Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Where the best food is required, the Royal Baking Powder only can be used.

I have found the Royal Baking Powder superior to all others.—*C. Gorju, late Chef, Delmonico's, N. Y.*

Silent for Four Months.

"On one of my cruises I had a big black West Indian in the crew," said a whaling captain. "One day, for some reason, he jumped overboard. The sea was a little rough, and it was quite awhile before we got the boats lowered, and we lost sight of him. But we pulled back a little way, and I soon saw him swimming with all his might, but in the opposite direction from the boat. I yelled to him, and when he saw he was discovered he made no further effort to get away. And where he was going is more than I know, for it all happened in midocean. We hauled him into the boat and made for the ship. It was four months before we made port, and yet in all that time Sandy, for that was his name, never spoke a word. No one on board could get a sound from him.

"Sometimes he would lie down on the deck and seem to be asleep and some of the crew would slip up and stick him with a pin. At first he would twitch a little and then would not move at all. We made a bed for him down below and kept him away from a knife or other weapon. You could tell him to take the wheel and he would steer right enough, but if you asked him what course the ship was making he was silent as the grave. And when we made the first port he went ashore, and I never saw him again. But some of the crew said he regained his tongue on land and thought he had been 'playing' us all the time. But it was a strange case."—San Francisco Examiner.

The Making of Toys.

Great efforts are making in Vienna to build up there a toymaking industry to compete with the famous factories of Germany and France. An exhibition of toys is now being held in the Austrian capital, at which all the best models of German and French toys are shown for the Viennese artisans to copy.

A GAINFUL TRANSACTION

IF YOU LOOK IN Webster's Dictionary, you will find that the definition of a *Bargain* is a *gainful transaction.* Now that is what you are looking for. This week we offer you a genuine bargain and a very seasonable one: 8 cents per yard for Ginghams in popular colors in checks, stripes and plaids, 27 inches wide. It will cost about 3 cents per yard to mail. So you see you are getting a good grade of gingham delivered at your post-office for 11 cents per yard.

OLDS & KING, Portland, Or.

BEST ON EARTH

Send $1 for the best Shirt on earth, and receive it by mail. Once tried, you will always use them. TRY ONE.

A. B. Steinbach & Co.,

First and Morrison, Portland, Or.

Largest and cheapest clothing house in the Pacific Northwest.

SCHOOL MEDALS

BEST DESIGNS. FINEST METAL. LOWEST PRICES. Letters answered promptly.

A. FELDENHEIMER, First and Morrison Streets, Portland, Or.

"August Flower"

"What is August Flower for?" As easily answered as asked. It is for Dyspepsia. It is a special remedy for the Stomach and Liver.—Nothing more than this. We believe August Flower cures Dyspepsia. We know it will. We have reasons for knowing it. To-day it has an honored place in every town and country store, possesses one of the largest manufacturing plants in the country, and sells everywhere. The reason is simple. It does one thing, and does it right. It cures dyspepsia.

TAKE PFUNDER'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. CURES KIDNEY & LIVER DISEASES, DYSPEPSIA, PIMPLES, BLOTCHES AND SKIN DISEASES, HEADACHE & COSTIVENESS. PURE BLOOD

PISO'S CURE FOR Consumptives and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use Piso's Cure for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured one. It is not bad to take. It is the best cough syrup. Sold everywhere. 25c. CONSUMPTION

A Troublesome Question.

The boundary line between the United States and the British possessions in North America once more threatens to become the subject of international dispute, conference and arbitration. A half century ago "Fifty-four Forty or Fight" was a campaign cry, and the coming controversy begins at that line, from which President Polk retreated, the once northern boundary of Oregon territory being the southern boundary of our territory of Alaska. The discussion of the ownership of Revillagigedo, Pearse and Wales islands, and of the line of the Portland canal, will rival the contest over San Juan island and San Rosario or De Haro straits, decided in favor of the United States, by the emperor of Germany as arbitrator, in 1873.

Each year that the boundary line between Alaska and British Columbia remains in question increases the difficulty of determining it. Each year settlements are increasing in numbers, more private interests are involved, and the region in dispute becomes more valuable to each claimant. There is great indifference to the question on our side of the line, but in the Dominion it is well understood, and parliament and public opinion have taken their stand. Canadian maps now differ from the United States maps of that northwestern region, and this boundary question promises to provoke more international bitterness than the present Behring sea dispute.—Century.

Returned After Thirty Years.

The return to Milwaukee of Kyrle A. Sidley after an absence of forty-one years is to his relatives almost as if the dead had come to life. The father of Mr. Sidley was a physician and druggist in Milwaukee in the forties. Kyrle Sidley spent most of his youth in the east, but was in Milwaukee during the year 1849. The next year he went east and shipped as a sailor.

In 1861 Mr. Sidley went to Australia. For some time his relatives heard from him regularly. Suddenly the correspondence ceased, and for thirty years he was mourned as dead. As was afterward learned Mr. Sidley lost everything by fire, the addresses of his relatives being destroyed. The families had moved and his letters did not reach their proper destination. Likewise Mr. Sidley had moved and the letters sent by his family failed to reach him.

Three years ago he employed a lawyer to find his relatives, and after a few months he was in communication with them. This year Mr. Sidley, now sixty-two years of age, decided to visit his relatives in Milwaukee, and he arrived there this week from Australia. He found two of his sisters living there, and a brother came from New York to meet him. After his visit Mr. Sidley will return to Australia.—Chicago Tribune.

Mosquitoes in Paris.

Mosquitoes are, I venture to say, for the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, a plague of many parts of Paris. The dampness of the spring is said to be the reason why they nightly buzz, bite and leave faces and hands covered with hard, red blotches. But I believe the true cause is the wholesale destruction of Seine fish when the ice floes in that river were being dynamited last winter.

I never suffered so much in warm weather in any part of the south of France from mosquitoes as I have done this week. If one sits by a lamp near an open window along many of the boulevards a swarm of them assails one. The mosquito bednet not being used in Paris, one lies down at night unprotected, and is liable to rise in the morning with a disfigured face in a state of painful itchiness.—Paris Cor. London News.

Home Is Where the Heart Is.

A small family, consisting of man, wife and baby, is living in a big dry goods box in an open field just off Mountain street, near the division line between Worcester and Holden. The woman is twenty-one years of age and her babe seven weeks. She says about a year and a half ago she married Joseph Pitts, a farm laborer, at Greendale. The baby was born in a boarding house, and she and Pitts have been living, together with the infant, in the dry goods box for two or three weeks. Pitts hires the land, and the woman says he intends to put up a better shelter. She has a brick fireplace outside the box, where she does cooking. Joseph Pitts, the husband, is a cripple and walks with two canes. The marshal says there is no call for police interference. The woman is satisfied with her lot, and the baby seems healthy.—Worcester Spy.

A Queer Ocean Chase.

The ocean tug Britannia is engaged in a chase after a Maine vessel that is floating on the ocean with $20,000 worth of mahogany in her hold. That vessel is the Wyer G. Sargent, owned by William G. Gower, of Sedgewick, and abandoned in a storm last March, when about eighty miles off Hatteras. Since then she has drifted over 2,000 miles, crossing the gulf stream three times. At one period of her wild cruise she went 500 miles in twenty-two days. When last sighted, June 19, a part at least of the cargo was yet on board.—Philadelphia Ledger.

ESTRANGEMENT.

When the eternal springtime throve
In skies from cloudlets free,
The idle diver never dove
Into the smiling sea.

But, faring on the shining sands,
From each caressing wave
Garnered into his heedless hands
The pearls the ocean gave.

Diver and sea are still the same:
No change its seal has set
To show on either when it came
Or what it came; and yet

The diver, now into the swirls
Of waters cold and grim,
Dives deep, in vain, to seek the pearls
That once they gave to him.

—Edward Lucas White in New York Sun.

HER TWO FUNERALS.

We heard a strange experience the other day, which happened to one of the inmates in one of the large public institutions of the city, who died a short time ago, and whose large funeral attracted surprise and comment as it passed through one of the most fashionable thoroughfares on its way to the cemetery. This is the story:

Years ago, during the last cholera epidemic, the subject of this sketch, then a young woman in the prime of life, was seized with a violent attack of the disorder. It was supposed that she would recover, but she collapsed suddenly and was laid out for dead.

She had no relations and she was dependent upon the people with whom she had lived for a home. She occupied a position lower than that of a menial, for she gave her services in exchange for food and shelter. As she did not assert her individuality, no sort of respect was shown to her by those who accepted her services, and who, in order to make her aware of their generosity, continually reminded her of her incompetency.

It was 6 o'clock in the morning when the woman died. The zealous young physician who gave his time and talents to the poor in the interest of his profession came in just after she had expired. He examined her with great care and attention. He had not expected her to die. Indeed, there seemed no good reason for her death.

"Have you any brandy?" he asked at length of the woman of the house, who stood by.

"No," said the woman.

The doctor took a flask from his pocket and poured some brandy into a cup.

"Moisten her lips with this," he said, "and try to get her to swallow a little if you can. She may revive. I—I don't think she is dead," he continued, with the truthfulness of one who had not discovered human nature to be entirely contemptible, and who reposed confidence in his kind. "At 8 o'clock I will return. If there is no change in her condition I will then give you a certificate of death."

He hurried away. He belonged to the noblest of all professions and his zeal was at white heat. He was making his reputation.

When he had gone the woman looked at the brandy and then at the woman on the bed, whom she had helped to kill by her hard exactions. "What is the use of wasting the brandy?" she thought.

Nevertheless she put some on the lips of the dead woman.

Then she went and told her husband, who was not yet up.

"She was a good servant," said the man, "though she had a vile temper. You will have to do your own work now," he finished.

After he had dressed himself he went to look at the woman. "She is dead," he declared, and then he drank the brandy.

"I suppose," he said to his wife while they were having breakfast, "that I had better get a coffin. They give them away at the station. It is useless to keep the woman until tomorrow. Sawbones doesn't know."

"He is too young to know much," replied the woman, with the contempt that all women feel for the opinions of young and inexperienced professional men.

So it came about that in the course of a few hours the woman was not only considered dead, but she was put in a long pine coffin—a hideous sort of box made especially for distribution among the poor in that dreadful time—and shortly afterward the box was placed in a cart and driven out to that part of the town where the friendless and the wretched were buried free of charge.

"When Sawbones comes," said the man to his wife after the cart had rattled down the street, "say the woman did not rally. Then he will give you a certificate and there will be no trouble."

Promptly at 3 o'clock the young man arrived. The woman of the house sat in the door.

"She is no better?" asked the doctor.

"No," said the woman, "she did not rally; she is dead."

"Did you give her the brandy?"

"I moistened her lips with it, but she couldn't swallow," answered the woman.

The young disciple of Æsculaplus looked thoughtfully down the hot narrow street. Had he been older his face would have looked haggard, for he was utterly tired out. The woman still sat immovably in the doorway.

"She seemed a strong woman," said the doctor reflectively, "and she was young."

"Death takes the strong as well as the weak," said the woman.

The doctor took out his little book, leaning against the side of the house in sheer weariness as he wrote. Then he tore out a leaf and handed it to the woman.

"She was a good servant," said the guardian of the threshold magnanimously.

"Have you made arrangements to bury her?" asked the young man.

"My husband is out now," replied the woman evasively.

"You need not be at any expense," said the doctor kindly, who was extravagantly wasting his sympathy on the wrong sort of people; "if you will apply at this address you can get what is necessary. He held out another slip of paper and then hurried away.

The woman looked at the certificate of death and then at the address and then after the departing doctor. "Maybe he is older than he looks," she said. "If he had asked to see the woman I don't believe I could have kept him out."

Meantime the cart rattling over the uneven road had revived the woman who was thought to be dead. She immediately realized her frightful situation. She was in her coffin, and they were taking her to the cemetery. Terror stricken, she began to make some violent efforts to be heard, but the cart rattled over the cobblestone road which led out from the city. Could she make herself heard before they reached the grave? She felt unable to scream, and she realized that it was useless to expend the little strength she had now. She would reserve this effort for the time when they were taking the coffin to the grave; but how long must she wait before they reached the cemetery? Meantime she might lose her senses again. The air was stifling.

Horror! Mercy! Despair! She could feel herself successively swooning and then coming to her senses again. How could she avoid this awful fate? What if she should be unable to make them hear her cries before they put her in the tomb?

Suddenly she was seized with an awful trembling, her hair seemed rising up, a dizzy sense of sickness oppressed her, she gasped a little, but she could not make any sort of sound.

* * * * * * *

Now the cart has stopped. The nude coffin is drawn forward with a harsh, grating noise, then taken into the hands of four men, who proceeded to her grave. A shabby looking clergyman, who has charge of one of the small churches in one of the most insignificant parts of the city, comes every afternoon to the cemetery to perform the offices of the church for friendless waifs of humanity like these. He represents the one eternal, unchanging Friend, the one great Disinterested, whom we forget in days of prosperity, but to whom we resort in times of trouble.

The four men from nowhere—neither kith nor kin—at the request of the clergyman, proceeded with the body of the pauper woman to the grave. In the distance is the cart rattling back to the city.

Horror! What strange movement of the coffin is that? One man looks stealthily at his neighbor. Nothing, of course! Imagination! Yet a frightful sensation oppresses him. To be buried alive! Hideous fate! The procession passes somewhat hurriedly. A poor old pauper woman; there is no occasion to be particularly decorous—one pauper less in the world. Much better out of the world than in it! No one weeps or grieves.

Again that strange vibration, as if the terrible box was convulsed. Paugh! Nonsense! Christ! what a noise. Never such a sound came from earth.

One of the men in front looks around with a white face. He meets another pair of eyes fixed with horror. Before them all walks the clergyman reciting, "I am the resurrection and the life." A few straggling people about the cemetery have fallen into line as the little band moves onward.

Now they are at the tomb—a long, hideous looking receptacle built against the brick wall of the cemetery, containing rows and rows of shelves.

A cheerful looking man with a red face, holding a trowel in his hand, sits beside a great pile of fresh mortar. It is his occupation to seal up the ovens, as the ugly shelves are called.

The clergyman still read. A young child with gold colored hair that strays from its mother to pick a wandering vine gives a little shriek of ecstasy.

The four men push the box into the receptacle. A frightful scraping sound mingled with a most unearthly cry. The two men who had looked at each other again exchange glances. The face of one is livid. Another sound and the two simultaneously drag forth the coffin and place it on the ground. The clergyman stops reading.

"Something has happened," said the man who had walked in front of the coffin.

"The woman is alive," said the man with the dark face, and they began to tear open the coffin. The man with the trowel comes to assist. The excitement is intense. Who ever heard of such a thing? In books, or in the medical journals, perhaps, but in life, never!

The men work in hurried silence. At length they have pried up the long nails. The dark man tears open the lid, and within the long pine box, without any sort of decorative adornment, lies the poor, shrunken, attenuated pauper woman. The light of the moon is brilliant in the sky—the light that beautifies everything but the human countenance—is absolutely unsparing and intensifies the ugliness of the wretched, toilworn face. All look at her with breathless curiosity. She belongs to nobody. She has no friends. No one knows what to do. Apparently she is dead.

After all the noise was a mistake. The man with the white face steps back, as though he relinquished all sense of responsibility. The man with the dark face bends over the woman. This act helps all of the others to fresh interest. Their faces ask, "Is she dead?" The decisive man feels her hands; quite cold; her face cold also. Then with an energy born of conviction he lifts the woman up, putting his arm under her waist. She is not stiff at all! Her eyes open; she looks at him. The spectators gaze in shocked amazement; the dark man feels faint. The corpse moves, lifts a thin yellow, hand, then breaks the awful silence by saying querulously, "I thought you would never hear!" then, "Get me some water."—Marcia Davies in New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Old Beliefs About Prairie Dogs.

It has been but a short time since investigation has shown that the supposed happy family made up of the prairie dog, the burrowing owl and the rattlesnake, is not only not a happy family, but does not exist at all. Our first idea was that these three animals of such different habits lived in perfect harmony, like the so called happy families of the modern circus; but faith in this belief is somewhat shaken by the following, which may be found in "Wood's Natural History:" "According to popular belief, these three creatures live very harmoniously together, but observation has shown that the snake and owl are interlopers, living in the burrow because the poor owner cannot turn them out and finding an easy subsistance off the young prairie dogs."

We were satisfied with this for a time, but judge the astonishment created when Elliott Coues, in one of his latest writings, makes the following statement in speaking of the burrowing owl: "I have found colonies in Kansas and other states, in all cases occupying the deserted burrows of the quadrupeds, not living in common with them, as usually supposed."—Forest and Stream.

Houses Made of Paper.

A new use has been found for paper in the production of building material which is said to possess all the better qualities of hard, fine grained wood without being affected in form and dimensions by the temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. In the preparation of this material any quality of paper may be used, although manilla is preferred. During the process of manufacture there is added to the paper pulp a solution consisting one part of starch, one part of gum arabic, one part of bichromate of potash and three parts of benzine to forty-four parts of pulp.

The paper made from this combination is coated with a cement of linseed oil and glue, and is then kept under heat and pressure for about one week, so that the boards made may become thoroughly cured and seasoned. It is stated that these paper boards are capable of being worked up the same as ordinary woods of commerce for all purposes to which the latter are used. During the process of manufacture the pulp may be colored to represent any desired kind of wood, and may readily be grained in imitation of oak and walnut.—New York Telegram.

So Called Bell Boys.

Many of the hotel bell boys, so called, through the country are fathers and some are grandfathers. San Francisco has three over fifty years old, one of whom recently retired from business rich. These veterans of the corridor are, as a rule, as lively as the more youthful members of the fraternity, and as readily respond to the frequent call, "Front!"—Boston Budget.

A Rival's Act.

"Way, John, what is that awful spot on your coat?" asked the bride as the carriage rolled off.

"My hated rival couldn't find any rice to throw at me," said John, "so he pelted me with some cold oatmeal mush."—Harper's Bazar.

The Laziest Man.

Harry—Who's that passing on the other side of the street?

Charley—Dear boy, you'll have to excuse me. I'm really too fatigued to look farther than the middle of the street today.—Texas Siftings.

Rapid Transit in Washington.

If I were searching for a simile for slowness more expressive than those of the snail and molasses, I should use the Washington vehicle of street transportation. Not long since I was right on a car line, and could have ridden where I wanted to go for five cents, but I was in a hurry and took a cab, for which I paid fifty cents, telling the man of my anxiety to save time. Many times I called to him to drive faster, but each time he replied that he couldn't. Finally, in desperation, I used unusually strong language in demanding why—he could not go faster.

"Because," he said, calmly, "the car's in the way."

He was following in the track just behind that fine vehicle which I had rejected as slow.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

ADVICE TO PARENTS.

Parents looking for a school in which to place their boys are advised to put them in Hoitt's Oak Grove School. The master, Dr. Ira G. Hoitt, is well known as an educator. The school is limited to fifty pupils, and special attention is given to each one. The location near Millbrae in San Mateo county, Cal., is charming.

"Begorry," said Mr. Dolan, as he read of the President's preference for business men, "the way to get along in politics is to kape out av it."

OF INTEREST TO ATHLETES.

James Robinson, the athletic trainer at Princeton College, Princeton, N. J., says:

"I have found it imperative to have sure and simple remedies on hand in case of cuts, bruises, strains sprains, colds, rheumatism, etc. Shortly after entering upon my profession I discovered such a remedy in ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS. I tried other plasters, but found them too harsh and irritating. ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS give almost instantaneous relief, and their strengthening power is remarkable. In cases of weak back put two plasters on the small of the back, and in a short time you will be capable of quite severe exercise. In 'sprint' and 'distance' races and jumping the muscles or tendons in the legs and feet sometimes weaken. This can invariably be relieved by cutting the plaster in narrow strips, so as to give free motion, and applying on muscles affected."

"Time's up," soliloquized Bagley as he came out of the pawnshop where he had just left his watch.

DEAFNESS CANNOT 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 cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists; 75 cents.

A Dakota farmer proposes to cure socialism by having the socialists take land. But they won't. They take beer.

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.

Fun may be made of the undertaker and sexton, but they get in their little dig at last.

A cough, cold or sore throat requires immediate attention, as neglect results in some incurable lung disease or chronic throat trouble. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* will invariably give relief.

The yeast cake and the negro's favorite weapon are both raisers.

The Best Cure is that which truly cures Promptly and Permanently, and ST. JACOBS OIL Shows a Thousand Proofs of the worst cases of Pain It Has Cured.

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, 50 cts. Injector free.

A Weak Digestion

strange as it may seem, is caused from a lack of that which is never exactly digested—*fat.* The greatest fact in connection with

Scott's Emulsion

appears at this point—it is *partly digested fat*—and the most weakened digestion is quickly strengthened by it.

The only possible help in Consumption is the arrest of waste and renewal of new, healthy tissue. Scott's Emulsion has done wonders in Consumption just this way.

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

N. P. N. U. No. 496—S. F. N. U. No. 572

COMPLETELY UPROOTED.

How many remedies there are which merely relieve without uprooting disease. The contrast with sterling medicines which such palliatives afford not only enhances the dignity of the former, but serves to emphasize the folly of employing half-way measures when thorough ones are available. A marked instance of this is the effect, on the one hand, of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters in cases of chills and fever and bilious remittent, and on the other of ordinary remedies in maladies of this type. By the Bitters malarial complaint in every stage and of the most malignant type are completely conquered and lose their hold upon the system. They are rarely, if ever, dislodged by the ordinary resources of medicine, although their symptoms may unquestionably be mitigated through such means. The same holds good of indigestion, biliousness, kidney complaint, rheumatism, nervousness and debility. By the Bitters they are cured when many remedies fail.

A man has been arrested in Canada for stealing a turkey 20 years old. The authorities intend to send him to jail. What's the matter with an insane asylum?

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

Use Enamelline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

Pfunder's Oregon Blood Purifier is the best remedy for cleansing your system.

Profoundly Grateful

For Help Derived From Hood's Sarsaparilla

"I am profoundly impressed with the medical virtues of Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was threatened with cancer, and disagreeable eruptions on my back and other places. The cancer was appearing on my lip. Providentially I obtained a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and by the time it was gone, the bad symptoms had nearly all disappeared. I have used four bottles, and I believe it has Saved Me From Premature Death. I am now almost 73 years of age, and I work like a tiger. And I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has had much to do with my vigor and strength." REV. O. H. POWER, 204 Hanover Street, Chicago, Ill.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla CURES

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

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. Schoenhofs Medicine Co., San Jose, Cal. Price, $3.00.

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. BOSANKO'S PILE REMEDY, which acts directly on parts affected, absorbs tumors, allays itching, effecting a permanent cure. Price 50c. Druggists or mail. Dr. Bosanko, Philadelphia, Pa.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP FOR CHILDREN TEETHING. For sale by all Druggists. 25 Cents a bottle.

$75.00 to $250.00 can be made monthly working for B. F. JOHNSON & CO., RICHMOND, VA.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

FOR IRRIGATING USE. HERCULES GAS OR GASOLINE ENGINE. Palmer & Rey, S. F., Cal. & Portland, Or.

FRAZER AXLE GREASE. Best in the World! Get the Genuine! Sold Everywhere! FRANK WOOLSEY, Agent, Portland, Or.

LOOK AT THE SIZE of the ordinary pill. Think of all the trouble and disturbance that it causes you. Wouldn't you welcome something easier to take, and easier in its ways, if at the same time it did you more good? That is the case with Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest in size, the mildest in action, but the most thorough and far-reaching in results. They follow nature's methods, and they give help that *lasts.* Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, Sick and Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

"If we can't cure your Catarrh, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing, we'll pay you $500 in cash." That is what is promised by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Doesn't it prove, better than any words could, that this is a remedy that *cures* Catarrh? Costs only 50 cents.

DR. GUNN'S ONION SYRUP FOR COUGHS, COLDS AND CROUP.

GRANDMOTHER'S ADVICE. In raising a family of nine children, my only remedy for Coughs, Colds and Croup was onion syrup. It is just as effective to-day as it was forty years ago. Now my grandchildren take Dr. Gunn's Onion Syrup which is already prepared and more pleasant to the taste. Sold everywhere. Large bottles 50 cents. Take no substitute for it. There's nothing as good.

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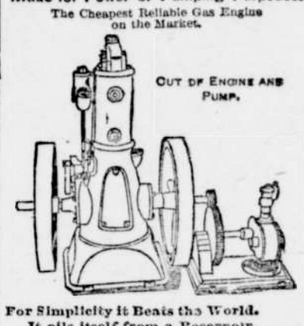

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