie came back."

Now, after forty years, another Grace Hetherton was to marry another Archie Armitage. John's daughter, Gracie, had met the second Archie while traveling abroad. He was the son of the drowned man's brother, and in face and figure, in voice and bearing, was remarkably like his uncle.

Gracie walked up and down in the sweet smelling June twilight, from the piazza to the gate and back again. She was waiting for Archie. He had but recently come from England, and was soon to take her back with him, his bride.

As she paced to and fro, she caught the gleam of light from her aunt's windows in the old wing. It occurred to her to go and sit there with the old lady until Archie came. She had told Aunt Grace some time before of her engagement, but when she gave her lover's name, the gentle voice had checked her. "Do not talk nonsense, child, dear! Archie Armitage is coming over sea, true enough. I have been waiting for him. You must not claim him for your sweetheart, my dear Gracie." That had ended the matter. Aunt Grace dismissed the subject as nonsense, and was not to be reasoned out of it. So when the young Archie had come for his first visit to the little town he had not been presented to the mistress of the pretty ground floor rooms in the old wing of the Hetherton mansion.

Gracie crossed the lawn and mounted the short flight of steps to her aunt's door, almost hidden by climbing roses full of bloom. She paused there and looked in, silently. In the center of the cozy room her aunt sat reading by a shaded lamp, her lavender silk dress falling about her in full folds. All her surroundings told of a love for the beautiful. Choice engravings and etchings hung on the walls. A great jar of old fashioned single white roses stood upon the open piano. The shaded lamp cast a mellow, softened light over everything. The corners were but half defined. Gracie was about to go in when she heard the click of the gate and quick footsteps coming up the path. Then she saw Archie walking toward her. He had seen her white dress crossing the lawn and had followed.

"I'll hide from him behind the roses and let him hunt," she thought, and quickly drew back at the side of the steps.

The young man came up the steps. "Grace!" he called; "Grace!"

The figure in the room reading by the shaded lamp turned at the voice. She rose, and for one trembling, uncertain moment stood still. Then, with the lovelight in her eyes, with arms outstretched, with the smile of her happy girlhood upon her face, she moved eagerly toward the door. There stood the young man, pausing on the threshold, looking in.

"Archie!" the gentle voice faltered; "Archie! You have come—you have come!"

The young man understood. To the old lady before him he was the absent lover returned. He came into the room, put his arm about her and kissed her. The young girl understood. She remained silent behind the roses, and watched the pair sit down together on the prim, old fashioned sofa, the face of the woman illumined with joy, her eyes looking tenderly into those of the man, her hands placed caressingly on his shoulders. In her mind the passing years had brought no thought of change in him she loved; she had watched for the same stalwart young figure, the same sunny face she had parted from.

Archie quickly took in the situation, and felt the cruelty of undeceiving her. Better to leave her shattered mind rest firm in the belief that her own Archie had returned as he had promised than to attempt explanations, even if she would have understood them. He determined to act the part as well as he was able.

She plied him with questions as to his health, the voyage, etc., and he answered with whatever apt fiction came to him, taking her hands in his and smiling back into her dimmed eyes.

"You seem to have been gone a long time, Archie. How long?" She paused and put her hand to her head. "A year—was it a whole year? Yes, perhaps as much as a year. It confuses me to try to remember—but there! no matter, you are here. How long it seems since you gave me the rose that night and said goodby!"

She arose and took down from a shelf behind her an old volume in red and gold, opened it carefully and held it out to him.

"You remember how you broke it from the bush at the gate and fastened it in my hair?" Her voice trembled with excitement. "There it is, pressed in my annual, the one you gave me. I have kept it to show you."

Archie took the book and bent over it. On the open, yellow page lay a long stemmed rose, withered and brown with age, the last gift of the Archie of long ago.

"It has turned brown while you have been across the sea and back again."

The young girl listening outside caught the quivering strain in the voice, and fearing the effect of the unusual excitement upon her aunt now appeared at the door.

"Come in, Gracie, come in! I have a visitor to introduce to you." She took the girl by the hand and led her into the room. "This is brother John's daughter, Mr. Armitage. Gracie, this is my old friend, Archie Armitage, who has just come from England. We have been talking over old times." In her excited joy all sense of incongruity seemed lost to her.

The young people exchanged a swift glance of intelligence as they bowed to each other, and Grace said to her aunt: "Don't you think you are a trifle tired now, auntie? Perhaps you and Mr. Armitage had better wait until tomorrow to continue your talk? You know you have not been very well."

The white haired woman looked thoughtfully from one to the other. "Yes," she said slowly, "it is probably somewhat late. I will send him away shortly. Will you tell your father he has arrived, dear?"

"Papa knows Mr. Armitage is here, auntie," replied Grace, "and I will go back with him across the lawn. Tomorrow you'll have a long day together."

"Y-e-s, perhaps that is best. I seem somewhat dizzy. It has been so exciting to see you, Archie." She stroked her brow slowly with her hand and sat down in her easy chair. "You'll come in the morning?"

"Yes, auntie, I'll come in early and help you dress; but you must get quiet now, auntie, dear. Good night."

"And, Gracie, I'll put on my blue figured gown he used to like to see me in, and the broad garden hat, and we'll have the morning on the lawn. I shall have to show him all the old nooks and corners, and we'll have so much to say, so much to tell each other."

She looked up at Archie with a look of exquisite tenderness, and he bent and kissed her reverently. "Do not rise," he said; "you are overtired and we will have so much to talk of tomorrow. Good-night." He followed Grace to the door, and as he closed it behind him on the picture of the white head bent over the withered rose, he thought how much they were alike, the woman and the flower.

When Grace opened the door of the old wing the next morning she stopped abruptly. The lamp still burned on the table, and beside it in the easy chair sat her aunt as they had left her, but with closed eyes, and an odd, happy look of youth upon her face, still holding in her lifeless hand the stem of the rose, its fragile petals lying scattered among the soft folds of her dress and on the floor about her.—Charles Edwin Kinkead in Pittsburg Bulletin.

An Artist Fooled.

Irving Montagu writes in "Wanderings of a War Artist:" "One evening I met two very fascinating Spanish girls in a quiet quarter of Irun, one of whom, being a blonde, was enveloped in a white mantilla. It being customary on meeting a white mantilla to extend her somewhat similar homage to that paid to royalty, I raised my hat, and stepped on one side to allow the couple to pass, when, in doing so, I saw to my horror, by the light of the moon, that they were followed closely by a grim and grotesque reptile, half lizard, half frog, which with a series of spasmodic bounds, was making directly for their heels. Oh, the horrid beast, the indescribable monstrosity! To rush forward and trample on the uncanny thing was the work of a moment.

"I was dumfounded; my exploit of heroism, far from inducing the gratitude I expected, was immediately followed by roars of laughter, the merry ring of which reverberated on the still night air. 'Unconscionable fool' does not express the littleness I felt as I was subjected to the ridicule of those wily damsels, and if a man is capable of that becoming peculiarity, I must have blushed scarlet. I had trodden on El drap—a piece of cloth cut into the semblance of some monstrous lizard, and attached by a thread to the skirt of the maiden, so that, by certain dexterous movements and hitches it could be made to leap after her as she hurried along. It was the Basque equivalent for the old English jokes practiced on the 1st of April."

Seemed Monotonous.

The other evening a little girl, a mite of five years, lay on her mother's lap during the children's hour. Play was over and the white robed little figure was ready to be tucked into bed. But she clamored for a story, and the mother told her of heaven; of the golden pavements, the great white throne, the snowy garments of the angels and the perpetual praise from the harps of the great orchestra of the blessed. After the story was finished the child was silent for a minute. Then she asked, "Mamma, have we got to do just that for ever and ever, amen?" It will be difficult to insure the orthodoxy of this precocious young person.—Detroit Free Press.

Extravagant.

Some Japanese real estate boomers went out and founded a town and advertised as a leading feature "a great avenue, fifteen feet wide, running the length of the town." This extravagant waste of land was reported to the government, and the boomers were ordered to simmer down or go to prison.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

PREVENTING FUTURE MISERY.

If there is, in this vale of tears, a more prolific source of misery than the rheumatic twinge, we have yet to hear of it. People are born with a tendency to rheumatism, just as they are with one to consumption or to scrofula. Slight causes may develop this. As soon as the agonizing complaint manifests itself, recourse should be had to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which checks its further inroads and banishes the rheumatic poison from the system. This statement tallies exactly with testimony of physicians who have employed this fine blood depurent in their private practice. There is also the simplest professional and general testimony as to the efficacy of the Bitters for malaria, liver complaint, constipation, indigestion, kidney trouble, nervousness and loss of appetite and flesh. After a wetting, whether followed by a cold or not, the Bitters is useful as a preventive of the initial attack of rheumatism.

Featherstone—This is a nice little room of yours, old man, but how is it heated? Rinaway—When it gets too cold for me I light a match.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

Senator Henry C. Nelson of New York writes:

"On the 27th of February, 1883, I was taken with a violent pain in the region of the kidneys. I suffered such agony that I could hardly stand up. As soon as possible I applied two ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS, one over each kidney, and lay down. In an hour, to my surprise and delight, the pain had vanished and I was well. I wore the plasters for a day or two as a precaution, and then removed them. I have been using ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS in my family for the last ten years, and have always found them the quick st and best remedy for colds, strains and rheumatic affections. From my experience I believe they are the best plasters in the world."

Shadbolt—How do you know it to be a piece of dogwood? Killjordan—I know it by its bark.

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.

If money really talked, a dollar ought to say many wise things. It has cents enough.

COUGHS AND HOARSENESS.—The irritation which induces coughing is immediately relieved by "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

Let your right hand know what your left is doing and pull together.

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.

A Normal school girl defined a sausage as a thing tied up at both ends to hide its contents.

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.

There are men who starve their children to help the brewer fatten his horses.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Use Enameline Stove Polish: no dust, no smell.

Mrs. A. M. Allen
Ferry, Wash.

20 Miles from a Doctor

But Hood's Sarsaparilla was Equal to the Emergency

Pleurisy, Chills and Fever—Milk Leg—Perfect Cure.

"After my baby was born I got into very serious condition, having pleurisy, chills and fever, gradually developing into milk leg. We live 20 miles from a physician and did not know what to do. Finally **after a great deal of suffering** I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and when I was using the third bottle I could see

It Was Doing Me Good.

I continued with another bottle, and recovered so rapidly that now **I am in good health.** I cordially recommend it as a good medicine." MRS. A. M. ALLEN, Ferry, Washington.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Biliousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

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. INJECTOR

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

COUNTRY MERCHANTS

Are Now Offered the Greatest Chance of Their Life

For snaps in CLOTHING and MEN'S FURNISHINGS, as our entire stock must be sold SURE by June 1. Our trade and others should either see us or write for prices. We make no bogus announcements—sale absolute—to trade only.
OREGON CITY MANUFACTURING CO., Portland, Oregon.

BEWARE OF OINTMENTS FOR CATARRH THAT CONTAIN MERCURY,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, O., by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by druggists; price, 75 cents per bottle.

How to Come to a Stop.

When we least expect them, accidents will befall us, a verification of the old adage that the unexpected always happens. The following recites how an active business man was suddenly brought down.

THE TRAIN STOPS.

CINCIN., O.—" Recently while in the act of alighting from my car, I stepped upon a stone, which, turning suddenly under my foot, threw me to the ground, with a severely sprained ankle.

THE MANAGER STOPS.

Suffering exceedingly, I was helped into my car, and my man rubbed me most generously with arnica and kindred remedies, but to no avail.

A POINT TO STOP AT.

Reaching a station where St. Jacobs Oil could be procured, two bottles of it were bought, and the application of it resulted at once in a relief from pain, which had well nigh become unbearable. I was out and about my work in three days."
W. W. PEABODY, Prest. & Genl. Man. O. & M. R. R.

THAT'S THE ST. JACOBS OIL POINT

The Pain Stops.

Perfect Baby Health

ought to mean glowing health throughout childhood, and robust health in the years to come. When we see in children tendencies to weakness, we know *they are missing the life of food taken.* This loss is overcome by

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, a fat-food that builds up appetite and produces flesh at a rate that appears magical.

Almost as palatable as milk.

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

FULL VALUE

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