None but Royal

Baking Powder is absolutely pure. No other equals it, or approaches it in leavening strength, purity, or wholesomeness. (See U. S. Gov't Reports.) No other is made from cream of tartar specially refined for it and chemically pure. No other makes such light, sweet, finely-flavored, and wholesome food. No other will maintain its strength without loss until used, or will make bread or cake that will keep fresh so long, or that can be eaten hot with impunity, even by dyspeptics. No other is so economical.

If you want the Best Food, Royal Baking Powder is indispensable.

Trouble Caused by a Semicolon.

The substitution of a semicolon for a comma in an act which became a law in 1889 has caused a lot of trouble for the surface railroads and apparently makes necessary the passing of a healing act by the present legislature. The act, which relates to railroad crossings, is as follows:

"No electric, cable or horse railroad shall hereafter be constructed across the tracks of a steam railroad at grade; nor shall any steam railroad cross any such electric, cable or horse railroad at grade, except upon application and approval by the railroad commissioners."

The preceding was approved, semicolon and all, June 11, 1889, and became a law. The result is that while steam roads can cross surface lines at will with the permission of the railroad commissioners street and electric roads are barred from crossing steam roads with or without permission.—Hartford Courant.

The Carnation Is an Old Flower.

Pliny refers to the carnation as having been used in the days of Augustus Cæsar to give a spicy flavor to wine. While greatly loved and admired by the ancients, its improvement was not much advanced until it found a home in England. The date of this event is not quite clear, but is believed to be about the year 1200. Chaucer wrote of its cultivation in 1386, from which date it has been considered a florist's flower. It was first called "carnation" by Henry Lyte in 1578 and designated as a "pink" in 1600. Edmund Spenser called it "coronation," which found little favor. Shakespeare, in "Winter's Tale," act 4, says, "The fairest flowers o' the season are our carnations." He also alludes to it in "Henry V."—R. T. Lombard.

ANTI-FERMENTINE

Is a HARMLESS preparation in tablet form for preserving ALL KINDS OF FRUIT WITHOUT COOKING. One package preserves fifty pints of fruit or a barrel of cider, and only costs 60 cents. Fruits preserved with Anti-fermentine retain their natural taste and appearance. Ask your druggist or grocer for Anti-fermentine.

The ideal summer hotel clerk wears a large diamond, and dispenses studded politeness.

THREE TROUBLES.

3 Three things which all workingmen know give the most trouble in their hard-strain work are: Sprains, Bruises and Soreness.

THREE AFFLICTIONS.

3 Three supreme afflictions, which all the world knows afflict mankind the most with Aches and Pains are: Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Lumbago.

THREE THINGS.

3 to do are simply these Buy it, try it and be promptly and permanently cured by the use of

ST. JACOBS OIL CURES ALL PAIN

Golden West Baking Powder

Purity and Leavening Power UNEQUALED.

CASH PRIZES

To Introduce our Powder, we have determined to distribute among the consumers a number of CASH PRIZES. To the person or club returning us the largest number of certificates on or before June 1, 1894, we will give a cash prize of $100, and to the next largest, numerous other prizes ranging from $5 to $75 IN CASH.

CLOSSET & DEVERS, PORTLAND, Or.

ELA'S POISON-IVY PILLS—A sure cure for poisoning from Ivy-vine or Oak. If not improved in 2 DAYS, return the bottle and get your money. Sold by all Druggists.

N. P. N. U. No. 506—S. F. N. U. No. 583

Where Orientals Are Cared For.

Like most institutions of the kind, the Strangers' home sprang originally out of missionary efforts among the seafaring population of the riverside. It was opened in 1857 by the prince consort, and the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh was one of the principal contributors. Since then it has been supported mainly by English charity, although some of the eastern governments subscribe to the funds. Its best friends have always been British officials connected with the east; among whom may be mentioned the late Lord Napier, Lord Reay, Sir Charles Atchison and Sir William Muir.

Considering the very admirable work done by the home in keeping Asiatics of all kinds out of the hands of riverside harpies and in looking after their physical, mental and pecuniary welfare, it is matter for surprise as well as regret that it should receive no support from the wealthy oriental houses established in London.

This may be due to an idea that it is a proselytizing center; but that is a mistake. Although the underlying spirit is that of the Christian mission, no religious pressure is brought to bear on any man. The objects of the institution are practical; to afford good food and accommodation to Asiatics ashore, to take care of their money, to find ships for those out of employment, to take in such as are stranded here destitute and friendless, and assist them home.

The majority pay, and, so far, it is self-supporting, but about £800 a year is required over and above the receipts for board and lodging. The accommodation is from 150 to 200, but a varying number pass through in the year. One year there were 506, representing the following nationalities: Chinese, 138; Indians (lascars), 131; Japanese, 92; Arabs and Egyptians, 58; Africans, 40; Maylays, 27; natives of Mauritius, 10, of Ceylon, 10.—St. James Budget.

A Legend of the Origin of Tea.

According to a Japanese legend the origin of tea is thus traced: An Indian prince named Darma, of a holy and religious character, visited China in the year 516 A. D. for the purpose of instructing the Celestials in the duties of religion. He led a most abstemious life and denied himself all rest or relaxation of body and mind.

At last tired nature rebelled against such treatment, and thoroughly exhausted, the prince fell asleep. When he awoke he was so mortified at his weakness that in order to purge himself of what he considered an almost unpardonable sin, he cut off his eyebrows, considering them the instruments of his crime.

They fell upon the ground and each individual hair became transformed into a shrub, which eventually came to be known by the name of tea.

Prior to that time it had been unknown, but Darma quickly discovered the agreeable property of its leaves, which endowed his mind with fresh powers to master abstruse religious principles, and prevented sleep from closing his eyes at inopportune moments.

He recommended its virtues to his disciples, who in turn sang its praises to all whom they met. In a very short time its use became general throughout the celestial kingdom, from which it gradually extended to all parts of the earth.

Darma's memory is perpetuated in Chinese and Japanese drawings by the representation of a rude figure of an old man standing in the water with a reed under his feet, and one of his eyebrows sprouting out into a tea leaf.—Detroit Free Press.

Just How the Error Occurred.

A traveling man at one of the hotels had devoured the big end of a supper when he called a waiter and addressed him in this way:

"Bring me an order of wheat cakes, well done, not burned, but browned, about the color of your countenance."

"'Bout de color o' my what?"

"Your face."

"Oh, you wants 'em seal brown."

"That's it."

"They'll be here instantly, boss."

The darkey hurried away toward the kitchen.

In the course of ten minutes another waiter set a plate of pale looking cakes before the man.

"Do you call those cakes well done?"

"No, sah. I didn't take your order. Another waiter turned it over to me."

"Well, send him here."

The man with a seal brown face appeared.

"Didn't I order my cakes as brown as your face."

"Yes, you did, sah, but the head waiter made me give your order to a yellow fellow, so he brung yen cakes the color of his face. That's no mistake of mine."—Kansas City Star.

Brought to the Point.

Annabel—How queer! Here's a story about a man who made a fortune out of an attachment for a sewing machine.

Arthur (softly)—That's nothing. I've formed an attachment for the sweetest little sewing machine in the world, and would consider my fortune made if she'd have me.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Where the Finest Pearls Are.

The finest pearls of the world come from the Persian gulf, where the oyster beds produce $2,000,000 worth per annum. Because the divers are of rather light complexion they blacken their bodies so that they may not be seen so readily by the sharks.—Washington Star.

The Brute.

"I made an angel cake that was elegant, and one that was awful," said Maud. "This is the third, and it will decide as to whether or not I can be considered an expert."

"I could tell this was the rubber," said Harry as he tried the cake; "it tastes like it."—Harper's Bazar.

A PAUPER'S BURIAL.

"Go fetch the parson and throw back the gates.
The old man died a pauper, so the rates
Must bury him. I see no men about—
And we've no bearers. Come, your arm is stout!

"And he no weight. 'Tis strange the hate they bear
To the house yonder; only three weeks there,
And told them he should die, if once inside—
To think that paupers should have all that pride!

"Here comes the squire; he'll earn a sixpence too,
Just for the fun of throwing it to you.
You slouching tramp shall walk his fellow mate,
Shoulder to shoulder, through the churchyard gate!"

* * * * * * *

The small, pale green is shooting to the sky
And in and out the church's ivy fly
The building birds, and on the gravestones sing
Sweet chancel an old man buried in the spring!

And he a pauper, old and weak and sad,
Yet welcome here. What matter that he had
No black draped train to follow in the rear;
Odd passers shouldering the common bier!

So poor and sad, forsaken and forgot;
Not one of all those children he begot
To see him to his parish grave, and tell
He was their father, and they loved him well.

* * * * * * *

"What, back already? Well, our turn's to be!
He says the same for rich and poor, I see.
The parson spoke up well. I heard it all,
Resting the horses by the churchyard wall."

* * * * * * *

Death and parish grave—these were his rights.
Sleep fast, old man! On balmy summer nights
The sweet-lipped flowers and moonbeams as they pass
Shall weave thy story on the nameless grass.
—George Holmes in Gentleman's Magazine.

MELINDA'S WEDDING.

When Melindy Wiggins got engaged to Pelig Jenks her ma was just tickled to death. Beaus was scase down to Punkinville, for none of the young men would stay arter they was growed up—besides, Pelig is real forehanded and quite a catch.

His ma was sot ag'in his marryin at all, and Melindy she wouldn't never hev caught him ef she hadn't took airly mornin walks 'bout the time he went over to his place of business, and met him as ef by accident.

I am told that he proposed by Taggart's barn, and was excepted in front of the shoemaker's, and gave Melindy her engagement ring jest this side of the blacksmith's; but I can't quite believe folks get petickerlers as close as that. I only say they say so. I don't swear to it.

Well, Mrs. Wiggins she wus real sot up about it, and she said that Melindy should be dressed up as much as any bride there ever had been in Punkinville, ef not a leetle better. But Mr. Wiggins, Melindy's pa, he come of a close family, and he was near himself—twas his nater to be—and when Melindy's ma asked him fur money to shop fur the things, he jest buttoned up his pockets and said, "Naw." He ollers pernounced no that way when he was sot. "Naw," sez he, "I ain't toiled and moiled forty odd year fur to let my money be spent like water. You kin make a list out of what is wanted, and I'll get it."

Well, when he spoke up like that, Mrs. Wiggins she knew 'twasn't no good talkin, so she said, "'P'raps you air right, pa;" and she wrote down some things, and kinder winked acrost to Melindy, who was beginning to cry at the idea of her pa, that didn't know caliker from blankets, a-choosin her weddin clothes.

The help saw all that and heered what wus said, and nat'rally told folks.

Well, that arternoon Mr. Wiggins went to town to sell his potatoes, and got the money, and come down on the boat as usual.

The boat landin is in quite a lonesome place, and he went home by a sort of side path anyways, and just about dusk the Browns heard a howlin in the picnic woods, and goin to see what it wus there wus old Wiggins tied to a tree.

He told 'em he'd been beset by robbers, and that they wus so fierce and furious he'd been obliged to give 'em every cent he had. He described 'em as most outlandish critters. He said their hair wus like cotton wool and their faces black; their hats wus tied on with big handkerchiefs, and they wus queer and slopy in the small of their backs. Their hands and feet wus sort of small and skinny lookin, and they had blue overall and linen dusters on. He said 'twan't their strength that overcome him, but their bein so spooky and supernaturallike. And one of 'em said, in a holler voice, 'Little you know who we be,' and the other: "We're takin your money because you don't pervide as you should fur solemn occasions. Beware in future!"

When he got home he cried and said he wished he'd giv Mrs. Wiggins the money for Melindy's things, but she said it happened fortunate that her sister, Melindy's aunt, had sent her a present fur her weddin.

The help now, she don't think them robbers wus supernat'ral, and she sez if ever Mr. Wiggins finds out the truth she dunno what will happen to Mrs. Wiggins. I kinder think myself that the robbers wus Mrs. Wiggins and Melindy dressed up in some old clothes, with cotton batting wigs, and I don't blame 'em.

Well, Melindy had her clothes after all, but before they wus finished Mr. Wiggins he'd got over his skeer and got as mean as ever again, and he wouldn't give his unfortinate wife nothin extry for the supper. She borried The Tide of Fashion from the Rabbits, and found out that she'd orter hev chicken sallad.

But Mr. Wiggins, he said he wus sellin his chickens, not devourin of 'em hum, and I suppose what she had done before kinder weakened poor Mrs. Wiggins' conscience, for, seein her own coops wus locked up, the poor soul went around to the neighbors and stole one chicken apiece from each of us. It was kinder just to do it that way when she might have took 'em all from one of us, and those of us that caught her at it made up our minds not to say nuthin, but jest to pray fur her, and we'd sent over word that ef there wus anything we could do to call on us. And perhaps she felt we'd be willin to spare the chickens, but wus proud about askin fur 'em.

Well, she got the things together somehow, and she cooked the chickens and made the sallad, and borried chairs of most of us, and got up a real fust rate supper, and set the table with flowers—they wus mostly marygolds and old man, and some folks don't like the smell of neither, but the yaller and green looked pretty, and it was all ready for the company when they cum hum from church.

We that knowed things felt that we could see marks of innard torture on poor Mrs. Wiggins' face, and we felt to sympathize, fur she wus nat'rally a moral woman and a pious one, and she'd been driven to sin by the meanness of her pardner. You see, she was one of them women that lives fur their children. Ef she'd been a pelican she'd hev took all the feathers out of her buzzim to make 'em beds, and she'd sackerficed herself fur Melindy. She looked kinder better when she got to church; but our minister he wus young and hadn't married nobody before, and, bein narvous, he commenced fur to read the burial sarvice instead of the marriage sarvice, and we bein all stiff with horror hadn't presence of mind enough fur to stop him until he'd actilly buried Melindy, as fur as words could go, and Mrs. Wiggins wus in high strikes.

However, she got over 'em, and the minister he said he didn't know after all but it was a providence to keep us from bein too sot on the things of this world, and reminded how short life was, and went back and married 'em proper. And so we did get back to Wiggins', only Mr. Wiggins hevin been too mean to get the wagin mended, the wheel come off and they wus all spilt out and eenamost drownded goin over Slabside bridge that ain't got no railin. Mrs. Wiggins, poor dear, was soaked, and when we tuk her into our wagin she kept sayin, "Jedgments—jedgments—jedgments is comin!" We knowed what she was thinkin of, and we tried to cheer her up.

Well, when the folks wus dried and dressed over we all went to supper, and we praised it up as much as we could, but Mrs. Wiggins sot down in her place like a ghost, and folks began to talk and laugh and help everything. But she didn't smile.

She passed the chicken sallad plates to the help, and the help gave 'em to the folks, and we all tasted it, but it didn't relish. Still we tried to eat it fur her sake. Most of us done it, too, and the coffee wus good, and we cheered up some. Mrs. Wiggins didn't eat no sallad herself, so she didn't know how it tasted. After supper we all went into the parlor and sot around, and Si Barker wus tryin to git up dancin, and I did hope things would end happy, when all of a suddin folks began to look pale and say they wus p'isoned. So they seemed to be. One arter the other wus took sick, and they all said the same thing—it wus the sallad. I felt very poorly myself, and so did my Obidiah. The minister had gone home sick, and there wus a regular panic. There wus one doctor there and he sent fur another; and old Miss Peebles said it wus like old cholera times. It wus awful, anyway; but jest as we wus at the wust, we ladies lyin about in the up stairs rooms expectin to die and feelin sure it wus arsenic, Mrs. Wiggins appeared amongst us.

"Friends and feller sinners," she said, "we air all on the pint of death, and here, before you all, I make confession. I am a thief and a robber, and I shall never be pardoned. It wus me that robbed my husband, and, more than that, I stole the chickens to make the sallad—one of 'em from each of my good friends and neighbors. Jedgments has fallen!"

"You wus driv to it, Mrs. Wiggins," sez I, "by your pardner's meanness. We all knowed it, and none of us blame you."

"You don't know all," said Mrs. Wiggins. "More'n that: I went to the store and tuk my chances and stole a bottle of ile—the recipe said to make the sallad dressin with ile. I'd never made none. I stole the bottle. Oh! I sha'n't never be forgiven—I sha'n't never be forgiven! I've tuk a bottle of p'ison of some sort, fur it wus in the drug department where iles is kept, and I'm a murderer!"

"Oh-ho!" says the doctor. "Bring me the bottle, Mrs. Wiggins, and I guess I'll find out how to cure 'em."

Mrs. Wiggins fetched it; doctor he tasted it.

"This ain't p'ison, ladies," sez he. "There ain't no gret harm done; only, I don't suppose the recipe mentioned castor oil for sallad dressing. Tisn't usual anyhow. Nobody is goin' to die this time, Mrs. Wiggins, unless it is you yourself. You lie down and quiet yourself."

Poor Mrs. Wiggins, she dropped on her knees and prayed right there fur thankfulness, and we all jined in; and as soon as folks knowed they hadn't tuk arsenic they all got better. Mrs. Wiggins' solemn and distracted looks, and her not eatin any, had made them that worn't in the secret think that she'd gone crazy and done it a purpose, which scared 'em more.

And they do say Mr. Wiggins ain't quite so near as he used to be since he saw what might come of drivin a woman into a corner for want of a penny.

Still, we shan't forget Melindy Wiggins' wedding in a hurry—those of us that went to it.—Mary Kyle Dallas in Fireside Companion.

What Wooden Nutmegs Are.

The Banda isles are almost covered with nutmeg trees. To prepare the seeds for use they are dried in a moderate heat for about two months. Then the shells are broken and the nutmegs are picked out and assorted, the inferior ones being reserved for the oil press. As the essential oil of nutmeg brings a high price, dishonest growers often steep the nutmegs in hot water to extract the oil from them.

They are then coated with lime and sent into the channels of commerce. Such nutmegs are worthless; their aroma and pungency have disappeared, these qualities being due exclusively to the oil. If on inserting a pin no oil rushes to the surface, the nutmeg is merely a wooden nutmeg.—Foods and Beverages.

The Broncho's Endurance.

The broncho is a superior animal for endurance, and he is so tough and strong that he will live through the hardest winter and the severest blizzard, without any protection or care from his master. When the tufts of coarse grass are covered over with snow he will live on boughs of trees, or try to dig his way down through the snow to the dead vegetation. During severe winters he grows thin and wiry looking, but as soon as spring opens he fattens up again, and is as lively as ever. Strong and tough by nature his hard life on the prairies does not seem to disagree with him.—New York Epoch.

Busy Artists.

The shellworkers of this town are an extremely skillful and artistic body of men. They carve and weld the shell in a fashion to astonish one unacquainted with their art. They are well paid workmen, and the value of their labor is seen in the difference of price between the plain shell pins and those enriched with elaborate carving. Most of these men are kept actively employed by the large jewelers.—New York Recorder.

Aluminium is taking the place of magnesium in flash lights for photography. The mixture consists of powdered aluminium and chlorate of potassium, which gives a brilliant flash with but little smoke.

The Broncho and His Stubbornness.

Those who can ride them find that today bronchos are the best horses for the western prairies and mountains. They are sure footed and determined. Their will power makes them appear stubborn at times, for when they have decided to throw a rider from their back they generally succeed. In certain emergencies, however, this very stubbornness makes them invaluable. When caught in a blizzard or chased by Indians they make up their minds to escape, and they carry out their purpose so successfully that nothing short of a miracle can stop them.—New York Epoch.

Yankees as Inventors.

In early New England days the Yankees established their reputation for inventions, and their descendants have contributed largely toward perpetuating this national genius. The wonderful advancements in scientific progress and investigations have brought into existence a class of inventors who devote their life and energies trying to discover something new to lessen the labor of life for others, or at least to facilitate the manufacture of other articles.—George E. Walsh in New York Epoch.

In the Isle of Man an old shoe is always thrown after the bride as well as the groom when leaving their homes, and in the south the oldest person on the plantation, white or black, always throws a shoe after any one starting on a long journey.

ABSOLUTE MERIT.

No other plaster has been produced which gains so many testimonials of high value as those continuously accorded to ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER, and the only motive for these exceptional commendations is the fact that it is a medicinal and pharmaceutical preparation of superior value. Beware of imitations. Ask for and insist upon ALLCOCK'S.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are a good corrective.

Mr. Ingalls says he is and always has been a bimetalist. Then why has so little golden silence mingled with the silver of his eloquence?

Use Enameline Stove Polish; no dust, no smell.

TRY GERMEA for breakfast.

THE WAY OUT of woman's troubles is with Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Safely and certainly, every delicate weakness, derangement, and disease peculiar to the sex is permanently cured.

Out of all the medicines for women, the "Favorite Prescription" is the only one that's *guaranteed* to do what is claimed for it. In all "female complaints" and irregularities, periodical pains, displacements, internal inflammation or ulceration, bearing-down sensations and kindred ailments, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

So certain to cure *every* case of Catarrh is Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy that its proprietors make you this offer: "If you can't be cured, permanently, we'll pay you $500 cash."

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, 50 cts. Injector free.

"German Syrup"

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

SCRATCHED TEN MONTHS.

A troublesome skin disease caused me to scratch for ten months, and has been cured by a few days' use of S.S.S.

M. H. WOLFF, Upper Marlboro, Md.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC

I was cured several years ago of white swelling in my leg by using S.S.S. and have had no symptoms of return of the disease. Many prominent physicians attended me and all failed, but S. S. S. did the work.

PAUL W. KIRKPATRICK, Johnson City, Tenn.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

JONES CASH STORE

Choice Rice, 5c lb; large Raisins, 5c; fine Tea, 30c; Keg syrup, $1; Arbuckle Coffee, 25c; Sago, 5c; Tapioca, 5c; 3½-lb pkgs King's Buckwheat, 10c; Dried Peaches, 11c; Figs, 4c; Prunes, 12c; Apples, evaporated, 11c. SEND FOR THE 16-PAGE BUYERS' GUIDE FREE, WITH FULL QUOTATIONS. Mention this paper. Address

Jones' Cash Store, 130 Front Street, 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.

HOW WE GROW OLD.

The thread that binds us to life is most frequently severed ere the meridian of life is reached in the case of persons who neglect obvious means to renew failing strength. Vigor, no less the source of happiness than the condition of long life, can be created and perpetuated where it does not exist. Thousands who have experienced or are cognizant—including many physicians of eminence—of the effects of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters bear testimony to its wondrous efficacy as a creator of strength in feeble constitutions and debilitated and shattered systems. A steady performance of the bodily functions, renewed appetite, flesh and nightly repose attend the use of this thorough and standard renovant. Use no local tonic represented to be akin to or resemble it in effects in its place. Demand the genuine, which is an acknowledged remedy for indigestion, malaria, nervousness, constipation, liver and kidney complaints and rheumatism.

The supply of natural gas may be dwindling in Pennsylvania, but there is no visible decrease of the article in the free-coinage States.

$100 REWARD, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists; 75 cents.

I Vote for Hood's

For I am satisfied it is an excellent remedy. I have been a minister of the M. E. Church 40 years, and have suffered of late years with rheumatism and dyspepsia. Since taking four bottles of Hood's the rhematism is entirely cured, my appetite is good, food digests well, and I have gained several pounds." REV. W. R. PUFFER, Richford, Vt. Hood's Cures

Hood's Pills cure biliousness. 25c. a box.

HARNESS, Saddles, Collars, Whips and Leather. WHOLESALE.

Harness, per set, $7.00, $10.00, $12.00, $15.00; Elegant Style, $20.00, $25.00. Saddles, rawhide covered trees, $4.00, $8.00, $12.00, $15.00, $20.00, $25.00, $30.00, $40.00. Plow Harness, $15.00 to $25.00. Team Harness, $20, $25.00, $30.00, all with the celebrated NO WAD HORSE Collars. The "Jim Corbett" Cart Harness, price $12.00. Set Breast Collars, is a "knock out." Bridles, Robes, Blankets, Hits, etc.

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Stanard Flies, per doz	$0.25
Oregon Trout Flies, per doz	.50
Benn's Flies, per doz	1.50
Split Bamboo Rods, each	2.50

Sent by mail on receipt of price.

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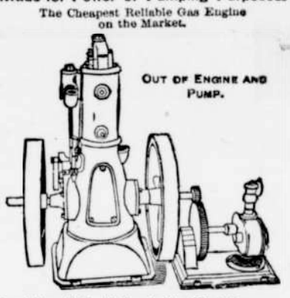

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